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**The Regulations issued by the Government restricting the supply of paper make it necessary slightly to reduce the number of pages in the "Contemporary Review." By closer printing the Editors intend to provide precisely the same amount of matter as in the past.**

**Readers are requested to place their orders with a bookseller or newsagent, as otherwise it is impossible to guarantee a sufficient supply.**

## THE STATE OF FEELING IN OLD GREECE.

**T**HE uncertainties of the past fortnight have most of them been cleared away. The small inner Camarilla that surrounded King Constantine is following him into exile. The slightly larger outer circle of politicians and officers, who, though not originally pro-German in views, have gradually slid into this position from the bitterness of their opposition to Venizelos, are placed under supervision. The interesting point to notice is that the number of both classes, taken together, appears to amount to rather under, than over, 200 individuals. Small though the list is, it will be found to be quite adequate to give the new King and Venizelos a fair chance to work out a scheme of friendly co-operation. We have adopted a method which may be considered native to classic soil, a blend of Athenian ostracism and Roman proscription, more merciful than the last, and more extensive than the first.

That King Alexander should have consented to such action shows that the unfortunate phrase in his proclamation that he hoped "to follow the lines of his father's brilliant reign" must be taken to refer to the glories of the Balkan Wars, and not to the last two unhappy years. The deplorable impression that the proclamation made at Salonika must, at any rate, have convinced both the young King and his present Prime Minister, Monsieur Zaimis, that the lines on which King Constantine has recently been travelling inevitably lead to Switzerland. The King's letter to Zaimis of June 20th, vague though it is, is perhaps as much of an apology as is consistent with his dignity. It is unfortunate that it was needed.

The next problem before the Allies will be the precise method of restoring constitutional government in Greece. Venizelos has already indicated his view that the two prominent members of his party should be asked to join the Zaimis Ministry, in order to discuss the necessary preliminaries. It is probable that they will recommend the summoning to Athens of the last freely elected Parliament of June, 1915, which was arbitrarily dissolved by the King in the autumn of the same year. It will be remembered that the short-lived Parliament that succeeded it was elected by only a fraction of the population. The Venizelists abstained, and the total poll was only 230,000, as against 720,000 in the preceding June. Curiously enough, a kind of precedent for this recognition of the last Parliament but one comes from English history. The Long Parliament was expelled by Cromwell in 1653. Three successive

Parliaments were then summoned by Cromwell before his death in 1658, and a fourth by his son, Richard, in 1659. Later, however, in the same year the old republican remnant of the Long Parliament, the Rump, as it was called, was reinstated. Again ejected for a few months, it reassembled for a third time in December. On the demand of Monk, it recalled the Presbyterian members who had been excluded, and filled vacancies. Then, and only then, it dissolved itself, and for the first time ceased to exist from a constitutional point of view.

The Parliament of June, 1915, has this great point in its favour, that it is fairly representative of the country as a whole, and, in fact, over-represents the anti-Venizelist elements, so that honest Royalists can feel no real ground for grievance. It was elected when Venizelos had already come into collision with the King, and at a time when the cause of the Allies was not in the ascendant. We were doing badly both in the Dardanelles and in Russia, and our coquetry with Bulgaria was embarrassing for our friends in Greece. Venizelos' majority fell to 50 in a House of 316 members. If we consider individual constituencies, we shall find striking anomalies. In the islands, Thessaly and Epirus, Venizelos gained 73 seats out of 92, 40 out of 50, and 16 out of 19, and he would obtain at least as many seats if new elections were held to-day. In Attica-Bœotia, however, and the Peloponnesus he could scarcely expect at this moment to gain 20 out of 22, and 30 out of 60, as he did in June, 1915. Still less could his opponents gain 69 out of 73 seats in Macedonia. In June, 1915, Venizelos's failure there was partly due to Turkish votes, but largely to the capital made by his opponents out of his willingness to cede Kavalla to Bulgaria in return for concessions in Asia Minor. This feeling was accentuated during the late summer of 1915, when the attempts of the Entente to bargain with Bulgaria were visited on the head of Venizelos. When these attempts failed, and Bulgaria entered the war as our enemy, the situation changed. It was Constantine who sacrificed Rupel and the other frontier forts of Macedonia, and that without thought or hope of compensation. The result was that in May, 1916, when the Venizelists withdrew from their policy of non-abstention in a by-election for the district of Drama, they obtained in Kavalla town itself 3,070 votes out of a total of 3,540. The Royalists can certainly not complain if in this new Parliament, Salonika and Macedonia as a whole, the actual seat of Venizelos's own Government, are obliged, according to his own scheme, to send an almost solid *bloc* against him.

This use of the word Royalist has become natural to us, ever since Constantine allowed his name to be used by Gounaris and his party. We can now hope that the name will no longer be appropriate, and that the young King will hold himself above party. It is important, therefore, to analyse more closely the character and aims of the various groups that have upheld Constantine.

One of the incidental drawbacks of the blockade of Greece has been the interruption to the postal service. The strict enforcement of the blockade in a matter where it would have been good policy to relax it, has apparently allowed hardly a single English or French newspaper to penetrate into Greece for the last six months.

Until the Venizelist papers were permitted to reappear, the views of the Entente were unrepresented in old Greece, and even the war news was edited from a German standpoint. During the months of December and January, the whole of the Press of Athens had to take its orders from the Palace and the Reservist League. George Pop, the anti-Venizelist but pro-Entente Editor of the *Athenai*, was savagely attacked for expressing the most moderately independent views. By the beginning of February, tension had sufficiently relaxed for Synadinos, an able Venizelist journalist, to start a new daily paper, the *Pro-odos*. This paper, however, was wise enough at the start to confine its activities to keeping the public well informed about the Entente, its policy and successes. No mention at all was made of Greek politics, domestic or foreign. It pursued this policy throughout February and March, and the great Venizelist papers, the *Estia* and the *Ethnos*, when they started republishing at the end of the latter month, followed the same line. The record circulation of their first numbers, estimated as double that of any papers that have ever appeared in Greece, showed how little Venizelism had been affected by the terrorism of the preceding four months. The expression of opinion gradually became freer, and the *Patris*, when it reappeared later in the spring, adopted at once a militant tone. The fact, however, that it was a new paper, and had no previous party connections to maintain, suggested to the editor of the *Pro-odos* that it would be wise to keep in touch with the moderate elements that exist in the Royalist party. It is in this spirit that he started a kind of debate in his paper at the end of May, and invited Ion Dragoumis to open it with two articles on "The Policy that is being followed by Greece." Greek newspapers have reached England irregularly, the outward mail having for six months to wait for an occasional Italian steamer. It may be of interest, therefore, to give some account of this debate, as representing a large body of opinion in Athens as it existed on May 30th, immediately before the abdication of the King. In deciding our present and future policy towards Greece, nothing is more important than that we should understand the views of those who, without being enemies of the Entente, have not seen their way to follow Venizelos in his open championship of our cause.

Ion Dragoumis is the eldest son of Stephanos Dragoumis, who was Prime Minister in the crisis of 1909, when the Military League was within an ace of including the expulsion of the dynasty among its projects of reform. It was Venizelos, as is well known, who at that time came over from Crete and saved the throne. Dragoumis was one of the few of the elder politicians who supported Venizelos, and during and after the Balkan Wars he held successively the position of Governor of Crete and Governor of Macedonia. It was a difference of opinion with Venizelos as to the administration of the latter province that caused the first breach between them, and that breach has steadily widened. Stephanos Dragoumis has been for the last two years a strong supporter of King Constantine's policy, and a member of the Crown Council to which he has turned in moments of crisis. His son, Ion, has maintained throughout the war a more independent attitude than his father. He began as Greek Minister in Petrograd under Venizelos's Government, but

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resigned the position to stand for Parliament for one of the divisions of Macedonia. He is one of the most brilliant young writers in Greece, and has edited for the last eighteen months a weekly journal called the *Political Review*, representing the views of his group. At times, it has looked as if he would be able to form a true middle party, which could have bridged the gulf between the King and Venizelos. Unhappily, his personal hostility to Venizelos, and a curiously perverse refusal to look facts in the face, has always prevented his success. His two articles in the *Pro-odos* show him desperately groping for a formula which he never finds.

"Greek Governmental policy," he says, "has always been one of friendly neutrality towards the Entente. It has differed from that of Venizelos, not in kind, but in degree. None the less, the way this policy has been handled has made the relation of Greece to the Entente appear to be a hostile one. It is useless to discuss how the blame for this should be distributed. While Venizelos has completely identified himself with the Entente, his opponents have been driven into a position of absolute non-intervention, and have then been characterised by the Entente as pro-Germans. It is possible that among them there may be pro-Germans, but they are not all so, though it may be true that the neutrality of Greece happened sometimes to promote the military interests of Germany. That there has been in existence a German propaganda that has exploited the mutual suspicions between the Greek Government and the Entente there is no doubt, but the representatives of the Entente and their Greek friends have lamentably exaggerated its influence. What must now be done is to quiet in some way or other the animosity between the two sections of Greek opinion, and to dispel a feverish and explosive atmosphere. It may then, perhaps, be possible for us to enter the war as a nation one and undivided, if, after sober consideration, this is proved to be a national necessity. An immediate departure from neutrality is a policy that cannot be accepted. While Venizelos maintains his extreme attitude, such a policy would involve his return by force to Athens, the banishment of the King, the establishment of a Republic, and the recognition of a foreign Protectorate over Greece. If only the Entente would cease to listen to the perpetual slanders of Salonika and turn to the true Greeks of Athens, they have nothing to lose and everything to gain by so doing."

It was not difficult for the Editor of the *Pro-odos* and his contributors to show the weak points of Dragoumis's case, but it is significant that they do not do so from the recognised Venizelist point of view. "It is true," they say, "that the vast majority of the non-interventionist party were, and are, friends of the Entente. The Entente knows it too. That is why it has always drawn a distinction between the people and the Government. Nor is there any need to suggest that every member of the Government of Greece during this last two years is pro-German. The fact is that there is no such thing as a policy 'followed by Greece.' The State has allowed unseen hands to guide it, and it is a long time since it has known what are its wishes, where it is going, what will be its end. To take a single instance: how is what Dragoumis calls 'the friendly neutrality' of the Government, compatible with the fact that

during the nine months of mobilisation that followed Bulgaria's entry into the war, the Army was absolutely forbidden to read Phil-Entente newspapers, but allowed, or rather commanded, to read pro-German ones? Even if the surrender of Fort Rupel can be explained away as a counter-concession to Germany in return for complaisance to the Entente at Salonika, and the kidnapping of the Kavalla Army Corps as a piece of German high-handedness, nothing can even plausibly excuse this attempt to blind the Army to the truth. If dethronements, and protectorates, and the other tragic events that Dragoumis frightens us with are to be avoided, there is no use in waiting on in patient hope that passions may some day subside. We must make up our minds to characterise the Venizelist movement as anti-Bulgarian, and not as anti-Royalist. Instead of calling those who belong to it enemies, we must encourage any who wish to join it, and send them forward with our blessing. Then it will be that pressure on the part of the Entente will cease, unity will be automatically restored, and our sufferings will be forgotten sooner than anyone can to-day imagine."

If we read between the lines of this debate, we can discern an unwillingness to believe evil of Constantine, a tendency to shift the blame on to the Dark Forces that swayed him, and a desire to find some way of re-establishing national unity and friendship with the Entente without having to admit that Venizelos was all the time and altogether in the right. If we take the Royalist party as 40 per cent. of the total population of Greece, we need not consider more than a quarter of it as irreconcilables, who will intrigue to restore the deposed King. Even this 10 per cent. of the population is not pro-German, but it is bitterly anti-Venizelist and against any kind of intervention. Next to this extreme Right comes the respectable but ineffective 10 per cent. that is fairly represented by Ion Dragoumis. It will not work heartily with the new *régime*, but its attitude will be rather sulky than disloyal. Its leaders, however, such as Dragoumis, will probably be driven by high spirit into more definite opposition. In the Centre come 20 per cent. who voted against Venizelos for the first time in June, 1915, and who have lately been torn asunder between distrust of the Entente's caprices, and despair at their own Government's ineffectiveness. Their views are cleverly put by the staff of the *Pro-odos*, although no doubt these writers themselves are more definitely Venizelist than they allow their readers to perceive.

How far can we win the allegiance of the various sections of this middle party? The extent to which we can do so depends on the impression we can make on them as to our sincerity and our effectiveness. We have got to show them that not one member of our group has designs on the integrity of Greek territory, and that when once constitutional government is re-established, there will be no question of foreign interference. We must prove to them no less emphatically that if we ask for their military help at Salonika, we guarantee once and for all that there shall be no withdrawal from the Balkan front, and no risk of the mailed fist of Germany descending in wrath once again on the head of a small and isolated nation.

RONALD M. BURROWS.



## *PLUS FAIT DOUCEUR.*

**I**T is a little more than twelve months since the last attempt to reform the Government of Ireland broke down at the very moment of seeming agreement. One need not now discuss the causes of failure or speculate upon the consequences of unrealised success. It is no part of my purpose to impute blame to this individual or that, or to enquire what might have been. Heaven knows, we have had enough of both these methods of controversy. It will be more helpful to consider how we stand to-day.

In the interval the Irish question has passed through certain new stages of development. In the first place, it has become clear to everyone that the solution is not to be found in any substitute for self-government. Not so long ago many people—as well in Ireland as in Great Britain—honestly believed that with the redress of material grievances such as those arising from the old land laws and from Catholic educational disabilities, the demand for Home Rule would disappear. An unreal demand, it was said, was being maintained by the exertions of certain “agitators,”—to wit, the Irish Parliamentary Party—whose occupation would be gone if Ireland were once economically prosperous. And, lo! the existence of that party is threatened, not because its demands have been excessive, but because they have been moderate; not because it has been unconciliatory, but because, seeking to secure a settlement and to ensue peace, it is thought to have lowered the National flag. Ireland has prospered exceedingly in recent years. Backward though she still is in many ways, her social and economic progress has been truly remarkable. Anyone who should now re-visit Ireland after twenty years’ absence must inevitably be astonished by the change for the better in the aspect of the country; in its fields, its houses, in the clothing and physical appearance of its people. Those who within living memory were little better than serfs are now owners of the soil. Except from the poorest parts of the congested districts or from the slums of the towns, it is not hunger which sends our boys and girls into exile. Emigration has steadily diminished year by year; and those who now go are impelled, not by the old necessity, but by a quite healthy spirit of adventure and the eternal craving of young people for new places and scenes. Yet we can all see that the mind of Ireland is not less passionately set towards National self expression; rather the question now is whether that which would have contented the mass of the people some years ago will content them any longer.

In 1798, in 1848, and in 1867, the rank and file of the insurgents were half-starved peasants. In 1916, if we except the town labourers of Connolly’s citizen army, in any case but a small section, the rebels were, for the most part, young men passably educated, and drawn from quite prosperous classes of the community. The wrongs which they risked their lives to right were not personal wrongs, but wrongs done to their mother Ireland. It is not to be believed they ever dreamed of immediate victory. Theirs was a selfless, if criminally foolish, protest against this very idea, the

idea that Ireland would ever be content to accept the good things of the world in exchange for her soul.

The second point which the last twelve months has made plain to all is that the Irish question, far from being, as has sometimes been pretended, a matter of merely domestic concern, a squalid controversy between certain Irish and British factions, is something of imperial, nay, of international, dignity. The British Dominions, without exception, have once again made it clear that they so regard it; and our Allies, the United States of America, France, and even the new far-off Republic of Russia speak in the same strain. The press of Great Britain, without distinction of party, preaches the necessity of a settlement as tending towards the more effective prosecution of the war, and not only the Prime Minister, but his chief Unionist colleagues also, such as Lord Curzon and Mr. Bonar Law, confess it to be of vital interest to all the champions of the liberties of the world.

From the recognition of these two facts, the persistence of the Irish demand and its international importance, there has followed inevitably the abandonment of all purely British opposition to a Home Rule settlement. It is as certain as anything can well be that the Imperial Government is now prepared to give immediate effect to any plan consistent with the maintenance of imperial unity upon which Irishmen themselves can agree. It is no small thing that Ireland should herself be asked in effect to frame her own Constitution. Had such an offer been made to her a few years, perhaps even twelve months, ago, it would have evoked unbounded enthusiasm. To-day, it must be confessed it has been received with indifference, even with derision. How are we to account for this strange and disappointing phenomenon? It can, I think, only be because Irishmen do not really believe that the British Government means to play them fair. As one moves about the country speaking with people of all kinds one cannot help being struck by the universal atmosphere of resentment and suspicion. It would take too long to trace in detail all the causes of these evils. The ultimate causes lie far back in the history of English dealings with Ireland; and, alas, even in recent years we have witnessed executive follies so gross as to persuade some quite sensible people that the Government was deliberately bent on driving the whole country into the arms of the revolutionaries. Nationalist Ireland just now is like a high-spirited horse which has been thoroughly "soured" by bad handling. Her nerves are all on edge and her temper is for the time being completely spoiled. It would be hard to conceive a worse moment for the cool consideration of the intricate and delicate problems of Irish Government. Nevertheless, the attempt must be made now, not only because Imperial necessities require it, but also because experience shows us that each year a settlement is deferred difficulties increase.

Resentment and suspicion are directed primarily against the British Government—not against the present administration only, but against British statesmanship as a whole; and, secondly, against the Irish Parliamentary Party, which is accused of weak, and even

of venal, complaisance. Among the counts in the indictment are the tolerance accorded to the Ulster Covenanting movement, the Curragh incident, the Bachelor's Walk shootings, the delay first in obtaining the Royal Assent to, and, subsequently, in carrying into operation, the Home Rule Act, the secret trials, executions, and imprisonments which followed the Rebellion. To these must be added the breakdown of the negotiations for settlement last year, after the Irish Party had agreed at the instant request of the Government, and in order (as they hoped) to secure an immediate appeasement, to the necessarily unpopular project of a temporary partition of Ireland.

There is no disguising the fact that all these incidents—and many others—have aroused such an anti-English feeling in Ireland as has not been known for nearly half a century. No one really desires to see England defeated in the war; but many (as one whose own loyalty is unquestionable said to me the other day) would like to see her “get a good thrashing.” Few seem to reflect what would be happening in such circumstances to our gallant Irish soldiers. They have forgotten, in their anger, that this is Ireland's war also. And the feeling has necessarily reacted upon the position of the Irish Parliamentary Party, whose declared and constant purpose it is to reconcile National with Imperial loyalty.

In particular, Mr. Redmond's action in August, 1914, in pledging Ireland's unconditional support to the cause of the Entente, at the time almost universally approved by Irishmen, is now regarded by thousands as a betrayal of Irish interests. The very people who talk loudest about liberty and the rights of small Nations would have had the Irish leader bargain, and obstruct, and haggle in the House of Commons at the moment when German armies were carrying fire and sword through Belgium and Northern France, and when all that was best and most chivalrous in Ireland, as in Great Britain, was flying instinctively to arms. Incoherence of thought could hardly go further; but the outburst is only too significant of our jangled nerves and shattered tempers. Happily it is no part of the permanent mind of Ireland.

I had written thus far, when the letter from which the following extract is made, reached me. The writer is the head of an ancient and famous Irish family. He has lived all his life upon his estates, and has for thirty years been in close touch with the National movement:—

“You ask me how things are here. The generality are frankly Sinn Féin. The old men are mainly with us, but the rising generation mainly the other way. Everybody is very angry without exception. They say we have been tricked and fooled by Lloyd George & Co.; and while the thinking people are favourable to the Conference, nobody has any great hope of a favourable result of its deliberations. All the Unionists in these parts are Home Rulers now. And everybody, of all parties, is sick of the existing state of things. But the impression among all kinds of Nationalists is that the dice have been too heavily loaded in favour of the Northern irreconcilables for any good to come of the existing situation, and any change, no matter what or how violent, will be

supported by the majority everywhere. It is very much like the closing period of the Butt movement. We are in the melting-pot again, and if nothing comes of the Conference, Ireland will go her own way and fight her corner by any means she can discover—and there will be no more conciliation with England or thought for the Empire, except as an enemy. The anti-Irish have certainly had their way, and the duplicity and weakness of our so-called Liberal Governments are bearing fruit. But I doubt if the harvest will be quite what they anticipated, and I am quite sure that the Empire as well as Ireland will pay for it."

It has been necessary to insist upon this wretched aspect of the situation, in order that the difficulties confronting the coming Convention may be understood.

But, happily, there is another and more hopeful side to the problem. Irish opinion, if resentful and suspicious, is also just now unwontedly fluid. Experienced observers doubt if, in spite of appearances, the extremists (regarded as a body with a definite and concrete programme) are much more numerous than they were a year ago. A seemingly small thing—if it were the right thing—might still bring many back to a saner frame of mind, and though the Sinn Fein movement has undoubtedly caught the ear and fired the imagination of most of the younger men, it is worth bearing in mind that the stream of recruiting for Irish regiments, though sadly insufficient, still flows on. Meantime, the growth of revolutionary ideas has tended to create something like a countervailing "block" of constitutional reformers among the more reasonable men of the older parties.

Since the worst bitternesses of the Land War have been assuaged by the operation of Fair Rent Courts and Purchase, the country gentlemen of the South and West, many of whose forbears played a distinguished and patriotic part in pre-Union Parliaments, have begun to again remember that they are Irishmen. Protestants, for the most part, they are accustomed to live in a community of another creed, and they know, and many of them have borne witness, that the sectarian persecutions so often heard of on platforms in Ulster and in Great Britain are the figment of a perverse imagination. Moreover, as a class, they are tired of being used as cat's-paws in an English political game. Perhaps we shall be able to say of them, as Grattan said of their forefathers in 1782, "They saved their country because they lived in it, as others betrayed their country because they lived out of it." "Because they lived out of it"—it was of the great absentee landlords that Grattan thus spoke; the same reproach might be levelled to-day at the same small, but powerful, class. And the words in a slightly different sense have been only too true of the much larger body of Ulster Unionists. Not in body, indeed, but in mind, they have "lived out of Ireland," have derided her language and ancient culture, slandered the faith of the majority of her people, mocked at her aspiration after self expression and national unity. I do not say that they have not felt themselves to be Irishmen; but I do say they have preferred to be known as Ulstermen. They have stood contemptuously aloof from the life of their country; they

have thanked God, in public and in private, that they are not as this Publican.

I cannot but blame them. Yet I think that we Constitutional Nationalists also are not free from blame. We might have made greater efforts to induce these men to throw in their lot with the rest of their fellow-countrymen. Ulster has not made it very easy for us to woo; nevertheless, we might, perhaps, have done more to win her. For, indeed, there is not, and ought not to be, any other way. A forced marriage, even if it were possible, is but an ill prelude to a happy married life.

Is Ulster more ready than heretofore to listen to our pleading? I confess I do not know. Ulstermen keep their own counsel better than most of us, and if there are changes of mind and differences of opinion among them they keep their secrets from the rest of the world. But it is not improbable. After all, cherish as much as you will the sentiments of a separate and superior caste, you cannot be wholly unaffected by the popular feeling of the country in which you spend your life. "Men"—to quote Graitan once more—"cannot bear to see every hour faces that look shame upon them," and Unionist Ulster is not so homogeneous as that no disquieting shaft of Nationalism can penetrate her body. A thousand ties of interest, yes, and of affection, bind the whole province to Ireland. I do not believe that in their hearts Ulstermen desire these ties to be broken.

Moreover, affecting all parties in Ireland, except the so-called Irreconcilables (of whom I shall have something to say presently), there are these great Imperial necessities which the war has revealed. Each of the two great Irish parties has had grounds for denouncing the other as at least potential rebels. Each has seen the charge most nobly refuted, not by words on Press or platform, but by deeds on the field of battle.

It is said that the Ulster Volunteers were armed with German rifles. Put that against the rifles which Casement brought. Other rifles have since spoken a message which the Kaiser little expected. Equal in glory are the Irish soldiers of North and South. From them we have all learned lessons we shall not, please God, quickly forget. We have seen the "Ulster Rebels" of 1913 become the Ulster Division of the following year. They have seen the "disloyal Irish Party" steadfastly risking political ruin in the cause of the Empire and its Allies. More, they have seen not a few of their most active opponents fighting and dying at their side in the same cause, and they know that it was the thought of Ireland that inspired the sacrifice. Only the other day they saw an old opponent of theirs, that gallant gentleman and chivalrous soldier, Major William Redmond, carried, mortally wounded, by men of the Ulster Division to an Ulster ambulance; and they have read that message which he left as his last words to his countrymen: "I should like all my friends in Ireland to know that, in joining the Irish Brigade and going to France, I sincerely believed, as all the Irish soldiers do, that I was doing my best for the welfare of Ireland in every way."

Old misunderstandings and hard practical difficulties are not to

be conjured away by sentiment, however sincere. But to doubt that such a sacrifice as that made by Willie Redmond will be wholly in vain is to despair of human nature. Let me quote, in conclusion of this part of my subject, the words of Sir Edward Carson. After a noble tribute to the personal qualities of "my lamented, esteemed, and life-long opponent," and after reminding the House of Commons that the first of its members to fall in this war was an Ulsterman (the gentle, high-minded Arthur O'Neill) he said: "Let us put these facts together. It is not necessary to dwell upon them: they are eloquent. If in the trenches we can fight side by side, all for the common cause of liberty, certainly, so far as I am concerned, and as I said in Belfast on Friday, I trust I may in my time see some solution of that long continued Irish question that would meet the ideal of liberty of all parties in Ireland." Compare with this Major Redmond's own words in the last speech he made in the House of Commons: "While English and Irish soldiers are suffering and dying side by side, must this eternal conflict between the two nations go on?" and that earlier speech delivered on December 15th, before ever a Convention was talked of—"All you want is to get the people of the North and the South together. They came together in the trenches and they were friends. Get them together on the floor of an assembly, or where you will, in Ireland, and I am sure that it is the opinion of all of us that a similar result will occur."

Here, then, we have good grounds for hope. If three great sections of the Irish people desire to find a way out of our present distresses; a way "that would meet the ideal of liberty of all parties in Ireland," that way will, I feel sure, sooner or later be found. So far as Constitutional Nationalists are concerned, we solemnly declare that if our opponents will help us to build up a new and united Ireland within the Empire, there is nothing they are likely to ask which we will refuse them. Let their spokesmen in the Convention tell us frankly and in detail what it is they fear from an Irish Parliament or from an Irish Executive, and let us work honestly together (it has never been attempted yet) to find a remedy.

Finally, there remain those who are generally regarded as Irreconcilables; those who at present refuse to listen to any proposal short of complete Separation from Great Britain. In the earlier part of this article I have deliberately emphasised the growth of anti-English feeling. Nevertheless, I believe it is not even yet too late to win back the great mass of the Sinn Fein Party to Constitutionalism, and this is clearly the opinion also of that notable Irish thinker and writer, George Russell (A.E.), who, out of a very exceptional knowledge of the private sentiments of men of all parties, has recently given us by far the most impartial account I have seen of their aims and ideas.

"I have spoken," he writes, "to Unionists and Sinn Feiners, and find them as reasonable in private as they are unreasonable in public. I am convinced that an immense relief would be felt by all Irishmen if a real settlement of the Irish question could be

\* *Thoughts for a Convention and a Memorandum on the State of Ireland*, by A. E. (Maunsel & Co., Dublin, 1d.)

arrived at, a compromise which would reconcile them to living under one Government, and would, at the same time, enable us to live at peace with our neighbours."

The settlement which A.E. advocates, is that Ireland should be given the status in all respects of a self-governing Dominion. Whether he is right in believing that the Sinn Feiners would accept this proposal, and that the men of North-East Ulster (as well as the Southern Unionists) would prefer it to the present Home Rule Act, the debates of the Convention will show. But the argument of the two following passages is right beyond question, and full of encouragement. "Is it not true in all human happenings that if people are denied what is right and natural they will instantly assume an attitude of hostility to the power which denies? The hostility is not inherent in the subject, but is evoked by the denial," and, again: "I do not believe that hatreds remain for long among people when the causes which created them are removed. We have seen in Europe and the Dominions the continual reversals of feeling when a sore has been removed. Antagonisms are replaced by alliances. It is mercifully true of human nature that it prefers to exercise goodwill to hatred while it can, and the common sense of the best in Ireland would operate to allay and keep in order those turbulent elements which exist in every country, but which only become a danger to society when real grievances based on the violation of true principles of government are present."

On the whole, then, notwithstanding the attacks which have already been made upon it from some quarters, or the reluctance of some sections to take part in its deliberations, I believe that the Convention will meet, that it will be reasonably representative of all the different shades of Irish opinion, and that it will make a serious attempt to grapple with the problems of the future government of Ireland, and the relations of Ireland with the Empire. One of its most recent critics has described it as a sort of Parliamentary Committee. In reality, out of 101 members, twelve only (apart from the Sinn Feiners, whose accession is still in doubt) are to be selected by political parties, together with two Irish representative Peers, while fifteen are to be nominated by the Government. By far the largest section of the delegates will be representatives of the councils of counties and county boroughs, and of the smaller towns, or of commercial or labour interests. Seven ecclesiastics—four Roman Catholic and two Protestant Bishops, and the Moderator of the Irish Presbyterian body—are invited to take part in the proceedings.

The Chairman, upon whose wise guidance much will depend, has not as yet been appointed, and it would appear from the Prime Minister's statement that his selection may be left to the Convention itself. In the abstract the proposal has many merits. But a good deal of time would be saved, and, perhaps, dangerous friction at the start of the deliberations be avoided, if an agreement could be reached beforehand. Many names have been canvassed; among them some of the greatest eminence. But at the moment I know of only one man who, I have reason to believe, would be wholly acceptable to all parties, General Smuts. Now that it has

been decided that he is to remain for the present in the United Kingdom, one may hope that his reported refusal of the Chair may be reconsidered. Failing this, opinion is trending steadily towards the selection of Mr. Duke, who combines many of the personal qualities to be desired in a chairman. But he would, it may be taken for granted, have to relinquish the office of Chief Secretary.

It has been wisely decided that every conceivable scheme short of separation is to be open for discussion. But, broadly, we may assume that the various plans will fall under three heads, the scheme sanctioned by the Home Rule Act (with or without amendment), Federation of the United Kingdom, and Colonial Self-Government. And I believe it will be found, when the details of these are discussed, not in partisan newspapers anxious of scoring points against political opponents, but in the healthy atmosphere of an assembly of Irishmen of all parties, that the differences between these three proposals are not so wide as has been made to appear. The powers reserved to the Imperial Parliament and Executive by the Act only require very slight modification to adapt them to the Federal solution. On the other hand, those falling within the sphere of the Irish Government need only to be enlarged in the direction of fiscal autonomy, and possibly the maintenance of a militia for Home Defence, in order to give to Ireland in all essential particulars the same freedom as is enjoyed by the self-governing Dominions. Therefore, we need not despair if many days and, perhaps, weeks are consumed in debates upon proposals which are ultimately found impracticable. If only the Convention is held together, even such debates will be found to have their value. Presently a clearer understanding of the real difficulties will emerge. Men of goodwill from all parties will come closer together. Faced with the alternative of continual anarchy and fratricidal hatreds, they will find some way to reconcile Ireland with the Empire, and (what is of not less urgency) Ireland with herself.

*Plus fait douceur que violence.* Ears deafened and bewildered by the strident cacophonies of modern composers as interpreted by overwhelming orchestras are charmed by some simple old melody artfully played upon the gentle harpsichord. In Ireland we have beaten our big drums and blown upon our brass instruments until we are weary of our own noise. We have shouted at one another from press and platform amid the enthusiastic plaudits of all those who already agreed with us. We have called one another all the dolts and rascals imaginable, and have held one another up to the contempt of a bored and pre-occupied British public. What we have never yet done is to sit down all together and talk over our own business quietly. Now, perhaps, we are going to begin.



## THE REFORM BILL AND THE NEW ERA.

THE Representation of the People Bill now before Parliament is no ordinary measure, or merely domestic question. To be understood it must be considered in the light of the events which are changing Europe, and, indeed, the whole world. Great Britain and her Allies are engaged in a life-and-death struggle for human liberty against military despotism. One or other of those principles must go under, and we believe it will not be liberty. Everywhere the hope of truer liberty and of unity is alive and active. "Nothing can ever be the same again," we hear. Every country is hoping for greater unity of all its classes, based on a greater liberty for all—civil, religious, and political liberty, and that other kind of liberty which comes only when the masses enjoy such economic conditions as make it possible for them to live happily, and to develop all that is best in their mental and spiritual natures. That is economic liberty without which political and all other kinds of liberty are little more than a mockery to the masses of the people. Everywhere the heaven is at work. Russia has suddenly cast aside her fetters, and the shock of that great change is felt throughout the world, and perhaps not least within our own borders. Nor is it only the suppression of aggressive military power and the development of each nation internally to which we are moving: there stands before us the hope, almost the certainty, of an international liberty, and a moral unity of nations one with another, to be established by a League of Nations for the maintenance of International Right. All this does not mean revolution which will destroy anything good in the old order: rightly taken it comes, not to destroy, but to complete.

We live, therefore, in a great and wonderful crisis of the world's destiny; and if we as a country are worthy, and without fear of shaming, to take our part in that crisis, and in its work, we must extend liberty, well-being, and unity within our own borders. Such extension is an essential part of the struggle for right in which we are engaged, and it has itself several parts: one of them is concerned with Ireland, one with India, another with the closer co-ordination of the British Empire; one concerns the position of women here at home, and one the condition of our poorest classes. We cannot face the world, and assert boldly our championship of liberty and right, unless we can show that in all these spheres we seek to practise it, advancing not rashly, but as rapidly as the circumstances permit. In this light we must consider our Reform Bill.

But it is not only in the light of this international and world-wide problem that we must consider it. There is also a purely national view, which to us is scarcely less important. Before the European War there were a few great problems which threatened to bring us to civil war—which did, in fact, bring us to the very verge of it. The Irish conflict, the women's political movement, the problems of political, religious, and economic liberty as expressed in the House of Lords question; the Plural Voting question, Welsh Disestablishment, and the land and labour questions were threatening, and seemingly insoluble by peaceful means. The war came and saved

us from civil war: for my part I firmly believe that nothing else would have saved us. The war has made us lay aside our civil passions: it calls us to national settlements of those once burning questions: for they must either receive national settlements now, or at the end of the war become once more subjects of bitter and disastrous strife. The Speaker's Conference was the first attempt so to settle one of these dangerous questions, or rather a closely allied group of them. If it succeeds, as it must and will, it will be a good omen for similar attempts to settle others. Already its success has led to the setting up of a Conference to suggest a new constitution for the Second Chamber, and of an Irish National Convention to work out a solution on Irish soil of the age-long feud of conquerors and conquered, Protestant and Catholic.

These two views of the Reform Bill are not wholly separate one from the other, and there is a third view which is little more than the second set forth in a more homely aspect. We may regard the Conference as a practical expedient of administration, a necessity of the day if the King's Government is to be carried on. It is in this practical and thoroughly English view that we shall find its origin. The wider meanings, which nevertheless it truly bears, were hardly present to the minds of those who took steps to call it into being.

This Parliament, elected for seven years, had by its own act limited its life to five years; and the five years had expired, and Parliament had extended, and again extended, its own life, until not merely had the five years expired, but the seventh year was about to begin. Though the country was almost unanimously averse from a General Election during the war, if it could be avoided, it was clearly necessary that there should be the possibility of electing a new House of Commons and one fully representative of the country. As things stood, and indeed stand, there was no possibility of so doing. There was no register even approximately representing the people: if a new register were prepared under the existing law, things would be but little better. Millions of citizens who had left their homes would not be registered. There would be few of our fighting men: scores of thousands of men who had gone to new districts to do munition work, and other scores of thousands who had moved in the ordinary way, would be disfranchised. No women would be on that register, in spite of the great national services rendered by innumerable women whom the war had pressed into heavy work, and whose great interests will come up for settlement in the Parliament of reconstruction.

A register must therefore be created, and it must be a new register on new lines. More than once the Government tried to solve the problem and failed: then a conference of representatives of all parties was suggested to draw up a possible settlement. So the Speaker's Conference arose, consisting of twenty-seven Commoners and five Peers, of three Labour men, three regular (and one independent) Nationalists, and of Liberals and Unionists in about equal numbers.

The tale has become almost trite that no Government, no party, no conference of parties, or of non-party men, could meet the just

claims of the soldiers and sailors and munition workers to be put on the register, without, in effect, altering deeply our franchise law: that you could not so alter the law without reviving the women's claim—and, above all, the munition-making women's claim—to be given the constitutional means of defending their own rights. Again you could not do these things without raising, on the one hand, the old demand for manhood suffrage, and, on the other hand, the question of giving stability to our institutions by some better means than the old discredited plan of restricting to a few the right of citizenship. So the whole problem of redistribution, involving the problem of constitutional balance, was added to that of franchise. "One vote one value" put in its claim to be accepted as a counterpoise to "one man and one woman one vote." Equal electoral districts, the question of single-member constituencies or multi-member constituencies, the principle of the proportional representation of all the chief bodies of opinion in large constituencies; the questions of plural voting, of property qualification, of University representation—all these, and others, came hustling in, and there was no logical, or even feasible, way of shutting them out when once the door had been opened to admit the foremost of the band.

It was not to be thought for a moment that such a Conference called together to meet such an emergency, could or would produce what is absurdly called a "logical" solution—a solution that is based wholly on the principles or demands of any one party, or school of thought. Each party had to yield much to the others, for the sake of securing what itself regarded as vital, and for the sake of a national settlement which should appease for a generation great and dangerous controversies. Friends of manhood suffrage could not get the whole, but they got a franchise based on simple residence for six months. They got two registrations a year, with the duty of registering all those entitled to vote thrown upon a registration officer. Thus they got the franchise extended to 2,000,000 men previously voteless. Friends of women's suffrage secured the vote for, perhaps, 6,000,000 of the sex out of a possible 14,000,000. They did not secure a recognition of the electoral equality of men and women, but they did secure the abolition of the idea that a woman is inherently incapable of full citizenship. The Conservatives gave up the ownership qualification and the plural vote based on it; on the other hand, they consolidated, and even extended, the claim for a second vote for those who have a business qualification in a constituency where they do not reside, or who, in the alternative, have a university degree. Again, they successfully defended the retention of the two members for the City of London, as a great commercial centre by day, though almost without residents in the ordinary sense; and they secured an increase in the number of university members, conceding in return that all graduates should be voters, and that the principle of Proportional Representation should be applied partially to the universities so as to give a chance of some seats to the Liberal Minorities.

In these changes it is easy to see how much the Conservatives moved forward from their old positions. But the Liberals and

Labour men also conceded much in consenting to some of the changes I have named, and especially in giving up the Plural Voting Bill, which had twice been passed by the House of Commons. Thereby they relegated to another generation their great popular principle of one man one vote.

In all this all parties in the Conference, admirably guided by the Speaker, remembered worthily the crisis of the times. The House of Commons, and the country, have the result in their hands. If they act in the same spirit, if they, too, seek for the greatest measure of possible agreement, then a great step forward may be achieved, and peace upon these questions may be established for perhaps a generation. If they act in a narrower spirit the outlook is black indeed; there will be no step forward in democratic government; no appeasement of class and sex warfare. It is difficult to see how there can even be a makeshift law passed to give us a register, or how we can elect any new House of Commons which can claim to be truly representative.

Fortunately the prospect of passing the Reform Bill is good. Some points are the subject of important criticism, as, for instance, the provisions for soldiers and sailors voting, which need to be strengthened. But opposition in the full sense is almost insignificant, except on two points. First, there is women's suffrage, and, second, proportional representation. We may say of the first that there can probably be no settlement without it; but that question scarcely arises, since the change of opinion in its favour has been so extraordinary, that there will be little difficulty in carrying it. In favour of proportional representation there has also been an extraordinary growth of opinion, and for that reason as well as for its intrinsic importance the matter deserves more than a passing reference. Indeed, it may not unreasonably be held that even the further extension of the right to vote is not in itself so important, will not add so much to the value of our democratic institutions, as will this better system of collecting the wishes of the people, eliminating the effects of chance and exaggeration, and giving to every important body of opinion its just weight, with the certainty of continuous representation in Parliament.

I have implied above that a certain body of Conservative opinion only accepted a widely extended suffrage and the abolition of property voting on condition that some new security for stability should be given. The old idea of Democracy as a permanently predatory and dangerous mob has been wiped out by experience. Again and again the Conservative party has been put into power by the Democracy. Nevertheless, a fear remained in many quarters that at some general election a sudden wave of Democratic passion might cause a wiping out of the Conservative party. The swing of the pendulum in 1905 came, indeed, pretty near to this, and the success of the Australian Labour Party in monopolising representation for a considerable period, and over wide areas, strongly reinforced that warning. It was argued that as the number of the electors increased, and especially of working class electors and inexperienced women, the danger of a landslide increased, a landslide originating in some supposed class

interest. All this fear was, undoubtedly, exaggerated, though it was scarcely baseless. The danger of a wild swing in the direction of supposed popular interests does exist, and it is only half the truth. There is just as much danger of a swing of the opposite kind, of a khaki election, a swing towards Jingoism and Militarism, or towards some other form of reaction. We had in 1895 and 1900 a taste of what might happen in this direction.

Does this, then, mean that the fickleness charged against Democracy is truly charged, and, consequently, that some "check upon Democracy," some contrivance to deprive it of power, or at least impose serious delay upon its action is a necessary safeguard of vested interests on the one hand, and of liberty on the other. I think not. It is not democracy, but the absence of true democracy that causes these feverish changes; it is the badness of the machinery by which we at present seek to apply the democratic principle. Under the system of single-member constituencies, which we have had almost without qualification since 1885, large numbers of seats at each election are carried by very small majorities: a turnover of a few votes causes them to return a member of another colour at the next election, and, consequently, any comparatively small wave of opinion passing over the country produces a wholly disproportionate turnover of seats in the House of Commons. If the real verdict of the people and the real changes of opinion, as shown by the votes cast, were registered in a corresponding number of seats in Parliament, there would never be any reason to fear either an extreme of revolutionary ardour, or of reaction, much less a sudden change from one to the other. The figures of all the General Elections show the truth of this. The votes cast for any given party do not vary to any wild or unreasonable extent, between one election and the next. It is not democracy that is at fault, but our present system, which falsifies the voice of democracy.

The Bill is a great step forward in popular Government, because it gives representation to great numbers hitherto deprived of the suffrage, and, above all, to women. But its proposals to apply the Single Transferable Vote system, in urban populations big enough to return three, four, or five members, are, in the long run, even more important. They cover, it is true, only a fourth of the seats in Great Britain, but if they are adopted, an object lesson of the better system (already proved experimentally in other countries) will be given, which cannot fail to bring about its early extension to the whole of our parliamentary and municipal machinery. No extension of the franchise, however just and desirable in itself, can be a sufficient security for real representation of the mind and will of the country if the proportional clauses are cut out. The single member system, if left supreme, will still hand over our destinies to the tyranny of the "wobblers," the electors who do not stick to any consistent view of facts or principles, but shift about feverishly hither and thither—a percentage small, indeed, compared with the mass of solid and sensible citizens, but large enough to turn the balance from one to another of two nearly balanced parties.

Therefore, I make no apology for dwelling upon the proportional clauses of the Bill, especially as they are the ones least familiar to our people, and, therefore, most in danger. They seem to me vital to a measure which extends British citizenship to all men who have any kind of settled home, and to, perhaps, half the women of the country; which seeks to find, in a time of national crisis, a true basis for the representation of all important interests and opinions; which seeks to gratify, as far as possible, the strong desire for democracy, without sacrificing the stability of our institutions; and to reconcile as much as it is possible to reconcile, in the views of the great conflicting schools of political thought.

If we pull out pieces of that structure, it may all fall to pieces; but if we adopt it in its fullness, and approach and settle in the same spirit other great questions which threaten our national security, we may confidently hope to have a Parliament capable of dealing with all those difficult problems of reconstruction which must come up for solution immediately the war is over—problems whose solution, or non-solution, will decide whether the country is to go forward confidently and in a spirit of unity and moderation, or is to fall into disunion and faction. And if we get such a Parliament, and succeed in solving those problems, we shall renew and fortify our right to stand before the world as the leaders in Democracy. This land was the birthplace of free representative institutions, and if of late years we have let other lands outstrip us in some of the things that make for Democratic Government, there is now given us an opportunity to re-assert our position as the people among whom, taking everything into consideration—franchise, the distribution of seats, methods of election, the citizenship of women, the relative positions of backward and advanced races, the difficulties of old historic feuds, and conquests, and wrongs—Government is most completely representative and free, rests most completely on the consent of the governed; and is most truly by the whole people, and, therefore, for the whole people.

ANEURIN WILLIAMS.

*June 21st, 1917.*

## THE BANKRUPTCY OF PARTY.

"Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose."—*French Proverb.*

THE existence of two political parties, divided by a plain line of public principle, is the only guarantee of the purity and efficiency of popular government. When the dividing line becomes obliterated, or the multiplication of parties creates confusion, the people gets what Disraeli called "relaxed politics," a polite term for jobbery, corruption, and intrigue. It will be so, because the objects of an association must be either public or personal, and when they are not the one, they are the other. The fact remains, proved by an unbroken experience, that popular Government, whether representative or direct, cannot be honestly carried on without the party system. The notion exists in some quarters that in the direct, as distinguished from the representative form of government, the evils of party may be avoided. But this is not so. In the ancient governments of Rome, of Athens, and of Constantinople, the peoples, direct participants in acts of legislation, were divided into parties. Even in some of the most up-to-date creations of democracy in the United States, such as Oregon, where an attempt has been made to rebel against the authority of representative government by the Referendum, the Initiative, and the Recall, it has been found in the result that the tyranny of many parties has been substituted for that of two. "Everyone admits that parliamentary government cannot work without parties. Yet everyone decries and deplores the strength of the party system." Thus does Mr. Harold Hodge sum up the case in his clever and well-written book\* just published. So strongly does the author dislike parties that he proposes to erect an Imperial Council, outside and above all parliaments, which is to discharge all the important functions which make parliaments respectable. Nothing short of a revolution by the armies of the Empire can effect that. But the really amazing thing is that, *pace* Mr. Hodge, parliamentary government is being worked at this hour without parties. The party system is literally bankrupt: it is "sung and proverb'd" in the parks; it is ignored by the executive; it is suppressed by the reporters' gallery. Parliament meets, it is true, but only to create a new official, vote the money for a new department, or register the decrees of the Council of Five. In the last three years a Liberal Government, on the old party lines, has been tried and found wanting. A Coalition Government, resting on the support of the two old Liberal and Conservative parties, has been tried, and defeated by an impulse, which some of the ejected called an intrigue, but which may more correctly be described as public disgust. Finally a Government has been formed which frankly rests on no party basis. Superman No. 1 is the Prime Minister, who is absolved from attendance in the House of Commons, save on the greatest occasions. Supermen Nos. 2 and 3 are peers, who, since their return from their great proconsulships some ten years ago, have been steadily ignored by the two old Parties. Superman No. 4 is a trades union official, who, from his association with M. Vandervelde on a foreign

\* *In the Wake of the War*, by Harold Hodge, M.A., London. (John Lane.)

mission, may be assumed to be a Socialist. Superman No. 5 is the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who intervenes as little as he can in the debates and whose first-lieutenant, the Financial Secretary of the Treasury, is not even a member of Parliament, and has passed his life in the United States. Outside this group of supermen there are some eighty members of the House of Commons who are members of the Government, a very dangerous situation, and quite contrary to the spirit of the law against placemen and pensioners which it was found necessary to pass in the eighteenth century. As I write, a political revolution greater than the Reform Act of 1832, a change compared with which Disraeli's leap in the dark was a hop, a Bill for practically universal adult suffrage, is being rushed through Parliament, as far as possible *sub silentio*. The Bill was read a first time under the "Ten Minutes Rule." The second reading lasted two nights, and the speeches of members were crushed by the *Times* into three columns. The discussions and amendments in Committee, including some brilliant and very damaging speeches by Lord Hugh Cecil, the last representative of educated common sense, are disposed of in the Press by the simple expedient of omission. Everything is done by the Government and their newspapers to spread the idea that Parliament does not matter, as apparently it does not. It is one of Halifax's shrewd and pithy sayings that "when a man throweth himself down, nobody careth to take him up again." Members of Parliament have voted themselves salaries, and have cringed to the crack of the Party whips for very many years. They have thrown themselves down, and nobody seems to care to pick them up again. The interesting question is whether this bankruptcy of the party system is permanent or temporary. My own conviction, founded on my reading of history and of human nature, is that the bankrupt, after a due period of suspension, will get his discharge, and re-appear in all his pristine power.

The party system is suspended by the agony of a war in which the lives and fortunes of the whole nation are engaged. Much the same suspension of party occurred during the Seven Years' War in the middle of the eighteenth century. The elder Pitt became for four or five years a kind of dictator: he fairly quelled the babbling Newcastle and the intriguing Fox. Horace Walpole complains that the House hardly ever meets: instead of debates we have gazettes: and it literally rains gold boxes on the Minister. It was not so in all wars. Marlborough and Godolphin were opposed by Harley and St. John. Throughout the long war with Buonaparte the Whigs kept up a malignant and unpatriotic opposition. In the Boer War Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Lloyd George maintained a vigorous hostility to the conduct of the Government. But all these wars were waged by a small professional army, and the income-tax did not exceed 10 per cent. in the second Pitt's day. There is something so terrible and absorbing about the present war that in its atmosphere party politics are, or ought to be, unthinkable. But the war will end, and with it the mood of exaltation, when parties will and must come back. In modern States, owing to their populousness, there are only two forms of government possible, the autocracy of an individual, whether a



kaiser, a general, or a demagogue; and representative government. In the New World democrats have been making recent and strenuous efforts to establish direct popular government, without success. The Referendum is the easiest and the fashionable method of calling the masses to participate directly in government. Its recent employment in Australia cannot be encouraging to its friends, as it plainly leads to anarchy. Mr. Hughes, the Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth, and the leader of the Labour Party in New South Wales, visited this country last summer, and delivered a series of manly and incisive war speeches just at the time when our spirits were sinking under the drowsy syrup of Mr. Asquith's tongue. Mr. Hughes excited enthusiasm. Here, at last, was a Man! A powerful section of the Press and the public acclaimed the true voice of the Colonies, and demanded that Mr. Hughes should be made an Imperial Cabinet Minister. Mr. Hughes returned to Australia where he was met, not by pæans, but by protests from the Labour Party against his advocacy of conscription. Mr. Hughes, a little spoiled perhaps by the plaudits of London, was angry, and appealed to the masses by the Referendum on the subject of conscription. The Referendum went against him, and then Mr. Hughes, as a democrat and a Labour Minister, took a remarkable step. He ignored the verdict of the constituencies, or rather defied it. He went to the Governor, resigned his position as Prime Minister, asked leave to form another Government, was granted the commission, and formed a Coalition out of the remnant of the Labourites and his opponents, the Liberal Party. Meanwhile, something like anarchy prevailed in Australia. "The moment the Referendum was taken," I quote from the *Times* correspondent at Sydney, November 14th, "the Newcastle miners came out, and for a fortnight the whole trade of the Commonwealth has been suffering from a creeping paralysis that threatens to lead to the greatest industrial convulsion that Australia has ever known." Writing a week later, November 23rd, from the same place: "At the present moment there are a hundred vessels tied up in Sydney harbour alone; oversea trade is slowly stagnating; coastal trade is paralysed; internal trade by rail has been cut to the point of disappearance; 90 per cent. of the factories are silent; tens of thousands of employees are idle. Transports are held up because their bunkers cannot be filled with coal. Steamers carrying metals for munitions to France, Russia, and England are swinging impotently in deserted bays. Sydney itself is shrouded in darkness at night. Cooking has become a sleight-of-hand trick. The theatres are closed, and if the country trains were to stop completely, the city would be starved in a fortnight." Truly a charming picture of democracy with the Referendum as a means of settling issues.

In the State of Oregon, U.S.A., there is a legislative assembly composed of a senate and a house of representatives duly elected. But about ten years ago "the people felt that the Government was getting away from them and they desired a more direct control, both in the making of laws and in their enforcement than they enjoyed." Accordingly they devised a system by which every man is his own legislature. "The

initiative affords any citizen who has evolved a solution of a governmental problem an opportunity for demonstration of its merits. Under a system of delegated legislation only, his ideas would be, or quite likely would be, referred to some Committee, where further action would be prevented through the influence of selfish interest. Where the initiative exists, he may present his idea in the definite form of a proposed bill, if eight per cent. of the legal voters consider it worthy of consideration, and sign a petition for its submission to a popular vote. The system encourages every citizen, however humble his position, to study problems of government, city and state, and to submit whatever solution he may evolve for the consideration and approval of others. How different from the system so generally in force which tends to discourage and suppress the individual! Thus becomes available all the statesmanship there is among the people." I may as well observe that the above is not a transcript from the voyage to Laputa, but a quotation from the *Oregonian*, explaining an actual state of things. Ignoring the elected legislature, any man under the system of initiation may draft a law or bill, and, if he can secure the signature of eight in 100 electors, the state must print and submit his bill to the ballot at the biennial elections, and a bare majority is sufficient to convert it into law. Sometimes the initiator is not an individual, but the executive. Frequently the Governor and the Secretary of State, passing by the legislature, draft bills, which they file and submit to the ballot. But more often the initiators (as there is always the printer's bill to pay) are an organisation, "A Committee of Farmers," "The Majority Home Rule League," "The Oregon Higher Educational Institutions Betterment League," "The Anti-Saloon League." It will thus be seen that there are two sources of legislation in Oregon, the elected legislature, and the citizens, either individually or collectively. Sometimes the laws passed by the legislature are in conflict with the laws passed by the ballot of citizens. Several laws on the same subject are frequently carried at the ballot, and then the law which gets the most votes is adopted. Besides the initiative, there is, in this democratic Oceana, the Referendum and the Recall. Five per cent. of the electors can enforce the reference of any law passed by the legislature for approval or rejection by the people, and taxation laws are frequently so referred and repealed. The Recall is "a special election to determine whether an official shall be superseded before the ordinary expiration of his term." The petition demanding the Recall must be signed by 25 per cent. of the electors, must state the reasons, and may not be circulated against an officer until he has held office for six months. In a Recall Petition, printed in the Appendix of the book before me,\* the reasons for the recall of a County Judge and two County Commissioners are that they "have been unwise and inefficient, careless and extravagant." More frequent charges are those of corruption, and "drinking in saloons," generally brought against an unpopular Mayor. These are the latest and most refined devices of democracy to secure direct participation in government, and it is needless to say that they

\* *The Operation of the Initiative, Referendum and Recall in Oregon*, by T. D. Barnett. (New York: The Macmillan Company.)

spell anarchy. In a more primitive and therefore more brutal form, much the same attempt is now being made in Russia. There is the elected legislature, the Duma, apparently a negligible quantity. Ignoring the representatives of the people there are two executives, the Provisional Government, appointed Heaven knows by whom, and the Council of the Soldiers' and Workmen's Delegates, each trying to govern. Direct popular government, in an old or a modern, a large or a small State, has been, is, and always must be a self-cancelling business, and ends in either representative government or the autocracy of an individual, whether Kaiser or General.

If it be accepted that representative government is the only sane form of popular rule, it follows that there must be parties. A party is a combination of individuals formed for the prosecution of certain ends, which must be public or personal. When a party has no definite public objects, no distinct political principles, it can only exist for the furtherance of the selfish aims of individuals, or the sinister interests of a group. This is confirmed by history. For two centuries and a-half political parties in Britain were divided by a strong and clearly marked difference of opinion about great public issues. To-day, what are the principles of parties? or rather where are they? What are the principles of the party which calls itself Unionist, and which is composed of those who were Conservatives? Certainly not the maintenance of the Union, for it is willing to abandon five-sixths of Ireland to Sinn Feiners and Nationalists. Certainly not the maintenance of ancient institutions and the defence of the rights of property, for its leaders refuse to take any step towards the restoration of its constitutional power to the House of Lords, and they are promoting a Bill for universal suffrage, whose result must be to place the Throne, the Church, and the property of a handful of shrinking men and women, at the disposal of twenty million new voters. What are the principles of the Liberal Party led by Mr. Asquith? Are they Disestablishment of the Church of England and Free Trade? Those are at least public and definite objects, whether we approve them or not. What are the principles of the Labour Party? Shorter hours and higher wages, presumably, but that is a sectional, not a national principle. Are these objects to be secured under a Monarchy or a Republic? By State Socialism or Syndicalism? The country is entitled to know, because several leaders of the Labour Party are members of the Government. If we glance at the politics of France, the United States, and the Colonies, where the English party system has never taken root, we find that politicians fight for the interests of this or that commercial or financial group. It is a question of a little more or a little less tariff, who is to get this subsidy or to lose that grant. I need hardly observe that Conservatism and Liberalism are as indestructible as plus and minus in mathematics or electricity. It is for our statesmen to devise fresh formulæ round which parties may again group themselves on avowed public principles. If our leaders have not the brains or the courage to do this, the fruits of Britain's splendid martial effort will be trampled in the dirt of a sordid and corrupt struggle between sinister interests.

ARTHUR A. RATTMANN.

## THE CHANGE OF SCENE IN CHINA.

**W**HILE there is still some reason to hope that a grave crisis in the Far East may not be added to our anxieties before those in Europe have been allayed, events have occurred in China which herald a complete change of scene. The Republic established in February, 1912, is tottering to its fall, the restoration of the Manchu dynasty is most probable, and the exercise of authority has passed out of the hands of the class of civilian mandarins who held it for centuries into those of a few generals. The internal peace of China and the avoidance of foreign intervention depend on the restraint that the New Army and its leaders may impose upon themselves. Even Yuan Shih Kai could not maintain unrelaxed discipline. Will Chang Hsun fare better?

The establishment of a Republic in China, little more than five years ago, was regarded as one of the marvels of history. The oldest ruling line of Emperors was dispossessed of its authority and attributes in the twinkling of an eye without the usual round of grape-shot or the attendant massacre. The young Emperor, a mere child, retired into the forbidden Palace, where he still remains, and all the world concluded, wise men and foolish alike, that all was over with the Manchu dynasty. No one attempted to analyse the situation, or to measure the comparative strength of the forces at work in China. A few declared that a Republic was quite incompatible with the rites and family system of the Chinese; but for the world at large a Republic had come into being, and the question of its suitability or capacity to endure was brushed aside.

Yet the manner in which the Republic was set up was not of a character to satisfy anyone who looked below the surface of things. A few adventurers—enthusiasts and idealists, if the more correct description is disliked—banded themselves together under the leadership of Sun Yat Sen, and, supplied with funds by the Chinese colonies in our Straits Settlements, and with very useful if discarded rifles by the Japanese, set on foot a revolutionary movement in 1910-11. The element of real strength behind it was the Canton party. Owing perhaps to their longer contact with Europeans, or to the possession of wealth, or perhaps to no more than their southern temperament, the Cantonese were not merely the most progressive element in the country, but they held a majority of the higher official posts. The Cantonese stood for reform, and from that point of view their programme and efforts were not merely commendable, but essential for the welfare of China.

At the other end of the State in Peking was a corrupt Court, a foreign race retaining all the privileges of a dominant caste, and an established system of venality in which all the Ministers down to the death of the old Empress Dowager were involved. The cases of her henchmen, Li Hung Chang and Na-Tung, were the most glaring, but as no one was more deeply implicated in the system than the old Empress herself, they were secure from the punishment threatened more than once by the "reforming" Emperor Kwangsu. Corruption carried with it waste and diversion of the national funds, neglect of national interests, and inefficiency in the administration.

The Peking régime was the main cause of China's troubles, and it was inevitable that the Manchu dynasty should be identified with it. Then it was remembered that the reigning family belonged to a foreign and inferior race which kept itself apart from the rest of the nation, and possessed special privileges derived from conquest three centuries ago. The movement for reform became one against the Manchûs. The Empress Dowager seems to have had an inkling of what was coming, and set on foot and encouraged the Boxer movement, which was intended before everything else to strengthen the Imperial position and to establish autocratic rule on a firm basis. It failed against the foreigner, it failed at home. It sapped the position of the Manchus both as occupying the throne and as retaining the special privileges they had appropriated when they first came into China from Manchuria. The Emperor might conceivably retain his dignity, but his kin and the Imperial clan were doomed to disappear. Thus was the way paved for the revolution of 1911.

Some preliminary facts and dates must be recorded. Kwangsu, the unfortunate Emperor who but for the unscrupulous proceedings of the old Empress might have proved himself a model ruler, died in November, 1908, and his nephew, a child of two years of age named Pu-yi, was adopted by his widow and proclaimed Emperor under the style of Hsuan Tung, his uncle, Prince Chun, being appointed Regent. In 1909, Yuan Shih Kai, who had been representing the need of reform, was disgraced, and sent into exile. None the less a National Assembly was created in October, 1910, and it was hoped that the means of finding a constitutional remedy for the worst of the evils from which the country was suffering had been devised. But it soon became clear that serious trouble was to follow. Sun Yat Sen arrived in 1911 with an armed force, the Japanese arms were distributed among his sympathisers, and massacres of the Manchu garrisons in the so-called Tartar cities, forming a sort of citadel in Chinese towns, were perpetrated here and there. Alarmed at the prospect the Court recalled Yuan Shih Kai and asked him to save the dynasty. He probably had the will to do so, but he may well have had many doubts as to his own power to succeed. What chance there was, he saw, depended on prompt measures to appease the popular demands. He had reached Peking in October, 1911, and a few weeks later he compelled the Court to accept the new Constitution of nineteen articles drafted by the National Assembly. The Prince Regent resigned under the scheme, and the Chinese Parliament became responsible for the Government. As far as Peking was affected, the situation looked as if it would settle down.

But the centre of the trouble was not in Peking. Sun Yat Sen had seized Nanking, and set up a rival administration. It was at this moment that General Chang Hsun, the present arbiter of China's destiny, made his first bid for prominence. He evacuated Nanking, but he established his headquarters at Pukou on the northern bank of the river, and he seized the railway from that town to Peking. At that time General Chang was regarded as the chief supporter of the Manchu cause, although not a Manchu himself.

He belongs to the race of Chinese Bannermen who have given China her best military leaders, and it is as well to remember that this individual is a trained soldier of great courage and determination. He replied to the declamations of the politicians with a specific act, and then he waited on the course of events. At that moment Yuan Shih Kai sent Tang Shao-yi, believing him to be a friend, to arrange terms with Sun Yat Sen, but instead of doing what was expected of him he joined hands with the rebel and took office in the administration formed by Wu Ting Fang—another *farceur* rather than statesman—with Sun Yat Sen as President of a Chinese Republic. Thus there were two Governments in China when the year 1912 began, an Emperor, a National Assembly, and a written Constitution at Peking, and an irregular Republic at Nanking. Civil war or partition seemed inevitable, but Yuan took stock of the situation and found a solution of the difficulty in a middle course. He decided to support a Republic, and he advised the Palace that the Emperor's abdication was necessary. On February 12th, 1912, the edict of farewell was issued, and Yuan was ordered to establish the Republic that the people desired. By this move the justification for the Republic at Nanking was destroyed, Sun Yat Sen had no further excuse for standing outside the main group; China wanted one Republic, not two. Sun hesitated, but his chief supporter, Li Yuan Hung (the President at the moment of writing), made up his mind for him by giving in his adhesion to Yuan, dissolving the Nanking Government, and recognising the Central Republic at Peking. After an interval, General Chang Hsun crossed the river, seized Nanking, and Sun Yat Sen fled once more to Japan. Some of his comrades were not so fortunate as to escape; one, at least, was assassinated in Shanghai.

Yuan Shih Kai's position was strengthened by these occurrences, and on October 6th, 1913, he was formally elected President of the Republic of which he had been somewhat unwillingly the founder. At the same time Li Yuan Hung was elected Vice-President. The position of the new President was far from secure. Some of his best supporters like Chang Hsun were avowedly pro-Manchu, and as he got at loggerheads with the Japanese as Viceroy at Nanking, Yuan had to remove him to another post. This he did with all possible tenderness by softening the sense of injury with a lavish gift of money, but none the less it was a piece of bad luck for Yuan to have to begin his Presidency with a rebuff to his chief supporter. He felt it all the more because, not less than Chang Hsun himself, he was anti-Japanese.

The year 1914 was marked by much internal trouble. There were several miniature rebellions, one of them avowedly for the restoration of the Manchus, another supported by Sun Yat Sen, which, led by a chief called White Wolf, attained considerable success in the north-west, but was eventually suppressed by General Lu Chien-chang, and collapsed with the death of its leader. At the same time Yuan was not very comfortable in his newly acquired position at Peking. The anomalies of the post weighed upon him. One of the most essential duties of a Chinese Emperor is to offer up prayers

and to make libations once a year on behalf of the nation in the Temple of Heaven. There was much discussion as to how Yuan would meet the difficulty, and the Board of Rites gravely discussed the problem whether the prayers of the President of a Republic could be regarded as the equivalent of those of an Emperor. Yuan had a way of his own in riding over difficulties. He offered up the accustomed prayers, and he borrowed the robes of a Duke who claims to represent the old Ming ruling family which immediately preceded the Manchus. The gossips began to ask in a whisper whether he intended to restore the old Chinese dynasty. As a matter of fact, whether incited by flattering friends or because he found the position of President involved too many contradictions and incompatibilities to suit his brusque character, he was thinking of setting up his own.

At this moment the war broke out and Yuan's sympathies were entirely with the Germans. This was due to a large extent to his anti-Japanese sentiments and to his belief that Germany would prove China's best support against Russia and Japan, who were acting more or less together against China in Mongolia and Manchuria. Accordingly, he protested both to Japan and to ourselves against the attack on Kiaochao as a breach of China's sovereignty; he protected German shipping in the Woosung River by letting them anchor under the protection of Chinese batteries, and he maintained close relations with the *Asiatische Bank*, a German institution. He might have carried his benevolent neutrality still further in Germany's favour if Japan had not exercised a close and continuous pressure, but very soon his own personal troubles gave him no time to think of anything else.

The internal condition of China in 1915 was worse even than it had been in 1914. Rebellions and mutinies became sporadic, and although all of them attained a local success, no central purpose brought them together. The general result was that Yuan's authority ceased to exist south of the Yangtse. In the belief that the change might improve his position he decided to follow the advice of his flatterers and allow himself to be proclaimed Emperor. He was very badly advised, for whatever elements in the country might have been propitiated and won over by a decision to restore the Manchus, the proposal to found a new dynasty met with general opposition, and furnished a rallying cry for the enemies of the Yuan régime. In March, 1916, Yuan renounced the idea of being Emperor, but this did not placate his enemies. His retirement was demanded on all sides. Li Yuan Hung was proclaimed President by the revolted provinces, and Yuan's death at the beginning of June alone averted his ignominious downfall. China's strong man had not been strong enough to quell the troubles arising from vague and varying political aspirations.

We should have heard a great deal more than we did of the disturbed state of China in 1916 but for the engrossing character of the war in the first place, and but for the immunity enjoyed by the foreign residents in China in the second. For the first time in history political revolution in China did not assume an anti-foreign form. Even while towns were being looted by mutinous

soldiery, foreigners escaped molestation, and their property was left immune. Thus the Chinese were left to fight out their battles in their own way, but the ultimate solution, if ever one is attained, remains obscure.

Li Yuan Hung, the ex-associate of Sun Yat Sen, became President as a man of the people's choice, on Yuan's death. He is credited with common sense, yet he is a great stickler for form. He agreed to break off relations with Germany, but before taking the next step in an open declaration of war, he required all the provisos of his constitutional system to be complied with. Consequently, there has been some delay in the result, and the interval has sufficed to create a new crisis in China. Li Yuan Hung may be acquitted of any foolish notion that he would found a dynasty of his own. The problem that confronts him is whether he can sustain the new Republic against the efforts of military adventurers, who are in favour of a more personal rule; whether it is to be a military dictatorship or a restored Manchu Emperor remains obscure.

The crisis arose quite suddenly. At the beginning of May the Ministry of Tuan Chi-jui, who had been in office since July, 1916, seemed firmly established. It included two military men whose names counted with the regular army of China, which now musters thirty-six divisions. They were Hsu Shih-chang, who had been (in 1911-12) Chief of the General Staff, and Wang Shih-chang, who held the same office last year. Tuan favoured an immediate declaration of war; the President rejected his advice, and dismissed the Premier. Why did Li Yuan Hung take this course? There was no reason to suspect him of being violently pro-German or anti-Japanese. Perhaps he had been got at by German financiers, or it may be that he is only a crocheteer. Whatever the explanation, Li Yuan Hung's days of power are numbered. He sought to shorten them by a voluntary resignation, but he was dissuaded from doing so by Feng Kuo Chang, the Vice-President, and Tuan Chi-jui, the Minister whom he had just dismissed. Both these men saw serious trouble ahead, and they urged on the President a definite policy based on the immediate dissolution of Parliament and an appeal to the country to the cry of "No restoration of the Manchus."

The advice may have been good, but it came too late. Other forces had come into play, and the leaders of the military party which is now making a bid for power are not to be put off with old saws and idle platitudes. On the morrow of the President's dismissal of Premier Tuan the Military Governors of the Northern and Central Provinces declared themselves independent of the Peking Republic. In old days these officials were of minor importance, and would not have dared to interfere in the civil administration, but times have changed, and their Pronunciamento at the beginning of June equalled anything to be found in the records of Spanish America. They demand not merely the dissolution of Parliament, but also the disqualification of all sitting members for re-election. Of course, Li Yuan Hung is to retire, but the military ultimatum leaves future arrangements obscure. For the moment, it proposes that General Hsu Shih-chang, a



member of the late Government, should be Dictator, a new term in Chinese politics; that Wang Shih-chang, another soldier, should be his Prime Minister, and that Tuan Chi-kwei, brother of the other Tuan, Thao Ju-lin, and Tung Hua-lung, should control different departments. Clearly this would be a Temporary Ministry of Affairs without a Parliament, and with no President in the Republic. On the other hand, we are told that the South is rallying to the cause of the President, and the Parliament; but, unfortunately for Li Yuan Hung, the intermediate region is held by the hostile military chiefs. The immediate chances of Parliamentary institutions in China are bound up with his ability to devise a compromise, or, perhaps, this task may be entrusted to Feng Kuo Chang, who, besides being Vice-President of the Republic, retains the post of Viceroy at Nanking, where he has a considerable force under his orders.

The immediate future depends on the capacity and cohesion of the military chiefs. Is there a great leader among them? Are they acting in unison? The most prominent among them is Chang Hsun, the architect of his own fortunes, for he rose from a humble position in the Forbidden Palace to high military command, but he is illiterate; and men like Feng Kuo Chang and Hsu Shih-chang probably regard him as an inferior. None the less he is a force, commands his own separate army, and fully appreciates the value of railways in modern warfare, as he showed, by establishing himself at Hsueh-chow-fu, a station on the Peking line, and by fixing his headquarters in a saloon carriage. He has, with some ostentation, pretended to be neutral in the present strife; but his best friend, General Nieh Shih-chun, the Military Governor of Anhui, declares that if Chang goes to Peking it will be to restore the Manchus. At this moment he has got as far as Tientsin, where, we are told, his reception was semi-regal. It must be noted as a fact not without significance that the Military Governor of Mukden, the old capital of the Manchus, Chang So Lin, is a close friend of General Nieh's. The Fleet, too, is under the influence of Admiral Li Ting Hsin, who is pro-Manchu. How far Feng Kuo Chang and Hsu Shih-chang have committed themselves in the same cause is uncertain, but the probability seems to be that they have not gone as far as the others, and that the offer of a Dictatorship to Hsu may have been intended as a bribe.

When we turn to the President's party, the same doubt as to the value of the leading men confronts us. Men like Tang Shao Yi and Wu Ting Fang have not enhanced their old reputation by their recent action. Li Yuan Hung must have been in a bad way for a Premier when he bethought him of Li Ching-hsi, one of the adopted sons of Li Hung Chang. This individual distinguished himself some years ago, as Viceroy of Yunnan, by trying to provoke a war with England. The Tuan brothers are said to have ability, but they appear to be more in the military camp than with the President. On the whole, the military, in the north at least, have the better choice of leaders provided they stick together. If they do not, there will be general chaos, for there are two armies, that of the State with its thirty-six divisions, more or less weak, and those

separate bodies of troops maintained by Chang Hsun and other satraps, which are kept up to a large extent out of loot and blackmail.

The probability is that we are on the eve of a restoration of the Manchu dynasty at Peking, and that for a time at least there will be a Military Dictatorship, with a Cabinet of Affairs to govern, with or without a new Parliament, to be composed of fresh members amenable to the Army. The immediate reply to this step will be the proclamation of the Republic at Canton, the general rally to it of the Parliamentarians, who can flee from the north, and the return once more of Sun Yat Sen from Japan. Thus will the latent and long-increasing rivalry between North and South be brought into clear relief with much peril to the integrity of China. Between the two will lie the Yangtse Valley with its great strategic centres at Nanking and Hankow. Here, at the present moment, the influence of Feng Kuo Chang counts for most. A great deal depends on the course he may take, and perhaps a doubt on the subject is the chief cause of Chang Hsun's pretended caution. But without peering too far into the future it may be said that there is not much likelihood of China being able to take a very active part in the War, even if she had the wish, and that we ought even to consider ourselves lucky if her internal disorders do not create an unfortunate necessity for foreign intervention before our hands are free.

TREATY PORT.

## THE CONSTITUTIONAL DIFFICULTIES OF AMERICAN PARTICIPATION.

**I**N waging war the United States labours under certain difficulties in addition to those common to all democracies. These are partly indicated by two famous passages in Bagehot's *English Constitution*. "The English Premier," he writes, "being appointed by selection, and being removable at the pleasure of the preponderant Legislative Assembly, is sure to be able to rely on that Assembly. If he wants legislation to aid his policy he can obtain that legislation; he can carry on that policy. But the American President has no similar security. He is elected in one way, at one time, and Congress (no matter which House) is elected in another way, at another time. The two have nothing to bind them together, and, in matter of fact, they continually disagree." At the time Bagehot wrote, Johnson had succeeded Lincoln as President, and there was thus before the author's eyes "the most striking instance of disunion between the President and Congress that has ever yet occurred."

Even to the alarmist this danger is to-day hardly visible on the horizon. In the Senate the Democrats have a working majority; in the House party lines are almost evenly divided, and the balance of power is held by a handful of Independents; but in the preparation for war, politics will figure only to a very slight extent. There was no necessity for an avowed truce, as was the case in England, since a successful opposition merely means the defeat of a particular measure, and the Government remains in office, although, perhaps, with its prestige somewhat impaired. Nevertheless, since the entrance of the United States, party lines have been largely forgotten, and the votes on particular measures simply indicate the opinions of the individual members. Such a conflict as that of Johnson's time, moreover, is rendered the more unthinkable by the fact that President Wilson has established a measure of control over Congress far greater than anyone of his predecessors was able to achieve. It is well known that as a writer on politics, before his entrance into public life, he considered the Cabinet form of Government much superior to the Presidential, and strongly urged its adoption in the United States, although with some necessary modifications on account of the election of the chief executive. This opinion was probably due, in large part, to his study of Bagehot, and since his accession to office, Mr. Wilson, through openly assuming the position of party as well as national executive; through personal influence with members of Congress; through drafting administration measures and appealing to the country for their support; through standing out as the ablest man of his party, and, perhaps, of the country, has been absolutely dominant over Congress. The matters on which he has been defeated have been largely of insignificant detail. More than any other President he has been a Prime Minister; Congress has been led. This will be more and more the case if Mr. Wilson measures up to his tremendous responsibilities. The policy with regard to specific

phases of American participation in the war will be formulated by him and his advisers and thrust through Congress. His victory on the Conscription Bill, in overcoming a clear majority against it, and in favour of trying a call for volunteers, is a signal tribute to his powers of conciliatory, but effective leadership.

Nevertheless, this Conscription Bill, and other legislation passed by Congress since the declaration of war, indicate one of the peculiar difficulties of American participation. The Legislature is jealous of its prerogatives; it has frequently chafed under Presidential control, and is determined to assert its authority in as many ways as possible. Thus the Administration did not get what it desired in certain details of the Conscription Act; the opinion of Congress was substituted for the opinion of the military experts. Congress, to cite another example, refused to pass all the measures asked by the administration to punish espionage. It was only after a doubtful debate that the President was given the power to stop exports to neutral countries, when, in his judgment, the consignments had an ultimate destination in Germany. That a Congress, organised as the present one, with no formal control capable of being exerted by the executive, should within four weeks pass a declaration of war, and a Bond-issue Act, and agree upon the principle of a conscription measure, is for the United States a record-breaking performance. But much time has been wasted; the agricultural, and a score of other vital problems, demand Congressional legislation, yet with the only extra-constitutional relations between the Executive and the Legislature, the former is powerless to force action. The separation of powers theory is not likely, as Mr. Bagehot feared, to result in a conflict, but it may possibly be responsible for a serious delay when the honour of the country, to say nothing of her interests, demands an early decision. English democracy did not suffer from this constitutional difficulty. But the American Congress is determined not to be effaced to the extent that the English Parliament has suffered a diminution of its authority, and while the President may ultimately have his way on matters of great principle, legislative discretion will be substituted on important questions of detail.

More dangerous than this, however, is the deadly delay. The influence exerted by the White House on the Capitol is entirely extra-legal, and the executive is therefore powerless when it is desired to hurry Congressional action. The bill providing for the selection of a first increment of 500,000 men by compulsion was considered in a very dilatory manner. More than three weeks were required to pass the measure through both houses of Congress; nearly two weeks elapsed before the congressional "conferees"—representatives from each House—agreed on a compromise measure, and then this had to be repassed. Without any real control of the legislature the President could do no more than argue with congressional leaders for speedy action.

The other passage which I wish to cite from Bagehot pointed out what was to his mind a more serious defect of presidential government; but this, from present indications, is not likely to be regretted in the near future. It was a particular merit, he said, that

"under a cabinet constitution, at a sudden emergency this people can choose a ruler for the occasion. It is quite possible, and even likely, that he would not be ruler *before* the occasion. The great qualities, the imperious will, the rapid energy, the eager nature fit for a great crisis are not required—are impediments—in common times." When Mr. Bagehot's essays were published this inherent power had been used in only one great emergency—that of the Crimean War and the fall of the Aberdeen Ministry; but the Cabinet crises since August, 1914, afford fine illustrations of this latent excellence. Under a presidential government nothing of the kind can take place. "The American Government calls itself a government of the supreme people; but at a quick crisis, the time when a sovereign power is most needed, you cannot *find* the supreme people. You have got a Congress elected for one fixed period, going out perhaps by fixed instalments, which cannot be accelerated or retarded: you have a President chosen for a fixed period, and immovable during that period: all the arrangements are for *stated* times. There is no *elastic* element; everything is rigid, specified, dated. Come what may, you can quicken nothing and can retard nothing. You have bespoken your government in advance, and whether it suits you or not, whether it works well or works ill, whether it is what you want or not, by law you must keep it."

Here, again, the danger which Mr. Bagehot points out is lessened, from present indications, by the fact that Mr. Wilson is President; and that the American people will rue that part of their Constitution which gives the executive a fixed term, is not very likely. It is conceivable that public opinion might consider Mr. Wilson too Quaker-like, in Mr. Bagehot's phrase, and prefer a soldier. The astronomical character of the American system would then be a regrettable preventive; but the danger of this is not probable. Before the present emergency is over, Mr. Wilson will doubtless have to exercise his power of removing executive officials, just as during the Spanish-American War President McKinley was forced to remove his Secretary of War, although he delayed for some time in the fear that it would discredit his administration. And perhaps Mr. Wilson, if it develops that one or more of the departments is ineptly run, may delay in order not to venture the same discredit; but it is inconceivable that he could do so for long. Here the Press, as in England, would be the compelling factor. That we shall not regret the inflexible character of our Constitution which would prevent a change when needed, depends upon the capacities of the incumbent, and the continuous spur which newspaper praise and criticism will be to bring out these capacities to their fullest scope. While in this particular case, then, there seems to be no danger, the force of Bagehot's argument that in permitting an immediate change of leaders the English Constitution is superior to the American must be admitted. And it may be added, incidentally, that if the man-power of the United States were largely engaged overseas and the country so mobilised that the turmoil of an election would be regrettable, it would be impossible to prolong the life of the legislature as has been done in

England. It is fortunate that the likelihood of such an emergency is extremely remote. Of a more serious nature, however, are constitutional difficulties which Bagehot does not mention.

These were rather forcibly brought to mind a few weeks ago when the Supreme Court of the United States upheld by a bare majority State legislation limiting the hours of labour in certain industries, imposing a minimum wage for women, and providing compensation for injuries received by workmen so that they could recover without being compelled to bring suit. The validity of the laws was attacked on the ground that they impaired the obligation of contracts and deprived of property without due process of law, in violation of two limitations of the federal Constitution upon State legislative action; and the fact that the plea was rejected by a bare majority of the Court served to direct attention again to the enormous power which under the American constitutional system is vested in nine men, and oftentimes—as shown by these decisions—in one man, to check measures which the people strongly desire should be put into effect. With regard to the exercise of federal power, the citizen is doubly protected by the Constitution: Congress can take no action with respect to a subject over which it has not been granted specific authority, and even as to the exercise of powers fully granted, certain limitations of the Constitution designed to safeguard individual liberty must not be transcended. They operate in time of war as well as in time of peace.

It is thus, in a sense, fortunate that the United States entered the war after it had been in progress for thirty-two months and when its operations will apparently be confined to its present theatre, with no more economic dislocation than was our misfortune as a neutral. Measures of police regulation will be difficult, and the Government will have to interfere with economic relations to an extent hitherto undreamed of by American jurists; but such action the experiences of European States have shown to be absolutely necessary. If, however, in August, 1914, the United States had been called upon to pass laws declaring a moratorium; enforcing martial law without a jury trial, even where the operations of ordinary courts were in no wise impeded; commandeering private enterprise and interfering with the labour contract on a vast scale; assuming control over various commodities and imposing food regulations—if the United States had been confronted by the same problems that confronted European nations, one, I venture, of three regrettable results would have followed: Congress would have held back and refused to pass some of the legislation necessary, because it feared itself without constitutional authority; plain provisions of the Constitution would have had to be violated in order to validate the legislation, or else a small group of men, perhaps one man, would, as required by their oaths, have been compelled to check legislation which the safety of the people demanded. In any case, as I have said, the results would have been unfortunate. Once confidence in the United States Supreme Court is destroyed, as it indisputably would be were the judges to sanction emergency legislation which was admittedly unconstitutional, we shall have to revise our doctrines of judicial review. If the Court really did nullify the legislation, or if Congress

hesitated, the safety of the realm might be endangered. At the present time, after nearly three years of conflict, these dangers are less. European experience has forced on us the conviction that various autocratic laws are necessary and proper if a democracy is to prosecute a war successfully. In the last analysis the American courts very often simply shape their constitutional decisions according to the prevailing standard of what is reasonable. The experiments of European democracies have shown that there are many extraneous fields which must be regulated in order to make war efficiently, and there would be a far better chance now for prevailing sentiment and the Supreme Court to consider that certain regulations were necessary and proper to carry into effect an expressly delegated power, than would have been the case in August, 1914. This consideration and our remoteness from the actual conflict make the constitutional problem less acute, but it is nevertheless very important and possibly dangerous.

The powers of the federal government have by interpretation been greatly expanded since the time of Lincoln, but it is certain that the entrance of the United States into the present war will increase them very considerably, and this will raise objections on a double ground: that the legislation goes far beyond the scope contemplated by the framers of the Constitution, and relegates the States into mere administrative districts—a change which, although perhaps constitutional by liberal canons of interpretation, is in derogation of the ideal of local self-government and cannot but be regretted; and that the rights which are guaranteed by the Constitution to individuals, must be disregarded in carrying out this legislation. Even in August, 1914, when the problem was simply to safeguard our interests as a neutral, Government insurance of war risks, the amendment of shipping laws, the voting of money to aid American tourists stranded abroad, censorship of wireless stations, and the proposal of Government-owned ships to relieve the congestion of the export trade, marked a great extension of federal authority. Constitutional doubts were even expressed over the first measure which Congress passed in furtherance of our actual participation as a belligerent, and it was amended so that the bond issue to purchase foreign securities was declared to be "for the purpose of more effectually providing for the national security and defence, and prosecuting the war by establishing credits in the United States for foreign governments," the reason being that the power of Congress to levy taxes is limited to paying the debts and providing for the common defence and general welfare; and it was thought best to state explicitly the opinion of Congress that an effective war measure would be loans to America's allies.

But this question of constitutionality was of minor significance, for the purpose of the bond issue was sufficiently clear without the explanatory amendment. So, also, while it will mark an enormous extension of federal authority, there would seem to be no constitutional impediment to the proposed assumption of control over the entire transportation system of the country, drafting the employees in service as will be done with the Army. Not so clear, however, is the extent to which Congress may go in regulating the

food supply. So far as interstate traffic is concerned, foodstuffs may be regulated, but a card system as in Germany, or meatless days, or penal provisions to prevent waste, or price fixing apart from interstate transactions might have to be left to the States, unless the power "to raise and support armies" should be given a very liberal interpretation. It has been given practically none up to the present time; but it can be argued, with some reason, that in order to secure sufficient food for the armed forces, Congress may take whatever action seems necessary with regard to prices or consumption. And such a view is supported by a *dictum* of the Supreme Court in a civil war case\* (which, however, put a very serious check on the military measures) that the war powers of Congress "necessarily extend to all legislation essential to the prosecution of the war with vigour and success." In advance of exact knowledge of the measures enacted, and the manner of their application, it would be impossible to make any definite prediction regarding the constitutional question. Certainly the lawyers in Congress would discuss the matter at great length, and there would be very serious doubts as to the federal right.

A difficult problem is also presented by the liquor legislation which is necessary to conserve the foodstuffs. The Conscription Act forbids the sale of intoxicants to men in uniform, and the President, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, is authorised to make additional regulations concerning the sale near camps. These could be enforced under military law, but general prohibition laws are within the exclusive province of the States; Congress has no control over manufacturing or over sales, except so far as they may have an interstate character, and, in order to national prohibition, the propagandists have for years been attempting to secure a constitutional amendment. It is an open question whether, as ancillary to the preparations for war, there could be federal legislation limiting the foodstuffs which can be used for the manufacture of intoxicants, or restricting the sale for reasons of order and increased efficiency. The Supreme Court of the United States would be called upon to determine whether such measures are "necessary and proper" for carrying into effect the power of Congress to make war. As this article is being written, the Senate has just adopted an amendment to the Espionage Act, forbidding the use of foodstuffs in the manufacture of intoxicants, although a number of the lawyers in the Upper House objected strenuously that the Federal Government had not the requisite power, and that action could be taken only by the States. Perhaps, however, the constitutional problem could be solved by a resort to indirect methods. Under its taking power, the Federal Government regulates many subjects otherwise beyond its control. Revenue charges so high that the manufacture and sale of liquor and the sale of food at more than specified prices, or in violation of other regulations, would stop absolutely, could be constitutionally imposed. Thus, the desired end could be reached by an indirect method if direct legislation were considered not to be sanctioned by the Constitution. But, in suggesting this and other

\* *Ex parte Milligan*, 4 Wallace (U.S.) 2 (1866).



difficulties, I have not meant to argue that food or liquor laws cannot be passed by Congress. I have simply desired to draw attention to the fact that the provisions of the organic law of the United States must be taken into account, and might serve as a possible impediment.

Already—as was the case during Lincoln's administration—difficult questions are arising with regard to civil rights. In his proclamation concerning alien enemies, issued on April 6th, President Wilson, in pursuance of authority conferred by statute, declared that enemy aliens violating the regulations issued for their control would be subject to summary arrest by designated officials and confinement in such places as might be chosen by the President. Under the only decisions—made in 1813 in the case of Charles Lockington, a British subject—aliens may be segregated and detained in certain areas or in confinement, and their release cannot be secured by a writ of *habeas corpus*. They, however, come in a class by themselves, and to the drastic treatment of them the same objections do not hold as to summary interference with the civil rights of citizens.

Legislation, however, comparable to the Defence of the Realm regulations, which practically placed England under martial law, would be impossible in the United States. The point was decided by the Supreme Court\* when it was called upon to determine the authority of a military commission which, during the Civil War, had imposed the death sentence upon one Milligan, who was not a prisoner of war, or in the military or naval service, and who was a resident of a State where no military operations were being carried on. The Court held that Congress could not suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* and provide for the trial of persons by military commissions in localities away from the theatre of hostilities when the civil courts were open for the transaction of business. In other words, in order to meet the constitutional requirement that "the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended, unless when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it," actual and not simply constructive necessity by a declaration of the Legislature is necessary; and the courts will be the judge. The opinion quite flatly states: "Martial law cannot arise from a threatened invasion. The necessity must be actual and present; the invasion real, such as effectually closes the courts and deposes the civil administration." It is conceivable that an unimpeded judiciary might not always be a wholly adequate test, but it furnishes a powerful presumption that the necessity does not exist. Such, at all events, is the doctrine of American constitutional law.†

Another limitation on Congress is that of the first amendment to the Constitution which guarantees liberty of the Press. This was responsible, in large part, for the refusal of Congress to enact

\* *Ex parte Milligan*, *supra*.

† This test seems to have been abandoned in English law since *Ex parte Marais* (1902), A.C. 109. For an able discussion, which supports the American doctrine, see T. Baty and J. H. Morgan, *War: Its Conduct and Legal Results*, pp. 6, 17 ff. (1915).

the section of the Espionage Bill which attempted to put a check on the publication of military or naval information. And when one compares the amended provision (which is being considered as I write) with the English regulations which are designed "to prevent the spread of false reports or reports likely to cause disaffection to His Majesty," the length to which Congress is apparently willing to go seems inadequate. The President is only given authority to prescribe regulations designed to prevent the publication of information concerning military operations, and these may not apply to the proceedings in Congress. Any *previous restraint* on the Press through a censorship will not be attempted, I venture, without the necessity for it being demonstrated by repeated indiscretions; and any suspension of publication as a penalty is almost unthinkable. This results not so much from a conviction that the freedom of the Press should not be impaired as from the specific inhibition of the Constitution which Congress does not desire to violate, even in spirit.

In time of war, moreover, it may be necessary to disregard the important constitutional prohibition of unreasonable searches and seizures. The Englishman's home is no longer his castle; the Defence of the Realm Regulations make a considerable breach in it. Authorisation was given the competent military or naval authority, if he believed that any buildings or their contents were being used in any way prejudicial to the public safety, to enter, if need be by force, and to "seize anything found therein which he has reason to suspect is being used, or intended to be used," in violation of the regulations. But such summary procedure is impossible in the United States since the Constitution guarantees the people against unreasonable searches or seizures, and provides that no warrants for searches shall issue "but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized." Summary action is therefore impossible. And, finally, although this was on grounds of policy rather than by reason of constitutional limitations, Congress refused to grant the Postmaster-General the autocratic power asked by the Administration to determine the character of written and printed matter to be excluded from the mails. The laws already exclude matter urging treason or the commission of other crimes; but they are inadequate so far as the use of the mails for propaganda against the enforcement of laws passed by Congress, or to secure their repeal, is concerned. Nevertheless, partly on the ground that such authority could not be constitutionally vested in the Postmaster-General, Congress refused to go to the lengths which the administration requested.

Mr. Wilson is not unmindful of the fact that the liberties of the citizen are threatened by much of the war-time legislation. A number of prominent American Liberals recently wrote to him in protest against any invasion of individual right; they cited various drastic ordinances and bureaucratic utterances, and asked the President to remind all officials "of the peculiar obligation devolving upon all Americans to uphold in every way our constitutional rights and liberties. This will give assurance that in

attempting to administer war-time laws the spirit of democracy will not be broken. Such a statement, sent throughout the country, would reinforce your declaration that this is a war for democracy and liberty."

The President's reply was rather non-committal. He said that the protest "chimed in with my own feelings and sentiments," and added: "I do not know what steps it will be practicable to take in the immediate future to safeguard the things which, I agree with you in thinking, ought in any circumstances to be safeguarded, but you may be sure I have the matter in mind and will act, I hope, at the right time in the spirit of suggestion." And in another connection, while maintaining that there could be "no greater disservice to the country than to establish a system of censorship that would deny to the people of a free republic like our own their indisputable right to criticise their own public officials," he declared that "in these trying times one can feel certain only of his motives, which he must strive to purge of selfishness of every kind, and wait with patience for the judgment of a calmer day to vindicate the wisdom of the course he has tried conscientiously to follow."

The emergency legislation of this war, furthermore, will mark an enormous, and already, it is claimed, unconstitutional, increase of the authority of the chief executive. As Commander-in-Chief of the naval and military forces, he has powers far greater than those possessed by any other democratic ruler, and Congress cannot interfere except through stopping supplies or refusing to sanction increases in the establishment. But to the President is being granted plenary authority either to make regulations under a statute or to decide when the emergency exists for declaring that a particular law shall go into effect. By the Espionage Bill, for example, the President is directed to promulgate regulations against communicating and publishing information, and it is the violation of these executive regulations that will be punished. It is the President who will impose the necessary restrictions on exports to neutrals when, in his opinion, the emergency has arisen. In making these and many other comprehensive delegations of authority, the statutes show a marked departure from Anglo-Saxon legal traditions. To be sure, with industrial and political conditions as they are normally, it is impossible for the legislature to pass laws which will fit every possible contingency; continuous sessions would be necessary. In the United States delegations of a quasi-legislative function to the President and to commissions are becoming more frequent in number and broader in scope. England has long used the device of statutory orders, by His Majesty in Council, but never on a scale remotely approximating that since the beginning of the war; and the change in both countries will be in material disregard of the Anglo-Saxon theory which is for the legislature to act as definitely as possible, particularly in criminal matters.

That the President will thus be a dictator, partly by virtue of his office and partly through being granted authority for the duration of the war, is a latent excellence which may well prove superior to the Cabinet systems of Europe. Divided authority was found

dangerous in England; and for a government by "twenty-two amateurs" a smaller War Council with practically dictatorial powers was substituted. In the United States there could well be a greater co-ordination of administrative functions, but if the President so desires, there can be a dictatorship with all the departments under expert direction and removed from any legislative control. Many Americans would be immensely relieved if the politicians were replaced by experts, and while there seems to be no intention of doing this at the present time, the Constitution would be no bar if the President wished to take this course.

That the services of the United States in the present struggle will not be delayed or impaired by constitutional impediments is, of course, highly desirable; but what I have said above is sufficient to show, I think, that the United States labours under difficulties which are in addition to those common to all democracies. "The Constitution of the United States is a law for rulers and people, equally in war and in peace, and covers with the shield of its protection all classes of men, at all times, and under all circumstances. No doctrine, involving more pernicious consequences, was ever invented by the wit of man than that any of its provisions can be suspended during any of the great exigencies of government." So spoke the United States Supreme Court, but in time of war such a proud doctrine must sometimes give way to the maxim, *Salus populi suprema est lex*.

LINDSAY ROGERS.

# STATE PURCHASE OF THE LIQUOR TRADE.

## I.

**F**EW things are more stimulating and enkindling than a good red-hot teetotal meeting. I had the honour of presiding at one the other day when the Birmingham Town Hall, which holds 3,000 people, was packed, and some 500 more were turned away. This was a meeting to protest against waste of food by the manufacture of alcoholic liquors. The enthusiasm was intense, the speaking fervid, and the vote unanimous, and one comes away from such a meeting buoyant, confident, and optimistic, "carried along on the tide of a joyful and bounding emotion," and saying, "Now at last we are really going to get something done."

And yet, after thousands of such meetings, as far as concerns a real remedy for the great central evil, we cool down again, and the glow is succeeded by a chill, and nothing happens.

I know it will be said a great deal *has* been done. No doubt a considerable number of measures have been added to the Statute Book, but in spite of them all two central facts remain; first, that the National Drink Bill amounts to £182,000,000 a year, or about half a million a day; and, secondly, that the British public-house remains unreformed—the very last place where the wholesome and purifying breath of public opinion can penetrate.

Why? With all our enthusiasm, with all the evil staring us in the face, with remedies and reforms so obvious, why are Governments thrown out or thwarted by the House of Lords when they put their hand to the task?

The answer is simple and obvious; it is expressed in one word—the "Trade." Reformers find themselves up against a vast and wealthy and well organised trade, which inscribes upon its banner the immoral maxim, "Our Trade our Politics." We send members to the House of Commons to promote the welfare of the whole community, and any section of the community which elects its representative only to promote its own sordid commercial interests, is guilty of an immoral action. This all-pervading trade is active in every political direction. It interferes directly with Parliamentary elections; every Liberal and Labour candidate finds himself up against a compact organisation with a Committee in every public-house; every Conservative candidate finds himself hampered and restrained by an alliance which he often has no wish for; and even the Church finds itself brought into doubtful companionship when *Punch* can represent Mr. Bung slipping his arm into that of a Bishop, and proclaiming an alliance of three B's, Bible, Beer, and Bishop. In municipal elections the trade is no less alert, it watches jealously the election of every Town Council and every Watch Committee, and every Licensing Bench of Magistrates. It was the influence of the trade which helped to carry Mr. Balfour's Act, which converted licences from mere expectations into freeholds; and it was the same influence in the House of Lords which helped to throw out the Bill of 1908. Even if that Bill had been carried, the prospect before us was not a very exhilarating one,

for a time limit of fourteen years would have had to elapse before we had got rid of the monopoly value and secured a clean slate, and if the House of Lords had allowed the Bill to go through, the fourteen years would probably have been extended to twenty-one.

But now, as one of the sudden and unexpected transformations which the war has brought about, there comes a new opportunity. Thousands of people who hitherto have taken little or no interest in the Temperance question have been aroused to the gravity of the problem by the revelation of the effect of alcohol in diminishing the efficiency of the Nation. The statistics which have been published as to loss of time through drink have opened the eyes of a vast number of people to the urgent need of reform, and, therefore, have brought within the horizon of practical politics what a few years ago would have seemed visionary or impossible.

There was one man who grasped the new situation (he would seem to have a genius for grasping situations)—the present Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George. At the beginning of the war, he appointed a Committee, consisting of some of the leading financiers of the country, to consider and report as to the feasibility of a big scheme of State Purchase. The following were the members: The Rt. Hon. Herbert Samuel, M.P. (Chairman), Lord Cunliffe (Governor of the Bank of England), Sir John Simon, M.P., Sir John Bradbury (of the Treasury), Sir William Plender, Sir John Harwood Banner, M.P., Sir Edward Coates, M.P., the Rt. Hon. Sir Thomas Whittaker, M.P., and Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., with Mr. Hartley Withers as Secretary. They reported that the scheme was a practicable proposition; they suggested that the average price of brewing stock during the three years immediately preceding the war should be the price to be paid. Then they proposed that a calculation should be made as to what this average would represent in the shape of so many years purchase, and that the result of that calculation should be applied in the case of companies whose shares did not appear in the Stock Exchange list. Their rough estimate was that the total price would amount to 250 to 300 millions. They proposed that the price should be paid not in cash but in 4 per cent. Exchequer Bonds, or, in other words, that Brewery Stock should be exchanged for Government Stock at 4 per cent. It has since been suggested that it would not now be fair, at the present rate of interest, to offer only 4 per cent., but in that case it would, of course, also follow that instead of taking the average value of stock for three years before the war we should take the average of the last three years, and, therefore, probably, with the depreciation of the brewery shares, the net result would not be very different.

But here we find ourselves between two fires; there is, on the one side, the business man who regards the programme as a doubtful commercial transaction, and says, "It will not pay"; and, on the other hand, there is the temperance reformer who says, "It will pay," and is aghast at the prospect of the State making money out of a trade which so often demoralises the people.

To the first of these I would say (1) We are not out to make money; and, even if the transaction involves a considerable loss,

that loss would be well worth while, if it meant that under State management the consumption of alcohol was greatly reduced. (2) If we drop money by diminishing the trade, the loss will only be temporary, and the eventual gain considerable, by the diminution of the number of workhouses, prisons, and lunatic asylums, which are so largely populated by the victims of this trade. (3) Very considerable economies would at once be introduced; something like half the breweries and public-houses might at once close, with an enormous saving of working expenses, though without, of course, halving the trade, much of which would be transferred to the remaining houses. There would also be no longer need for the expensive sites which are at present occupied at street corners and the like; the State, having no wish to promote the trade, would be glad to carry it on in less expensive surroundings. And, again, there would be no need for the advertising, which is said at present to cost about a million a year. We see these advertisements in our streets, our tube stations, and our newspapers. In Birmingham we are confronted at every street corner with the picture of a gentleman holding up a transparent glass of beer to the light, of which a working man said the other day, "It makes your mouth water to look at it." On the tube stations we have wonderful works of art proclaiming the merits of Mr. Buchanan's Black and White Whisky: white Polar bears pursuing black seals, white yachts alongside black cruisers. And I have noticed a beautiful picture of an old market place, surrounded by its red-roofed houses, but dominated by an immense bottle of stout in the centre, an allegorical picture which has too much of truth. And, finally, one cannot take up a number of *Punch* without coming across a somewhat wearisome figure, "Johnny Walker still going strong," until one wishes that this early Victorian figure might be by this time decently buried. All these economies must be borne in mind in estimating the commercial prospects of the transaction.

But now we come to the objection on the other side, the objection of those who say that it is wicked for the State to pocket the contaminated profits of so unholy a trade. There is, alas! a considerable body of teetotalers who feel strongly on this subject. May I quote one of them, Mr. Leif Jones, M.P., the President of the United Kingdom Alliance. "I am asked," he says, "by some of my good friends, Why do you object to nationalisation? I can tell them very simply. I don't want to sell liquor." To this we reply, on the legal principle, *quod facit per alium facit per se*, "you are doing this already." I quote Mr. Leif Jones's rejoinder.

"'You are in the business already,' said Sir Thomas Whittaker at Leeds. 'We not only permit it, but definitely authorise it, and share its profits.' Now there is an ambiguity there; and Sir Thomas Whittaker is too clever a man not to have known of the ambiguity. If he means the State, there is a certain amount of truth underlying his assertion. The State does license and does inspect the trade; but if he means, as he goes on to suggest, that temperance men and women license it and share its profits, then I deny it; we license no houses for the sale of drink, no house is ever licensed for the sale of drink at *our* request, no drink is ever sold in a public-house for *us*."

Now I think we can see what this rejoinder amounts to. It admits that the State is already in the trade, but the temperance people find themselves able so to dissociate themselves from the State as to avoid any responsibility. If they have found themselves able to do this in the past we suggest that they may do the same for the future. We are not asking the temperance people, as such to purchase the trade; we are suggesting that the State should do so, and by the same process by which they are able to clear themselves of responsibility in the past they may continue to do so in the future. But even so, are our teetotal friends quite clear that they can wash their hands of all responsibility? They have been benefiting by their proportionate share of 55 millions which has come to the State in relief of every other form of taxation out of the proceeds of the liquor trade. I have not heard of temperance friends proposing to return to the Chancellor of the Exchequer any sums of conscience money which would represent their share of these unhallowed profits.

But further, one must press the question, Is the manufacture and sale of alcohol in itself a sin, so that under all circumstances it is wicked to be connected with it? Our temperance friends have long been agitating for local veto; this means that they wish to be in a position to put to the vote of the people in every locality the question, "Will you or will you not have drink sold?" with, of course, an implied undertaking to abide by the result of that vote. Now I ask our friends to suppose a case in which it was seriously proposed to put to a popular vote a suggestion which was plainly and by general consent sinful, with an undertaking to abide by the decision. Suppose, for instance, a Town Council so misguided as to suggest the licensing of disorderly houses! Would they not feel that something more than a protest was needed to prevent the possibility of such a vote being taken? But in this case they have hitherto invited people to vote. I cannot therefore feel that so far any sufficient answer has been given to the statement that the State is already up to the eyes in this business, and that the responsibility of the community involved in the complete purchase is a difference only in degree and not in kind. The State has said hitherto: "This trade is a dangerous one, and therefore we will assume exceptional control over it, and only those whom we license shall carry it on." Is there any difference in principle between this method and that which will follow a measure of State purchase when the State, through its local organisations, actually appoints the managers of public-houses?

And now, finally, supposing the plan carried out, what are the gains which we count on?

(1) The way will be at once open for local veto and wherever a sufficient majority can be obtained, prohibition, which our friends desire, will be an accomplished fact.

(2) Restrictions such as those imposed by the Central Board of Control during the war, will become permanently possible. Sunday closing, shorter hours, no sale on Election days, abolition of back-doors, disappearance of barmaids, and other restrictions, will be easily obtained. And there are some things which the



Central Board of Control has not been able to accomplish which would under this system be easy. Recently, in Birmingham, an immense petition was presented by women and girls to the Central Control Board asking that during the war, and for six months afterwards, no girls under twenty-one should be served in public-houses, because of the immense temptation besetting those who have been gathered by thousands in the munition factories. The Central Board of Control enquired into the matter, and reported that such an order was beyond their jurisdiction. The Lord Mayor of Birmingham then made a personal appeal to the trade that they should voluntarily issue such an order themselves. The trade refused; and the Lord Mayor, with some disappointment and bitterness, remarked that it showed they put their pockets before their patriotism. Under a system of State purchase such a regulation might have been secured.

(3) But I personally have hopes of a real change in the habits of the English people through the transformation of the public-house by throwing it open to the light of day, and securing a real breath of public opinion which would make men ashamed of misbehaving themselves. After all, it is this public opinion which has changed the manners of the wealthier classes in England.

There has been a wonderful change in the habits and manners of the well-to-do people of this country in the last century. A hundred years ago it was regarded as quite an ordinary and natural thing for a man to be drunk after dinner. Men vied with each other as to how many bottles of port they could consume; and it is said that the practice, which still survives, of the ladies leaving the dining-room before the men, was simply due to the fact that at that stage men were generally no longer fit company for ladies. That is no longer the case. Men who behaved as their great grandfathers did would find themselves barred from polite society. What has brought about the change? It is the reformation of public opinion. We are, as a general rule, restrained and controlled in our habits and manners by the general attitude of our fellows. We none of us can stand long (unless it be some great matter of conscience) against the frowns and whispers of a scandalised and hostile community. Why should not the same healthy public opinion influence the poorer classes? There are signs of its spreading. There is a vast improvement in the gatherings of Trade Councils and Trade Unions which are less frequently associated with the public-house than formerly; and nearly all our Labour leaders are temperance men. But the one place where this healthier tone of public opinion finds least entrance is the public-house. Good people and teetotalers have long done their best to give it a bad name, and to persuade all whom they can influence to boycott it. Moreover, it is a secretive place, with doors and blinds which prevent anyone outside seeing who is there and what is going on. The result is that when once a man gets inside he knows that there is little or no public opinion to condemn him if he misbehaves himself. He knows there will be no very refined or pious people there. And so, if that is his inclination, he lets himself go. We can see the difference if we compare the ordinary public-house with

such a place as a railway refreshment room. There all classes meet, and there all is open and public. There is perhaps a lady drinking tea at a little marble table, there is a commercial traveller drinking his whisky and soda, there is a workman with his glass of beer, and there may even be a person like myself with his glass of milk and penny bun. Now the potential drunkard in such a place is conscious of a restraining influence of public opinion (represented in this case by the lady and the Bishop), and consequently that is about the last place he will go to if he means to get drunk. Now when at last we have secured the clean slate, and can make all sorts of experiments in the way of reform, I want to see a public-house which is really public, and not so excessively private as the present misnamed "publics"—a place where, as in a French restaurant or a German beer-garden, all classes and sexes can meet—open to the street, as open as a confectioner's shop. Incidentally I look forward to other gains from such a system besides the promotion of sobriety. It would do much to bring classes together which at present are aloof from each other, and therefore suspicious or hostile. We all ride together nowadays in tram and tube; why can we not drink together, whether it be beer or ginger-beer? I have often longed to frequent the public-house simply that I might meet, in their leisure and lighter moments, large numbers of my parishioners from whom I am at present almost entirely cut off. Indeed, when I was a Vicar at Greenwich I joined a Friendly Society almost entirely because it formed a pretext for my frequenting the public-house, where its lodge meetings were held, which would otherwise have been looked at with surprise and suspicion.

It is for all these reasons that some of us so earnestly desire that the present period of reconstruction, with its unique opportunities, may not be allowed to pass without our seizing the chance of freeing this dangerous traffic once for all from the financial interests which have done so much to increase it, and handing it over to strong and wise and public-spirited leaders in each locality who will have the courage to impose severe restrictions and to try bold experiments in the way of reform.

A. HAMILTON BAYNES, BISHOP.

# STATE PURCHASE OF THE LIQUOR TRADE.

## II.

**T**HE evils of the drink trade are inherent. No method of control or management or ownership has ever succeeded in eliminating them. Wherever alcoholic liquor has been or is being sold for drink, drunkenness, with its disastrous effects on health, morals, family and civic, business and industrial life results from its sale. There is no exception to this rule, and those who really wish to prevent the results must face the fact that this can only be done by removing the cause.

Increase in facilities increases drunkenness, always. Restriction of facilities reduces drunkenness, always. But it only mitigates the evils. It does not eliminate them. The war on drunkenness by moral appeal and by State restrictions can only touch individuals. Where the trade continues, under whatever conditions, a minority will obtain alcohol and drink to excess. The fact that the majority of drinkers never get intoxicated does not invalidate this statement. And the minority is always large enough to be a source of danger and weakness to the community, of expense to the rate and taxpayer, and of anxiety to the legislator and administrator. I make no apology for these statements. They are axiomatic. In the words of the Rt. Hon. Sir Thomas Whittaker, M.P., one of the chief advocates of Nationalisation, spoken in October, 1901, at Manchester:—

"It is the drink itself that is the trouble; and it does not matter how it is sold or who sells it, so long as the liquor is sold and swallowed evil will result. There never has been a place in the world's history, there is not a spot to be found to-day where liquor is sold and commonly used where the evils which we in this country deplore have not flowed from it. Warnings against the sale and use of liquor come thundering down the ages until they ought to convince every man who has ears to hear and eyes to see."

Even before the war people the world over had learned that the only way to solve the question was to put drink beyond the reach of drinkers. Prohibition, *via* Local Option, was spreading like a prairie fire all over the Dominions and the United States of America. The war gave it a great impetus. Russia, by a dramatic stroke, delivered herself from the more dangerous enemy within and the less dangerous enemy without. Canada has swept alcohol from every province save one. Twenty-five of the American States have "gone dry," and large and spreading areas in every other State are voting out the saloons by local option, as well as areas in Australia and New Zealand.

It is at such a time, when everything promised well for the fulfilment of the hopes of temperance reformers, that "State purchase and control" was flung amongst them to divide their forces and frustrate their endeavours. A combination of the trade who hope for a magnificent bargain with sincere temperance

reformers who hope to cure drunkenness by selling drink, threatens to postpone for generations the one remedy that only the cowardice of the Government in the spring of 1915 and since prevented our applying for the period of the war, and, in consequence, munitions have been held up, food destroyed, famine and defeat invited, and victory postponed.

There are two tests by which any reform must be judged. Is it right in principle? Is it likely to promote or to retard a cure for the evil? I propose to examine the Nationalisation proposals from these two points of view:

1. Hitherto the State has regarded the drink traffic as a danger and an enemy. For four centuries legislation has aimed almost without intermission at limiting consumption and restricting facilities. The first efforts were by way of license, which abolished common sale and restricted the trade to a limited number of individuals, selected for their supposed fitness by magistrates. Sometimes, as in 1757, actual prohibition of distillation was enacted by Parliament and enforced for two years with the best results. This was repeated in 1796 and 1797. Sometimes, as in the last twenty years of the eighteenth century, public-houses were closed wholesale without compensation—twenty thousand of them. But the chief instrument for limiting consumption has been taxation. By this method alcoholic liquor has been deliberately made dearer, and the more alcoholic the more highly taxed. Mr. Lloyd George, in 1915, actually proposed taxes that would have been prohibitory, and with the object of prohibiting, but dropped them and substituted the Board of Control, the latest and most successful of the many efforts of the State to limit consumption. But because taxation brings in revenue we are told that the State is a partner in the trade. The State has never been a partner. Temperance reformers have supported taxation not for the revenue it has produced but for the deterrence it has effected. They have always rejoiced when less revenue has resulted from less consumption, and urged suppression, which would destroy the revenue altogether. The reception of revenue by penalising taxation no more makes the State a partner than the receipt of fines for law-breaking makes it a partner in crime.

Under license the State employs no one to sell liquor, only officers to check and penalise it. And the assertion that citizens as such are now partners is simply not true, and is only used to induce them to become partners by confusing two things that are antipathetic. But under Nationalisation the State would cease to be an opponent, and become sole proprietor of the business, and sole purveyor of its disastrous wares. Every drunkard would be a State-made drunkard. Every resulting crime would be a State crime, produced by State liquor, sold by State servants. Every citizen would compulsorily be made a liquor seller, as much as if he became a publican, for he would be employing and paying agents to sell it, and could not repudiate responsibility for the agent's acts. Is it any wonder that we recoil with horror from having this guilt fastened upon us, and are determined to keep our hands free to fight on for the ultimate cure, which is prohibition, even if it can

only be effected by way of progressive limitation. We still believe that what is achieved in Canada is not impossible in Great Britain. National ownership and sale are wrong in principle. The true principle has been well stated by one of its prominent adversaries, whose statement is not invalidated by his change of opinion since making it:

"The State has hitherto been the governor and ruler of the liquor trade, and has not condescended to become its partner. As has been well said: 'The State, finding it at present impossible to abolish a traffic which is fraught with deadly dangers, places it in fetters by making it illegal to sell except under the restrictions of license. The license is, therefore, a danger signal erected by the State, warning the public concerning the perils of the trade. When the State ceases to put shackles upon the private hands that desire to engage in this traffic and herself enters into it, she at once confers upon it a dignity and a sanction which it did not possess.'"

2. Will Nationalisation effect a cure or bring it nearer? The whole case for it is based on prophecy. The case against it is based on experience. The assumption is that the one insuperable obstacle to effective legislation is the vested interest, that this not only prevents legislation but causes pushing, and that the danger is not in the article sold, but in the method of selling it. It is claimed that if purchased the vested interest would be out of the way, and that reforms in management would then remove the danger, increase the revenue, and make the public-house a safe and attractive place of resort for women and children.

It is claimed, further, that local option could be had at once, and prohibition would be made possible earlier.

I believe every one of these assumptions to be false. The vested interest would not be got rid of, only transferred from its present owners to the public and to an army of officials with life appointments, whose promotion, salary, and pensions would depend on the financial success of the Liquor Department. If the war continues until next spring, the National Debt will have reached at least 6,000 millions. Interest and sinking fund will then amount to not less than 360 millions for debt services alone, which, with Army, Navy, and Civil Service added, on a scale that for years will greatly exceed the amount expended on them before the war, and a huge pension list of probably 100 millions, will require a national revenue that cannot be much, if any, less than 600 millions per annum for many years, all to be raised out of taxation. To this Debt, if the trade is nationalised by purchase, the smallest figure to be added cannot be less than 300 millions, and is more likely to be 400 millions. At the lower estimate this will involve for interest and sinking fund a further 18 millions, more probably 24 millions. Prohibition would add that at once to the huge burden already resting on the taxpayers' shoulders; drastic reduction would add a considerable proportion of it. In such circumstances what chance would there be for effective temperance propaganda? Already we are warned to hold our hand. The groaning taxpayers' interest will be engaged in resisting an agitation that threatens to depreciate his

property and add to his burdens, when he knows that profits equal to those of the past must be made to meet debt charges, and may be made to relieve his other taxation, but only if more liquor is sold, not less. At present he is not greatly concerned if private profits are reduced, and is not unsympathetic to restriction and reform. Will his sympathy be as great when his own pocket is involved? As a shareholder, will he not rather have and yield to the same inducement as private shareholders, and close his eyes so as not to see evils that seem to bring relief?

Nationalisation would tend, not to prohibition, but to permanence. To do them justice, permanence is contemplated by many of its temperance advocates, because in despair they have thrown up the sponge and come to regard prohibition as impossible.

Will continuance under State ownership and management materially improve matters? Here we have only one example to guide us, Russia, the only country that as yet has tried it on a national scale. There nationalisation was not complete. It only included vodka. Russia had no drink debt to wipe out. As a measure of temperance reform she confiscated all private interests, closed the vodka shops, and started to supply the national beverage under stringent regulation in national establishments. In a few years the temperance motive was swallowed up in the fiscal, vodka was pushed, sales were multiplied, and debauchery and drunkenness intensified in the interests of revenue, until her national existence was imperilled, and at the outbreak of war she abolished at a stroke not only vodka, but other alcoholic drink, disregarding all vested interests in the latter. The absence of private vested interests in vodka had no more to do in promoting this than had their presence to do in preventing confiscation with nationalisation in 1894. It was the awful consequences of national ownership and management that brought about prohibition. Nationalisation had proved as great a failure as prohibition has proved a success. The former should be a warning to us, and the latter an inspiring example.

But there are other dangers in the attractive proposals made to reconcile us to compulsory complicity in the trade. The Children Act prohibits children from public houses, and custom and reputation keep the vast majority of women from them. The modern teashops have been a great factor in the promotion of Temperance. But the new State public-house is to become a competitor. It is to draw in from them women and children who now refresh themselves where strong drink is out of sight. It will familiarise them with its presence, and doubtless cause many to drink alcohol who in the teashop would never have done so. Nationalisation aims, by doubling the drinkshop's customers, at reducing the drinkshop's victims. Where formerly the man only frequented it, hereafter his wife and family are to be drawn in to places made so attractive and respectable that the policy of the Children Act may be defeated, and women's repugnance to contact with alcohol may be overcome by constant association of it with their pleasures and social intercourse. This is the idea, not of the Mad Hatter, but of the Prime Minister and the Temperance Legislation League.

Disinterested management has been tried, and the results have not been encouraging. The dispensary system in North Carolina was abandoned after trial as worse than private sale under licence. The Gothenberg System has not prevented Gothenberg from continuing one of the most drunken towns on earth. What have been the results in Carlisle? There you have every element of success, financial and moral. Complete ownership and management of production and sale, a full staff of able and experienced managers and brewery employees enjoying "an increase in the scale of wages," acting under "definite and efficient instructions . . . that all restrictions imposed or instructions given by the Board are to be scrupulously observed," which "it is believed . . . in every house . . . are being carried out."

Structural changes, provision of food and entertainment and non-alcoholic drink; above all, complete monopoly, and thus power to control supplies and conditions with a view to prevent drunkenness. A commission to managers on other sales, but not on alcohol. Management not only national, but "disinterested," and an atmosphere of public opinion sympathetic and almost pathetically watchful for results. Surely if drunkenness can be prevented by public management it must succeed here.

Well, here is the measure of success. During the first half of 1916 chaos reigned through thousands of navvies and labourers pouring into a town that could not provide them with homes or with decent accommodation. During the second half these were rapidly leaving and better class mechanics and women were taking their place and settling down in residence.

Conditions were improving, and this has continued until now. In the quarter, January-March, 1916, when rough labourers were arriving in thousands, the weekly average of convictions was 16.3. In January-March, 1917, under management, it was 12.2, a difference of 4.1. The difference is considerable, but under the circumstances not surprising, especially when the Board admit in their own report that "the regulations were very indifferently carried out" until they took over the trade, just before which, "pending the acquisition of the properties by the Board, an effort was made to see that they were strictly observed," so that "the influence of the Board in Carlisle began to be felt from the beginning of July." Had this "effort" been made earlier it would earlier have been effective. Was it deferred to provide a contrast that would secure the credit of reduction for the new experiment, purchase? But the Board admit elsewhere that "it is to the stringent restrictions thus placed upon drinking . . . that the enormous reduction in public drunkenness is regarded as mainly attributable." These restrictions without management had reduced "the total number of convictions in Greater London and the cities and boroughs in Great Britain, with a population of over a hundred thousand," from 156,000 in 1914, to 77,000 in 1916—over 50 per cent. Restriction without State purchase and management reduced the evil; with management it can do no more. There is only one cure, prohibition, which will come when its advocates cease to think it impossible and to accept an alternative that may make it

so, and must, in any case, postpone it for decades, if not generations. The Board, in their final paragraph, say "the improved public order and increased sobriety obtainable from State control, under united and efficient management, need not be purchased by pecuniary sacrifice." There is the danger. Once nationalised the trade must be conducted "without pecuniary sacrifice," not to eliminate drinking, with much inevitable drunkenness, but to regulate it. To do this it must be made profitable and permanent.

Control without ownership has been proved effective by the Board. It prepares the way for eventual prohibition, discrediting alcohol, modifying public habits, and preparing the public mind for the final cure.

Nationalisation, however successful, can never do more than control. But its very success would establish alcohol in public credit, increase its attractions, and multiply its consumers. It would thus undo the work of temperance reformers, and conciliate the opposition that now threatens its existence.

Control is a step towards prohibition. Nationalisation is a substitute for it. Those who advocate that form of "true temperance" so dear to the heart of the brewers, moderate drinking, which has made every drunkard that ever was, and will make every drunkard that ever will be, may well trust in Nationalisation. But those who know that the only safe course is total abstinence will resist all attempts to paralyse their efforts by implicating them in the trade, and press for the extension and continuance of control with progressive restriction, until England comes abreast of Russia, and of her children across the seas, and delivers herself finally from her greatest foe.

H. G. CHANCELLOR.



## THE PROBLEM OF CHRISTIAN REUNION.

THE problem of Christian Reunion, or of inter-communion among the different Christian churches as leading soon or late to Christian reunion, is exercising many sober and devout Christian spirits. It did not arise owing to the war; but the war has rendered it more urgent. Some attempt to solve it, or at least to show that it is not incapable of solution, had been made before the war by the Missionary Conference at Edinburgh and by meetings of the Christian Students at Swanwick. But it is possible that the appearance of union has been greater than the reality. It is, indeed, a happy circumstance that Christians of the orthodox reformed Churches—both Episcopalian and Presbyterian—should meet on a common platform, should publicly assert their common faith, should worship and pray together, and should take counsel together upon projects of harmonious action in their moral and spiritual activities at home and in their missions to the Mohammedan and the heathen worlds. The consequence may well be, if not reunion or inter-communion, yet the creation of an atmosphere favourable to reunion or to inter-communion. But if the effort of the different Churches has stopped there, it is practically a failure. There can be no convincing and inspiring evidence of such unity as our Lord desired for His disciples, unless it is found possible to break down the barriers which at present part Church from Church and Christian from Christian in the offices of public Divine worship.

The war has wrought many changes, not only in political and social, but in ecclesiastical life. It has aroused a feeling of sorrow, if not of shame at the moral and spiritual waste which results from the division of Christendom. It has excited in all or in most Christian Churches an apprehension that, when the men who have served their country abroad come back after their novel experience of contact not only with other forms of Christianity than their own, as in France or Flanders, but with the great non-Christian religions, as in Egypt or India or Mesopotamia, they will show themselves impatient and intolerant of such trivialities as the disputes upon ritual or ceremony which have aroused bitter animosity among Christians in past days at home. They will reflect that the Young Men's Christian Association has drawn the Churches and the clergy and ministers of the Churches together by its example of practical beneficence. They will demand that the Church should justify itself in the new world which will be born after the war by its unity and its utility. They will expect that Christians should manifest their loyalty to their one Divine Master by visible corporate allegiance, as in work so in worship, to Him. For the question of Christian unity touches not only the Churches of Western Europe; it affects the relation of those Churches to the orthodox Church or Churches in the East. It was Father John of Cronstadt who gave expression to the one true hope of Christian reunion, when, as he stood before the reredos of the English Church in Petrograd, he pointed to the picture of the Crucifixion above the altar with the words, "Behold

the bond of brotherhood and unity throughout the world." The problem then of Christian reunion must be considered primarily in relation to the different Christian Churches in Great Britain; secondly, in relation to these Churches and the Church or Churches of the East, and ultimately in relation to Christendom as a whole. Unhappily the Church of Rome stands aloof from the possibility of reunion or inter-communion. She treats error, or what she supposes to be error, as she ought to treat sin. She declines spiritual association with all Christians outside her own communion; she demands from them not sympathy but submission. She cuts herself off by her own definite action from more than half of Christendom. But the Holy Orthodox Church of the East, although she differs from the Churches of the West, not only in custom or ceremony but upon one article in the Creed, yet does not forbid to her laity or to her clergy the manifestation of that spiritual unity which underlies, or ought to underlie, all such differences as exist among Christians.

It is necessary, then, first to ask, Is there any possibility of inter-communion between the Church of England and the other reformed Churches in England and in Great Britain?

There are some minds to which spiritual sympathy may seem an ideal even higher than external unity. Such minds discern no promise or prospect of complete agreement among Christian peoples upon the constitution and the organisation of Churches. They think ecclesiastical divergence, so long as it implies no disloyalty to the Catholic Creed, is rather a gain than a loss. Variety is the law of God's universe. It may be argued that Jesus Christ left His Church free to choose her system or systems of government. History, if it teaches any lesson, teaches that, when the Church of the West was undivided, she became corrupt. The existence of national Churches united in common faith and common devotion to the one Lord of all may seem to accord more closely with the Christianity of the New Testament than the universal absolute infallible predominance of one Church. For the ecclesiastical authority claimed by the Pope, and the secular authority sought by the Kaiser, both involve, at least in some degree, the same perils and the same evils.

But a Christian, if it is in the federation of the Churches rather than in the domination of one Church that he discerns the hope of Christendom, will not and cannot rest satisfied, unless the Churches, which are parted in ecclesiastical system or order or ritual, are still able to enjoy a certain measure of inter-communion, and that an inter-communion not fitful or precarious or spasmodic, but habitual and natural. There is always a danger that a clergyman or minister may do more harm than good, if in the supposed interest of sympathy among the Churches he violates the principles or laws of his own Church, or defies the duly constituted authorities of his own Church. It is only when inter-communion, whatever form it may take, is accepted as thoroughly normal that it attains or can attain its true value and blessing.

There can, I think, be little doubt that the problem of Christian reunion, and even of Christian inter-communion, turns at the

present time upon Episcopacy and still more upon Episcopal Ordination. At the Reformation, Luther, as is well known, threw over Episcopacy. It was in his power to retain the episcopal system of government, and with it what is known as the apostolical succession of Holy Orders. But, whatever may have been the logical ground of his action, his revolt from the Church of Rome was so decisive that he preferred to establish a non-episcopalian church. He was followed in his rejection of Episcopacy by Calvin and by the Reformers generally. Historical circumstances produced, though at a somewhat later date, the same dislike of Episcopacy in England among the Protestant or Nonconformist bodies, and in Scotland, particularly owing to the influence of John Knox, in the nation as a whole. Churchmen in England cannot well avoid a sentiment of regretfulness at a policy which, however intelligible it may have been, was not, as the history of the Church of England has shown, inevitable, and which was unfortunate, as making the reunion or inter-communion of the Churches far more difficult than it would otherwise have been.

It is true that the Church of England has not always maintained in practice an entirely consistent attitude towards the non-episcopalian Churches in England and in Great Britain or on the Continent of Europe. The spirit of Archbishop Grindal was not the spirit of Archbishop Laud. Fuller, in his "Holy State," when he is describing the character of the good bishop, says, "He ever makes honourable mention of foreign Protestant Churches. . . . Indeed, English charity to foreign Protestant Churches in some respect is payment of a debt: *their* children deserve to be our welcome guests whose grandfathers were our loving hosts in the days of Queen Mary."\* How different is Fuller's sympathy as so expressed from Newman's horror at the thought of association with the Protestant Lutheran Church of Germany in the case of the Jerusalem bishopric! The party in the Church of England, which in the last half century has repudiated the name of Protestant, although Laud upon the scaffold declared that he had "always lived in the Protestant religion established in England," and "in that" he was "come now to die," has also treated Episcopacy as necessary not only to the *bene esse* but to the *esse* of a Christian Church.

The majority of English Churchmen, it is probable, do not in their hearts accept the extreme view of Episcopacy. They do not hold that the Apostolic succession, whether in the Church of Rome or in the Church of England, can be said to be proved beyond dispute. They feel sure that, if the Church of Rome possesses the succession, the Church of England possesses it too. But they are, upon the whole, indisposed to make the validity of Holy Orders or of the Sacraments dependent upon a proposition which seems to imply rather a mechanical doctrine of the Christian ministry, and which has been strongly disputed or tacitly ignored by historians so eminent as Macaulay in England and Ranke in Germany. They are far from wishing to hand over the Presbyterian Churches to the uncovenanted mercies of God. They dislike the thought of

\* The Holy State, iv. 9, 16.

treating Protestant Nonconformity in the same spirit of ecclesiastical exclusiveness as the Church of Rome treats the Church of England.

Yet there are good reasons why Churchmen generally feel themselves unwilling and unable to assent to any sacrifice or compromise of Episcopacy. However considerate may have been the spirit or temper of many representative Churchmen, and among them of many high ecclesiastical dignitaries, in relation to Nonconformity, the Church of England has never authorised or sanctioned any departure from the definite language of the Preface to the Ordinal in the Book of Common Prayer, "It is evident unto all men diligently reading holy Scripture and ancient Authors, that from the Apostles' time there have been these Orders of Ministers in Christ's Church: Bishops, Priests and Deacons." She has never allowed the courtesy, which she has gladly shown in special circumstances to the laity and the clergy of the non-episcopal Churches, to express or involve any surrender of her own loyalty to the catholic system of government in the Church. However wide may have been the liberty which the Divine Founder of the Church has enjoined or allowed in organisation or administration, it is not denied or disputed that Episcopacy was practically the one universal system of government in the Church from the time of Ignatius in the first or second, to the time of Luther in the sixteenth century. But the Church of England, as taking her stand upon historical ground, cannot overthrow or disregard the unbroken witness of history to the Episcopal government of the Church. If the Church were by any action or in any degree to abandon Episcopacy, she would create a new and indeed an insuperable difficulty in her relation not only to the Church of Rome but to the Orthodox Church or Churches of the East. For the Churches of the East, like the Church of England herself, are not only national and anti-Roman, but Episcopal, and to them, even more perhaps than to the Church of England herself. Episcopacy is the very life-blood of their organisation. Apart too from the confusion which would at once appear in the general system or order of the Church, if Episcopacy were treated as a thing indifferent or unnecessary, the immediate result would be that the Church of England would be split in twain; she would cease to be in the sense in which she still is, the national Church; she would lose a number of her devoted sons and daughters, and apparently would lose them without winning any or many converts from the Nonconformist Churches to her own pale.

Among the Presbyterian or Nonconformist Churches the stress laid upon formal Ordination is not always the same. The Presbyterians, especially perhaps the Presbyterians of the Established Church of Scotland, attach much importance not only to Orders but to a regular succession of Orders. They believe that their Ordinations are traceable backwards, as much as the Ordinations of the Church of England or of the Church of Rome, to the Apostolic age; only it is the Presbyterate and not the Episcopate from which the grace of Orders properly flows. They insist that in the Form and Manner of Ordering of Priests, according to the Book of

Common Prayer, "the Bishop with the Priests present shall lay their hands severally upon the head of every one that receiveth the Order of Priesthood," as it thereby appears that the grace of Orders is conveyed, not through the Bishop alone, but through the Priests; they would in fact compare the presiding Presbyter at an Ordination in their own Church with a Bishop in the Church of England. It may be admitted that the part of the Priests in an Anglican Ordination to the Priesthood is a point of union between the Episcopalian and the Presbyterian Churches. There is a sense in which all Episcopalians are Presbyterians, but Presbyterians are not all Episcopalians. But the other Nonconformist Churches are less scrupulous than the Presbyterian Church in the matter of Orders. It has recently appeared that the Congregationalist pulpit of the City Temple in London is as freely open to men and even to women, whether they are Congregationalists or not, as it is to the Dean of Durham. It is not always easy to determine who is a regular minister of a Nonconformist Church or how he came to be a minister. The internal vocation accounts for more, or certainly not for less, than the external ordination. As it is, I think, regrettable that the Reformed Churches should at the Reformation have thrown Episcopacy overboard, so is it regrettable that, at a time when the heart of the Christian world is set upon reunion, they or anyone should in so serious an affair as the Christian ministry, exhibit a carelessness which gravely offends the sense of order in every Episcopalian Church. But the Reformed Churches, while they have rejected Episcopacy on ecclesiastical or historical grounds, do not regard it as contrary to the Will or the Law of Christ. It sometimes happens that their Ordinations differ from the Ordinations of the Church of England in other respects than the imposition of the Bishop's hands. Thus the doctrine and the practice of Congregationalism associates Orders with Ordination to a particular cure of souls. But upon the whole they do not feel Episcopacy or Episcopal Ordination to be wrong; it is in their eyes superfluous, it is unnecessary, but it is not wrong. The study of present phenomena in the Nonconformist Churches, or in some of them, e.g., among the Congregationalists and the Baptists, suggests that they are tending towards a corporate or collective view of the Church, as something higher than the individualism of congregations, and to a Church whose highest officers possess something like Episcopal authority. The Methodist Episcopalian Church of the United States has, as its name implies, always possessed Bishops; but in that Church Episcopacy is not so much an order as an office. It is, however, undeniable that some at least of the Nonconformist Churches in England show an inclination towards Episcopacy or the shadow of Episcopacy. Whether the proposed Federation of the Nonconformist Churches in England will be achieved, and, if it is achieved, whether it will approximate to the Episcopalian system of government, are questions which it is as difficult to answer now as whether the proposed Federation will result in a mitigation or an accentuation of Nonconformist hostility to the Church as an establishment. All that need be said is that the

Rubric which I have quoted from the Ordination to the Priesthood of the Church of England, and the tendency of the Nonconformist Churches to the establishment of some quasi-Episcopal authority, form something like a common ground between the Church and the Nonconformist or Free Churches.

It is my belief that, apart from historical and social or personal prejudices, the Presbyterian or Nonconformist Churches need not logically feel themselves debarred from an assent to Episcopacy. Those Churches are, indeed, as fully entitled to decide for themselves that they cannot accept Episcopal Ordination, as the Church of England that she cannot forgo it. But as the path of Episcopacy in ecclesiastical government passes through Presbyterianism, the path of Presbyterianism, if it be extended, may reach Episcopacy. Nonconformists in England and Presbyterians in Scotland have, I think, generally been deterred from an acceptance of Episcopacy, partly by the fear of breaking up their own Churches, but still more by the fear of casting or seeming to cast a slur upon the Ordinations past and present of their own ministers. If they believe in Ordination, they believe that their own Orders are as fully valid and as fully regular as the Orders of the Church of England. They honourably refuse to take any such step as might be or might appear to be a reflection upon the ministry of their own Churches. There has, indeed, been in Nonconformity, ever since the time of Richard Baxter, and there is to-day, a body, and I think it is a growing body, of sentiment which would accept Episcopal Ordination as a means of inter-communion between the Church of England and the Free Churches. But the sentiment is not at all unanimous. It is perhaps more powerful among the younger than among the elder ministers. It is not entertained by many of the zealous laymen in Nonconformity; nor indeed, if the Nonconformists themselves could come to some definite agreement upon it, could it be regarded as offering a sovereign cure for the dissension of the Churches.

If, however, reunion or inter-communion is practically impossible, except upon an episcopal basis, the Church of England may naturally enquire what process of Episcopal Ordination would be the least exposed to such criticisms as are only too sure to arise among the Presbyterian or Nonconformist Churches which, in the absence of Episcopacy, have been signally and vitally blessed by the favour of God in their ministries at home and abroad.

There have been, at different times, different proposals made for the inter-communion of the Episcopalian and the Non-Episcopalian Churches. It has been sometimes urged that the obstacle which bars the way to inter-communion is raised by the Episcopalian Churches alone. The Nonconformists in England, it is said, can already invite clergymen of the Church of England to preach in their pulpits; whether they can equally invite them to celebrate Holy Communion in their Churches is not so clear; but the clergy cannot or do not, reciprocate the invitation. Yet the interchange of pulpits is a rare event; and when it occurs it excites surprise, it provokes criticism, and there is a general feeling that it is an act which, if it takes place at all, should take place with

to Sheldon's demand. . . . And the view he took of the ceremony imposed upon them was that the re-ordaining of a priest ordained in another Church imported no more but that they received him into Orders according to their own rules and did not infer the annulling of the Orders he had formerly received."\*

It would seem that the conduct or the spirit of Archbishop Leighton affords the most reasonable and most equitable method of reconciling Episcopacy with Presbyterianism, if the acceptance of Episcopal Ordination in some form or other is, as I think it is, essential as preparatory to Christian inter-communion and Christian reunion. For Episcopal Ordination, if it could be regarded as Archbishop Leighton regarded it, would not be a disparagement of Presbyterian Orders; it would be an act of conformity to the unbroken historical custom of the Church of England and of the Catholic Church down to the Reformation. It would be the key which would open the Churches and the pulpits of the Church of England to Nonconformist ministers, and the Churches or Chapels and the pulpits of Nonconformity to the clergy of the Church of England. That such an interchange of ministry would be necessarily subject to official control, and therefore, so far as it affected the clergy of the Church, to the control of their Bishops is an obvious condition of inter-communion. But the inter-communion itself would be an unmistakable sign of Christian unity. The process of inter-communion would probably be gradual, it would not come about at once. The admission of Nonconformist ministers to the pulpits of the Church of England would take place more easily and more speedily than their admission to her altars. The High Church party in the Church of England would not unnaturally insist upon a distinction between ministerial and sacerdotal functions. But assuming that the principle of Episcopal Ordination could be accepted by the Nonconformists generally, I propose that the organisation both of the Church of England and of the Churches outside her pale should remain for the time being as it now is; there should be no change in the relation of Church and Chapel, except that the clergy or ministers and the laity of both should enjoy by mutual consent and under proper authority the inter-communion, which would become, and would only become, possible, when something like a recognised equality of ecclesiastical status among the clergy and the ministers had been attained. After all, it is the first step which counts, and, when the first step has been taken, other steps will almost certainly follow.

But the indispensable condition of such an advance towards inter-communion is that the claim of Episcopacy should not be pressed beyond its proper limit in the Church of England, nor the objection to Episcopacy pressed beyond its proper limit in the Presbyterian or Nonconformist Churches. It is just this moderation which is characteristic of the best minds both in the Church and in Nonconformity. Let me cite two or three leading authorities. In 1641 appeared Archbishop Ussher's treatise on the "Reduction of Episcopacy unto the Form of Synodical Government received

in the Ancient Church."\* In it he does not explicitly discuss the question of Holy Orders; but he shows his attitude towards it in such a passage as the following:—"Of the many elders who in common thus ruled the Church at Ephesus there was one president, whom our Saviour in His Epistle to the Church in a peculiar manner stileth the angel of the Church of Ephesus, and Ignatius in another epistle written about twelve years after to the same Church calleth the Bishop thereof."

The Archbishop's well-meant effort to promote unity by his "Reduction of Episcopacy," was not altogether fortunate. It gave pain rather than pleasure to both the parties affected by it. But the standard passage on the side of the Church of England is Hooker's discussion of the theme "whether Episcopal Ordination may be dispensed with" in the seventh book of his "Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity."† "There may," he says explicitly, "be sometimes very just and sufficient reason to allow ordination made without a Bishop. The whole Church visible being the true original subject of all power, it hath not ordinarily allowed any other than Bishops to ordain; howbeit, as the ordinary course is ordinarily in all things to be observed, so it may be in some cases not unnecessary that we decline from the ordinary ways."

Hooker defines two exceptional cases of admission to spiritual office in the Church. One is "when God Himself doth of Himself raise up any, whose labour He useth without requiring that men should authorise them." The other "when the exigence of necessity doth constrain to leave the usual ways of the Church, which otherwise we would willingly keep; where the Church must needs have some ordained, and neither hath nor can have possibly a Bishop to ordain; in case of such necessity the ordinary institution of God hath given oftentimes, and may give, place." So Hooker comes to the conclusion that "we are not simply without exception to urge a lineal descent of power from the Apostles by a continued succession of Bishops in every effectual Ordination. These cases of inevitable necessity excepted, none may ordain but only Bishops; by the imposition of their hands it is, that the Church giveth power of Order, both unto Presbyters and Deacons."

If Hooker may, in virtue of his proverbial judiciousness, be taken to represent the moderate equitable spirit of the Church of England, who can represent that spirit among the Nonconformist Churches better than Baxter? In his "Confirmation and Restauration, the necessary means of Reformation and Reconciliation," he cites a number of "Episcopal Divines and other writers of their," i.e., the Episcopal "side" as "commonly maintaining the validity of Presbyters' Ordination, viz., that in case of necessity it is lawful and where there is no flat necessity, it is not a nullity when it is irregular."‡ Baxter, as every reader of the *Reliquiæ Baxterianæ* knows, was very unwilling to treat Episcopacy as a fatal bar to Christian reunion, although he did not regard Episcopacy with

\* *Reliquiæ Baxterianæ*, i., ii., p. 238.

† xiv. ii.

‡ Objection 15. 8.



the view of a High Churchman in the Church of England. Perhaps the following passage sufficiently expresses his own position : " As to *fixed Bishops* of particular Churches that were superiours in degree to Presbyters, though I saw nothing at all in Scripture for them, which was any whit cogent, yet I saw that the Reception of them was so timely (even in the days of one of the Apostles in some Churches) and so general that I thought it a most improbable thing that, if it had been contrary to the Apostle's mind, we should never read that they themselves, or any one of their disciples that conversed with them, no nor any Christian or Heretick in the world, should speak or write a word against it till long after it was generally settled in the Churches. This, therefore, I resolved never to oppose."\*

There is, indeed, some ground for hope that inter-communion between the Church of England and the Nonconformist Churches in England may be nearer than it was before the war. The flames of war, if they have shrivelled up the conventionalities of religion, have revealed, as by a lightning flash, its imperishable verities. They have illuminated the desire for reunion or at least for inter-communion. But Christian history shows only too often how easy it is to make a breach in the Church ; how hard to heal the breach when it has been made. The circumstances which parted the Free Church from the Established Church of Scotland, and on a much larger scale the circumstances which parted the Western from the Eastern Church have almost wholly passed away ; but the disunion of the Churches remains. Yet no Christian, in whom is the mind of Jesus Christ, whether he values or does not value external union among the Churches, can rest happy, so long as the spirit which reigns in them falls short of such visible sympathy as is or may be expressed by inter-communion.

My paper is naturally written from the side of the Church of England. It is probable that no Churchman fully realises the intellectual and spiritual temper of Nonconformity, as no Nonconformist fully realises that of the Church of England.

But the proposition which I have suggested is, I hope, not unworthy of some regard. Things cannot remain as they are, or they cannot so remain without grave injury to all the Churches. It is idle to argue that the Churches ought to be one, when they are not one. There must be some change not only in their spirit but in their organisation ; and I can only ask and hope that they who feel unable to accept the reform which I have suggested will themselves suggest some other and better, because more easily practicable, reform than mine.

J. E. C. WELLDON.

\* *Reliquæ Baxterianæ*, i., ii., p. 140.

## "EMPIRE RESOURCES DEVELOPMENT" AND BRITAIN'S WAR DEBT.

THREE years ago students of British Colonial policy thought they detected a movement which would lead to a grave constitutional struggle within Britain's Colonial Empire. Unnoticed at the time by the general public, or even by Parliament, Mr. Harcourt, grasping the situation, took action which future historians will probably agree opened a new and, to the present date, the most important chapter in British Colonial history.

Whilst the initial struggle develops (upon which little can be said at the moment), the British public is suddenly confronted with a movement which, travelling along parallel lines with that behind the scenes, aims at a complete reversal of British Colonial practice. British Colonial policy from its inception has been based upon *service* to, and not *exploitation* of, the Dependencies. A powerful Committee, including several Ministers of the Crown, and backed by large financial interests, has come into existence with the avowed object of reversing that policy, and, by so doing, to *exploit* the Dependencies in order that they and their people may render to the Mother Country the *service* of paying for us our war-debt charges. This Committee is operating under the title of the Empire Resources Development Committee. The Chairman is Sir Starr Jameson, the President of the Chartered Company, while the Honorary Secretary, together with certain other members of the Committee, are either Directors or otherwise closely connected with the Company, the driving force and the declared policy are also those of the Chartered group. Though it is true that the main interests connected with the Committee, its policy, and its driving force are, in all essentials, those of the Rhodesian Chartered Company, there has been added to the membership a group of representative men whose names are well known in quite different connections—men who have little knowledge of Rhodesia, and who have in no sense grasped the paths along which Sir Starr Jameson and Mr. Wilson Fox propose leading them.

### FUNDAMENTALS OF BRITISH EXPANSION.

British policy of expansion reposes on three main pillars. The first is that the motive which governs expansion and administrative activity is the Christian doctrine of *service* to all the inhabitants of the Dependency; the second is that of encouraging industry, whilst keeping the Government itself free from the entanglements of competitive commerce; the third is that of recognising native law and custom, particularly with regard to land and property rights, except in so far as native law and custom may be contrary to the dictates of humanity. It would be idle to deny that Great Britain has never departed from these principles, though it is equally impossible to deny that every such departure has led to

tragic consequences. The British public would do well at this juncture to ponder the fact that this policy has given great rewards. The measure of the application of these principles in any given Dependency has been the measure of the loyalty of the inhabitants thereof; secondly, the intensity of the application of these principles has been the exact ratio of economic prosperity; whilst the third, though by no means the least, reward is the fact that it has attracted to Britain's Civil Service the noblest of Britain's sons, whose work has in turn enriched the whole world.

### THE CHALLENGE.

This system of expansion, forged through three centuries of effort—the system which has produced spiritual, moral, and material results without parallel in the world's history, is now challenged, the gage long expected has at last been thrown down, and it is the duty of every right thinking Britisher to take up the challenge and defeat an attempt which, if it succeeds, must lead to the disruption of the British Empire. The struggle will be short, but furious, and, God helping Britain, it shall be won. The proposals of the Empire Resources Development Committee portray the entrancing vision of an early liquidation of Britain's war debt. Mr. Wilson Fox, M.P., the Honorary Secretary, asks the British public to believe that by the adoption of his proposals, under the leadership of Sir Starr Jameson, "it would be possible for the State to derive a revenue of hundreds of millions sterling per annum." It seems to be generally accepted by financial authorities that Britain's net war charges will amount to about 300 millions per annum, thus, if the British public is prepared, at the behest of Sir Starr Jameson and Mr. Wilson Fox, to reverse its Colonial policy, the war debt is already liquidated—income tax will drop to 1s., tea will again be bought at 1s. per lb., and sugar at 2d. per lb., whilst our visits to cinemas and theatres will be tax free; all the British public has to do is to follow these heaven-born leaders!

### THE PROGRAMME OF MR. WILSON FOX.

- (1) Leave the Dominions outside for the present.
- (2) Secure and exploit as "Estates of the Crown" the virgin assets—vegetable oil products first—of India and the Dependencies.
- (3) Exploit these products by a joint Government-commercial monopoly.
- (4) The Crown and the Concessionaires to share the profits of exploitation—the Crown share to be devoted to paying Britain's war debt.
- (5) The native labourers to be carefully safeguarded.
- (6) The white men to be overseers.

The lineaments of this system are familiar—the Congo State, Rhodesia, the Spanish Colonies, have all tried them and have all suffered disaster as the inevitable result. But how do they violate British Colonial principles in the Dependencies?

# NATIVE LAND AND NATIVE LABOUR.

British policy is based on a recognition of native land laws, which laws are formally recognised in countless sacred treaties with native tribes. Under British policy, which in turn is governed by these treaties, the following principles are everywhere operative to a greater or lesser degree, with the exception of Southern Rhodesia.—(1) The ownership of land is vested in the inhabitants. (2) The Governor is Britain's Trustee for these indigenous rights. (3) Valuable considerations arising out of these lands must not be diverted from local revenue.

It will be seen, therefore, that these proposals could only be launched by securing a radical modification of those principles, and we have not very far to go before this intention is discovered. Mr. Wilson Fox, in his lecture explaining the work of the Committee to the Royal Society of Arts, says that amongst other steps to be taken is: "The adoption of sane, just, and practical views in regard to native ownership of land and native labour"; and "There is no reason to suppose that these territories will ever receive any large measure of local self-government, and there will be the less difficulty in regarding them mainly from the standpoint of estates of the Crown."

The adoption of this programme would lead, in the first place, to the reversal of British Colonial policy; and, in the second, to the denunciation of countless treaties with native tribes, and then the formal annexation of nearly a million square miles of Protectorate territory, with all the liability involved in setting up Crown Colony Government. Such a programme defies imagination; even the burning of the countless scraps of sacred paper would in itself be a bonfire of some dimensions. Putting the matter upon the lowest basis conceivable, the question arises—Is it worth while? The veriest babe in Colonial affairs knows very well that these proposals could only be applied at prodigious military cost, to say nothing of the human disaster caused thereby. It is useless to argue that the interpretation of "sane, just, and practical views in regard to native ownership of land" does not imply expropriation—it can do no other. Moreover, and this is of capital importance, we have in Southern Rhodesia a concrete interpretation of "the sane, just, and practical views in regard to land ownership" of Sir Starr Jameson and Mr. Wilson Fox—namely, native ownership of land does not exist. The Chartered Company contends that the 800,000 natives of Southern Rhodesia do not possess the *ownership* of a square inch of land in their own country, but that the ownership of the hills, valleys, plains, and rivers occupied by natives is the commercial property of the Chartered Company!

Let the British public contemplate the tragedy of the natives of Southern Rhodesia, to whom the following authoritative statement applies—and this in their own country:—

"We see no objection to the present system of allowing natives to occupy the unalienated land of the Company and pay rent. The occupation is merely a passing phase; the land is being rapidly

acquired by settlers with whom the natives must enter into fresh agreements or leave."

"Unalienated" here means land not yet occupied by "whites."

#### EXIT FREE COMMERCE.

But upon the assumption that British Colonial policy with regard to native lands is supplanted by "sane, just, and practical views," that sacred treaties are impaired and that the consequent "native trouble" is overcome, the next step is that of State-Concessions exploitation. Mr. Fox quite rightly says that his proposal must include monopolies, it cannot succeed otherwise: "Take, for example," says Mr. Fox, "vegetable oils and fats, in which, if we choose to do so, we can establish to some extent a monopoly." "Our facilities for the production of palm products are so great that we might derive an income of £50,000,000 a year from these commodities alone."

The illimitable absurdity of these propositions are fatal to any sound deduction. In the first place Great Britain can no more establish a monopoly of these products than she can establish a monopoly of the mists of the moon. The vegetable oil areas in territories under France, Belgium, Holland, and Portugal are nearly twice those of Great Britain; moreover, there are at present incalculable supplies in Amazonia besides the bean oils of Burmah, China, and Japan. Great Britain can by protective tariffs control British consumption by hitting the consuming public, but short of conquering the world, she cannot control production.

The figure of £50,000,000 sterling of revenue (profit) from palm products alone implies raising production, from, say, £30,000,000 to £1,000,000,000 per annum; it would require some "intensive culture" of the natives to raise so colossal a production—the native would, in fact, be intensified out of existence long before production had reached half the figure. Meantime, perhaps, Mr. Wilson Fox will tell us how his other scheme is paying, over which he has upon occasion waxed so optimistically eloquent. London markets are not yet glutted with shiploads of those luscious oranges and lemons we were promised from the banks of the Zambesi. Captious critics say they would like to see a few at Bulawayo first, but then some folk, particularly Rhodesian white men on the spot, are never satisfied, their attitude is always "agin Jameson and the Company." Anyhow, when these Government-Commercial schemes of oranges, lemons, and tobacco begin to pay in the Zambesi, it will probably be time enough to think of extending to the Dependencies the proposals of Sir Starr Jameson and Mr. Wilson Fox. But the entrance of a State-Concessionaire monopoly would spell the early disappearance of free commerce; it would be impossible for any ordinary commercial house to compete with so powerful a Trust. This was exactly what happened in the Congo; by the year 1905 practically every commercial concern had been driven from the Upper Congo. The late Lord Cromer, whose sagacious advice cannot be too often contemplated, said:—

"The principle of relying largely on individual effort has, in truth, produced marvellous results. It is singularly suited to

develop some of the best qualities of the vigorous self-assertive Anglo-Saxon race. It is to be hoped that self-help may long continue to be our national watchword."\*

### THE FUNCTION OF GOVERNMENT.

Mr. Wilson Fox, on behalf of the Empire Resources Development Committee is asking the British people to agree to a joint State-Commercial exploitation which in practice involves a development of the Chartered Company principle, but with the Home Government acting not merely as Grantor of Royal Charter, but an active partner. When everything possible has been said in favour of Chartered Companies, it is still true that the best of them have never found permanent favour with the British people and Government, whereas more than one Chartered Company has left an indelible stain upon British honour. Lord Cromer had a perfect horror of Government becoming entangled with competitive commerce, because he had seen what havoc it wrought in Egypt and India, and this view he laid down in a speech in the House of Lords:—

"The first principle is that the duties of administration and the commercial development of the country should not be vested in the same individuals. The counter-principle of associating the two functions we tried ourselves years ago with the old East India Company, and though we had at the head of it many men who were not only merchants, but statesmen, the system of government, if not a failure, was at best but a very modified success."

Mr. E. G. Harman, formerly a principal clerk in the Treasury, whose authority to write upon such matters cannot be questioned, has pointed out recently that . . . "in a quasi-commercial concern conducted by Government officials, capital is practically unlimited; there is no dividend to pay, no depreciation or reserve fund to maintain; accounts are not, and never can be, on a commercial footing, and in consequence there is no real means of testing efficiency."

If there are these drawbacks to such enterprise in the Home Country, they become intensified a thousandfold in the Dependencies, where there is no self-government, and this very fact is one of the principal reasons which has admittedly inspired the proposals of Mr. Wilson Fox, for in a sentence of damning significance, he says: "There is no reason to suppose that these territories will ever receive any large measure of local self-government, and there will be less difficulty in regarding them mainly from the standpoint of estates of the Crown."

The secret of colonial success is summed up in that single word—Loyalty. Given loyalty everything follows; without it, everything hurtles forward to disaster and irretrievable ruin. The shortest road to ruin is by way of exploitation, the surest road to success is by way of administrative service in the Dependency, with full recognition of native customary land laws. Queen Victoria

\* "Political and Literary Essays." (Macmillan.)  
† *Nineteenth Century and After* (May.)

elevated this doctrine to an assured position in her declaration to the people of India:—

"It is our earnest desire to stimulate peaceful industry, to promote works of public utility and importance, and to administer its government for the benefit of all our subjects resident therein. In their prosperity shall be our strength; in their contentment our security; in their gratitude our best reward. And may the God of all Power grant to us and to those in authority under us strength to carry out these, our wishes, for the good of our people."

#### BRITAIN'S REWARD—(1) ECONOMIC.

The critics who unthinkingly ask, as a German editor asked prior to the outbreak of war, "Of what use are these Dependencies to us?" gets part of his answer in the trade return. Take one example only. The Dependencies of tropical West Africa have, under British guidance, thriven so enormously that there is probably no territory under the British Crown where the inhabitants are more affluent and more contented; this has been due mainly to individual effort and free exchange of commodities. From these territories alone we now receive nearly £12,000,000 sterling worth of edible products, chiefly cocoa and vegetable oils. "Yes!" says the critic, "and the nigger pockets our money." The "nigger" does nothing of the kind; he exchanges those products for your cotton cloths from Manchester, your "shoddy" blankets from Huddersfield, your "ready-mades" from Leeds, your knives and axes from Sheffield, your pots and pans from Birmingham, and your musical instruments from Houndsditch. Millions of British black men appease the white man's hunger with butter and other tropical products, and cleanse his body by means of African fats, whilst millions of British white operatives, in return, clothe or amuse millions of British black men—a transaction which benefits both parties to such an extent that each is moved to increased energy in production. If a comparative test upon the British system is demanded it can quite easily be found in the raw products of the oil-palm. Prior to the war, the British system produced £14 11s. per square mile, whilst the German system produced only £1 8s. per square mile from oil-palm areas of equal producing capacity. The growth of this trade, so mutually advantageous, has been phenomenal, and other parallels could be quoted. It is founded on a recognition of indigenous ownership of land and virgin produce. That it will continue to increase there can be no question, especially by developing the commercial and general education of the only possible producer—the native. That it can be ruined is equally true, and the way to that method of madness is by breaking up customary land laws and the expropriation of the virgin products of the soil in the interests of external budgets.

#### BRITAIN'S REWARD—A MORAL HARVEST.

Look to-day upon the moral results of British policy. There is, alas! much of which we are rightly ashamed, errors arising not from intention, for the heart of Britain is sound, but from momentarily

forsaking the path of "Right" at the dictates of "Will-o'-the-wisp" leaders. Britons, viewing the whole perspective, can be justly proud of the good they have been allowed to do—the abolition of slavery, the abolition of suttee, the abolition of the opium traffic, the abolition of twin murder, the successful fight being waged against tropical diseases, the making of modern Egypt, the building up of the Basuto nation, Lord Selborne's rescue of Swaziland, Sir Harry Johnston's settlement of Uganda; peace, prosperity, and the Christian faith established in a score of territories which a century ago were scenes of vice, intrigue, corruption, and murder. Yes! in spite of many a grievous stain on Britain's escutcheon, the elevating work as a whole is something for which millions call down blessings upon our heads; but the way to that crowning triumph was, and must always be, *via crucis*.

But the real glory of Britain is, after all, the affectionate loyalty of her children from which proceed all things worth having. The avowed aim of the Empire Resources Committee is to make the Dependencies pay the war debt. Mr. Harold Cox has rightly pointed out in this connection that this is the sole liability of the United Kingdom. But, given loyalty, there is not a native in Polynesia, in Africa, in Asia, who will refuse to accept his full share of the burden, subject to the reasonable condition that, irrespective of race, creed, or colour he is accepted in the Commonwealth of the Empire as a man with full rights of potential British citizenship. The war has proved this to demonstration. From India, from every territory in Africa, from the islands of the sea; East, West, and South, Britain's coloured children have offered and given of their sons in scores of thousands to almost every tragic battlefield. If the more sordid question is asked: "What financial burden have they borne?" the answer is—they have given from their private means in as great, if not a greater, proportion than the white subjects of the King, and in the generous spirit of the Chief of Benin, who offered to Sir Frederick Lugard one-half of his meagre income towards relief funds as long as the war lasts. If the Mother Country asks the Dependencies to share a Commonwealth burden in a Commonwealth spirit, the response will electrify the civilised world.

JOHN H. HARRIS.



# THE DAWN OF THE AIR AGE.

## I.

**T**HE world hardly sees yet a shadow of the revolution in its habits and customs which is impending, and will follow the use of the air as a highway. The aircraft industry, weak and struggling no longer, thanks to the stimulus of war, is planning already the building of machines which will be sufficiently powerful and airworthy to maintain regular services by air for passengers, mails, and light express goods. More experience in construction has been gained during two and a-half years of war than would have been possible under peace conditions in many years. The industry is now organised, and stronger financially; and only a year or so should elapse after the war before the first air services are run on a commercial basis between London and the Continent, and also between London and the cities of the Midlands and the North. This is no longer the dream of an enthusiast. The recent constructional progress has been such that passenger services by air could be organised even at the present time, were the industry not pre-occupied with its work in connection with the war.

By means of technical improvements which have become feasible, and which need only peace conditions to enable them to be carried into effect, it should be possible, almost immediately after the war, to build passenger aircraft which will carry twenty-five or fifty people at an average speed of nearly 100 miles an hour. And this will form a stepping-stone to larger craft, fitted with motors developing thousands of horse-power, which should attain speeds of 200, 250, and perhaps even 300 miles an hour. Time and money—not forgetting the skill of designers and constructors, and an infinite patience and perseverance—are all that are required to bring about this era. We have sufficient knowledge at the present time to indicate that there are no technical difficulties which should prove insuperable.

The demand of the commercial world, for years prior to the war, was for greater speed in transit. Time, representing money, had been growing daily more valuable. After the war, huge schemes of reconstruction will become necessary, and there should be an immense quickening of trade activity in all quarters of the globe. With the employment of commercial aircraft, able to pass without deviation above land, sea, forests, or mountains, the question of distance, or of the difficulty of communication through natural obstacles, will cease to be a barrier between nations.

## II.

The first use of commercial aircraft should be as mail-carriers; and it is possible that the first experimental services will be attempted over localities remote from large centres of population, where the nature of the country makes it difficult to maintain regular communication by land; also to link up by air-mail the widely scattered communities such as exist in our dominions over-sea.

America, France, and Italy are concerning themselves already with the question of establishing air mail services; and the British Government, with foreign possessions in which air mail services might be established with great convenience to the inhabitants, has every reason to do the same. The recent appointment of the Civil Aerial Transport Committee is an indication that the authorities are now becoming alive to the importance of commercial aeronautics. The main task of this Committee is to recommend to the Government what steps shall be taken, when the war is over, to develop civil flying in all its aspects.

The American Government, it is understood, intends to operate an air-mail, with a service twice weekly, between the Alaskan coast and certain of the inaccessible districts which lie inland. It is hoped, by means of the air service, to make journeys in five or six hours which, by land transport, have sometimes taken as long as three weeks.

The French Government has established a Committee which is investigating the whole question of transporting mails by air; and one of the aims of this Committee is to determine, if possible, at what cost per kilometre it would be possible to operate such services.

The Italian Government has, since the beginning of the war, connected several of her important commercial centres by means of a system of alighting-grounds; and along these "airways" already an experimental mail service is being operated—although, naturally, the needs of the moment are almost entirely military.

It will certainly be unwise, right at the beginning of commercial aviation, for Governments to expect an air service to be completely self-supporting, or to operate at once with such profit as might be shown, say, by transport systems on land or sea—which, of course, have had years of organisation and experience. What Governments must do, and particularly the British Government, is to ensure to the operators of these first air-mail services a freedom from financial anxiety during the period when their main task will be to gain all the experience they can as to suitable types of machine, and to make any experiments, and incur any reasonable expense, which they may consider necessary for the improvement of their services.

And when the experience gained in these, and other ways, permits the running of passenger air services, the Government must be equally ready with assistance, and must make it one of its chief aims—undeterred by cries which may be raised for retrenchment in expenditure—to ensure that commercial flying in all its aspects develops rapidly and successfully, and that no invention of importance is lost to us through a lack of financial aid. The rate-payer, when his money is spent to develop flying, need have no fear that it is being wasted, or that such expenditure is inadvisable. It will be a matter of vital necessity for us, on imperial as well as purely national grounds, to create and maintain a large fleet of commercial aircraft. We know how, in this present war, with the danger zones created by hostile submarines, we have had to rely on our great mercantile marine. And it may happen in some war of the future, with sea-blockades so efficient as to hold up traffic

altogether, that we shall have to depend upon aircraft to bring us the supplies which cannot be obtained in any other way. Another important reason for a Government subsidy of the aircraft industry lies in the fact that the knowledge and experience which are gained in building and piloting commercial-type machines will be of extreme value in time of war; while it should be remembered that commercial craft could, in war-time, be converted quickly and without difficulty into cruiser-type machines, being fitted with bomb-sighting and releasing gear, and also with guns throwing explosive shells. And such converted machines would be extremely useful in attacking land positions, or in harassing an enemy's air and sea traffic.

### III.

It is difficult for us to realise the change in our habits, and in our routine of living, which will follow the coming of the air age. As soon as we have daily services by air operating on an adequate scale, it will be possible for city workers to live much farther afield than they can with any existing form of locomotion. And this will mean, in the course of time, that the outskirts of a city like London will cease to be dormitories for the workers, and will be given over almost exclusively to factories and workshops. The workers of the city, travelling at high speeds by air, will be able to live along the southern and south-eastern sea-coasts, or in the heart of the country. And this will be so beneficial to their health that their efficiency as workers will be materially increased; while the cost of aerial travel, in their daily journeys, will be outweighed by the fact that their rent and living expenses will be reduced, and that they will be able to cultivate produce in their own gardens. It will become feasible, in the air age, to populate evenly the whole of a country, instead of masses of people being congested—as they are now through the slowness of transit—within areas of only a few miles.

City men who are private owners of aircraft will be able to live a hundred miles or more away from town, and still attend their offices each day. Flying up in the morning to one of the aerodromes which will be situated on the outskirts of London, they will house their machines there, and then travel on into the heart of the city by one of the high-speed tubes (probably on the mono-rail system), which will act as "feeders" for the aerodromes, and will run to and fro constantly with passengers and goods. In the evening, the last of his letters signed, the business man will take tube to the aerodrome, ascending again in his aircraft, and reaching his home, somewhere in the heart of the country, in time for dinner.

The world has, at various times, been promised an ideal form of travel—such as the train, the motor-car, and the luxurious modern liner. But the train oscillates; its wheels grind and roar; it clangs through tunnels and over bridges; it lurches when rounding curves. With the motor-car, even on the best of roads, there is always the sensation of earth contact and of vibration—to say nothing of the dust and inconvenience of the traffic on main thoroughfares; while the ocean-going liner, pitching

and rolling in a bad sea, causes acute discomfort to many of its passengers. The air will provide a luxurious form of travel such as the voyager of to-day has never known, and can scarcely imagine. There will be no vibration or noise from the machinery, and no sensation whatever of an earth contact. The only sound to reach a passenger's ears, as the machine sweeps through the air in a smooth, apparently effortless progress, will be the faint hum of the wind as it rushes past the hull. When they are on long journeys, aircraft will fly high, often above the clouds; and there will be no sign then of the earth below, and nothing to tell the eye that the machine is driving its way through the air at high speed.

Even in a 100-mile-an-hour aircraft, immediately one reaches the normal cross-country altitude of about 5,000 feet, the sensations of movement or of speed, in relation to the earth below, become almost imperceptible. The passengers, seated in luxuriously-appointed saloons, will be in just as much comfort, so far as any sense of movement is concerned, as though they were in their drawing-room at home. People complain often of train-tiredness after a long journey by rail. This is due to the oscillation, noise, and the constant flashing past of objects which are close to the carriage windows. But there will be no such fatigue after an air journey, however long, for the reason that there will be none of the discomforts which are encountered on land.

There are people still who think that, because a flying machine passes through the air, unsupported by any earth contact, there will always be an element of risk in aerial travel. But in the future, when passenger-carrying machines have been perfected, to travel by air will not only be as safe as to travel by land or sea, but will be in certain respects even safer. There will, for instance, be less danger from collision. Craft travelling in different directions—north, south, east, or west—will be required by the rules of the air to fly at various altitudes. And these lanes of traffic, in which all the machines will be travelling in the same direction, will be so arranged that they are not immediately one above another, but are some little distance apart; and this will mean that should a machine have to glide down from a high altitude, through some temporary breakdown of its machinery, there would be little risk of its penetrating as it descended—with a consequent risk of collision—any of the streams of traffic which might be moving at lower altitudes and in different directions. Foggy weather, which presents such dangers for land or sea traffic, would only provide a risk in aerial travel (one writes, of course in a general sense) when machines are ascending or alighting. At higher altitudes, as a rule, it should be possible for them to escape the fog banks. And at the landing grounds, when there are fogs, science may find it possible to dissipate these, at any rate over limited areas; or by some system of powerful lights, or by signals from captive balloons which ascend above the fog banks, it should be possible to regulate the flow of traffic in and out of the aerodromes. An aircraft pilot under such conditions, when approaching an aerodrome at a high altitude, well above the fog, would watch for the signals sent up

from the ground, which would inform him whether all was clear for his descent, in the same way that a ship is signalled, telling it whether it is safe to enter a harbour.

The attaining of high speeds by air implies a greater safety, rather than a greater risk—provided, of course, that a machine is so built that it will withstand the air pressures it encounters. The higher the speed at which a machine is travelling, the more control its pilot has over it; while there is not the same risk in the air, as there is on land, of a vehicle oscillating when at a very high speed, and threatening to overturn or leave its track. The faster an aircraft flies the steadier is its motion. The momentum of its flight enables it to drive through adverse wind-gusts without these having any effect upon it; whereas a slow machine would pitch and roll. And there is not the risk with an aircraft, as with a land vehicle, of a wheel or axle breaking under the strains of a high speed, and thereby causing an accident.

In flying, of course, as in any other new form of transport, the purely experimental stage has been marred by accidents. Machines have collapsed in flight, or have been driven to earth and wrecked by wind-gusts; motors have failed, and caused disaster; pilots have been guilty of errors of judgment which have cost them their lives. But during all this time, experience and useful data have been accumulating. In learning to fly men have been accumulating. In learning to fly, men have been breaking completely new ground—learning to navigate an entirely new element. But in the future we shall be bred and born to the air. We shall take to it just as naturally as, to-day, we travel by land or sea. With the aircraft of the future, which will be metal-built, the risk of structural breakage will be reduced practically to a vanishing point. And the inherent stability of these large machines, and the speeds at which they will fly, will enable them to weather safely even the heaviest of gales; while the multi-engine plants with which they will be fitted, enabling any one unit to be cut temporarily from the series, and repaired while the machine continues in flight under the power of its other motors, will eliminate for all practical purposes any need to descend owing to a mechanical breakdown. Assuming, however, that a machine should descend involuntarily, there will be chains of landing-grounds on all the main flying routes, and these will be so close together that a machine which is flying at a sufficient altitude will be able to reach one or other of them, in a glide, from any point at which its machinery may fail. Craft which are on ocean journeys, being built so that they can alight on the water, will follow certain given routes, and will be in constant touch with each other by wireless. Should a machine be obliged to descend on the water through a total breakdown of its machinery, it will be able to call to its assistance, if necessary, and in a very short time, any such craft as may be nearest to it on the flying route.

But such a total breakdown will be no more probable with a perfected aircraft than it would be with an ocean-going liner. On the liner, should one of her turbines run hot, this only reduces her speed temporarily, while the turbine is stopped and allowed to

cool. The others continue to do their work and to propel the ship. With a liner, in fact, having many engines and boilers, and several propeller shafts, the risk of a total breakdown is practically eliminated. And in aircraft of the future, which will be fitted with multi-engines, driving a number of propellers, this risk will be equally remote.

#### IV.

In the air age we shall be able to take the map of Europe, and also of the world, and reduce journeys of weeks to days, and those of days to hours; and what this will mean to business men, who will be extending their interests farther and farther afield, one need scarcely emphasise. In the years following the war men who have great organising ability—and they are certainly not legion—will find their services almost beyond price. Such men will need to have the whole world, and not any one country or continent, as the field for their operations; and, when they travel frequently to all parts of the globe, any saving of time in their journeys will be of extreme importance.

Here lies the future of aerial transit. It will supply a means of communication so rapid that the world will be able, after the war, to go ahead in the full stride of its reconstructive energy; though this period of reconstruction will, of course, occupy a number of years. Instead of being restricted to the old, slow methods of travel, the nations in their expansion will find this new and high-speed medium open to them—a medium in which rates of travel will be obtainable without risk which would be impossible by land or sea. Five days are required, at normal times, to traverse the sea route between England and America. A business man who has interests in the two countries, and needs to travel frequently between them, must set aside ten days at least of his valuable time in which to be transported across the ocean and back again. In the future, however, by way of the air, he will be able to travel from New York to London and back again, within a period of forty-eight hours.

The influence of high-speed air transit, facilitating business between various countries, will be beneficial to an extent which is almost incalculable. After the war we shall be establishing closer relations with Russia. But the traveller by land and sea, coming from Petrograd to London, has to face a long and wearisome journey, crossing a number of frontiers and being subjected to many delays. In the days of the Continental air service, however, a Russian business man, embarking at Petrograd in the morning on one of the aircraft which will run non-stop on such routes as these, will find himself in London the same evening, having made a smooth and easy journey, with no need to leave the saloon into which he stepped in his own city. In connection with such long, non-stop flights, in which passenger aircraft, while *en route*, will pass above frontiers without alighting, it may be necessary for the authorities of the various powers to have representatives at the points of departure, so that the flights of these express craft may be

spirit grew and strengthened with the advancement of the industrial arts, its orbit widened, until it once more failed before the barriers of numbers and distance. The institutions known vaguely as "feudal" were an ingenious and not wholly unsuccessful attempt to stay disintegration; but, in the end, they failed because they were, largely, a throw-back to a stage which had passed away. In the smaller communities, they were suppressed; as in England, France, and Spain, where improved means of communication, and common sympathies, favoured the establishment of strong monarchies. In the more ambitious scheme of the Holy Roman Empire, they failed to avert dissolution and *morcellement*.

It is often suggested that the introduction of political representation, which has done much to render the modern territorial State possible, has also solved the problem of patronage. But the experience of the last three centuries is overwhelmingly against this view. Electoral institutions, though they originated in quite other purposes, work, on the whole, well for the choice of the unspecialised legislator or mouthpiece of popular grievances. They break down in the attempt to produce executive, judicial, and even administrative officials; and the United States are, substantially, the only first-class community which uses them for that purpose. In other countries of a similar type, electoral machinery is confined, at least so far as central politics are concerned, to the choice of deputies and legislators.

But, with the enlargement of State activities which supervened upon the gradual establishment of peaceful conditions in Western Europe, the military tradition also broke down. So long as a ruler was fully convinced that he held his throne only at the price of being prepared at any moment to defend it by arms, he was not likely to fill important posts in his service with Court favourites or incapable scions of great families. Mediæval officials were undoubtedly, in many instances, corrupt; the circumstances of their position hardly permitted them to be otherwise. But the impression one gets of them is that they were fairly efficient; for they knew that they served a master who was not to be trifled with. It was rather when the immense prosperity introduced by industrial progress and the consequent growth of population had swollen the coffers of the State, and produced a general softening of social fibre, that the peculiar evils of patronage began to manifest themselves. And these evils were, of course, unusually prominent in a country like England, where the erection of party feeling into a definite and permanent principle of government almost inevitably led to the worst abuses. In theory, the "spoils system" has a good deal to be said for it. In practice, it breaks down before the temptation to reward personal rather than political services with offices in the pay of the State. The sweeping Place Acts of the eighteenth century doubtless performed a valuable service in maintaining the freedom and independence of the House of Commons as a criticising body. But they did not limit the power of the Ministers of the day to reward personal services at the expense of the State, though they rendered a peculiarly odious type of politician rare. Above all, they did not counteract the tendency, bred of easy conditions,

expressed in the well-known apophthegm: "A man is good enough for any job he can get." It is a little startling to find a modern writer like Anthony Trollope by implication defending such a principle; but of course Trollope dates from an individualist age.

For it is obvious that, in many cases, the true cause of a vicious exercise of patronage is not corrupt motives, but a deficiency of imagination. The patron really cannot understand that an incapable official may mean the death or torment of hundreds of his fellow creatures. He knows, in a vague way, that the official is a servant of the public; but he has simply not the brain power to realise that the "public" is composed of definite, though unascertained, individuals of flesh and blood, who hunger and thirst, and suffer in body and soul. And it is hardly surprising that the worst abuses of patronage, the last survival of the absolutely barbaric system of treating public office as property to be bought and sold, should continue in the ecclesiastical sphere. For, to the unimaginative mind, the spiritual suffering and destitution of others are even more difficult to realise than their physical misery.

As is well known, the most drastic change made in the distribution of State patronage in this country in recent years was the introduction, in the middle of the last century, of the system of competitive (mostly written) examination. This method is still, of course, only applicable to certain classes of appointments; but these are a large and increasing number, and the Royal Commission regards it as unthinkable that it should be abandoned, either for administrative or clerical posts. For the latter, indeed, it is, in all probability, the best solution of a grave difficulty; and, whatever be the limitations of written examination as a test of merit (and no one is more ready to admit them than the writer), it is probable that industry, retentive memory, accuracy, clearness of expression and arrangement—some of the very essentials of a good clerk—can be fairly tested by this method.

When it comes to the higher qualities demanded of an administrator, such as initiative, force of character, readiness, practical ability, tact, foresight, it must be honestly admitted that it is difficult to see how these can be tested by written examination. As is well known to all experienced and shrewd examiners, there is a special type of candidate capable of deceiving the very elect; and it is to his existence—but not too frequent existence—that the success of the great cramming establishments is due. The numerous failures among their clients are quietly ignored; the achievements of the appropriate few act as a bait for recurring crowds of failures. A carefully conducted oral examination would do much, very much, to correct the weakness of the written test; the chief objection is that such a process is slow, and, consequently, costly, unless it is so superficial as to be worthless.

So fallible, indeed, is the written competitive examination as a test of the higher qualities of an administrator, that it is almost certain that the immense improvement in the quality and reputation of the higher officials of the Civil Service which has, admittedly, followed its introduction, must be regarded rather as an indirect than as a direct consequence of the system. In other words, the



mere substitution of open appointments for political and social jobbery has immensely increased, not only the quantity, but the quality of the material placed at the disposal of the State. The conditions of what is commonly called "patronage" are not merely fatal to the chances of persons without social influence; they are revolting to men of integrity, ability, education, and independence of character—in a word, to the very class which the State needs for its service—and such men will not submit to them.

Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that, if conscientiously exercised, individual choice has great advantages over any automatic system of selection, whether by examination or otherwise. No magic formula for the grading of human ability has yet been discovered; and, if it were, it would break down before the variety of the duties to be performed by the selected candidates. What is wanted is a combination of the two principles which shall avoid the peculiar faults and dangers of each. No keen business man, with his way to make in the world, would employ in a responsible post a fool or an idler, however influentially recommended; for he himself would be the first to suffer for his error. If in every Government office the really "working" chief were made responsible for the faults of his subordinates, with a corresponding, but, of course, carefully guarded power of nomination from a group of candidates in whom he had no private interest, there would at least be a reasonable chance that the most capable judge of merit would select the most meritorious candidate. Needless to say, this nomination should only be exercised after the fullest publicity had been given to the vacancy, even in the case of promotions; and, equally of course, it would have to pass the scrutiny, not alone of the Minister responsible to Parliament, but of a Patronage Board whose members, though not, perhaps, so ideally qualified as the nominating chief to select the right candidate, would have sufficient knowledge of the department and the general needs of the service, as well as (in the case of technical appointments) of the scientific merits of the candidate, to be able to exercise an effective check on partiality or favouritism.

For the preliminary selection of qualified candidates, the valuable and excellently administered machinery of the Civil Service Commission is already to hand; and one of the best suggestions of the Commissioners is that this Board might be brought more intimately into touch with the general educational system of the country by the addition of a prominent representative of secondary education. By this means the multiplication of *ad hoc* examinations might be avoided in the days when, as is commonly accepted, the State will have greatly to increase the number of its civil servants.

But, when all precautions have been taken, we shall not escape from the fundamental truth, that the real essential of a wholesome exercise of patronage is, not perfect machinery, but a spiritual revolution. So long as a "Government billet" can be regarded, by patron, client, or an indifferent public, as a soft option amongst the chances of a career, so long will jobbery and inefficiency be irremediable. Happily, it seems possible that, as a set off against the losses and sufferings of the Great War, the Empire may be able

to count on one priceless asset—a stimulated sense of unity, with a resulting higher standard of devotion to the common weal. When even the humblest post in the service of the State is regarded as an opportunity for self-sacrifice rather than a profitable career, when a nobler and more widely spread conception of citizenship illuminates with the glow of religious fervour the performance of the smallest service in the common cause, then the difficulties and abuses which have hitherto been inseparable from patronage will disappear, or dwindle to unimportant dimensions. The exaggerated State-consciousness of Germany is a travesty of a noble ideal; for it is based on the monstrous fallacy that the vices which would stamp a private individual as unworthy of decent society are virtues when practised by the persons who direct that political machinery which we call "the State." But the devotion of the individual to the welfare of the community, the inspiration of altruism which moves the good public servant to sacrifice ease, health, and wealth in the performance of his office, are second in the scale of human virtues only to the sublime achievements of religious fervour. Much has been done already to arouse this spirit by the teachers and guides, official and unofficial, of the nation. But more and more we need to honour and imitate the example of those who, like the late Canon Barnett, and others happily still living, have hewn out the path for this new and difficult career. There is profound truth in the apparently optimistic faith of the average Englishman, that any institutions can be made by good men to work decently; but the belief is attended by two dangerous fallacies. One is, that good men will work as well with bad institutions as with good; the other, far more deadly, that bad institutions necessarily produce good men to work them.

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## WHEN BRITAIN WAS THE MOST MUSICAL NATION.

**I**N his monumental *History of Music*, written some forty years ago, the late Dr. Emil Naumann spoke of the German genius period as a thing of the past. And in later histories written outside the Fatherland the waning of Teutonic musical ascendancy has become a commonplace. Nevertheless, the length of time during which the nations now known as the Central Powers have led the world in matters musical, and the undisputed character of their sway have tended to obscure the fact that they are only the last of many races who in turn have been first in favour with St. Cecilia, and that among these has been, more than once, our own.

In the British Museum there is a scrap of vellum about double the size of a small post-card—seven inches by five. In bulk it is probably the smallest, and in interest is certainly the greatest, of all musical manuscripts; and its eighty-eight notes have puzzled the Sons of Jubal in many countries more than all the 984,043 of Wagner's *Ring*—the world's longest score. For these notes form a four-part canon on a two-part ground-bass, "infinitely more ingenious," a great German historian points out, "than the common canon." And microscopic examination reveals the two dates, 1226 and 1236, proving the "canon," "round," or "rota," as it has been called, to have been written centuries before it was imagined that such a work could have been composed. Moreover, this enigmatical piece of music combines technical science with melodious spontaneity in a way rare in any age. It was copied out by John Fornsete, Cartulary at the Abbey of Reading; but who composed it is unknown.

To enter into all the problems, solutions, refutations, and counter-solutions, to which the famous rota has given rise is here impossible. Suffice it to say that the simplest solution is probably the truest—namely, that the condition of music at the period centring round 1226 was much more advanced than has been generally supposed, and much higher in Great Britain than there is evidence of its being anywhere else.

Cumulative evidence supports this view. Oxford, if we may trust the *Winchester Chronicle*, was the first University to have a professor of music. Irish folk-songs, "on the whole the finest that exist,"\* were probably the first to acquire a European fame; it was to the Irish monks of St. Gall that musical education throughout Europe is largely due: they educated St. Dunstan, to whom some writers attribute more than one of the so-called "Gregorian" chants. "In musical instruments," Giraldus Cambrensis wrote in 1150, "the Irish nation is incomparably superior to every nation we have seen." He adds that Scotland and Wales were vying with Ireland, and in the opinion of many Scotland had far surpassed its teacher. More important still, the first-known instance of secular harmony in the world is British. For Giraldus tells us that "the Welsh do not sing their tunes in unison as other nations do, but in harmony, so that there are as many different parts as there are

\* Dr. Ernest Walker, *History of Music in England*.

singers. . . . The inhabitants of Northern England sing in two parts, even the children falling into this practice." The first known example of ecclesiastical harmony was the work of a Flemish monk now known as Pseudo-Hucbald.\* But unless highly qualified critics have mis-read a tenth-century Winchester Tropary, England can boast an equally early example. Moreover, Fosbroke, in the second volume of his *British Monachism*, gives an account of the singing of the Anglo-Saxon monks, which can only be interpreted as a description not merely of part-singing, but of imitative polyphony. Their song consisted of a method of figurate† Discant, in which the various voices, following one another, were perpetually repeating different words at the same time. The precise period, however, to which he refers is not easy to determine. But another author, Ethelred, or Ailred (1109-66), Abbot of Rievaulx Abbey, Yorkshire, writing of his own day, complains that "this man sings a bass, that a small mean, another a treble, a fourth divides and cuts asunder, as it were, certain middle notes." All of which suggests four voice-parts of considerable independence. Again, according to an anonymous author‡ writing about 1189, it is due to organists in "that part of England which is called West Country," that the discovery of the true tuning and qualities of the interval called a "third" is due. (As tuned by the Greeks and their monkish disciples, this interval was a discord.) And the paramount importance of this in the development of composition it would be impossible to exaggerate. While counterpoint, the art of combining melodies, is probably a French invention, double counterpoint is certainly an English one, due to John Garland§, born, probably in Devonshire, about 1180. And while the most intricate form of counterpoint, the canon, is admitted by German authorities—Reissmann, for instance—to be probably an English invention (a development of Faux-bourdon, undoubtedly of British origin), the endless canon was certainly due to us, as Dr. Naumann admits.

And all this at a time when the most famous school in the world, that of Paris—from which alone Dr. Naumann thinks the Rota could have been expected—under its most famous master, Perotin, was just attempting four part harmony with imitation!

Not, however, till two hundred years after "Sumer is icumen in" was written was England generally acknowledged as the world's leader in matters musical.

The supreme art of the musician, composition, has not been evolved wholly by one man or one nation. But John Dunstable, born probably at Dunstable, in Bedfordshire, about 1380, gave so

\* In saying this, I assume that Isidore of Seville used the terms "Symphony and Diaphony" in the same sense as the Greeks, to whom intervals and chords meant notes in succession. If Dr. Ritter is correct in attaching to them the meaning they afterwards are found to possess, of notes in combination, then Spain must be credited with a crude harmony in the sixth century—some four hundred years earlier than any other country.

† That is, the notes had time-values: "Franco," writing about A.D. 1200, refers to them as previously existent.

‡ *The Bury St. Edmunds Treatise*, now in the Royal MSS.

§ He has frequently been confused with Gerlandus of Besançon, who flourished about 1150, and his English origin overlooked. Coussemaker corrects the error in the third volume of his invaluable history, but it still often reappears.

new a meaning to the term that he has been called the inventor of composition, not by English writers only but also by foreign. Thus the Belgian, Tinctor, author of the first known musical dictionary, published in 1475, says "the source and origin of this new art, if I may so speak, is to be found among the English, of whom the chief musician was Dunstable." The German poet, John Nucius, quoted Sebastian Heyden and "divers others" as expressing a similar opinion. Perhaps even more significant is the fact that a Spanish writer, whose manuscript is dated 1480, regards the history of music as beginning with Dunstable—leastways he is the first composer mentioned. And the widely dispersed sources from which these encomiums come, and the many nations among whom fragments of his music are to be found, go far to show that John of Walthamstead, Abbot of St. Alban's, was indulging in no mere rhetorical figure when he declared in an epitaph that Dunstable "Dispersed the knowledge of music through the world." Dunstable died in 1453, and was buried in St. Stephen's Church, Walbrook, where a monument to him will be found, replacing one destroyed by fire. Little as we know about him, Dunstable was not only the greatest composer in the world in his own day, but, it has truly been said, in some respects the most remarkable figure in the whole history of music. England in Dunstable's day was, undoubtedly, the most musical country in the world.

The prophet's mantle did not fall on his own countrymen. The Belgians appreciated Dunstable, or, at least, understood his principles, better than our forefathers did. And for half a century or so, 1480-1530, they held undisputed sway in the realm of music.

But the fates had decreed that England was to be the pioneer nation in composition, not only of polyphonic vocal music, but of instrumental. Such was the proficiency of the early sixteenth century English composers for the virginal, spinet, and harpsichord, that though it is not known by whom a keyboard was first attached to a string instrument, foreign writers and British agree that it was probably in this country. Mr. Henry Davy regards the virginal music of Hugh Aston, written about 1510, as "the earliest known instrumental compositions" (presumably he regards Conrad Paumann's fragments for organ, written some fifty years earlier, as not deserving the title "composition"); and as enabling England to claim "the glory of having invented instrumental as well as vocal composition.\*"

Monumental evidence of England's supremacy on the keyboard exists in the magnificent MS. collection of clavier music, popularly known as "Queen Elizabeth's," but more correctly as the "Fitzwilliam" Virginal Book.† There is no other such collection in the world. "Parthenia, or the Maydenhead of the first musicke that ever was printed for the Virginnalls," published in 1611, should be mentioned. It was frequently reprinted, and was the first music of any kind printed from engraved plates. The English instrumental school of the sixteenth century was, to a

\* *History of English Music*, pp. 78, 96.

† The book on *The Sources of Keyboard Music in England*, by the Belgian Professor, Charles van der Borren, just published, is mainly founded on this MS.

great extent, the germ, by the admission of Teutonic writers themselves, from which sprang the modern orchestral school. During a greater part of the sixteenth century England was for the second, if not the third, time in the forefront of musical nations, and English instrumentalists were in as great demand abroad as foreign musicians have since been in Great Britain. The works of the famous lutenist, John Dowland, whom some regard as the first secular composer of note, were printed at Paris, Antwerp, Cologne, Heidelberg, Nuremberg, Frankfort, Leipzig, Amsterdam, Utrecht, and Hamburg.

In 1562 Palestrina produced his famous "Missa Papæ Marcelli," and Italy may be regarded as having thereby entered on her long supremacy, to be followed in the early eighteenth century by Germany.

Nevertheless, during the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries English music stood extremely high. Orlando Gibbons, "the English Palestrina," dramatic music apart, was the ablest musician of his time, 1583-1625, in Europe. This eminence was particularly marked in regard to secular vocal music. The greatest of all madrigal writers was, perhaps, Luca Marenzio; but of the seven greatest madrigal composers, as given by Bonavia Hunt, six were English. Nor was this England's greatest achievement, for the makers of vocal music during its "Golden Age" in this country did much more than equal, or even excel, their foreign contemporaries along well-worn paths: they broke new ground: they invented one of the most important forms in which music for the voice is now found.

Music for several simultaneous voices was for centuries the only form in which vocal art-music, as distinct from folk-song, was written. Vocal solos such as are now found in operas, oratorios, and art-songs were unknown. The credit of originating them was for long attributed to Caccini, whose *Nuove Musiche*, containing accompanied recitatives, appeared in 1602; and to Francesco Cavalli, in whose *Giasone* (1649) recitative first develops into a distinct air. But the honour more properly belongs to English composers. For in 1587 William Byrd published an arrangement for several voices of a set of songs with instrumental accompaniment which had been originally composed as solo-songs. And in 1601 two collections of solo-songs were published in this country: Jones's *Second Book of Ayres* claims to be the first of its kind; but a collection issued by Campion and Roseter in the same year is more typical of the new school. These are the earliest printed solo-songs in existence. Two other vocal forms indisputably owe their origin to English composers—the anthem and glee; and, if it is not too small a thing to mention, the Anglican chant may be added. The hymn-tune, too, as distinct from the severer German chorale, may almost be claimed as a British invention, on so vast a scale and in such variety have we developed it, while other nations have done little or nothing. Naturally, in these peculiarly national forms British composers have excelled.

Mr. Chappell describes the universality of music during the Elizabethan and subsequent period very vividly: "Tinkers sang catches; milkmaids sang ballads; carters whistled; each trade, and



even the beggars, had their special songs; the bass-viol hung in the drawing room for the amusement of waiting visitors; and the lute, cittern, and virginals, for the amusement of waiting customers, were the necessary furniture of the barber's shop.\* They had music at dinner; music at supper; music at weddings; music at funerals; music at night; music at dawn; music at work; and music at play." As a natural outcome of this democratic spirit, England produced the "first secular composer"—the first who had no official connection with the Church—Thomas Campion (1575-1619), the popularity of whose works all over Europe has already been alluded to.

No wonder that, as the Bohemian historian, Ambros, points out, we English have taken a greater and more continuous delight in the music of the Elizabethan composers than any other nation in its older music-makers. Of music composed between 1550 and 1630 it is only the English which has secured a permanent hold, and been performed through three centuries.

If the mother-country of the greatest composer living is necessarily the most musical nation, then England enjoyed this position for the third, if not the fourth, time a century after ceding it to Italy. For Henry Purcell was undoubtedly the greatest composer in the world during the fifteen years before his lamentably early death in 1696. With his last breath there passed away unfulfilled the greatest promise England has had since Elizabethan days of a national school of composition.

The invention in Rome and Florence in 1600 of the two greatest forms in which music is cast, oratorio and opera, gave an immense impetus to Italianism in music, which no English composer after Purcell was strong enough to counterbalance. And this, despite the fact that in England opera had an independent origin of its own—it was a development of the older out-door "masque."

Purcell's musical and dramatic genius was vastly superior to that of any contemporary except, perhaps, Alessandro Scarlatti; and in the latter respect his gift was much more marked than that of his great successor in this country. For Handel's operas predeceased him: Purcell's, on the other hand, have had the longest life of any. The audience present at a revival of "Dido and Æneas" a few years ago at the Royal Academy of Music, were struck with the modernity of atmosphere and absence of any sense of anachronism in the music. Excerpts are still given of Alexandro Scarlatti's operas, but not, I believe, the complete works, or those of any other composer who died in the seventeenth century. The massive chorus, which is so essential a feature of all greater vocal works in the present day, though foreshadowed in early French operas, must be credited to Purcell more than to any other one composer. And what the world's greatest master of the chorus, Handel, owes to Purcell, only those who have carefully compared the works of the two men know.† Of great though perhaps lesser service in the evolution of modern musical art was Purcell's development of orchestral accompaniment.

\* With this contrast the Continental practice of accumulating instruments, as curiosities, in the palaces of grandees. In 1598 Duke Alphonso II. of Modena had fifty-two clavier instruments!

† See, e.g., E. V. Rendall's paper in *Musical Times*, 1895, p. 293.

The period from Purcell's death till, early in the nineteenth century, the operas of Balfe and Wallace began to spread over Europe, has generally been looked upon as the blackest in Britain's musical history. If this verdict must be accepted the eighteenth century does not come under the scope of this article. But it may be pointed out that our historians have been somewhat more shame-faced than they need have been.

Only three Italian operas of the eighteenth century have survived: Pergolese's "*La Serva Padrona*" (1733); Paisiello's opera of the same name (1769); and Cimarosa's "*La Matrimonio Segreto*" (1792). Against these we may place Shields' "*Rosina*," "a work of genius" which kept the stage for fifty years; Arne's "*Artaxerxes*," which was last performed in 1829, sixty-seven years after its composition; and Dibdin's "*Waterman*" and "*The Quaker*," and Storace's "*No Song: No Supper*," which were occasionally heard a hundred years after their preludial notes first broke the silence. "*The Beggar's Opera*," too, produced in 1727, though often disdained as artistically worthless, did much to promote naturalness and local colour in opera proper, and is still occasionally heard, the last occasion being in 1872, or 1875†—nearly a century and a-half after its first performance. The period was one of great activity. More operas were *printed*, though not composed, in England than in Italy. Storace composed fourteen, Arne twenty-three, and Arnold forty. Many of these were highly successful and long-lived; and English opera-goers in the eighteenth century heard vastly more works by native composers than they do now-a-days! The piano, invented in Italy about 1710, was perfected, and first used at concerts, in London some eighty years later; our metropolis thereby becoming the centre of the piano trade and exporting instruments to the Continent. Muzio Clementi, "the Father of the Pianoforte," and his pupil, Cramer, lived and produced their best works here. The blackness of this period was not a "darkness which could be felt" by those who lived in it. For R. J. S. Stevens, the Gresham Professor, writing in 1779, declared that music in England was then "thought to be in greater perfection than among the Italians themselves." If Britain produced none of music's greatest prophets at this time, neither did she stone them. The art has always been more democratic in this country than abroad. British composers have never occupied the servile position in some magnate's retinue usual on the Continent, and which so galled Haydn. No English Mozart has been buried in a pauper's grave. Our chief musicians have been laid to rest in St. Paul's Cathedral or Westminster Abbey. Not only so, but many such prophets have been more honoured here than in their own country. It was not a German but an Englishman, Samuel Wesley, nephew of the founder of Methodism, who first recognised the stupendous genius of John Sebastian Bach, and declared it to the world. His own countrymen had no idea of it till, thirty years after Wesley's propaganda, and eighty after Bach's death, Mendelssohn took the wool out of their

\* *Oxford History of Music.*

† A correspondent who was present is unable to inform me which was the correct date.

ears! Handel's operas were much more appreciated in this country than abroad. "The Messiah" was introduced into Germany, not by one of its composer's fellow-countrymen, but by an Englishman, Michael Arne. All the greatest oratorios, Handel's, Haydn's, Mendelssohn's masterpieces, were composed for this "country without music," as two German professors have recently called us. When Mayseder asked Beethoven whether we were not unmusical, the master replied that "the English were the only people who appreciated himself."

Even when the term of its premiership has passed, a nation often retains its eminence in some particular branch of the art. And in such claims to distinction Great Britain has never been lacking. We have been famed for our choral singing since, and probably before, the days when Thomas à Becket, and, later, Henry V., took English choirs over to the continent. To-day, our festival choirs are the finest choruses in the world, and the standard of singing in our cathedrals and larger parish churches is far higher than is the case abroad. The same may be said of organ playing: as lieges of the King of Instruments we stand higher than any other people in the world. In part it is a reluctant admission of this, and in part satire on our lamentable weakness, since Purcell's day, in orchestral music, that Continental critics never tire of calling us "a nation of organists." In educational works Great Britain has often given a lead. Of the twenty most important treatises on music from Boethius in the sixth century to Rameau in the eighteenth, nine were by Englishmen, and several of these remained authoritative for centuries here and abroad. Under Edward III, the art formed an integral part of the system of education; students of the Inns of Court learnt both to sing and play instruments. And, as we learn from the prologue to Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," music was cultivated more or less by persons of all conditions. In Scotland Sang Scules were established from the thirteenth century onwards; that erected at Aberdeen in 1370 acquired a European reputation. They differed from those of other countries in not being confined to cathedral cities nor to membership of church choirs. Our universities were the second—the Spanish being the first—to grant degrees in music, the earliest being conferred in 1473. A century later inability to sing from notes was regarded as a sign of deficient education; and after another hundred years even servant girls were expected to possess this accomplishment.

The Musicians' Company of London, the direct descendant of those "beloved minstrels" to whom Edward IV. granted a charter in 1469, is the oldest living musical society in the Western World. The society next in age would appear to be that of St. Cecilia, in Rome, founded by Palestrina in 1594. Germany, according to Dr. Riemann's Dictionary, can boast of no existing society earlier than 1859. The first "Passion" known is English; none can be traced on the Continent till long after 1490, which is approximately the date of an imperfect St. Matthew "Passion" by Richard Davy.\*

But, perhaps, the feature of highest value, and of greatest

\* Included in the "Eton College MS.": see Henry Davey, *History of English Music*, p. 90.

promise for the future, among musical conditions peculiar to Britain, is the fact that the Island Kingdom can boast a longer continuous musical history than any other country in the Western world! The Russian School penetrates time to a depth of only seventy years; the French and German schools to about three hundred and fifty years; the Italian barely four centuries; Great Britain, reckoning, as is usual, from Dunstable, five hundred years. But this estimate is an instance of the understatement of their own case characteristic of English musical writers.\* Grotesquely inadequate as is Dr. Emil Naumann's treatment of British music, he does us the justice of dating the English school from "somewhat earlier than 1360." In the present writer's opinion it should be dated from "Sumer is icumen in," 1226—seven hundred years!

It is impossible thus to review the nations which have occupied the throne of music in the past without wondering on whom the crown is likely to descend in the future. The greatest composers born during the last century have come from no one nation. Excluding those now living, the most prominent among them are Glinka, César Cui, Moussorgsky, Tschaiikowsky, and Arensky—Russians; Balfe, Wallace, Sterndale-Bennett, and Sullivan—Britons; Coleridge-Taylor, the Anglo-African; Mendelssohn, Franz, Schumann, Wagner, Brahms, Raff—Germans; Dvorak, the Bohemian; Bellini and Verdi, Italians; Gade, the Dane; César Franck, the Belgian; Berlioz, David, Saint-Saens, Delibes, Gounod, Offenbach, Bizet, among many distinguished French composers. In regard to future development, however, the record of the nations varies much more in promise than a cursory glance at this list would suggest. For while the work of the Russian school may be equalled by some of its neighbours, it has been attained in a fifth of the time, and represents a rapidity of growth unequalled in the chronicles of the art. And Mr. Arthur Pougin, in his *Short History of Russian Music*, is probably building no mere castle in the air when he avows a hope that "some day Russia may take its place at the head of the musical nations of Europe."

But of living composers our own Mackenzie, Parry, Stanford, Cowen, Elgar, Ethel Smyth, and Edward German form a worthy counterpart to a similar list which may be drawn from any other country. Of the two greatest composers living, one, Sir Edward Elgar, is an Englishman, the other being Richard Strauss. And whether it be in the near or distant future, it is not only possible but probable that the country which "invented the art of composition"; laid the foundation of the instrumental school; has always been famous for its choral singing; and has the longest musical history of any European nation, will, once again, lead the world in the Divine Art.

CLEMENT ANTROBUS HARRIS.

\* The reputation of Great Britain as a musical nation has also suffered grievously from the grotesque neglect of music by our general historians. In the third chapter of his famous *History of England*, Macaulay deals at length not merely with the later seventeenth century, but in particular with its arts and sciences. Yet he never once alludes to Henry Purcell, who was the greatest composer England has ever produced, and the greatest composer in the world at the time; or to music at all!

## OUR DARTMOOR POSTMAN.

**W**HAT a day! I sit writing in our Room of Sunshine, with both sets of casements flung wide to the sun, who is pouring floods of gold over the old Chippendale, tortoiseshell, silver; and painting long vivid rainbows of green, violet, yellow and scarlet on the huge black oak beams of the ceiling. King Sun steals these colours from the large cut crystal ball in one window seat. Through one casement we see a row of queenly Madonna lilies swaying in the glory of early morning; through the other is a dazzling tangle of blue cornflowers, orange poppies, dark ruby roses, crimson candytuft, and salmon-pink sweet peas. We are awaiting the mail, and, just now, he will have reached what I call the Postman's Way. If you dwellers in the city could see our Postman's Way! It is a velvety-smooth green turf road, which meanders gently from the glittering white granite highway down to a boggy stream-washed hollow, by a little rough granite bridge. Over a thousand feet above sea-level, its higher end commands a view into the wide blue of Teignmouth Harbour: sapphire, set with pearl-white sails. Right from the Postman's Way stretches a plain of golden dale gorse that ceases at the foot of Rippon Tor, who rises, robed in his regal trappings of purple ling, straight into the blue of heaven.

Ever since the days of mails has the postman followed this moor track, and it is unlikely that even modern civilisation will ever alter his outward way. It would never pay any railway to engineer a line to this remote village. Wheeled vehicles, and even cunning moor ponies are only of limited use in the delivery of letters, for the farms are so scattered, and their approaches so primitive that even a pony cannot always surmount the walls, boulders, stiles, and other obstacles in the postman's path. So he is likely to continue to bear our mails across the moor upon his back for an incalculable number of years. One loves to think of that precious mail-bag making its beautiful journey, a bag stuffed with laughter, tears, joy, sorrow, love. Few things in life are more sacred than letters, and few things exercise a greater influence upon the shaping of destinies. Across the moor track they come, the messages of life and of death. We have only one mail a day, and always the same man brings it, so the personal element is strongly in evidence, and no one can help loving this faithful public servant whom we meet every day in the year except Sundays and Good Fridays.

Ah! I see a peaked cap appearing above the swaying lilies! His Majesty's mail is in!

As I have previously remarked, the postman is a wit, and his auxiliaries cause him some anxiety and me much amusement. He is reduced now to the services of an aged, aged man, who does the six miles bravely. The other morning, the postman handed me the letters and said in a confidential tone, "Old John is coming outward, m'm. He has a lot of parcels that I haven't had time really to sort. Might I ask if you would be so kind as just to see, when

he comes, that your goods are correct, and that nothing for anyone else is left here or anything of yours taken on?"

The dazzling truth flashed on me.

"You don't mean to say," I exclaimed, "that even you have succeeded in breaking the record by getting a man who can't read?"

The postman did not reply. He never does when silence is more artistic than speech. He looked at me with pools of sadness in his eyes, shook his head slowly, shouldered his lightened bag, and resumed his way villageward.

Now, I ask, is there any other place in England where the parcel postman cannot read even the addresses and names on the parcels?

In due course, old John arrived, laid his entire consignment out upon the steps for my selection, silently watched me helping myself, and meekly received the residue after I had finished.

A little while ago, a firm in New York sent me a small sum in that form of torture a foreign money order, payable at the distant town. With all such things the wretched postman has to cope, while I sit at home in luxurious idleness. I showed him the cryptic portion of the document vouchsafed to me on which the information is practically *nil*. All the really interesting data are reserved for the edification of the Postmaster-General. "You see," I explained, "they never give the name of the payee on these things. Your postmaster holds the precious secret. Can you find out for me in what name they have made it payable? In short, I am in that mood that I don't know my own name to-day."

He wagged his head reprovingly, and remarked, "Has there been some extra strong drink for breakfast in this house this morning, m'm?" Next morning, he brought the reassuring news of what my name is, took my signed certificate, and the following day produced the correct sum of money. From all of which it may be inferred that to cash a foreign money order upon Dartmoor is an affair demanding time, experience, and evasion of the post office regulations.

One aggravating characteristic of the postman's is that he never has any change to speak of, and cash in these regions is scarce, especially since the issue of paper money. In olden days we used to cash cheques by various intricate methods in which anybody in the village with a little money used to subscribe until the total sum was reached. But now, if you cash a cheque, you only get paper money back, which is useless for the small sums that have to be constantly paid at the door, so I try to bleed the postman. He never has as much as ten shillings on him, but I collect half-crowns and florins and barter them for a scratch lot of change in pence, sixpences, and odds and ends of stamps which he carries. When he arrives, I say, "Turn out your pockets and let's see what you are worth." Lively sparring goes on because he always declares I take from him more than I give back. Once he gave me four penny stamps for sixpence. I counted them and exclaimed, "Look here! What do you call this? You have sold me four stamps for six in the presence of two witnesses. I have caught you at last." He handed me two more stamps. "Quite true, m'm, and I'm sorry.

But allow me to say I have done it in the presence, not of two witnesses, but of one reliable witness." And he cocked an impudent eye at the Rainbow maker, who, of course, encourages him.

He has a funny trick of kneeling on this doorstep while he is waiting for our letters to take back. I remarked on this, and he retorted, "Don't think, m'm, that it is veneration. I do it as an outward act of penance for having to call at such a house." There is, of course, always a perennial discussion here as to right time. One day I said, "I'll take the time if you have it on you." He answered, "I am quite aware, madam, that you are fully capable of taking a man's watch from him if you could do it unseen." Lately, the man who made the window has been repairing one of the garden gates. The postman hailed him with delight, and they entered into a highly technical discussion as to the price of wood. The postman's day begins at 5 a.m., includes a walk of fourteen miles, carrying a maximum weight of thirty-five pounds, and a return to town at 11 a.m. In the afternoon, he bicycles three miles each way to a pillar-box to collect for the evening mail. As this programme is not sufficient for his energies, he kills time by cabinet making in between his postal duties, and what he and the man who made the window don't know about wood is not worth knowing. I put my head through an upper window to listen delighted to the flow of wisdom in the broad, rapid, liquid Devon dialect. Neither man saw me. At last I chipped into the conversation with a remark. The man who made the window jumped. The postman, as usual, was equal to the occasion. He looked up with a twinkle. "It strikes me, m'm, that the *one above* not only sees all but hears all."

One of the excitements of the day is to see off the London mail. Our postman returns in the morning with letters for local mails, which do not help the things going further afield. The London mail proper leaves the village at a quarter to four, passing a way-side pillar-box where we head off the postman when we are too belated to catch him in the village. It takes four postmen to serve this tiny place, and the afternoon man is as decorous as the morning one is the reverse. He appears in sight of the pillar-box, escorted by a rabble of children, who worship him. He produces a key, unlocks the box, takes out the letters in it, among which are always sundry pennies wrapped up in paper, dropped in by luckless wights who have no stamps, locks up the box, changes the tab, adds the collection to his bag, re-arranges the two strings of children, and sets forth again. One favoured child on each side holds his hands, and the other children join on, hand-in-hand. In autumn, the postman is draped all over with bright dead birds and great bunches of heather, none of which articles are ever wrapped up. He hangs them about all over him to straps and buttons. Thus he vanishes round the vista of Flower-starred Lane, escorted by the happy children, draped with moorland spoil, blowing at intervals on his shrill whistle to apprise distant farms of his coming.

The London mail has gone.

BEATRICE CHASE.

## THE NATIONAL BABY WEEK.

**T**HE Baby Week is an American idea. The first was held at Chicago, the second at New York, in 1914. The idea of a week dedicated to the welfare of babies appealed equally to American sentiment and American common-sense. In the words of the U.S. Government Report :—

“ Lectures, exhibits, baby-health conferences and contests, school programmes, parades, plays, the distribution of pamphlets, leaflets, and other printed matter on the care of the baby, newspaper publicity, and other expedients were used to concentrate attention for seven days on the baby's needs, with an emphasis calculated to inspire a popular response and result in permanent work for the reduction of infant mortality, and for improvement in conditions affecting the welfare of babies and young children.”

In 1915 the General Federation of Women's Clubs and the Children's Bureau announced their intention of co-operating in a Nation-Wide Baby Week, to be held in March, 4-11th, 1916. Of the 14,186 incorporated cities, towns, and villages of the U.S., 4,234 applied for pamphlets and directions, and authentic reports of 2,100 celebrations reached the U.S. Children's Bureau : “ indefinite reports ” showed that this was far below the actual total. It was decided to hold a Baby Week in 1917 also.

The initial steps for the National Baby Week Campaign in the United Kingdom were taken by a Provisional Committee from the following societies : The National Association for the Prevention of Infant Mortality ; the Women's Imperial Health Association ; the National Society of Day Nurseries ; the Association of Infant Welfare and Maternity Centres ; the National Institute of Mothercraft ; the Eugenics Education Society ; the National Institute for the Blind. It formed a National Council and an Executive Committee to carry out the National Baby Week. A deputation of them waited on Lord Rhondda, President of the Local Government Board, and representatives of the Board of Education and the Home Office. Lord Rhondda became Chairman of the National Council of Baby Week, and the three Government Departments undertook to distribute various leaflets for it. The hearty support and co-operation of the Local Government Board was promised and has been given. The National Council for Baby Week, of which H.M. the Queen is Patron, the Prime Minister is President, Lord Rhondda Chairman, and Major the Hon. Waldorf Astor Vice-Chairman, consists of representatives of eighty-two great associations, including all those immediately connected with motherhood and infancy welfare, and also the chief Social-Welfare and Educative organisations, like the Salvation Army, the Church Army, the Sunday School Union, the United Kingdom Alliance and the Associations of Headmasters and Headmistresses. It has an Executive Committee, of which Dr. Eric Pritchard is Chairman, and Miss Alice Elliott (6, Holles Street, W.) General Secretary, and five Sub-Committees : Finance, Press and Publication, Propaganda, Exhibitions, and Speakers.



This machinery, with the 350 local Committees already formed, under the chairmanship of the Mayors in the chief towns, and of some prominent local personage where there is no Mayor, may appear excessive for the celebration of a Baby Week. But the fact that it is headed by the Prime Minister and the President of the Local Government Board is the measure of its importance.

In 1915, in war-time, death carried off more British babies than British soldiers. Therefore, the obvious way of repairing the wastage of the war is to save the babies. The object of the National Baby Week is to show how they can be saved. There are 700,000 babies in the United Kingdom. If the 100,000 babies who die in their first year and the equal number who die before birth, were saved, we should have 900,000. 250 babies out of every 1,000 die before birth or in their first year. Now that the old theories for restraining population are exploded, and it is recognised that power, commercial as well as military, is based on population, the loss of power inflicted by this wastage in babies is criminal. Since 5,000,000 young adult males of the country are under arms, and many thousands get killed every year while the war lasts, the birthrate must drop. It is, therefore, more important than ever to preserve the lives of the children who are born. Never was this so difficult. A large proportion of mothers who in ordinary times would not be employed in any trade, but would be at home looking after their children, are now absent for many hours a day doing war-work, which in itself from its strenuous nature has a prejudicial effect upon births.

The figures of infant mortality are terrifying. In the United Kingdom alone a baby dies every five minutes. Out of every 1,000 eleven die in the first twenty-four hours, twenty-two in the first seven days, thirty-six in the first month, and experts tell us that 50 per cent. of these might be saved, because where one baby is getting help, nine are getting none. To put this right, we require 8,000 or 9,000 infant welfare and maternity centres, where only 800 or 900 exist, and 1,800 health visitors, where we only have 600. These are of the utmost importance, since it is calculated that half of the 100,000 babies who perish annually "die a fortuitous and avoidable death." To take one instance only: The number of infant crèches being hopelessly inadequate, many of the women who are employed in munitions works and other industries, have to leave their little children at home neglected. It is not surprising in these circumstances that the National Society of Day Nurseries was one of the seven societies which started the National Baby Week. The insufficient number of infant crèches partly explains the enormous difference between the professional classes and the artisan classes in the loss of babies. The former lose under fifty per 1,000, the latter over 150 per 1,000.

Among other outstanding causes are inferior housing, sanitation, medical attendance, and, perhaps, food, though during the war, when wages have risen enormously and the incomes of the professional classes have declined ominously, artisans have been spending more on food than professional people. There are cross-currents. The professional classes buy their food, prepare it, and

use it more economically. But the children of the artisan class should be as healthy as the children of the professional class, because their parents are of a robust strain and marry young. Then why do over 150 per 1,000 artisan babies die, where fewer than 50 per 1,000 professional classes babies die? Because they run greater risks. It is to diminish these risks that the National Baby Week was started. And since the death-rate of professional classes babies can be considerably reduced by a greater obedience to hygienic laws, under ideal conditions the percentage of artisan baby losses could be further reduced.

The statistics of infant mortality in certain well-contrasted districts of London are eloquent. Hampstead, a high-lying, healthy suburb, with a large percentage of well-off inhabitants, has an infant mortality rate of 74 per 1,000 in babies of all classes; Shoreditch has 148 per 1,000, the reasons being pithily summarised in the pamphlet entitled "Urgent Call to Save Babies," issued by the National Baby Week Council, as "worse housing conditions, more ignorance, more dirt, inferior food, vitiated air." One might add, "the want of skilled assistance."

The present provisions for infant welfare being utterly inadequate, a National Baby Week has been organised for July 1st-7th, 1917 (1) to arouse the sense of racial responsibility in every citizen, and secure to every child born in the United Kingdom a birthright of mental and bodily health; (2) to explain, assist, and extend the work of the various children's and mothers' welfare societies; (3) to promote the immediate provision of additional crèches, visitors, mothers' schools and maternity centres; (4) to assist in the combating of disease, ignorance, carelessness, and the evils arising from improper conditions; (5) to raise a large and adequate fund for achieving these aims and objects with the least possible delay. To show how this may be done, leaflets have been prepared for the citizens, parents, clergy, teachers, &c., of the United Kingdom, acquainting them with the facts of infant mortality, and informing them how they can influence those who are in the habit of looking to them for a lead. Mrs. H. B. Irving has written, produced, and acted in an admirable motherhood play, which has been reproduced by the Transatlantic Film Company, and will be shown at the leading cinemas. Moreover, Mothercraft and Child Welfare exhibitions will be held all over the country during the National Baby Week, July 1st-7th, including the London exhibition, which will take place at the Central Hall, Westminster, and will be opened on July 2nd by H.M. the Queen.

On Sunday, July 1st, the National Baby Week will be inaugurated by sermons from the Clergy of all Denominations. The ceremonial inauguration is on Monday, July 2nd, at the Guildhall, the Lord Mayor of London in the chair; the meeting will be addressed by the Food Controller (Lord Rhondda), the Minister of Education (Mr. Fisher), and the Duchess of Marlborough. It only remains to say that a British colony leads the way in Baby Reform. New Zealand, owing to the interest shown by a former Governor's wife, Lady Plunket, and to the preventive work done there, as well as to better housing

and feeding, has the lowest infant death-rate in the world,\* and much larger families. Here, in this matter, Parliament and the Municipalities are for once ahead of public opinion. English men and women fail to visualise the baby of to-day as the child of to-morrow, and the man of the future. They regard babies as a subject for humour. If only they knew what the workers know about present conditions, the necessary reforms would be made in a year.

When will men realise that women do not know by instinct how to look after babies, that maternal instinct does not confer skill? Babies are not like kittens; they can only be reared by intelligence. The Public Health authorities have to set up the machinery; the Infant Welfare workers carry it to the people. The former are under the local authorities, who, in their turn, are under the Local Government Board. The L.G.B., having recognised the importance of the National Baby Week movement, has brought great pressure to bear on the local authorities. Most of them have responded well, but some are still holding back and doing nothing.

The object of the National Baby Week is to show what has been done, what is being done, and what has to be done. To achieve this there will be National Baby Week exhibitions and propaganda, with banners and badges, all over the Kingdom, July 1st-7th, 1917, and in every succeeding year. But it must not be forgotten that the National Baby Week is not an end, but a means. The work the National Council is doing is permanent. It seeks so to perfect the Infant Welfare machinery that Maternity shall have proper conditions, and mothers shall be properly trained. The highest need better conditions as well as the lowest. To write of *the survival of the fittest* is only another way of writing *waste*.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

\* 50 per 1,000, against the 110 per 1,000 in the U.K.

## LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

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## PLEASANT MERCY COMES TO TOWN.

THE Town was not London. London was not large enough for Pleasant Mercy. What are seven hundred square miles to a lady who thinks in terms of continents and to whom New York is a suburb of North America and Boston an outlying village? So Mrs. Pleasant Mercy Barton came to the town or township of Wiltwater, and the circumstances of her coming are not without interest to the Anglo-Saxon race. It was in this wise. A woman of formidable presence and unconquerable will, she achieved a hope expressed, fulfilled a vow registered, in the days of her slimness, when there was no more delightful figure in that old-world New England township that she adorned—a vow to run her ancestors to earth, to their churchyard so to speak, and to clasp hands with her cousins who bore the name of Worthy. There is nothing so good (if you are a woman) as having a goal in youth to which you can subordinate brothers and sisters, husband and children, and all other doers of your will.

Mr. Barton, in private life, was a silent man. His chief recreations were tobacco, the works of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and the voice of Mrs. Barton. In business life he was a merchant who dealt in timber on a fabulous scale. In public life he was a leading advocate of the Unity of the Anglo-Saxon race. In religious matters he was a Unitarian by preference and an Episcopalian by necessity. Mrs. Barton was an Episcopalian. He subscribed with incredible liberality to both communities, and he founded (and endowed) The Society for the Unification of the Anglo-Saxon Race. Iced water he drank by preference, but he tolerated the home-brewed beer that Mrs. Barton brewed (on her little model farm of 500 acres—a "gentleman's farm"—in a nameless and remote part of New England) from a recipe in an ancestral manuscript, and very yellow, book of recipes. That book and another Book—a family Bible—were the Lares and Penates of the farm. In the Book of Recipes, on a fly-sheet, there was scrawled in a bold, childish, but determined hand, the words "Pleasant Mercy Worthy, September 3rd, 1658." Under this were the letters, the words were illegible, "Bl . . . w . . . d . . . rm

... il . . . . ter." The Bible was more explicit. There were many entries of baptisms, marriages, and deaths of the Worthy family, bringing the story down to the year 1717 in England. Then there was a gap, and the record began again in 1776 with the New England branch. But the Book contained no name of any place. To find the place and the cousins was Mrs. Barton's life-task. There were family traditions of Exeter, of Wells, even of Bristol. It was out of Bristol that her ancestor had sailed. But nothing could be traced. The only hope seemed the scrawl in the Book of Recipes. But not quite the only hope. There was "the Worthy Bowl," a West of England punch-bowl of excellent dimensions, into which were burnt the names of a direct ancestor and all his children, of whom Alfred Worthy, the ancestor of Pleasant Mercy, was one. Then there was tradition, vague, tempting, and delicious, of a great wild moor, of a rushing river, of mysterious woods where the original Alfred wandered as a child when he lived—just think of it!—with his grandfather on "a farm." That tradition had been handed down, but it meant little to Mrs. Barton, who did not know what a moor was, and suspected that there were hundreds, if not thousands, of such moors in England. That tradition took them all back to Shakespeare's time, for the grandfather of Alfred of the Bowl must have been living when that chief of the immortals walked our English woods. There were other links, a tiny miniature of the original Pleasant Mercy, a maiden of the Commonwealth fair to view, a copy of Mr. Richard Baxter's famous work, "Now or Never," issued in 1662, a ring with a posy in it,

"Wilt water earth with tears?

Nay, smile and bless the years."

P. M. W., 1678,

very worn and blurred, and, strangest of all, a christening mug, P.M.W., 1658. That was all; and Mrs. Barton spent her spare time till she was long past middle age trying to piece it together. Had she seen the pun in the posy all would have been well. But punning is not a tradition in New England. Then in 1912 she visited England, Exeter and Wells, and settled down in Bristol, walking for weeks the haunted streets and churches and quays and the uttermost purlieus of that renowned city. She visualised Alfred Worthy and all that was his setting forth to the New World. Here, indeed, was something, and one August day she and her obedient follower and companion, Miss Esther Screed, went mad with excitement at seeing over the dingy entrance to a marine store the magic words, "Alfred Worthy, Marine Store Dealer." She bustled into the smell of the shop, and saw Mrs. Worthy, a pleasant, stout-looking woman, who knew nothing at all about her husband's family. Her husband was at sea. He was a mate on a steam trawler. Her only son was at sea. He was in the Royal Navy. But she had a photograph of her son; would the lady like to see it? It was a wonderful photograph, and out of it smiled an untroubled face. It was a roasting day, but Mrs. Barton turned pale with excitement. She said to Mrs. Worthy, "I will be back in an hour," and fled, with Miss Screed fleeing (in the dreadful Bristol heat) after her. How they arrived at the hotel

alive is a mystery. Any other women would have been killed by the trams or destroyed by sunstroke. It never occurred to them to get into a tram or a taxicab. The sane and sober American mind had been overwhelmed by the feeling that the Great Event was about to happen. Back they came, carrying a large framed photograph of a young man in a yachting suit. Mrs. Worthy, scenting mysteries, lured them into a back parlour, and suddenly placed strong black tea before them, of which all three ladies partook in silence. Then Mrs. Barton laid her photograph on the table. "Who's son is that?" Mrs. Worthy looked at it cautiously and critically. There was money as well as mystery in this business. "It do favour Alfred," said she, "an' it do favour still more my husband." In fact, the photographs were marvellously alike: the same untroubled face, the same serene smile. Alfred Barton's face was thinner, and the cheek bones a little higher. "Where did your husband come from?" "I do not rightly know." "Where did you meet him first?" "At Barum Fair. Here be the fairings," and she pointed out two old jugs on the mantel-shelf. "Is that all? Where were you married?" She thought. "At Barum Church on Whit Sunday, 1870, it being nine o'clock in the morning." There was nothing more. Mrs. Barton gave her American address and a five-pound note, and said that any information as to the Worthy family would be well rewarded. She tried to find Barum, but no one knew where it was, and so from the very shadow of the truth she fled back to her New England farm. From this new information and her existing material, any solicitor in Bristol would have unravelled the riddle; but Pleasant Mercy preferred to slip home and think it out for herself.

When Mr. Worthy, mate of the s.s. *Golden West*, returned from trawling, he heard the story, and turned it over and over like a quid. "Why didn't wold 'ooman wend up to Wiltwater?" "Wur you a Wiltwater man, Alfred?" He was a silent man, and had never told her, and she, a loquacious woman, had never asked. "My wold aunt do live there now. I will go one day and ask her what it do all mean. She be very wold, and should know." For months he turned it over like a quid on sea and ashore. The turning over filled the whole winter and the following spring, and then one day he and his wife and Alfred, the gigantic son, visited the little farm at Wiltwater. They were made welcome, and old Miss Worthy began to ransack her memory and her keepsakes. The visit had been hastened by a parcel from Mrs. Barton, in which she enclosed a photograph of the signature in the yellow recipe book and the mysterious half-obliterated words, and also photographs of the bowl, of the fly-leaf of the Bible, and of Alfred Barton. "They be relations," said Pleasant Mercy Worthy. "She do have my christening names, and he do have your Alfred's face. Go you away, and I will think it all over and over." And she and her niece thought it over and over for months, and Alfred Worthy, the servant of the King, got into the habit of spending all the leave there was helping the niece to help the prehistoric aunt to think it over and over. Then the war came . . . .

Mr. Barton rose to the war like a salmon to a fly. It gave The Society for the Unification of the Anglo-Saxon Race a unique opportunity and also a unique danger. If he did not act at once the war would do the work of the Society. So he determined that the Society should at once hold out the right hand of fellowship to the British Empire. The Society (it really had another name, but it was generally known as SUAS) established lodges from the Pacific to the Atlantic, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Great Lakes. The great brain that had brought the forest primeval into every household and workshop of the known world was now turned on to another form of organisation. Within the limits of strict neutrality he carried on a campaign that was Napoleonic in its scope and purpose. If the German agents had only had a man like Mr. Barton the history of the world would have been different. But this is all by the way. The United States came into the war in due course, and if historians neglect to reckon with Mr. Barton it is their loss. He will not mind. He had achieved his goal. The Anglo-Saxon race is unified, and that was all that mattered to a silent, modest man. But Mrs. Barton disclaimed the impersonal touch. She was not satisfied to sit in an office, sip iced water and pull the strings of the Universe to the tune of a long cigar. She meant to be up and doing, and so did her sons. We will only deal with one son, the yachtsman. Mrs. Barton packed for England. She had received a letter from Miss Pleasant Mercy Worthy, of Blackwood Farm, Wiltwater, which cleared up everything, filled up the blanks in the yellow recipe book and in the Family Bible, and made clear the cousinship pure and undefiled. Mrs. Barton cabled at once, regardless of expense and grammar: "Cousins indeed dear Mercy sisters too with you in July and August Brew Beer your affectionate Pleasant Mercy Barton." There was great trouble getting the thing through. The censors suspected a code, the de-coders suspected a lunatic, and it was only after a long cable explaining the situation to the Embassy that the message after many weeks arrived. It was discussed (this is quite private) at the local post-office at immense length. What had Miss Worthy got to do with America? She had never had a letter from America in her life, except the one that had come last week, and that one was in a woman's hand. Why "Brew Beer"? Did "sisters too" mean "two sisters"? and of course Mercy was dear when everything else was dear. "It do beat I," said the operatress, "to think of Miss Worthy having such a message at her age, wold dear." The letter from Mrs. Barton had arrived before the telegram, and, by a strange chance, she herself arrived with the telegram, and not only she but the yachtsman son clad in navy blue. How he came to wear the King's navy blue is one of the mysteries of the war and cannot be told yet, save to say that when his mother saw him last he was going north, to Canada, salmon fishing (he said). He took with him details as to his mother's movements and stopping places (the machinery of the thing is wrapped in mystery, but we get glimpses of cables from a great operating mind in America to an Embassy in London, and facilities for a certain able (very able) seaman from a kindly

and amazed Lieutenant-Commander, but this is almost suggesting too much), and so they met in a westerly port.

Well, it was a lovely evening early in July, and the radiance of June still played in the great green bracken and on the fruit trees and through the tree tops of the forest, an evening for a slow meditative walk, watching the full moon and the sunset intermingling rays. A girl was going up a hill, a pleasant-looking girl, on business bent, with a brick-coloured envelope in her hand. Far ahead of her a tall sailor-man was stepping out; behind her came the roll of wheels and the crackling of hooves. Presently, a pair-horsed hired vehicle from a far-off town drew level with her, and a kindly voice offered her a lift, which she accepted, the delivery of cables being urgent business. There was a big sailor-man in the carriage, and the post-girl eyed him discreetly but in doubt. "It be; na, it iddn't; iss, it be." Their eyes met, and the girl smiled, but received no answering smile. "I guess," said the sailor-man, "that this is a lovely country, Miss." "It be England, Sir," said she, seeing her mistake, and, as she spoke, they drew level with a sweating seaman mounting the hill with gigantic strides and smiling at the moon. "I guess we will give this stranger a ride," said the man from New England. And so Alfred Worthy got up beside the driver, wiping the sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand, and flung the hard-earned drops into the road. Then the post-girl's mind began to wobble. It was well stored with all the folklore of the woods, and she began to be sure that she had been witched. She now remembered being witched the day before. They were at the top of the hill and passed a girl, and Alfred, dropping from the box seat, turned off with her into the woods. It was, in fact, Miss Worthy's niece, and that was a short cut, especially on such a night when the whole woodland was aureoled with silver, to the farm. So the pair were at the farm-gate when a girl came in with a telegram followed by a stout bustling lady who was followed by a mighty seaman. Miss Worthy stood between her great nephew and her niece. Behind them there came the glow of a lamp from a window that offered a quick contrast in colour to the moonlight and the deep shadows of the adjacent wood, and seemed almost part of a purple vestige of sunset. From the wood came the last call of the last cuckoo, over the great mysterious meadow the last skylark sang its curfew song, and from a bunch of hazel bushes thrilled out the nightingale. "I guess we're *here*," said Mrs. Barton, "and this is Mercy." Never before has a maiden lady of eighty been so kissed by a matron of sixty. But it was the real thing, and the party, the cable still being tendered and left unheeded, trooped into the lamp-light of the farm. The post-girl watched the gigantic sailor-men eye each other, saw a shade of suspicion pass into a smile of frank recognition. "I guess," said the New Englander, "that you are no stranger." "We be kin," said the Old Englander, "Shakee hand, mate." "We be witched, Mary," said the post-girl to the niece. "'Twur white witchery," whispered the girl. It had brought the Eldest Daughter home.

J. E. G. DE MONTMORENCY.



## REVIEWS.

## MR. SWINBURNE'S POSTHUMOUS POEMS.\*

Mr. Swinburne clearly intended some, at least, of the poems in this volume to be published, and Mr. Gosse tells us that, with the exception of the outstanding poem of the volume, the rejected Oxford prize poem of 1858 on "The Death of Sir John Franklin," of none of the poems "have we found any evidence" that the poet wished for their destruction. The prize poem Mr. Swinburne, "in the exasperation of disappointment," certainly desired to destroy, and it was only saved by his father. The eleven Border Ballads that Rossetti and Morris suppressed on the ground of their close resemblance to the apparent crudeness (in mid-Victorian eyes) of the early ballads Swinburne deliberately and rightly preserved. He had a perfect ear for metre, and, on this ground, Morris refused to let him edit a collection of Border verse. "Oh, no!" cried that astute craftsman, "that would never do. He would be writing in verses that no one would be able to tell from the original verse." Mr. Gosse adds "the ballads we publish to-day will show the complete justice of Morris's remarks." The ballad entitled "The Worm of Spindlestonheugh" shows the extraordinary gift of uninspired parody that Mr. Swinburne possessed. But the gift was not limited to Border verse. He could, and did, imitate, perhaps unconsciously, the manner of the Elizabethans, and also the manners of the greatest poet of his own age, Robert Browning, and, a lesser achievement, the blank verse of Alfred Tennyson. Who could doubt that the fragment "King Ban" is deliberately based upon *The Idylls of the King*?

- \* "These three held flight upon the leaning lands  
At undern, past the skirt of misty camps,  
Sewn thick from Benwick to the outer march—  
King Ban, and, riding wrist by wrist, Ellayne,  
And caught up with his coloured swathing-bands  
Across her arm, a hindrance in the reins,  
A bauble slipt between the bridle-ties,  
The three months' trouble that was Launceclot.  
For Claudas leant upon the land, and smote  
This way and that way, as a pestilence  
Moves with vague patience in the unclean heat  
This way and that way; so the Gaulish war  
Smote, moving in the marches."

This probably dates from Oxford days, and many of the lines of the considerable fragment are finer than much of Tennyson's best verse.

*Pope Celestin and Giordano* is pure Browning undefiled, and the Pope is Browning's Pope:

- "Ay, the keen spirit eats the flesh like fire,  
It's mere slow poison, this my dignity  
Consumes me; ah, you're just a man, my Count,  
Cannot conceive how God's will overcomes,

\* Posthumous Poems by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Edited by Edmund Gosse, C.B., and Thomas James Wise. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

How the Church bears one's very soul to hold,  
 And stoops the shoulders. . . .  
 Gold said you, gold? There was hair once she had  
 Most like a Byzant painter makes  
 For some saint's face. . . ."

Here are the Pope of *The Ring and the Book* and the Bishop ordering his tomb at Saint Praxed's Church rolled into one with, let us say, a touch of Bishop Bloughram. We may probably date *Pope Celestin* late in the 'sixties.

Fortunately, Mr. Swinburne was able to purge his mind of parody, and form a specific poetry of his own, a poetry that, alas! became-intolerably verbose in his late days, as this volume shows. But this throwing off of external influence was a sudden business. Long before 1870 he was singing as none other, and there are some poems in this volume which show him in his own superb singing robes. *In the Twilight* is one of these, splendid in its outlook as well as its structure, and with a message for these sad days of ours when the twilight of Kings is moving towards the Dawn:—

"What if the morning awake  
 Never of us to be seen?  
 Yet if we die, if we live,  
 That which we have will we give,  
 But what is with us we take,  
 Borne in our hands for her sake  
 Who shall be and is and hath been.

She, though we die, we shall find  
 Surely, though far she be fled,  
 Nay, if we find not at last,  
 We, though we die and go past,  
 Yet shall we leave her behind,  
 Leave to the sons of our kind  
 Men that come after us dead.

These shall say of us then,  
 'Freedom they had not as we,  
 Yet were none of them slaves;  
 Free they lie in their graves,  
 Our fathers, the ancient of men,  
 Souls that awake not again  
 Free, as we living were free.'

Then, if remembrance remain,  
 Shall we not seeing have said  
 Out of the place where we lie,  
 Hearing, rejoice and reply;  
 Men of a world without stain,  
 Sons of men that in vain  
 Lie not for love of you dead."

The great singer was indeed singing for our age; singing the song of the men who have laid them down with a will in order to destroy the despots of Central Europe.

## THE GERMAN TERROR IN BELGIUM.\*

We trust that Mr. Arnold Toynbee's judicial summary of the evidence relating to what he calls "The German Terror in Belgium" will be read throughout the world wherever the English language is spoken. The book is published at a most apt moment. The pacifists and pro-Germans in various countries are now engaged in a movement, focussed at Stockholm, intended to secure a premature peace before German militarism is finally destroyed, and to secure the re-entrance of the German nation into civilised society on terms that would exclude indemnities for crimes committed and guarantees against future crimes. It is difficult to understand the position of the pacifist. He refuses to fight for his own country, but he also refuses to condemn those German armies that have committed every enormity possible to human depravity against not men in arms but children in arms. He has no condemnation for Germany, and is, indeed, anxious that she should remain an ominous figure in shining armour brooding over the desolation of Europe. The pacifist desires that native races in Africa and elsewhere should be handed back to a nation that, long before the war, perpetrated against such races crimes as unspeakable as those described in this terrible book. We venture to commend the study of this dispassionate summary of deeds without a name to those pacifists who really have at heart the good of humanity. It is impossible to read it without feeling that the final destruction of German militarism is necessary if the world is ever to reach a nobler stage. Moreover, the pacifists have to remember that they hold their emoluments, stipends, and incomes because Belgium and her Allies have poured out blood like water to save England and other lands from the dreadful fate of Belgium.

What that fate was in the first three months of the war is narrated in Mr. Toynbee's judicial pages. "The facts have been drawn from statements made by witnesses on opposite sides, with different intentions and beliefs, but, as far as possible, they have been disengaged from this subjective setting, and have been set out without comment, to speak for themselves. . . . The present volume describes the invasion of Belgium up to the sack of Louvain." No doubt "the final critical assessment" must "necessarily be postponed till the German Armies have retired again within their own borders," in view of the fact that the German Government will allow no official neutral investigation in occupied territory. We do not propose to reprint here the unspeakable horrors narrated in orderly fashion by Mr. Toynbee. But some general impressions from a close study of the book may be recorded. First, it is absolutely clear on the evidence that the Terror was ordered and organised by the German Government. A curious momentary flash of light on this point occurs in connection with Louvain :

"On August 20th, when Mr. Gibson, Secretary of the American Legation at Brussels, visited Louvain to enquire into the catastrophe, his motor-car was fired at in the *Rue de la Station* from a

\* *The German Terror in Belgium*. By Arnold J. Toynbee, late Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. (Hodder & Stoughton. Price 1s. net.)

house, and five or six armed men in civilian costume were dragged out of it by his escort, and marched off for execution. But they were not executed, for they were German soldiers, disguised to give Mr. Gibson an ocular demonstration that 'the civilians had fired.' The German Higher Command had already adopted this as their official thesis, and they were determined to impose it on the world."

The second impression that is left on the mind is that the German soldiery accepted with avidity the official invitation to rob, rape, slaughter, and burn. The devilish glee of their evidence, the spitting on the victims, the placing of lighted cigarettes in their ears and nostrils, the hacking open of women with child, the slaughter of little children, poor priests, and very old women, the horrible mutilation of girls, boys, and men, the ceaseless pillage, the empalement of babies all seems fine fun to the high-spirited troops. "It is a real adventure," one writes home. Then they revelled in the stolen wine and cigars. "We live like God in Belgium," wrote one romantic diarist. "Officers and men were eating and drinking in the middle of the ruins [of Louvain] without appearing to be in the least incommoded by the appalling stench of the corpses which still lay in the *Boulevard*"—a strong stomached race. Mr. Toynbee tells us that:

"The destruction of Louvain was the greatest organised outrage which the Germans committed in the course of their invasion of Belgium and France, and as such it stands by itself. But it was also the inevitable climax of the outrages to which they had abandoned themselves in their retreat upon Louvain from Malines. The Germans burned and massacred invariably, wherever they passed, but there was a bloodthirstiness and obscenity in their conduct on this retreat which is hardly paralleled in their other exploits, and which put them in the temper for the supreme crime that followed."

The third point that will strike the historian was the acceptance of this state of things in Belgium by the German people. The letters sent home, or intended to be sent home by German soldiers, the diaries preserved as permanent records may truly be called amazing in their frank belief that mothers and sisters and sweethearts would enjoy and appreciate the dreadful details. And the conduct of the crowds of women in Germany who met the wretched civilians deported from Louvain confirmed the faith of the soldiery in the outlook of their womenkind. For four days these wretched captives had nothing to eat: "I asked for some water for my child at *Aix La Chapelle*, and it was refused. It was the soldiers that I asked, and they spat at me when they refused the water." But all soldiers were not like this. When at Cologne Station a German Red Cross worker refused one of the women a little milk for her sick baby, a German soldier was so much shocked that he fetched the milk himself. The railway journey to Cologne will rank in history with the Black Hole of Calcutta. No more dreadful record of human devilry prolonged for days exists. The trucks were inscribed with chalk, "Civilians who shot at the soldiers at Louvain," in order to inflame the people. The starving, parched captives were persecuted

at every stopping place: "When we reached Cologne a crowd came round the trucks, jeering at us, and as we marched out they prodded us with their umbrellas and pelted us and shouted: 'Shoot them dead! shoot them dead!'—and drew their fingers across their throats . . . on the way the children in the streets threw stones at us." Three hundred men were kept at Cologne, and of these "sixty were shot before the eyes of the rest." The one redeeming point of the whole sickening story of the journey was at Dürren. A crowd of 4,000 German people came round the train in the usual fashion. An old woman in the train held up at the window a naked babe a month old. "When the child was shown at the window a hush came over the crowd."

We suppose that some day a similar hush of shame will come over the whole German people; something of the feeling that has overwhelmed many of the Germans resident out of Germany during the war. But it certainly will not come till the Hohenzollerns have gone to their own place.

\* \* \*

## WOMAN AND THE CHURCH.\*

The position of women in relation to the Christian ministry is, as was inevitable, rapidly becoming a problem that must either be solved by the Church along reasonable lines or by women themselves along lines that may prove unreasonable, but will certainly prove disastrous to the Protestant Churches. There can be no manner of doubt, any visit to any Protestant Church will confirm the fact, that women are, and have been for many years past, the actual as well as the potential safeguard of the health of Church life: actual, inasmuch as they form the greater part of the congregation; potential, inasmuch as the part played by children in Church life is almost entirely determined by women to-day. We place these facts beside the fact that women during the last half-century have risen gradually to a higher sense of their place and powers in social life, and that this evolution has been brought to a point of culmination by a great war that could not have been successfully waged without the direct aid of women. When we collate all these facts, we see that it is inevitable for women to demand reasons for their exclusion from the ministry. They insist that they should be treated as persons *sui juris*, capable of forming a judgment on facts. They decline to be put off any longer by vague references to tradition, by the quotation of Pauline exhortations to women of a lower moral grade in another age and in another clime, by treatment that is analogous to the treatment of children by an unwise, illiterate nurse in a well-to-do nursery. If a woman is competent to be a scholar, a lawyer, a doctor, a mathematician, of the first rank; if she is competent to exercise the franchise, or to sit in the Senate of the greatest of democracies, she is entitled to an answer, an official answer, from the heads of the Protestant Churches to the following questions:

\* *Woman and the Church*, by the Rev. B. H. Streeter, Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and Edith Picton-Turbervill. With a Foreword by the Bishop of Durham. (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. 3s. 6d. net.)

(1) Is there any historical reason, founded on principles laid down by the Founder of Christianity, why women as such should be excluded from occupying any office in the Church?

(2) Is there any (a) physical, (b) moral, or (c) intellectual reason why women as such should be so excluded?

The Bishop of Durham, in his Foreword to this interesting book, says, "Without pledging myself to agreement with the main objective of the book," and without touching "the great problem now with my own hand," that "while loyal submission to the Holy Scriptures as our Master's word is guarded, we are always called to be ready to find 'new light break forth from them,' and so to listen calmly and candidly to a thoughtful appeal to reconsider, whatever be the issue of the reconsideration." The main objective of the book, the Introduction tells us, is:

"not to promote an agitation for the throwing open to women of the priesthood and other offices in the existing hierarchy of the Church. It is rather an attempt to demonstrate and to emphasise the position that a wider employment in some way or other of women in the preaching and pastoral work of the Church cannot but make for the Church's spiritual welfare. Not only so, it is argued that, apart from this, the Christian message, as delivered by the Church will ever be one-sided, and the concrete realisation of the Christian ideal will in practice be incomplete."

No doubt the Bishop of Durham realises the logical implication of this objective. It is not a demand for the priesthood, but sooner or later (if the objective is gained) the priesthood, without further action, will be thrown open. We fully realise, for ourselves at any rate, such a result, and the far-reaching consequences of such a result. Therefore we do not ask even for what Canon Streeter and Miss Picton-Turbervill ask. We merely ask for an authoritative, scientific inquiry by the best scholars of our day; for an official answer in specific terms to the questions set out above. If these questions are answered so as to forbid the priesthood of woman, no harm has been done, and the legitimate demand of women to be treated as women and not children will have been met. If, on the other hand, the answers allow the priesthood of woman, then Protestantism will deliberately snap the last link with the Papacy, if this war has not already snapped it, and will secure the assistance of an entire sex for the revivification of the Churches. We are sure that the Bishop of Durham realises the need for that revivification. The Churches are on trial to-day. The choice of life or death is before them. The rejection of the claims of women *if those claims are well founded* means, it is useless to mince words, death. Other Churches have died during the past two millennia. The Church of Rome is in a parlous state to-day, and during this war it has made the Great Refusal. The future of Christianity is in the hands of the Protestant Churches to-day. Will they, too, choose death instead of life?

In the book we have a preliminary statement of facts and arguments as to the position of women in the Church. As to the great moral issues involved in the recognition of women as co-

workers with men in Church life, Canon Streeter speaks at least as strongly as we have spoken above. He is frankly afraid of the future: "Among the younger women we see clearly the beginning, not of a drift, but of a landslide." Miss Picton-Turbervill, writing from the text that a woman was forbidden to lead an intercession service in a church "*because the Church was consecrated*" (the italics are hers) traces in measured fashion the history of the relation of women to the Church. For the first two centuries "they held a place in the Church ministry, from which by degrees as centuries advanced they were slowly expelled." In the early Middle Ages there was a revival, and the Abbess often ruled men as well as women. Apparently the only grounds on which women are excluded to-day from the ministry are (1) the fact that no one of the Apostles was a woman; and (2) the attitude of St. Paul in dealing with the disorderly women of Corinth. Against the first ground must be set Christ's general attitude towards women (which puts to shame those who exclude women from ministration, "*because the Church was consecrated*"), and the fact that on the Day of Pentecost the spirit descended on both sexes alike. St. Paul's attitude cannot to-day reasonably be maintained, and certainly would not be maintained by St. Paul himself; and, moreover, St. Paul recognised the capacity of women (in the case of Phœbe of Cenchreæ) to be *διακονοι*, a word (whatever it may actually have meant) which he also applies to himself. The remaining stumbling-block is that very "ecclesiastical tradition" which Christ himself in the case of the Jewish Church came to destroy. We fully agree that in Christ "we see realised the perfection of the feminine virtues so called as well as of the masculine." To exclude these qualities from the Christian ministry, unless womanhood is excluded on basic grounds, is to lose what all the brethren outside consecrated ground live by. However, we do not ask, as we say, for all that this book demands. We ask that the Church of England as a Church should appoint a Commission of Inquiry into the position of women in relation to the Church, that this Commission should include learned women as well as learned men, that it should report on the whole historical and social problems involved, and that it should answer the questions we have set out above. If this reasonable demand is refused, it will be part of another Great Refusal, and the slow beginning of the coma of death.

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### DR. TIMOTHY RICHARD.\*

Dr. Timothy Richard, the eminent missionary, was born (he tells us in these valuable recollections of five-and-forty years in China) at Ffaldybreuin, Caermarthenshire, in 1845. The family was gifted both in exposition of religious principles and in literary work. His uncle, Jedediah Richard, published a work in the Welsh language, his first cousin, Joshua Lewis, was a well-known Independent

\* *Forty-Five Years in China: Reminiscences*, by Timothy Richard, D.D., Litt.D. With 18 Illustrations. (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., 20s. 6d. net.)

preacher in Pembrokeshire. His father had more than a local reputation as a conversationalist; his mother, Eleanor Lithercock, was both practical and devout—Martha and Mary in one. The boy, Timothy, with unusual gifts, secured a good education at a Congregational school, at Llanybyther Grammar School, and the National School at Swansea. He became a teacher for a while, then (1865-9) a student at the Haverfordwest Theological College (there taking up modern languages). In 1869 he was accepted for China by the Baptist Missionary Society, and reached Shanghai on February 12th, 1870, having already learnt "the 212 radicals which form the keys to the hieroglyphic puzzles that constitute the written Chinese language." Here he met Dr. Alexander Williamson, the Rev. John L. Nevins, the Rev. Hunter Corbett, the Americans the Rev. Calvin Mateer, and the Rev. J. B. Hartwell, as well as the witty Mr. Robert Lilly. He was joined in December by Dr. William Brown, the medical missionary from Edinburgh. So the great forty-five years began. In 1871 he was selling Gospels in Manchuria, and in the midst of all sorts of perils from men and climate we find him rapidly becoming an accomplished Chinese scholar. He possessed from the first the gift of tongues. In 1875 he came into touch with Li Hung Chang when he was at Chefoo in connection with the Convention of 1875. In the same year Mr. Richard went to Ch'ing-Chowfu, and we have here at length the story of his settling into this great prefectural city and his continued study of Chinese literature and religions. He found the country people in the area very kind, and he brought himself, like the apostles of old, into touch with their lives and their physical and spiritual needs. He drew up a Catechism in Chinese, and gradually secured converts. In days of famine in Shantung he did very fine work, and such was his influence that twice he was asked to head a rebellion! The full account of this relief work is a useful footnote to history. In 1878 further help came from Europe, and the Mansion House Relief Fund was available. The Chinese were grateful for this foreign help, and showed it in various ways. Dr. Nevins was given an official Red Umbrella and a tablet recording all the help was put up, and to Mr. Richard the Governor (Tsêng) sent a letter of gratefulness, while high official rank was offered to the workers by Li Hung Chang, but this was respectfully declined.

Dr. Richard next records the work done from 1881 to 1884 amongst Chinese officials and scholars. Of this work he writes in his Introduction:—

"It was glad tidings of great joy that the missionary brought to its political and religious leaders. Many of these, after some years of hesitation and doubt, believed his message, but the majority were too full of ignorance and prejudice to take action till it was too late. Thus one of the greatest nations of antiquity or of modern times has become involved in revolution and anarchy from which it will take a long time to recover. These reminiscences tell of sympathetic efforts made to guide the spiritual leaders of China to a vision of the Kingdom of God, with its promise of a hundredfold in this world, and in the world to come life everlasting. These efforts have meant the uplifting of China in



various ways, through better religion, better science, better means of communication, better international commerce, the institution of modern schools and colleges, the founding of a modern Press, the establishment of new industries, manufactures, over a country as large as the whole of Europe. In all these departments I have taken some share, as will be seen in these reminiscences."

Dr. Richard married in 1878 before the great period of work among Chinese thinkers began. He took his first furlough in 1885-6. The years in China from 1886 to 1891 he describes as "years of trial and suspense." It was in this period that he formulated his scheme of modern education for China which received the enthusiastic approval of the Marquis Tsêng, the son of the great Tsêng Kwoh-gan. At the same date he visited the Chief Lama in Peking, who declared that Lamaism was at ebb-tide but that the flood-tide would come again. It was at this date that he was struck with the great intelligence of the leading Buddhist priests, and began to realise that developed Buddhism "contained practically some of the main doctrines of Christianity." In 1889 Dr. Richard went to Shantung, and helped to fight another famine. Mrs. Richard's work immensely helped her husband's schemes, and in 1890 she organised a band of Biblewomen in Tientsin. But the differences with the B.M.S. caused sadness and uncertainty at this time. In 1891 he became the successor of Dr. Williamson, the founder of the Society for the diffusion of Christian and general knowledge for the Chinese. This work was carried on until 1894, and is fully described here. So we come into the days of the Chino-Japanese War and into times of persecution, of the reform movement and of events that are largely familiar to most of us. This book is a valuable record of the transition period in the history of China, and places on permanent record the untiring labours of a greatly gifted missionary who, with Pauline energy and enjoyment, devoted himself to the regeneration of a race that possesses infinite potentialities for good.

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## DIPLOMATIC PRACTICE.\*

Sir Ernest Satow, writing out of his great experience of diplomatic life, declines, in the epilogue to this detailed and very useful work, to be overwhelmed by the spectacle of Europe "in the throes of a more desperate and bitter internecine war than any recorded in the history of the past." He writes:—

Some persons have hastily ascribed the present sanguinary struggle to a supposed failure of diplomacy, and have drawn the inference that it has nullified all the progress achieved during the past three centuries. Others have made attempts to discredit what is described as "secret diplomacy," without reflecting that negotiation, if it is to be successful, cannot be carried on upon the

\* *A Guide to Diplomatic Practice.* By the Rt. Hon. Sir Ernest Satow, G.C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L. Formerly Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. Two volumes. (Longmans. 28s. net.)

housetops. But these strictures we hold to be without foundation and unwarrantable. Looking back to the Thirty Years' War, when modern international law may be said to have originated, it is difficult to avoid the conviction that the character of international relations has been gradually rising to an ever higher moral level. Policy is no longer employed exclusively to serve dynastic ends, but is directed to the furtherance of national purposes. The principle of nationalities, which stood for nothing in the seventeenth century, has finally predominated over the interests of rulers and the doctrine of the divine right of kings. . . . International Law no longer governs the relations of European States alone, but is recognised as the public law of the civilised universe. In the evolution of this system, diplomacy has played a prominent part, and its beneficial influence is not yet exhausted. The more intimate the intercourse of States and nations becomes, the more important is the function of the diplomatist.

We entirely agree with this hopeful outlook. The career of a successful criminal makes criminal law not less, but more necessary, and those who talk of the bankruptcy of international law because Germany has cast it to the winds and shattered not only that law, but the whole code of human morality, are ignorant of the very nature of law. True law always reasserts itself, and in the long run it is the law-breaker, not the law, that suffers. Few can doubt not only that Germany will suffer, but is at this hour suffering acutely from her defiance of the laws of God, of nations, and of man. This war is being fought to re-establish the reign of law among nations, and there has been no more hopeful sign than the entrance of the United States of America into the war against Germany, since she definitely and in terms stands for the rehabilitation of law and for the destruction of those forces of evil in national life associated for two centuries with the name of the Hohenzollern family. International law is to be rehabilitated, and international criminals are to be punished. Of that we may rest assured. There can be no peace for the world until this goal is achieved. When it is achieved, and in the days after the long preparations for a permanent world-peace are concluded, the business of diplomacy will have an importance that is hardly yet realised, for it will be the machinery that will secure by one and the same process that deepening of the forces of nationalism and of internationalism that must arise when nations, small and great, meet on equal terms without fear of crimes such as Germany has perpetrated against Belgium. In such circumstances a text-book of diplomatic practice is timely indeed; and the more timely since in the immediate future Belgium and her Allies must develop their own internationality. They need not wait for peace to secure a more closely-knit international life. Moreover, they have to prepare for the great Congress that will deal with the settlement of the world after the total destruction of German militarism. The second of these volumes supplies (Book III.) chapters on the great Congresses and Conferences of the past. We read of Münster and Osnabrück which gave us the Peace of Westphalia that in 1648 ended the Wars of Religion, and of six-and-twenty other Congresses such as

the Pyrenees of 1659, Nijmegen of 1676-9, Rijswijk of 1697, Utrecht of 1712-13, Teschen of 1779, Amiens of 1801-2, Vienna of 1814-15, Paris of 1856, Berlin of 1878. The next great Congress (shall we say of Washington in 1918?) will call for the presence of Englishmen, and may we not also say Englishwomen, who are trained in the history and practice of diplomacy as exhibited in the records of these Congresses and of Conferences such as that of Vienna of 1855, of Berlin of 1884-5, and of the various Hague Conferences, the results of which have been the formal indictment of Germanism since July, 1914.

Then, again, the second volume discusses in detail famous treaties and international pacts, and we see at work the proceedings by which these contracts came into being. We see, too, the practice of "good offices" and of that rather acuter form of intervention, "mediation," well and fruitfully discussed. In the first volume Sir Ernest Satow shows us what diplomacy is, the position of those who take part in diplomatic practice, the language and technique of this great science or art, and sometime "mystery" or "trade." The author goes further than merely to exhibit machinery. He opens his own experience for the use of a younger generation, and we believe that his "counsels to diplomatists" will be of permanent value. We desire to commend this work not merely as the work of an international lawyer. It is the work of a practised diplomatist who has given his technique to the world as well as the ripe fruits of his great experience.

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### SHORTER REVIEWS.

Mr. William Archer has done well in securing for us this little book, "The War against War and the Enforcement of Peace" (Macmillan, 2s. net), by that eminent Norwegian scholar and thinker, Professor Christie Collin, of Christiania University. Mr. Archer's introduction gives us a most valuable account of Professor Collin's work. A scholar and a historian, yet "it is on the future of mankind that his thoughts are fixed with the most passionate interest." He is, "above all things, a humanist, in the largest and finest sense of the word. He is a believer in the power of the human will to mould human conditions, and a disbeliever in all the cowardly fatalisms which make it their business to discourage and deride valiant human effort." Professor Collin is afraid of the abnormal advance of natural science at the expense of human morality. "The science of society," he writes, "must be advanced to an equality with natural science." Peace must be established and enforced by "a league or federation of all civilised States, with a common code of laws, a common tribunal, and a common military police-force, composed of contingents from all the federated States. The international tribunal's executive power must be strong enough to deter any individual State from opposing a judgment once pronounced. But before having recourse to the intervention of an armed police, it might be possible to apply to a recalcitrant State a stronger economic pressure, through the breaking off of postal communications and commercial intercourse. The authority of international law would thus be at least as fully secured as that of the law which

regulates the relations of individuals in each of the now existing States. The age of international lawlessness would be over. . . . The idea of a world-state of federated nations is the greatest of the conceptions of social science. Its realisation will mark a new era in the life of humanity. Without its help all technical inventions are, in the long run, unfruitful, if not actually calamitous." This passage is important. The difficulty about the international tribunal is that it will usually act too late. When would such a tribunal have intervened in the case of Germany? It was too late to do so at any time *after* the outrages of 1864. Will the tribunal nip international crime in the bud? Professor Collin has a short way with men like Herr Hamsan who regard England as decadent and another author who regards England as the author of a war which broke out when Germany had just finished all her preparations for war. Germany is "under the influence of a theory of life which may even now be recognised as the outcome of a vulgar, scientific delusion . . . a belief in right as inherent in the greatest military power, and in war as the motive-power in life. Unsound as the doctrine of natural selection is, from certain points of view, now seen to be, it has led, as a guiding principle in this case, to the most unnatural selection—the slaughter by the million of the strongest, healthiest men." We have to thank Germany for the applied doctrine and this result of it. We trust that this book will be widely read. The various essays are full of noble, inspiring thoughts, and form a new link between Norway and England, her island-neighbour. Blood is thicker than water, and there is a great deal of Norwegian blood in our veins.

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Mr. John A. Todd's work on "The Mechanism of Exchange: A Handbook of Currency, Banking, and Trade in Peace and in War" (Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, 5s. net) is very handy and opportune. He tells us, and it is absolutely true, that "as a result of the war, economics has come into its own." Before the war it had no practical significance to the business man, but when the war came, "business men of all kinds, finding their business paralysed by the breakdown of the usual monetary and financing facilities, wanted to know why, and they found that the answer lay with the economists." We need teaching and new text-books that will test the doctrine of economics in the light of the war. Here Mr. Todd makes a scientific start from the point of view of students who are also, perhaps, business men. He traces briefly the history of exchange (Roman legal history is all-important on this subject), shows us "Markets," describes the functions of money, the theory of money, the credit system (with a useful account of our banking system), discusses the rate of exchange, and so brings us to the significance of a financial crisis. Such a crisis occurred in July, 1914. On July 30th, all the Continental stock exchanges were closed except the official market of Paris. A large London stock-broking firm "with very large German and Continental connections failed." Germany and other Continental countries had been buying heavily on the London Stock Exchange, and it was difficult to get the remittances through. Moreover, there were heavy Continental sales on the London and New York Stock Exchanges, which alone remained open. The banks not only refused to finance this rush of business, but began to call in loans. The London Money Market was disorganised, but the Bank of England determined not to be flurried, and only raised the Bank Rate from three to four per cent. This was

on Thursday, July 30th, but it did not stop the Exchanges of London, Paris, and New York from closing, and also most of the Produce Markets of the world. On July 31st, the Bank raised its rate to 8 per cent. Mr. Todd describes the progress of the crisis. The Bank Rate was 10 per cent. on August 1st. But the August Bank Holidays saved the situation by giving time. The credit system had broken down all over the world. The story is well told in moving, clear language, and should sell the book, which concludes with useful chapters on "The Balance of Trade," "The Theory of International Trade," and a very valuable statistical Appendix.

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In his little book "The Future of Constantinople" (Allen & Unwin, 2s. 6d.), Mr. Leonard Woolf continues the studies so happily commenced in his larger work on "International Government." He desires the expulsion of the Turk from Europe, and the administration of the Straits by an international commission. Nearly half the tiny volume (which can be read with ease in an hour) is devoted to a record of the triumphs of the Danube Commission. He describes it in such detail because he believes that the great city and the Straits which it commands should be governed by "an exact, if elaborated and enlarged, reproduction." To many readers the facts here collected will be new; and the story of the harmonious and efficient co-operation of different States in the work of increasing the utility of the great river for the purposes of peaceful commerce is as hopeful as it is interesting. A short chapter on "Strategical Considerations" rebukes Napoleon and certain lesser men who have discovered in Constantinople the key of the world. "It is not even a key to Asia or Egypt. It is a most important point on the line of communications by land between Europe and certain parts of Asia." All fortifications, he adds, must be demolished, and the Commission will be authorised to raise a police-force sufficient to maintain order in times of peace. This topical little book should be widely read.

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

We must record the issue of a pamphlet on that important subject, "Industrial Fatigue in its Relation to Maximum Output" (Co-partnership Publishers Ltd., 6, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.; price 10d. net), by Mr. Henry J. Spooner, C.E., Director of the Polytechnic School of Engineering, Regent Street, with "Forewords" by Sir Robert Hadfield, F.R.S., and Mr. J. R. Clynes, M.P. Sir Robert Hadfield declares from experience that a forty-eight working hour week is a decided advantage. The knocking-off of Sunday work at Messrs. Hadfield's (Sheffield) has resulted in no decline of output. He condemns non-stop and overtime methods. But scientific shop management he also condemns, since it tends to make the workman into a machine. Sir Robert is strongly opposed to all efforts to drive the workers. Mr. Clynes states that "experience in the early months of the war of extensive munition production showed that long hours, excessive overtime, and laborious week-end work were not a contribution to increased output, and had the harmful result of causing excessive illness, and, in many cases, serious and wasteful breakdown of health." Mr. Spooner's essay should be closely studied in all works both by masters and men; they will then see that foolishness, like five hours' spells and two shifts in the day when three are possible, is mere waste. The extraordinary amount

of waste that goes on by the use of tools unsuited to work is exemplified here by a note on "The Science of Shovelling." There must be different sized shovels for different materials. Germany's industrial progress has been based on her adoption of the American plan of the Science of Management. But this method means loss of personality, and probably Germany has lost as much as she has gained by it.

No romance is wilder than these accounts ("The False Dmitri: A Russian Romance and Tragedy. Described by British Eye-witnesses, 1604-1612," edited with a preface by Sonia Howe; Williams & Norgate, 6s. net) of the "Coming, the brief reign, and the Passing," of the mysterious Pretender Dmitri, and the "Troublous Times" which followed. The accounts of eye-witnesses are embodied in letters—one of Pope Clement VIII. by the Pretender, asserting his claim to the Duchy of Muscovy, as son of Tsar Ivan, and also his conversion to the Romish faith. Another letter from Tsar Boris to the King of Poland, reproaches him for supporting the Pretender, who was a renegade monk. A third, by a Dutch merchant, gives a graphic account of the barbaric splendour of the festivities in Moscow, turned suddenly into a "bloudie tragedie." The remaining accounts are by Englishmen living in Moscow, and by the English Ambassador to James I. on the marriage of Dmitri. The "troublous times" came to an end with the election of Mikhail Romanoff, the first of that dynasty. On the whole, Dmitri's rule appears to have been just, and it is noticeable that he maintained his religious belief. The illustrations are good and interesting.

Mr. W. H. Dawson has edited with an introduction a series of essays on "After-War Problems" (George Allen & Unwin Ltd., price 7s. 6d. net), which he groups under (1) Empire and Citizenship, (2) National Efficiency, (3) Social Reform, (4) National Finance and Taxation. In the first groups we have essays by Lord Cromer (Imperial Federation), Bishop Welldon (The State and the Citizen), Lord Meath (The Cultivation of Patriotism), and Sir H. H. Johnston (The Alien Question). In the second group we have eight essays, including one on national education by Lord Haldane, another on the organisation of the national resources by Sir J. Compton-Rickett, and a third by Dr. W. Garnett on the State and industry. In the third section of five essays, Miss Margaret McMilan writes on "The Care of Child Life," while in the last section Professor Marshall deals with "National Taxation After the War."

Some time since we drew attention at length in these pages to the poems of Mr. C. J. Dennis, the Australian poet, entitled "The Songs of 'a Sentimental Bloke.'" We must supplement that notice with one word as to his new book, "The Moods of Ginger Mick" (Sydney Angus & Robertson, Ltd., 4s.). Ginger Mick was best man of Bill, the hero of the first book, and here he appears as a *spectator mundi* from Melbourne to Anzac, and proves a very gallant gentleman. The dialect is as dreadful as ever; Mr. Dennis works in stiff material. But the very dialect brings out the excellence of much of the craftsmanship. We should wish to draw attention to "A Gallant Gentleman," the story of the news coming of the death in action of "Mick," the roughest, sturdiest of men, to Rose, his sweetheart. The poem cannot be read without tears. We do indeed owe Australia much.

## THE ORANGE AND THE GREEN.

IN MEMORIAM: MAJOR W. REDMOND, M.P.

MUSTERING and marching in the dawning,  
Yonder at the ridge-foot of Messines;  
Khaki-clad, but, to the inward vision,  
Glinting in the Orange and the Green:

Not as erst in Boyne and Aughrim battles,  
Where the red blood-river rolled between;  
Now aflame in rivalry fraternal,  
Legions of the Orange and the Green.

Gay and debonair as to a banquet,  
Or to tread the dance with a colleen,  
Racing up the ridge, in frolic venture,  
Who'll be first? the Orange or the Green?

Lads of Ulster, from the mill and shipyard,  
Leinster lads, from cabin and shebeen,  
Leaping with a laugh upon the foemen,  
Dying for the Orange and the Green.

With them--younger-hearted than the youngest--  
One of greyer locks and elder mien,  
Stricken in a sacrificial rapture  
For the blending of the Orange and the Green.

"*Morituri te salutamus!*"

What might be the vision he had seen?  
Herald in the dawn of a new dawning  
For the country of the Orange and the Green!

Hark! Britannia's tears are falling, falling,  
With the tear-drops of the dark Rosaleen,\*  
As they wait his epitaph that will be written  
At the Gathering of the Orange and the Green.

FREDERICK S. BOAS.

\* An old name for Ireland used in Clarence Mangan's well-known poem.

**The Regulations issued by the Government restricting the supply of paper make it necessary slightly to reduce the number of pages in the "Contemporary Review." By closer printing the Editors intend to provide precisely the same amount of matter as in the past.**

**Readers are requested to place their orders with a bookseller or newsagent, as otherwise it is impossible to guarantee a sufficient supply.**

## THE TRIALS OF RUSSIA

**D**URING the first weeks of the war we heard much about the Russian Steam-roller." That redoubtable implement never materialised. Russian armies fought heroically—they swept through East Prussia and reached the crest of the Carpathians; but step by step, they were driven back. The Central Powers took possession of Poland, they successfully attacked Roumania, they ground Serbia and Montenegro beneath an iron heel. Then, during long and fateful months, the Russian Armies were inactive. Naturally, we were disappointed, and we lost confidence—not in the Russian People, but in the Russian Government. We spoke of "a German Party," and we believed that "pro-German" forces had vitiated policy in Russia, and had hampered or corrupted administration.

Then came the murder of Rasputin, and that made us hopeful for we saw in it an emphatic revolt against "the Hidden Hand." When the Revolution broke out, our hopes became certainties. "At last," we said, "the pro-Germans have been swept away. Now Russia will act!" Russia did act, but not as we expected and this time our disappointment passed into audible grumbling. Hard things have been said about the Russian people. Grave pens, and pens that affect gravity, have portrayed forcibly the unhopeful side of the Revolution. These have done their work so effectually that they have created a real danger—they have brought us near to a misunderstanding which would imperil the cause of Freedom in Russia, and would gravely embarrass the Allies of Russia.

Undoubtedly the Revolution has brought about a most difficult situation. I am confident, however, that nothing can be gained by lecturing New Russia, or by dwelling insistently upon the dark spots in the prospect. Neither will any good come of throwing stones. Much good, however, may be expected—reasonably expected—from a comprehending sympathy. We all know that in England—the land ennobled by a long tradition of Parliamentary Freedom—the commencement of Constitutional Government in Russia was welcomed cordially. Englishmen knew that the Duma was no House of Commons, they knew that it imperfect



represented Russia's life, but they saw in it the beginning of a great change—a first and orderly movement towards a great future. In the long-oppressed Russian lands freedom seemed at last to be making for herself a home. When it became clear that the convocation of the First Duma was not so much the end of a struggle as the beginning of a struggle, our sympathies were unmistakably with the defenders of Russia's new freedom—with those who intended the Duma to be a reality, not a sham.

We knew last year that the Fourth Duma was fighting for its life, and when—at the very crisis of the struggle—we heard that the Revolution had taken place most men supposed the Revolution to be a development from that struggle, and they saw in it a triumph of the constitutional principle.

They were quite wrong. The whole truth about the Russian Revolution cannot yet be told, for it is not known—at least, not in England. This, however, is clear: The Revolution was not a phase of the constitutional struggle.

A revolution takes its character chiefly from the nature of the forces which bring it about. The first agents in the Russian Revolution were the "Intelligentsia" and the working men of Petrograd and one or two other large towns. Now, for the most part, these were partisans of the Social Revolution. Most were Social Democrats; of those who were not the majority belonged to one or other of the Revolutionary groups. A revolt which placed power in the hands of these men was not a victory for constitutional government—it was a victory for the Red Flag. No doubt the working men of Petrograd are not the people of Russia. But, led by the "Intelligentsia," they struck the first blow, they opened the floodgates, they shattered the rotten fabric of the old order. Above all, they were on the spot. At the very centre of Government they were the immediate energy of the successful Revolution. True, the Revolution would have failed had not the Army and the peasants joined it. These, however, in their several ways, were scarcely less alienated from the existing order than were the working men. When they made common cause with the working men they did not change the character of the Revolution—they made the Revolution successful, and they confirmed unto the forces of Social Revolution the power which these had already seized.

The old order in Russia had no friends, except where men found in it some private gain. Even where it had good intentions it was out of touch with Russia's life, and for the most part it had not good intentions. The Russian Revolution was an uprising against a predominant order which had ceased to be National. It was a people's effort to purge, not merely a political system, but a social structure. In other words, the forces which accomplished the Russian Revolution intended a change more radical and more far-reaching than any constitutional change—they intended a readjustment of society. Mismanagement of a street-gathering in Petrograd brought about a Social Revolution.

And what is the people to whom this great adventure has come?

It is difficult to generalise when one is dealing with diversified millions, yet one or two things are salient. "In the Russian

nature," said Bakunin, more than seventy years ago, "there is something so energetic and so large, such an abundance of poetry, passion and *esprit*, that it is impossible not to be convinced, when one really knows it, that it has a great mission to fulfil." The appreciation is just—as just to-day as when it was written. The Russian character is profoundly emotional. This explains the occasional energy of Russian work, the power of such a speaker as Kerensky, the Martyrs of the Terror—even the Terror itself. Now, a people that feels rather than thinks may have moods of what looks like apathy, but when it is roused it will go far, very far. When such a people becomes revolutionary, it will not regulate itself by the cold measures of political prudence.

Another thing should be remembered. During long years of oppression this emotional people—debarred from the wholesome realism of freedom—has found its consolation and hope, the refreshment of its life, in Utopian ideas.

A French paraphraser of Bakunin says: "The Russian people has democracy in its very marrow." That is true, but the democracy of the Russian character differs widely from what is called democracy in England. In the first place, because it is a feeling of brotherliness, not a theory of equality; it is social rather than political. In the second place, it is (or tends to be) a democracy of direct action.

In Russia the conception of freedom has not been sophisticated. Generation after generation, the adverseness of the existing order was not the contradiction of a theory—it was a negation of Life. It entered into the daily experience of private men as a felt impoverishment, a felt oppression, a felt restraint. Therefore, the Russian thinks of freedom in its most simple form—as an individual right, an individual opportunity. It is true, the Russians have a strong "communal consciousness." This, however, does not contradict their individualism. In part, it is an outcome of their brotherliness; in part it is a consequence of historical experience in village communities. Russians have had no training in representative institutions. The *Mir*—the chief political school of the Russian masses—was a primary assembly. It did not represent the local community—it was the local community. Moreover, it could do nothing unless its members were unanimous. Never could a majority act or speak for the whole. As a consequence of all this, Revolutionary Russia organised itself in social groups rather than in general institutions.

In one supreme moment, foreseen but unexpected, Old Russia crumbled to the ground, and when the dust of its falling had cleared away, the world beheld—New Russia. And the world applauded; for a thing which had hindered had been brought to an end, and half-free peoples felt a breath of fresh air. Various to various men it was an uplifting time, but it was followed by days of uncertainty, by days of depression. New Russia had somewhat bewildered men, of that there can be no doubt. She did not become decorous and Parliamentary: she puzzled the respectable Radicalism of the West by exhibiting the unfamiliar spectacle of a Revolutionary people. The Duma was set aside; the Russian

people organised itself in a multitude of Committees;\* the Army was democratised. Even the Zemstvos, which had done a magnificent work for the Russian armies during the war,† fell under suspicion, as parts of the old regime.

On the Western front there was harmful fraternising, and one regiment gravely made a "separate peace" for itself.‡ The sovereign people did not pay taxes, and it was righteously indignant when it discovered it could not use State Railways without payment.§ More than one community organised itself as an independent Republic; Finland classed Russia among "foreign States"; the Ukrainians established a Government of their own at Kiev, and that Government broke off relations with the Provisional Government of Russia. Peasants began to seize land, and Russian "Labour" is said to have exacted wages which no industry could afford and no State could permanently provide.||

The following passage, taken from a Russian source, shows an aspect of the Revolution which has scarcely been noticed in this country, and is worth quoting in full:—

"The Moscow *Zemlia i Volia*—the Moscow organ of the Socialist-Revolutionary party—calls to the peasants with the passionate cry: 'Beware of culture.' It points out that 'in some cases the peasants who have tried to extricate themselves from the swamp of the old life have come into suspiciously inimical contact with the village "intelligentsia"—doctors, teachers, &c.'

"Baiting of the 'intelligentsia' is going on in the towns and in the villages, the principal weapon used being that deluge of 'simple questions' with which one ingenious and perhaps over 'conscious' member of the majority tried to heckle I. G. Tseretelli in Moscow—has he adjusted the salary of a minister to the salary of a postman?

"Living in such a highly cultured country, we do not particularly value the 'intelligentsia,' and can get on without that species of 'bourgeois' which receives money for some kind of knowledge and learning or other! When, in Moscow, the society of members of the middle schools wished to send its representative to the Council of Workmen, it met with a contemptuous exclusion. And, indeed, one ought to know where to apply, and either not lay oneself open

\* A private letter from Petrograd mentions committees of artisans, peasants, soldiers, doctors, lawyers, domestic servants, page-boys, lackeys. The writer adds that even the different categories of criminals—"with the exception of cabdrivers"—have formed committees.

In the Russian papers we read of an all-Russian Cossack Congress, a Congress of Russian Germans, an All-Russian Mussulman Congress, a Congress of Astronomers. In May last the Dentists held a Congress, and proceeded to define their attitude towards the Provisional Government.

† Prince Lvov, the present Prime Minister, presided over this work, and the Report, published in London early this year, has an introduction from his pen.

‡ This is mentioned in one of Kerensky's speeches.

§ For instance, this happened in the "Tomsk Republic":—

"At one village assembly, consisting of 207 members, there was indignant discussion of the fact that the Tomsk Government at one of its first sittings had decided to charge its members seven roubles a day, with payment of the fare to Tomsk and back. The peasants by no means minced matters, but made very open allusions to 'the robber gang of Romanoff & Co.'"

|| In a paper read before the War Industries Congress, Kozakevich stated that the additional wages demanded by the workmen in the Donetz district amounted to more than 750 million roubles. The whole of the capital employed in the works concerned did not amount to 200 million roubles.

to a useless affront, or know how to meet it with suitable answer. It must be said that, in spite of many disgusting manifestations of mental flabbiness and moral degeneracy among the 'intelligentsia,' an array of facts can be brought forward which prove conclusively that our 'intelligentsia' has not renounced its best traditions, and that it knows how to speak even to the new autocracy, in the language of the dignified, free citizen.

"In the *Nijegorodsky Listok*, for instance, there is a letter of Vladimir Buchman's entitled 'Open Letter to the Citizens of Semenoff.' This letter reveals a great drama. Vladimir Buchman ought to have left Semenoff. The Semenoff executive committee, by a special resolution, 'branded him with contempt.' What for? The answer may be found in the words of Vladimir Buchman's letter:—

" 'I have dared to speak the truth straight out to you, not flattering you, but loving you. Unarmed and defenceless, I came out alone last Thursday into the midst of an infuriated crowd of people, relying only on my God. I took upon myself the whole hatred of that crowd, being in nothing guilty towards them—and God helped me to restrain that crowd from force and riot.

" 'I pointed out to you the dreadful vision of anarchy, and the necessity for forgetting all quarrels and personal differences, and uniting in this awful moment and supporting the Government which is waging such a difficult war for the salvation of our land. But for this I was branded with contempt.'

" 'Here we see the true mission of the 'intelligentsia.' As in the days of Tsarism it boldly fought against the autocratic will, so now it must not give way before the blinded and deceived masses, but must boldly tell them the truth.

" Thus is Mr. G. V. Plekhanov—to mention only one name—acting now, and History will never fail to signalise this great deed of his."

I will not dwell upon these things. Anyone who reads the Russian papers could easily compile what would look like a register of catastrophe. Such a register, however, would not summarise the Revolution. The Russian Revolution is a highly complex force, and the Russian people is a highly complex whole. The Revolution is acting differently in different classes and in different social and political groups. Generalisation is impossible, and a bird's-eye view is hardly attainable. This is not the time to use whitewash. Neither the Cause of Freedom in Russia nor the Common Cause of the Allies—which is also the cause of freedom—can be usefully served by ignoring evident truths. Happily, we are not called upon to choose between concealment and condemnation. Another course is open to us—the way of sympathy and help. Here, as elsewhere, to understand is to pardon. What would have happened in England two hundred and seventy years ago if there had been no Cromwell in the land and nine-tenths of the population had been free Levellers or friends of the Levellers? What would happen to-day if English "Labour" were wholly moved and controlled by the most extreme groups on the Clydeside and in South Wales?

We are disappointed with New Russia because we had falsely supposed that New Russia would be like Liberal England. New Russia is not like Liberal England, and it will never be like Liberal

England. It will not always be revolutionary, but its life will always be distinctively its own, and it will work out for itself distinctive lines of progress. A long-oppressed people suddenly becomes free. Without political training, without any guidance, except from thoughts deflected by oppression, it is called upon to face the tremendous problems of this war—which even the Wisdom of the West has dodged rather than solved—and to reconstitute its political and social order. Is it surprising that mistakes have been made?

I, for one, have the most profound sympathy with the Russian people. To no small extent, its mistakes are the first gropings of a large thought—in the seeming aberrations of its revolutionary impulse one can feel the throbbing of a generous purpose. Years ago Nekrasov wrote lines which have lately appeared in this English form:—

“ So Russia lies sleeping  
In obstinate rest;  
But should the spark kindle  
That’s hid in her breast—

“ She’ll rise without summons,  
Go forth without call,  
With sacrifice boundless,  
Each giving his all:

“ A host she will gather  
Of strength unsurpassed,  
With infinite courage  
Will fight to the last.

“ (Thou art so pitiful,  
Poor and so sorrowful,  
Yet of great treasure full,  
Mighty, all powerful,  
Russia, my Mother!) ”

Russia is no longer sleeping, she is awake. The spark has kindled, and the light of its burning fills the heavens. Though that light reveals more than one enigma, more than one danger, for Russia and for the world it is the light of a great possibility. A large-hearted, kindly people—with a character as different from ours as its experience is different from ours—is making a new adventure towards magnanimous equities. Give that people time, and, in new forms of wholesome brotherliness, freedom will be justified of these, her latest born.

Give the Russian people time; and give them help. The help that is chiefly necessary in Russia to-day is moral and political, not, in a narrow sense, industrial. Trades unions do not exist in Russia, and the “ Labour Problems ” which now confront the Provisional Government lie beyond the scope of our trades-union orthodoxy. The problems of New Russia and the needs of New Russia are primarily political. A disintegrated nation has to be reintegrated. A new social and political synthesis has to be brought about. In this great work we can help—by our sympathy and otherwise. The

small dexterities developed in Parliamentary sham-fights would avail nothing. The work is one for a political mind of the very first order, not for a mere thinker, but for a thinker who can act, who can make himself master of the energies, as well as of the thoughts of men.

A word should be said about that famous formula "Peace without annexations, and without indemnities." It cannot be said too strongly that this was intended primarily for domestic use. It was an expression and instrument of the revolutionary people's purpose to purge Russia's foreign policy. Our Western Foreign Offices misunderstood it, and their ill-informed action played a large part in enlarging the scope of the formula—in transforming a local formula into a most embarrassing world-formula. No doubt it was necessary to demonstrate the moral unity of the Allies. There was, however, no need to make unnecessary trouble for ourselves. Four quite unembarrassing words would have instantly knit New Russia to us in a permanent common purpose: "The right to opportunity"—those four words give us the very soul of the Revolution, the ground of personal and national freedom, the ground of justice and of the comity of peoples. Those four words would have assured to the Russians what they intended by their formula, and would have safeguarded also the moral and political values. Had those words been instantly and plainly spoken by the British Government, they would have swept through the length and breadth of Russia as the confirmation of a great hope. And thereby many a weakening doubt would have been prevented.

We are not left without hopeful signs. Two months ago I wrote these words: "When New Russia stepped forth from her prison she stepped into Utopia, and she has not yet discovered that it is Utopia."

At that very moment the *Utro Rossii* published a striking article—"It is Time to Awake." Here is the substance of it:—

"Strange words! the reader exclaims in astonishment. To awake—when all Russia is full of life and movement! Nevertheless, we repeat 'it is time to awake,' because the life with which Russia is seething is like a long vivid dream, full of delightful fantasies. Everything seems possible; time and space disappear, causes and effects vanish; everything happens by the waving of a magician's wand. It will be hard for us when reality wakes us with its ruthless hand. At this moment, Reality is menacing.

"The economic position is most grave, and unless we immediately take steps to put it right, it will become most dangerous. We are face to face with national bankruptcy, and that would not merely spell economic ruin; it would deal a heavy blow to Free Russia."

I have mentioned "the persecution of the Intelligentsia." Against that one may set an appeal made by Delegates from the Front:—

"Comrades of the Educated Classes,—Come to us and bring the light of knowledge into our dark trenches. Share with us the difficult task of consolidating freedom, and educate us to be citizens of New Russia."

On May 26th, the Officers' Conference invited "the revolutionary educated classes to go to the peasants, workmen, and soldiers, to help them to the best of their power with their knowledge, and to enlighten them and assist them in building up a new life."

Before the Revolution, the policy of Terror made a deep cleavage in the advanced parties. To-day, that policy is merely a memory, and men whom it kept apart are coming together. The Advanced parties in Russia fall into the groups: the Social Revolutionaries and the Social Democrats. The Terrorists broke away from the other Social Revolutionaries in 1905. To-day, in Russia, they are called Maximalists. The other section of the Social Revolutionaries, represented by Cherkov and Chaikovsky, rejected the policy of Terror. To-day they are less extreme than the quondam Terrorists, the present-day Maximalists.

The Social Democrats are divided into *Bolsheviki* and *Mensheviks*. In English papers these are often spoken of as Maximalists and Minimalists, but that literalism is misleading, and does not represent Russian usage. In Russia, "Maximalists" and "Minimalists" designate the sections of the Social Revolutionaries, not of the Social Democrats.

The *Bolsheviki* form three more or less separate parties. First, there are the followers of Lenin. Lenin is against the Provisional (Coalition) Government. He advocates the establishment of a republic based on local Councils composed of delegates from the soldiers, working-men, and peasants. He does not want a separate peace, but thinks peace could and should be brought about by the proletariat in the belligerent countries taking concurrent action. His general position is much like that of Liebknecht, but he is marked out by his advocacy of reform by immediate violence. For instance, he urges the peasants to take forcible possession of land at once. The second group of the *Bolsheviki* accepts Lenin's programme, but rejects his method. It would proceed constitutionally, and not by violence. The third group of the *Bolsheviki* is very small. It consists of Internationalists.

Most of the Russian Socialists are *Mensheviks*. These constitute the majority of the Soldiers' and Workmen's Council. They support the Provisional Government, and are prepared to abide by the decision of the Constituent Assembly. The *Mensheviks* are *Marxians*. Roughly speaking, one may say that they are Socialists of the type of Ramsay MacDonald. There is a merely theoretical difference between the *Mensheviks* and the Revolutionaries represented by Cherkov and Chaikovsky.

There are three agrarian policies among the Social Revolutionaries and the Social Democrats. The former advocate the *Communalisation* of land. Of the Social Democrats, the *Bolsheviki* advocate the *Nationalisation*, and the *Mensheviks* advocate the *Municipalisation*. There are some signs, however, that the dispersion of strength between three policies will not continue.

There is much anarchy in Russia, but beneath the anarchy there is a new, an increasing unity. About four weeks ago, a Russian

who had just returned from Petrograd said to me something like this: "In the old days, suspicion and distrust were everywhere. Invisible barriers divided man from man, class from class. All that has changed. The barriers have vanished. Everywhere one feels the strong impulsion of a new brotherliness. Men know now that they are members of one great family."

The Revolution has given men something worth living for, something worth fighting for. And the need to safeguard "the gains of the Revolution" has united men in a common recognition of a common duty. For the first time for many a long day, the Russian people has a Fatherland. "Holy Russia" has gone, but another Russia has taken its place—one not less august, more generous, more hopeful, more inspiring. Who will set limits to the new patriotism of free men in Free Russia?\*

It is quite certain that revolutionary Russia has rejected all thoughts of a separate peace. Men who were troubled by the apparent anarchy saw that a successful advance would make Russia's new patriotism the constructive energy of healthful unity.† Others recognise that nothing but victory could safeguard the revolution. "On July 1st the Army of Revolutionary Russia took the field with great enthusiasm"—so telegraphed Kerensky to Prince Lvov. The Russian Army has not failed. To-day Prince Lvov could repeat words which he wrote many months ago: "The morning is breaking; sunlight gleams on the bayonets of our gallant warriors, the sun looks in at the window of their homes."

The Russian Army has not failed, and the Russian people will not fail.

C. HAGBERG WRIGHT.

\* *Vide* Kerensky's appeal to the Army and Navy: "All of you, warriors of Free Russia, from general to soldier, are discharging the heavy but glorious duty of defending Revolutionary Russia. Only this duty, remember it well. While you are defending Russia, you are also struggling for the great ideals of the Revolution, for liberty, equality, and fraternity."

† "If the Army moves forward, Russia is saved and—with the enthusiasm which success is bound to bring about—the whole country will think more healthily, and patriotic efforts will be made by the Army and people to bring the war to a successful conclusion. This, to-day, is the one thing that matters. . . ."—*Private letter from Petrograd (May 26th)*.



## THE NEW SPIRIT IN AUSTRIA.

THE conference for the revision of war-aims, to which Russia has summoned her Allies, will meet amid a rapidly-changing world. The changes which are actual or imminent are, however, rather organic than territorial. The world-war has, so far, played the revolutionary more certainly with the internal structure of the Great Powers than with their frontiers. We are within sight certainly of a federal Russian Republic, probably of a federal Austria, and a democratic Hungary, and possibly of a "new orientation" in Germany. The broad question before the Allies when they are asked to revise the agreements which define their war-aims will be, whether they can adjust their programme to this march of events, or whether they must still pursue the project of achieving security by means of an immense unsettlement of frontiers. Must the aims of the war be sought by map-making, or may they be attained by organic changes, national and international? The advocates of the latter solution place in the forefront of their plan the formation of a League of Nations, pledged to enforce the peaceful settlement of future disputes. There would still be a case in some unhappy corners of Europe for territorial changes, but it is not primarily to these, but rather to the advance of Democracy and the development of internationalism, that this school looks for the establishment of European peace. The crucial test, when the Allies have to choose between these two types of settlement, will confront them in Austria-Hungary. If the Dual Monarchy must be dismembered, we are committed to the conception of a peace based on map-making and the balance of power. The war must be prolonged, until the Allies can dictate conquerors' terms, and the problem must be faced of inducing Russia to continue it on the basis of the Miliukoff programme which she has decisively rejected.

The first step towards the honest discussion of these alternatives is to realise that it is not solely a concern for the nationalities of Austria-Hungary which has made its dismemberment a popular war-cry. Allied opinion is mainly concerned with the problem of breaking the German hegemony in Central Europe. Whether one thinks chiefly of this compact block of organised man-power subject to Berlin, or of the Berlin-Bagdad road to the East, what is at stake is really the question whether, in a military and political sense, the resources of Austria-Hungary will continue to be at the disposal of the Prussian governing caste, in the pursuit by aggressive means of masterful ambitions. The Dual Monarchy exists in a set of complicated relationships, and if all the terms of these relations are changing, its inner structure will change with them. The essential facts outside it, which dominated the policy of the Dual Monarchy, were, first, this restless and ambitious Prussian Junkerdom, which found its responsive allies in the Magyar aristocracy and also in a certain Viennese clique; and, secondly, the danger from Russian Pan Slavism working through the irredentism of Belgrade and the discontent of her

own Slavs. The reason why Vienna fell under German hegemony was not merely that Berlin pursued its aims steadily, it was also that Panslavism compelled the Austrians to lean upon a powerful protector. Dr. Naumann based his whole scheme of "Central Europe" on one fundamental assumption—that, given this Slav danger, Austria dare not stand alone, and that no ally save Germany could protect her against Russia. The argument was unanswerable when he wrote it, and nothing less than the Russian Revolution could have refuted it. In an autocratic Russia the sense of racial solidarity between the Great Russians and the Slavs of Austria and the Balkans would always have been liable to assume an Imperialistic form, and would always have been a potential military danger. From that danger there was only one obvious insurance, a close military union with Germany, and Naumann's argument was that the only road to safety lay in its further development. The Russian Revolution has shaken this argument to its foundations. The old reactionary Panslavism is dead beyond recall. A popular democratic version of Panslavism could arise in the new Russia only if Vienna were to fail beyond all hope to make the Hapsburg Monarchy a tolerable home for its Slavs.

There are two aspects to the Austrian dependence on Berlin, a Why and a How. The answer to Why was Panslavism. The answer to How was Dualism. The appropriate mechanism by which Austria-Hungary was kept within the orbit of Berlin was its division into two separate compartments, within each of which Germans and Magyars maintained themselves as the ruling race, and kept the Slavs in subjection. It was a precarious arrangement even before the war. It would not have survived the succession to the throne of the murdered Archduke. It could not have been maintained by Germans and Magyars alone without a measure of support from the Poles. For them, until the other day, Russia was the enemy: their forces now and in the future will inevitably be turned against German Imperialism. Whatever may be its transitional phases, Federalism must mean the abandonment of the tactics of Dualism. It must mean the end of any absolute German ascendancy in one half of the Monarchy, and the destruction of Magyar despotism in the other. It must mean that in the Council or "Delegation" which determines the common economic and diplomatic policy of the federal Empire, the Germans and the Magyars will not together form a steady majority without some support from other racial groups. Here are the elements of an answer to the question whether the defeat of German hegemony necessarily means the dismemberment of the Dual Monarchy. We hope to create a League of Nations which will make alliances of the old type unnecessary. Austria need no longer dread Panslavism, partly because her own contented Slavs will no longer tempt an invader, and partly because an Imperialistic and reactionary Russia will no longer foment their discontent. She will no longer have the old motive to lean on Berlin, nor the old Dualist mechanism which made this posture easy. Finally, we cherish the hope that within Germany itself the Prussian ruling caste,

which desired this hegemony for the ends of mastery and aggression, is itself undergoing defeat.

Sober men are ready to admit that dismemberment, if only because it involves an immense prolongation of the war, may have to be dropped from the Allied programme: they will then fall back reluctantly on federalism as a second best. This attitude rarely survives a detailed examination of dismemberment. As a verbal formula it has a delusive simplicity, which disappears when it is put to any concrete test. It is not even a good solution of the problem of nationality. If a commission of disinterested and expert neutrals were charged with the task of "breaking up" the Dual Monarchy on racial lines, they could not avoid the creation of several "Ulsters" as perplexing and insurgent as our own. An Ulster may be, given tolerance and tact and firmness, a manageable difficulty in a federal system, for there is a sovereign state above the subordinate national unit, and a federal Council or Parliament at the centre, which can impose safeguards for the benefit of the minority and watch over their observance. Within an Independent State, however, the Ulster lives at the discretion of the ruling majority, and though Europe might insert safeguards in its constitution, there would be no such ready means of insuring their observance as Federalism provides. The dismemberment of Austria, however, if the Allies do achieve it, will not be devised by disinterested experts on the lines of nationality: it will follow military bargains, and will be dominated by strategical considerations. We know something of the arrangements concluded with Italy on the one hand, and Roumania on the other. To Italy there has been assigned not merely the Trentino, the City of Trieste, and the coast of Istria, which are racially Italian, but a big Hinterland behind Trieste which is solidly Slovene, some Croat country behind the Istrian coast, and the whole stretch of Dalmatia, as far as the Narenta, which is solidly Serbo-Croat, and contains less than 4 per cent. of Italians. The details of the bargain with Roumania have been published in Russia since the Revolution. It cedes to her not only Transylvania, which has a bare majority of Roumanians (55 per cent.), but also the Bukovina, the Banat (largely Serbian), and a big slice of Bulgaria, including the port of Varna. In this new territory the Roumanians would be a minority, and there would be within it not one but several "Ulsters," with compact populations of Germans, Magyars, Serbs, and Bulgarians. For reasons of strategy Italy and Roumania claimed, with the assent of the Allies, territories in which Italians and Roumanians do not form, on the whole, even a bare majority. One need not pause to point out that none of the alien races whom they would absorb are likely to submit with a good grace: to all of them the change would be unwelcome; to some of them it would be tragedy. The third case is hardly less delicate, but, unlike the other two, it is inevitable. Bohemia has a big "Ulster" of Germans, who form no less than 35 per cent. of her population, and possess more than their bare numerical influence by reason of their wealth, their education, and their prominence in industry. They inhabit chiefly the fringes of

Bohemia, and some writers have proposed (what would be easy, given a federal solution) to exclude certain of their districts from the new State, but this would deprive it of its mountain defences, and so aggravate for it a military problem which would, at the best, be anxious. Ireland and Bohemia are closely parallel cases. There is the same ancient feud of two uncongenial races, aggravated by similar economic complications. But language is a more impenetrable barrier than religion, and the Bohemian minority of one-third is even less likely to be pliable than the Irish minority of one-fourth. We tell the Irish minority to trust to the ultimate guardianship of the Imperial Parliament. Dismemberment can provide no such safeguard for the Bohemian minority.

When we have realised that, from the standpoint of nationality, dismemberment is not an ideal, and may, in fact, be a bad solution, we have only begun to examine its difficulties. The survival of the "ramshackle Empire" may seem mysterious, until we recollect that for the average man trade is as vital as politics. The Dual Monarchy, with all its political demerits, was a formula which ensured over a big Continental area, ill-provided with outlets to the sea, internal Free Trade, a good system of railway and river transport, and the common use of the two good ports of Trieste and Fiume. Dismemberment begins by creating two isolated, land-locked States—Bohemia and Hungary. It is only by assuming universal goodwill that their existence can be made tolerable. Tariff walls will surround them. They must use the railways, the ports, and the shipping of other States. The Austrian merchant marine must disappear from the Levant, and it will depend on the commercial liberality of Italy whether the industry and agriculture of German Austria, Bohemia, and Hungary can find any market overseas. Each of these States, moreover, must depend on the railways of its traditional enemies—Bohemia on the system of German-Austria, and Hungary on that of Croatia or Roumania. Treaties may lay down sound general principles, but the friction, given the trade war of the Paris Resolutions, would soon become ruinous and unendurable, for dismemberment would give to some of these States an unforgettable grievance against their neighbours. Finally, we must consider what would be the military position in this unhappy family. Allied strategists consider Bohemia primarily as a salient driven from the Eastern Front into the vitals of the Germanic system. They are apt to forget that Hungary would be a similar salient driven from the West into the Slav system. A more threatening arrangement could hardly have been devised if the map had been drawn with the deliberate object of perpetuating European strife. The Germans would see in Bohemia a standing menace to their security, and the Slavs would be forced to regard Hungary in the same way. Each of these States would be forced to lead the life of an outpost camp, and to subordinate its whole policy to military necessity. That the position of Bohemia would be perilous the advocates of dismemberment themselves admit. No less an authority than Professor Miliukoff has endorsed the Tchech proposal for overcoming the dangers of this geographical isolation. The proposal is that a "corridor," 200 kilo-

metres long by 100 wide, should be cut through German Austria, in order to unite Bohemia to the South Slavs. This corridor would ensure to Bohemia the use of an Adriatic port, lessen her military isolation, and cut off Hungary finally from contact with the Germanic system. Incidentally, it would mean the subjection to Tchech rule of a populous stretch of country inhabited solely by Germans." In these conditions the independence of Bohemia and Jugoslavia could only be nominal. They would be forced, as subordinate allies, to share in the economic "war after peace," and, for safety's sake, to adjust their diplomatic, military, and commercial policy to that of the *Entente*. They would be engaged in a continuous struggle with the Germanic system, and success would depend on discipline. Their internal life, apart from military matters, diplomacy, and tariffs, would be their own. Does Federalism offer less?

Federalism is more than a formula which may spare us a further two years of war. It is, ideally, the better solution. It must break down German hegemony in Central Europe, but without endangering the legitimate enterprise of the German people. It would be the natural preparation for a larger Society of Nations. It would relieve us of all those thorny problems of tariffs, ports, and railway rights which dog any scheme of dismemberment. It would assure, in each national area of the Dual Monarchy, the free self-determination of its predominant race, while for the inevitable minorities the Central Government would ensure fair play. It is not the business of a foreign spectator to attempt to sketch the form which a federal reorganisation ought to take. The ideal is certainly the grouping of nationalities, rather than the restoration of ancient historical units. One would wish to see a united North Slav State, comprising Slovacks with Tchechs, and a united South Slav group, including Slovenes with Croats and Serbs. The Ruthenians of East Galicia must be separated from the Poles. It might be possible to separate the compact Magyar and "Saxon" minority of Transylvania from the Roumanian unit. It would be folly to minimise the difficulties of an ideal settlement on these lines, and foolish to expect that an ideal settlement can be reached without a long struggle and several transitional phases. The Magyars will consent to an honest franchise and to the abandonment of their policy of assimilating weaker races, long before they will freely agree to the redistribution of the historic territory of Hungary within the Federal system. It is obvious that the Poles, though they do not desire a forcible achievement of Polish unity by the arms of the *Entente* (they are the leaders of the demand for an early peace), do undoubtedly expect an amicable settlement of their claim. They hope to be allowed to join the "Congress Kingdom" (Russian Poland), under the condition that the new Kingdom of Poland shall be attached by permanent dynastic ties to the Hapsburgs. The cession of the Trentino, though not of Trieste, to Italy can hardly be avoided in the general interests of the *Entente*, but it would not be a fatal, or even a serious, loss to Austria. Federalism involves the creation of a united autonomous South Slav State under the Hapsburgs. The *Entente*, however, is bound

to restore the independence of the Serbian and Montenegrin Kingdoms. That is a debt of honour, but it does not, in itself, lead to a satisfactory solution. While setting up the Serbian Kingdoms once more, compensating them for their material losses, and ensuring them free access to the sea, the *Entente* ought not to place obstacles in the way of their close association with the Austrian South Slav State. If, as time goes on, Austria were to make an attractive offer of any kind or degree of union, the Serbs of Belgrade and Cetinje must be free to accept it or reject it, as their own interests dictate. Serbia, even an aggrandised Serbia, is too frail a barrier against the German *Drang nach Osten*. A predominantly Slav Austria, bound by her past sufferings and her mixed composition to desire peace, is the ideal barrier to the aggressive military expansion of Germany.

It is early to dogmatise on the prospects of the realisation of Federalism by the spontaneous action of the rulers of Austria-Hungary. It is not too early to note their tendency, and to see in it the signs of resolution and resource. Whether the Emperor Karl has unexpectedly developed a mature personality one cannot guess, but he has certainly identified himself with the relatively liberal Pro-Slav group, with its schemes of "Trialism," which surrounded the murdered Archduke. His first act was to break completely with the "old gang" which made the war. The dismissal, one after the other, of Burian, Forgach, and Tisza was an eloquent deed. The will and the intellect behind this movement is undoubtedly Count Czernin, the Foreign Minister, a Tchech nobleman who wrote, some years ago, a book which made a damning exposure, in the interest of the nationalities, of Magyar misrule. Then came the restoration of the Austrian Reichsrath, after nearly three years of suppression. The Pan-Germans had a scheme for calling it together, minus its Polish members, who were to be bribed by the complete autonomy of Galicia, so as to place the German parties once more in a majority. That specious scheme was rejected. Nothing could well have been more startling than the Emperor's manifesto on the meeting of the Reichsrath, with its repeated use of the word "democracy," and its promise to make Austria a family of "equally-privileged nationalities." The early sittings could not fail to be stormy and eventful. The Pan-Germans were, as usual, insolent and provocative. The Tchechs, smarting under three years of repression and martial law, were in no easy or conciliatory mood. A vote on the question of language rights (whether speeches made in a non-German language should be reprinted in that language in the official record of the debates) brought about the portent of a defeat of all the Germans by all the non-Germans. The better sign was the adoption of a reasonable compromise thereafter (that the speech should be printed in both languages in "Hansard"), and for this compromise the German Socialists and the "Christian Socialists" voted with the non-Germans against the Pan-Germans. Then came an amnesty for all political offenders. The first phase of the new movement has ended in Austria with a check. The Premier, Count Clam-Martinitz, was clearly a less adroit person

than the much abler Czernin. His programme was an ill-defined compromise which he described as autonomy with centralism. The various Slav groups laid all their stress on autonomy, and were much less concerned to build up any central national authority. They seem to want what we should call Colonial Home Rule. Vienna offers more nearly Irish Home Rule. For the moment Austria marks time, under a temporary stop-gap business Cabinet of officials. The negotiations continue. Federalism is still the programme, and the problem is to weld the centrifugal tendencies of the Slavs into some scheme of Austrian unity.

The Hungarian half of the problem is necessarily at a much more elementary stage. Austria has manhood suffrage, a tolerant tradition towards non-German languages and cultures, and a system of provincial decentralisation and diets, which, in spite of its inadequacy, is a half-way house towards Federalism. Hungary has a dishonest, undemocratic franchise, a tradition of racial intolerance, and a system of local government by counties which makes no preparation for Federalism. The first step was to clear out the "old gang," and the second to achieve an honest and democratic franchise. The Emperor-King accomplished both things at one stroke. Count Tisza fell, ostensibly because he would not grant adequate franchise reform, really because he stood for the old policy of Magyar ascendancy at home and Chauvinism abroad. When the new Cabinet was formed, Tisza himself said of it, "It is the beginning of a Revolution." Of the Premier, Count Esterhazy, we know little, but he has gone far outside the limits of the Magyar caste in forming his Ministry. The inclusion in it of the Democratic leader, Vaszonyi, is a pledge that the new electoral law will be an honest concession to the demands both of the Magyar working class and of the non-Magyar nationalities. The social injustice of the old régime was only a little less conspicuous than its racial intolerance. Given an honest concession of manhood suffrage and the secret ballot (some admission of women voters is also possible), and the next Diet ought to include enough representatives of the subject races, the Socialists, and the Magyar peasantry, to make Hungary a democratic as it is already a constitutional State. That means, at the least, equal political rights in actual practice for the Slovacks and Roumanians, and freedom for their cultural development. This is, however, only the foundation on which Federalism may be built. The problem of the future will then be how to detach the Slovacks from the Hungarian State so as to unite them with the Czechs, how to detach Croatia (which enjoys a precarious autonomy) so as to unite it with the rest of the South Slavs, and how to attain autonomy for the Roumanians. The first stage may possibly be the concession of autonomy to Slovacks and Roumanians within the Hungarian Kingdom, on the model of the existing autonomy of Croatia. How, thereafter, to weld Austria and Hungary into a single Federal system would be the next problem in evolution. It may not be easy to do it at once, nor possible to do it without a *coup d'état*, for the Magyars will stand on their historical rights. How precisely it shall be done is not our concern. What is our

concern is to insist that in some form the reality of self-government shall be conceded to each nationality of the Dual Monarchy, and an undertaking to that effect (if it is not yet an accomplished fact) must be included in the Peace Settlement. To make light of the difficulties, to expect an instant solution of tangled and ancient problems, would show an equal lack of sympathy and modesty. We find in our one Ireland and our one Ulster a task which has, so far, baffled our statesmanship. To minds which supposed that a new Europe could be created by three years of violence and mutual slaughter, the peaceful and spontaneous solution of the Austro-Hungarian problem may seem tedious and undramatic. To my thinking, it proceeds with vertiginous speed. In one brief spring and summer to see the German hegemony shaken in one half of the Monarchy and the Magyar oligarchy undermined in the other, is progress enough. The necessary destruction has been rapidly and smoothly done. Let us not call for too hasty construction. If peaceful work is slow, it has this advantage over violent solutions imposed from without, that it implies a change of mind and re-direction of wills which is the best augury for the future.

One objection remains to be faced. "You ignore," it will be said, "the desires of the subject nationalities themselves. Have not Tchechs and South Slavs, through their free spokesmen in the Allied countries, called decidedly, not for federalism, but for dismemberment?" This objection implies that the will of these populations is for us the sole decisive consideration. Small nationalities, like minorities, must sometimes be contented with less than their full ideal, if the good of the whole European society demands it. It would be cowardice in us to make peace without obtaining for them the reality of liberty and self-government. But they must not demand from the rest of Europe indefinite sacrifices for the mere form of independence. But do these races, in point of fact, ask us to fight on to secure their formal independence? We have the text of their declarations in the Reichsrath. Tchechs and South Slavs ask, not for independence, but for the creation of national States *under the Hapsburg Crown*. The exiles and their friends tell us that the saving reservation is intended only to avoid the penalty for treason—they say autonomy, but mean independence. Exiles (all honour to them) are not always the safest guides. When we turn to the speeches of the Tchech Deputies in the Reichsrath we find in them, with much manly and outspoken criticism, references to the federal solution which go beyond a merely tactical and insincere adoption. Listen to Dr. Stransky, an influential spokesman of the Young Tchechs:—

"Our aim, then, is to transform the Hapsburg Monarchy into a community of free and equal States, which would exercise a natural force of attraction both upon the Balkan Slavs and the great Polish State to the north. . . . If we should succeed in elevating Austria from the position of an unwilling Continental colony of the German race to a federal State whose natural mission would be to further economic and cultural intercourse



between East and West, then we shall, ruler and peoples, attain a future beautiful beyond the powers of eloquence to describe."

That is not the language of a man who says "autonomy" merely because he is afraid to say "independence." The idea must be dismissed that the Slavs of Austria are signalling to us in a kind of furtive code. They are speaking honestly and plainly. They are pointing out to us that a federal, democratic Austria will be a rallying point for all the Western and Southern Slavs. They bid us see in it a barrier against the aggressive junkerdom of Prussia. They implore us to come to terms with it and assure its future. If the Austrian Slavs wanted dismemberment then they would also be prepared to endure the further prolongation of the war, for they cannot suppose that the present military balance would allow the *Entente* to impose a large scheme of dismemberment. That is not their wish. They all supported the Polish motion, which besought the Government to omit no step which would make possible an early peace.\* The true friends of the Austrian Slavs will take their inspiration from that motion. It is probably a delusion to suppose that a separate peace can be negotiated with Austria, and one may doubt whether treachery, even within the enemy camp, is a good basis on which to found a better Europe. But if once Austria were assured that she need no longer dread dismemberment, her demand for an early general peace would compel Germany to negotiate. Chastened, war-weary, richer in wisdom and bankrupt in all else, Austria is an enemy who needs no further persuasion to unite with us in working out the basis of a durable peace. She is no longer, under a senile Emperor and a corrupt clique, the willing tool of Prussian ambitions. The Russian Revolution, which destroyed her haunting fear of Pan-slavism, has opened for her also a new career. From her we shall meet no obstruction to our two dominant aims—the destruction of militarism and the insurance of nationality.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

\* This resolution, moved by the Socialist Deputy, Daszynski, on behalf of the whole Polish Club, with the support of other parties, is as follows: "At the close of the third year of the world-war, which has cost millions of killed and cripples, exhausted all the peoples of Europe and raised the spectre of general starvation, both belligerent parties have at length recognised the right of nations to self-determination as the basis of a lasting peace. In order to affirm its solidarity with all States and peoples, whose will is for peace on the basis of an understanding among nations, this House calls upon the Government to omit no step which will render possible such a peace at an early date." I quote from the German text in a Swiss newspaper.

## AMERICA IN THE WAR.

**I**T would have been impossible for any Englishman, who found himself in an American city on April 2nd last, to refrain from a comparison of all he saw and heard around him with what he remembered of London during the opening days of August three years ago. On each of these occasions a decision upon which hung the future of Europe and the world had been taken, but in outward circumstance how indescribable the difference! The gloom and horror of those summer days in 1914 can never pass from the memory of English men and women who lived through them; but in New York, you would have said, there was, in the corresponding crisis of 1917, nothing to remark. The President's speech, which carried the United States into the war, was delivered in the evening, and late at night one or two special editions were being sold in the streets. But the wayfarer along Broadway or Fifth Avenue could not persuade himself that he was among a people which had passed decisively out of one epoch into another.

Nor was this to be wondered at. America had not been precipitated into the conflict. The diplomatic break with Germany had occurred two months before. The war itself had become only too familiar, and, in one respect, it had already been brought near. American ships were being sunk. American business life had for long been subject to war conditions. But at that time it was scarcely regarded as possible that American armies, as well as the American Navy, would be actively engaged in the fighting. America, however, was in it at last. No doubt it was unavoidable. No doubt Mr. Wilson had done everything possible to keep out to the end. He had failed; but was it not more than likely that peace, hastened by the President's decision, would be proclaimed before the war had begun in any direct fashion to disturb the ordinary citizen and the average American household?

Such, it appeared, was the general feeling in regard to a situation which Americans in the mass could not be expected to realise very acutely. But four months, crowded with events, have gone by since the momentous words were spoken at Washington. The Balfour Mission was able, in the course of a few weeks, to arrange for the fullest co-operation in matters of supplies and credits. The tour of Joffre and Viviani—a masterstroke of tactics—so worked upon the popular emotions that the dispatch of American forces in large numbers became an immediate and essential part of the American scheme. Meanwhile, the Administration has moved with extraordinary strides towards the national organisation for war. English people have watched with eager interest the adjustment of the Constitution to a purpose for which, assuredly, it was never framed. And they have seen with amazement the least military of all Western Powers adopt, after a minimum of debate and so far without difficulty, the principle of compulsory military service. On June 5th some 9½ million young men, between twenty-one and thirty-one years of age, were enrolled, and the Selective Draft is now being applied for the calling up of the first conscript army of 687,000 men.

The question as to the state of the American mind under the war situation is perhaps the first which suggests itself to the English inquirer. The liability of the Americans to mob excitement has been taken for granted among us. Certainly the public temper of America is something very different from the public temper of England, but no one would assert that present-day America is in any great danger of repeating the hysteria of the Spanish War twenty years ago. The Yellow Press then had vastly more power, both in shaping policy and in stimulating popular feeling, than it has to-day. Nevertheless, it is possible that Mr. Wilson and his colleagues count as their greatest mercy the fact that Mr. W. R. Hearst is out of sympathy with the war policy. Never at any time since the break with Germany has the country given way to military excitement. There has been, of course, a profuse display of bunting in almost every city; but the display has been quite extraordinarily free from association with war fever or international hate. You felt, indeed, that it would be foolish to look for anything like fury against Germany or indeed for any defined thought of a particular enemy. The observer was tempted to say that this was essentially nothing more than an outburst of the good old American patriotism: the adoration of the flag; an assertion of America watchful and defiant; a simple antedating of the Fourth of July. Above all, perhaps, it was the natural rebound of a people once notably warlike from a policy which for two years had kept America down upon a chastened note in international affairs, conflicting in startling fashion with the conception of the United States which earlier generations of Americans had imposed upon the world. The foregoing, I am convinced, is a not inaccurate reading of the national mind in the initial stage of expression in wartime, but it need hardly be said that the arrival of troops upon the European battlefield is a long step to a process of change in the war spirit of America which, we may assume, will be completed by the first casualty lists printed in the transatlantic papers.

We in England are deeply interested in the spirit and behaviour of the American people, and in the instructive developments which the war organisation may be expected to bring about in the Federal Administration; but to the majority, maybe, there is a still greater fascination in the personal problem of the President. Undeniably Mr. Wilson is an enigma; perhaps no less to his discriminating admirers than to his opponents—which latter, by the way, consist now in great part of those among his countrymen who, until the declaration of war, were ready to concede him the first place among contemporary statesmen.

It is, however, Mr. Wilson's present supporters who commonly do him an injustice in one important respect. There is a widespread belief in this country that for more than two years the President failed to assume the position of national leadership to which he was committed by his own theory of the Constitution. It is frequently asserted or implied in the English Press that Mr. Wilson allowed American public opinion upon the war and the international issues to form itself without direction from Washington. How anyone who has followed the development of affairs

in America since 1915 can hold this view it is not at all easy to understand. The evidence, surely, is all the other way: or so it seems to one Englishman who has had somewhat exceptional opportunities of observing the currents of opinion at a distance from the Atlantic coast. Doubtless those who take the newspapers of the large centres as an accurate reflection of the national mind are led to believe that the Press and a small number of ardent propagandists were making the running, while the President was merely marking time. But even a moderate acquaintance with conditions in the interior should suffice to correct this impression. If we think of the character and constituents of the President's own party, with its sectional conflicts and provincial tradition; if we think of the endless opposition from the most powerful interests which a Democratic Administration in Washington has to combat; if we remember the racial rivalries and geographical remoteness which support the Middle Westerner in his detachment from the Old World, and then consider what has happened during the present year, we cannot refuse to recognise the quality of Mr. Wilson's steady and purposeful leadership. Two years ago it would have seemed impossible that the citizen of the Middle West could have been brought to acknowledge, and to accept, the fact that the historical isolation of the United States is at an end. He has learnt it from Mr. Wilson, who has brought this momentous piece of knowledge to the business men of Chicago and St. Louis, to the farmers of Kansas and Iowa. Under his tutelage they are learning to grasp the conception of world citizenship and to understand its implications, as expressed time and again in the speeches and notes at which Europe has found it so curiously easy to laugh. Is it not possible that at no distant time the world may agree to regard these documents as the most potent educational force towards the creation of that League of Nations upon which the hopes of the freer peoples are increasingly fixed?

In this connection one other point may be noted. The power of the President's leadership is now emphatically acknowledged by some of the most prominent and influential of those who, before the declaration of war, were exhausting the language of detraction against him. It is permissible to observe that, in view of their present testimony, we must allow for a wide margin of error in their earlier judgments. At all events, their change of view and tone is a striking piece of evidence: perhaps the most striking that could be cited in proof of the contention that the President, all along, has had the right measure of the American people; that he could not have carried them with him by any other course than the one he has followed, or at any earlier stage have brought about the decision for which his former antagonists are now pouring laudations upon him. Moreover, it is perfectly certain that, fiercely as Mr. Wilson was attacked for his excessive caution and patience, between the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the proclamation of unlimited submarine warfare, with the great mass of the American people his position is immensely stronger to-day by reason of that very policy.

I come now to the question which, beyond all others, must exer-

cise the mind of the Allied peoples: What is the actual position of America in the war, and, assuming that the just and satisfying peace is unattainable this year, what are the aims towards which the military and industrial might of America will be directed? It cannot have escaped the observant reader that certain writers in the English Press, arguing in part from the new severity with which the neutrals are being treated by enactment at Washington, draw the conclusion that the addition of American strength to the Allies means the prosecution of the war, if necessary for years longer, to the one end of a penal and frankly imperialistic peace. Is it possible that the people of England and America stand in need of any contradiction of this impossible inference? Surely not. President Wilson has made his own purpose and ideal overwhelmingly clear. In the speech of April 2nd, foreseeing that the declaration of a state of war would seem to conflict with his earlier utterances, he said: "My own thought has not been driven from its habitual and normal course by the unhappy events of the last two months, and I do not believe that the thought of the nation has been altered or clouded by them." He was demonstrably right. On two important occasions recently Mr. Lloyd George has reminded his countrymen that America has never yet made war except in the cause of freedom; and if in this unlimited clash of forces and ideas and systems there is any one thing above dispute, it is that no President and no combination of interests could ever be strong enough to keep the American people organised and armed for a conflict having any other aims than those stated again and again by Mr. Wilson. In the address to the Senate on January 22nd, which, it may be, posterity will rank higher than all other utterances of our time, the President said:—

"Is the present war a struggle for a just and secure peace, or only for a new balance of power? If it be only a struggle for a new balance of power, who will guarantee, who can guarantee, the stable equilibrium of the new arrangement? Only a tranquil Europe can be a stable Europe. There must be not only a balance of power, but a community of power; not organised rivalries, but an organised common peace."

And again, in the war-declaration speech of April 2nd:—

"We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them."

Between the dates of these two speeches occurred the most pregnant event of the age—the Russian Revolution. In considering the policy of the United States we should never allow ourselves to forget that but for the popular triumph in Russia Mr. Wilson would not have been able to make his declaration, or to command the Houses of Congress. Every attempt to end the neutrality of the United States would have been broken against the overwhelm-

ing hostility of millions of new Americans to the old Russian despotism. The change in Russia made possible the entry of America into the war; and those are surely right who hold that an alliance thus buttressed on East and West can in the end result in nothing less than the fulfilment of President Wilson's vision: "a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free." We shall do well to recognise, and keep continually in mind, the almost illimitable significance of the new alliance, which barely six months ago was unimaginable. It cannot be denied that many hopes were chilled by the American message to the Russian people, for Mr. Wilson's careful sentences missed the large and splendid note which he alone among living rulers has the power to sound. We must suppose that there were diplomatic influences governing his mode of expression on that occasion. If that is so, the fact is to be regretted. Mr. Wilson is greatest when he speaks as the unmuzzled representative of a great republic that will one day be a great democracy. But the message of May 18th, though pitched in a lower key than the presidential speeches which had previously done their part in the inspiration of the Russian people, contained an unqualified restatement of America's principle and purpose in the war; and towards that purpose, Mr. Wilson added, "every feature of the settlement that concludes this war must be conceived and executed." In a word: the fear of a "German peace" is at an end; the goal we shall attain is a peace of the peoples made certain by Russia and the United States.

The future of Anglo-American relations is a subject of the greatest moment, and, obviously, it is far too large and many-sided to be treated in a concluding paragraph. Intelligent people on both sides of the Atlantic are to-day rejoicing in the assurance that the past, with its mutual misunderstanding and exasperation, is done with. England and America have at last come together. But no Englishman can travel through any considerable section of the United States without being made aware that old quarrels are not yet forgotten, and that there still persists throughout the country a disquieting amount of the traditional anti-British feeling. We make a mistake if we assume that it is all, or nearly all, due to the Germans and the irreconcilable Irish, important and powerful as these two influences are. German propaganda would, in any case, have employed every available means of damaging our cause; but have we sufficiently considered how it is that, while failing hopelessly to turn the judgment of America upon the great issues of the war, it has found it a comparatively easy task to exacerbate anti-British feeling? The plain truth is that the agents of Germany have been continuously helped by our own policy and behaviour. It would, for example, be a serious mistake to imagine that the failure to reach an Irish settlement in 1914 and the methods followed in the suppression of the rebellion had an effect only upon the Irish in America. That is emphatically not so. Wherever he goes in the United States the Englishman hears, and as often as not from the most earnest friends of

his own country, a lament over the lost opportunities of 1914 and the harshness of 1916. Americans, I know, are not well informed about the actual and persistent difficulty of Ireland. They habitually conceive the problem as a simple sum in federation, presenting fewer difficulties than the fathers of the Republic overcame in 1789, and they are mostly in the dark as to the forces which wrecked the Home Rule compromise. This ignorance is in part our fault; in part it is the political legacy of Irish America. But let us not deceive ourselves. England will never be within sight of a full understanding with America until she has either discovered or accepted a settlement of Ireland which shall conquer by its inherent justice and generosity. And in his heart and conscience every decent Englishman knows that so long as the great historic injustice is unredeemed, his country will lie under the just condemnation of the larger portion of the English-speaking race.

And for the rest, when we are thinking of the reasons which keep us from sharing in the sympathy of America in the overflowing measure that is accorded to France and the new Russia, let us be candid enough to admit that, for the most part, they are of our own making. The unhappy resolutions of the Paris Economic Conference have during the past few months been dissolved by irresistible forces, but it would be impossible to estimate the harm they wrought to the cause of the Allies so long as they were put forward and discussed as the agreed basis of international trade after the peace. So also with the Black List and those other dealings with neutral firms and neutral shipping which the altered status of the United States has now modified in a radical fashion. Others still have not been modified at all by or since the entry of the United States into the company of the Allies. The cable censorship is unchanged in principle, though greatly improved in working since the earlier stage. The postal censorship continues to hamper the interchange of news, of thought, and of sympathy between Americans and English; and still our embargo upon German and Austrian newspapers shuts off every American editor and man of affairs from contact with the organs of Central European opinion. Add to these potent aids to misunderstanding the unfortunate circumstance that the official and semi-official work of England in the United States is too often given into the hands of men who represent or illustrate precisely those traditions and modes of behaviour which commend us least to the mind of the West—to the Canadian temper equally with the American—and we have more than enough to explain the fact that is deplored with equal sincerity by both sides. Professor Gilbert Murray proposes the simplest of imaginable remedies: Let us speak the truth and keep our tempers. That is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

## ALBANIA, AUSTRIA, ITALY, ESSAD.

**E**ARLY in June the General Officer Commanding the Italian Army of Occupation in Valona proclaimed an Italian Protectorate of all Albania. Since the Powers of Europe proclaimed the autonomy of Albania a year before the war, little has been heard of this small nation, struggling to maintain itself against the pressure of hostile neighbours. Belgians, Luxemburgers, Serbians, Roumanians, Greeks, even Elamites and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, have all received their meed of sympathy in one quarter of Europe or another. The claims of Albania to sympathy are not inferior to those of any of these small nations. She has suffered the ravages of a war in which she has no interest or concern; she has been compelled to see her soil, whose integrity Europe had but a year since solemnly decreed, become the battlefield of foreign armies; and in addition, she can claim as against the Western Powers—a claim which she shares with Belgium, Serbia, and Roumania—that she supported their cause, and was disappointed of their aid. But Albania lacks resources, which even unhappy Belgium and Serbia can command. She is the weakest of all the small States, and the most backward. She has no recognised Government, either on the spot or in exile, no machinery of propaganda to put her case and voice her grievances. She has not the ear either of the Western Powers or of the neutral nations; while Austria, in answer to her mute appeal, merely replied: "I will be a mother to you," and overran the country. English sympathy with this wild and generous fighting race is traditional since the days when Byron sang the virtues of the Suliote. Englishmen have penetrated valleys and strongholds of the Albanian highlands, where no other traveller has been, and have enjoyed the Homeric hospitality which the Albanian offers to the honoured guest. More than one Englishman took service under the ill-starred Prince of Wied; and when the war broke out, an English officer was enjoying a well-deserved popularity as Governor of the principal North Albanian town. But since the war a veil has been dropped over this unhappy country. Exigencies of censorship in the past, and claims from other quarters in the present, are responsible for the obscurity in which the record of the Albanian has been involved. It is high time a corner of the veil should be lifted.

In the first half of October, 1915, the heavy guns of the Austrians north of the Danube, after a long period of quiescence, again began to bombard Belgrade. At the same time, two Bulgar armies began to concentrate on the eastern frontier of Serbia. As is now well known, the French and English Foreign Offices believed, almost to the end, despite the Serbian warnings, that Bulgaria would not come in; and at the last it was a positive scramble of mixed threats and cajolery to keep her out. On September 28th, Sir Edward Grey delivered in the House of Commons what the newspapers called a "Stern Warning to Bulgaria." He said that if Bulgaria assumed an offensive attitude on the side of our enemies, we should "give our friends in the Balkans all the support in our



power, in a manner that will be most welcome to them, in concert with our Allies, without reserve and without qualification." At the same moment, in Nish, the French and English Military *Attachés* were informing the Serbian General Staff that it must be months before any effective help could come from England and France. It was obvious that before the overwhelming pressure, which was developing simultaneously from the north and from the east, the Serbian Army (not much larger than the British Army at the outbreak of war) could put up no permanent resistance. The French General Staff pressed upon the Serbians the vital importance of securing, at whatever cost of men and material, the line of retreat to the south, where it was hoped in time to collect an Anglo-French force to support them. At Salonica, if the pursuit were carried so far, they would at least be covered by the guns of the Allied fleets in the Mediterranean. It would not be surprising if at this agonising moment the Serbians were dubious as to English aid ever being forthcoming at all; and the report of the English Foreign Minister's speech, arriving at this juncture, undoubtedly had a peculiarly cruel effect. But, in any case, Bojadiew and Todorow had now struck. Within a week of crossing the Bulgarian frontier they had reached Vranja, and cut the one line of railway connecting Serbia with Salonica. Retreat to the south was now an operation of the greatest difficulty. Perhaps it was impossible. "Serbia is not a land like England or France," the Chief of the General Staff exclaimed to an English officer a few weeks later; "it has not"—he stretched out his hand—"roads and railways like the wrinkles on my palm." A disposition once taken could not easily be altered. The weight of the Bulgar attack had been anticipated somewhat further north; and there were not sufficient men or guns to hold Todorow. Hemmed in north and east, with the door rapidly closing on the south, the harassed Serbians elected to retire to the west. To the west lay the barrier of the high Albanian Alps, and beyond these the plain of Albania sloping to the Adriatic, with the rich towns of Scutari and Durazzo as yet untouched by the horrors of the war.

The weary columns of the Serbian Army, hotly pursued by the enemy artillery, and hampered by long trains of waggons in which influential officers and politicians were allowed to bring their families and even their furniture, wound their way slowly into the mountains. When the foot-hills were passed, all the waggons had to be left behind, and—the crowning misfortune—the guns. The mountains of High Albania constitute a barrier at least as formidable as the Alps in the time of Hannibal; and Hannibal was not called upon to pass the Alps with unarmed and exhausted troops. There are no roads in High Albania: the only passes are precipitous tracks, where none but mountain ponies have ever been: and in November, when the snow lies thick, the tracks are not visible. There are no means of provisioning; and the Serbians had accumulated no magazines. Probably no other European Army would have attempted the passage. When the Serbian Army issued on the other side, the troops had had no issue of rations of any kind for six days. Many of the men had sold their rifles to the

Albanian highlanders for bread. Numbers collapsed by the way, and where they collapsed they died. The Austrian and Bulgar prisoners, who were driven like cattle in front of the retreating Army, fared worst. It is estimated that their numbers were reduced on the passage through the mountains by so much as 50 per cent. At the end of November this starving and disorganised mass poured into the Albanian town of Scutari; and in three days the Bazar was cleared of foodstuffs. The Serbs had money and there was no looting.\* But the Serbian silver and paper money were of little use to the Scutarene, who foresaw that it would not pass among the Austrian troops when they should arrive. By the time the Serbians left Scutari, the silver *dinar* (franc) and the paper *banka* (10 *dinár* note) were worth about the same—a single *piastre* (2½d.) Some of the richer merchants who could afford to hold this money till the end of the war were looking forward to enormous profits: the Bank of France was paying for *bankas* at their face value: and amongst the speculators in *bankas* was commonly reported to be one very highly placed personage indeed.

In due course came the long anticipated capitulation of Montenegro, and the Austrian troops poured over the Lovchen into Cetinje. The weary Serbians had once again to take the road. On the first stage of their new retreat, from Scutari to Alessio, a distance of twenty miles, the writer counted 247 dead horses and three dead soldiers lying by the roadside or in the roadway. No one stopped to bury them. From Alessio the route lay through swamps as far as the River Mat. Here the dying horses were merely swallowed up in the morass; and the danger of spreading pestilence did not therefore arise. It was otherwise in Durazzo, a small and constricted town, where the troops were packed within very narrow limits. No attempt was made to enforce any sanitation, and the streets and courtyards of the billets were filled in a very short time with an accumulation of filth. The Italians, who were also here at this time, were mostly outside the town. The municipal authorities showed considerable enterprise, and organised a corps of sweepers; but the Serbians did not change their methods; the small stock of chlorate of lime in the town was soon exhausted; and the accumulation was more than the sweepers could cope with. The inevitable consequence followed; the water was polluted; and before the Serbians left the town the cholera had begun: they themselves carried it with them on the road to Valona. All this while Austrian aeroplanes were raiding Durazzo, once or oftener every day; and in the absence of any anti-aircraft defences they were able to fly so low that at times the figures of the pilots could be seen with the naked eye. The sufferers, as is usual on these occasions, were mostly non-combatants, and a considerable number of houses were wrecked. We are accustomed to express indignation when German raids on our coast-towns destroy women and children; but at least the victims belong to a belligerent nation, and the raiders appear to have some case in international law. The Albanian women and

\* The writer accompanied the Serbian Army throughout its passage on Albanian soil, and gladly bears his testimony to the complete absence of looting or outrage of any kind in his experience.

children, who fell victims to the Austrian aeroplanes in Durazzo, belonged to a neutral nation.

It is unnecessary to multiply stories of the inevitable suffering which war brings in its train. The Albanians are used to war and bloodshed, and (judged by our own pre-war standards) they value life cheaply. It would betray a lack of proportion to press the comparison with Belgium on any but the point of international law. Even on this point, though we may sympathise with the Albanian, we need not in the least abate our sympathies for the Serb. Serbia entered Albanian territory for very good reasons, reasons bearing a strong family resemblance to those which took us on to Greek soil. Greater foresight on our part would perhaps have obviated the necessity for either "violation." A more interesting point to anyone who has the slightest acquaintance with the historic relations of the two peoples is how it came about that the Serbian Army ever came out of the Albanian fastnesses alive. For centuries the two races have robbed and butchered one another, wherever they have been in contact: three years before, in the Balkan War, Serbian troops had marched across Albania, burning and slaying; at the Peace the European Powers, in erecting an independent Albanian State, had acquiesced in the surrender to the two Slav Kingdoms of four towns, Ipek, Djakova, Prizrend, and Dibra, which constitute the sole markets for the produce of the Albanian mountaineers, and of which three are mainly, and one wholly, Albanian in population: after the outbreak of the European War Montenegro had occupied Scutari and the whole of the strip of Albania north of the Drin: while all Europe knew that Serbia's aspirations, too, extended as far as the Adriatic. And now the wheel had gone full turn: the hated Shkyar was in headlong flight from his native land, without guns, without ammunition, without food: and his way lay through the trackless and unmapped region of their own mountains. They held him in the hollow of their hand: and, if to all mankind revenge is sweet, to the Albanian it is the main object of existence. From the heights he could have picked them off, man by man, pony by pony, as the columns wound their way single file across the snow; and not one in the long chain of victims would have seen a glimpse of his slayer. No one who has not been in High Albania knows the perfection to which rifle-shooting, when practised as a primal function of nature, can be brought. Many years ago the writer was walking along a mountain-side in Albania with an Albanian mountaineer for companion. Suddenly the Albanian pointed to a trout which leapt in the torrent a hundred yards below, raised his rifle, and shot the fish through the head. "God forbid, Mirash Lutz," the writer could not help exclaiming, "that you and I should ever be at blood!" Mirash Lutz roared with laughter. Such is the Albanian mountaineer. If the story of this shot is thought incredible, the writer can only say he ate the fish.

By what miracle, then, were the hands of the highlander held in those days of November, 1915? There were doubtless more restraining forces than one. In the north, for instance, the Archbishop of Scutari, one of the most far-seeing politicians in

the Balkans, held back the Catholic tribes of his diocese: and the Abbot of the Mirdites contained Mirdita. But neither prelate could influence the Moslems. There was one man alone whose hand could reach, and whose name could awe, the fierce tribes of Central Albania. That was the chieftain of Tirana, whose Palace is at Durazzo, Essad Toptan Pasha: and everyone waited breathlessly to see what he would do.

It is true that the Italians were at this time in force at Durazzo, and could at any time have seized Essad and held him on board an Italian warship, or shipped him across the Adriatic. But this would not have held the tribesmen's hands. It is true also that Essad had the best of reasons for not falling into the Austrian's hand. But there are no offences which Austria will not forgive, at a price: and Essad's friendship was worth buying. He might have continued to protest friendship for the Allies, and at the same time secretly have made his peace with the General of the advancing Austrian army. He might have issued stringent orders to his gendarmes to protect and assist the retreating Serbians, and at the same time have caused to be whispered a word in the Bazars at Elbassan and Berat, which would not have allowed a man of them to escape alive. For either policy he could have found precedents in his own past career: and it was certainly not love of Serbians which was likely to deter him. But he did neither of these things. Except in the South, where his writ does not run, the Serbians passed the mountains unmolested. And in the hour of our discomfiture, when Serb and Italian, French and English, were all preparing for the retreat from Durazzo, the Pasha continued to support the Alliance, and left the town with us when we left.

It was the writer's good fortune at this moment to visit the hinterland of the Durazzo littoral. In Durazzo itself Essad's power was overshadowed by the Italians. The latter, it is true, made every effort which courtesy would suggest to avoid a conflict of authority. But they were not there precisely to form a body-guard to the Pasha; they were in far greater strength than Essad's gendarmerie; and they held the fort which dominates the town. Morning and evening, the narrow streets witnessed the passage of their pack-mules, hundreds upon hundreds of them, fine oat-fed animals, equipped with leather and steel pack-saddles such as no money could buy in Albania; and all the world in the streets had to give place when the Italian transport passed. That was an object-lesson of power, with which Essad could not compete. Next to artillery, the supply service of a modern army is the feature which most impresses a primitive people. And in both features the Italian Army in Albania was calculated to impress. So Italian prestige was high for the moment in Durazzo. But it was another story in the interior. The zone of Italian occupation ceased at a short distance from the town; and beyond it the Pasha was supreme. The writer carried no credentials from Essad, nor was he accompanied by his gendarmes. The whole land knew that the Austrian was approaching from the north, and it was believed—wrongly, as it turned out—that Bulgar irregulars were making a convergent advance from the east.

It was a question of days only before Essad and his Allies would be bundled out of the country. Everywhere the writer passed little knots of men with rifles going up into the mountains beyond Berat. "Komita! Komita!" Every traveller knows what that whisper means in the Balkans. Turco-Albanian officers were with the Bulgars on this side Monastir, and they were offering rifle ammunition, food, and a medjidieh a week to all who cared to join. Yet, though the Pasha's grip was relaxing, his officials were still everywhere active and in evidence. On the very day that Essad sailed from Durazzo, the writer saw his gendarmes on the Upper Vojusa arrest two evil-doers; and an arrest (it should be explained) in Albania implies a house-siege, much rifle firing, and a deal of bad blood. "What is the offence?" "This man has refused *teslim* (obedience) to Essad." The Pasha's workmen were still at work on the roads which he was building. Not every fallen chief can command such prestige, in Albania or anywhere else. Can a personality of this kind be ignored when the final settlement of the Albanian problem is struck? Apart from all considerations of gratitude or loyalty to a faithful and unfortunate Ally, a fundamental political blunder will be made by the Western Powers if the claims of Essad are left out of account. Rich or poor, in power or in exile, so long as the Toptani chieftain lives, he is bound to be a factor of the first importance in the politics of his native land.

After the *exceunt omnes* from Durazzo, the Pasha was to be seen, from time to time, in Rome, Paris, and London; a shortish, stoutish figure, in London-made clothes, indistinguishable from the crowds that frequent the big hotels of European capitals, except for a certain air which only those wear who in any country have been born to command and are accustomed to take decisions. In dealing with strangers he has the voice and manner of the modern Turkish official—polite, reassuring, and wholly non-committal. Men who have raised themselves as Essad raised himself sometimes develop a faculty for pungent or illuminating remarks; but no one ever quoted sayings of Essad; they are too busy watching to see what he will do. He has few or no intimates except, it is believed, his wife. As a diplomat he can rival Nicholas of Montenegro, with whom he has done at least one notable deal in his time. As a ruler he takes far higher rank. If he had had time, he might have established his power on a scale at least as far-reaching as Ali of Janina. He may do so yet. In the hectic days when Wied reigned and he ruled in Durazzo, he was busy extending his power to the south; but the Wied *régime* collapsed before he could attain his objects. Doubtless, his record will not bear scrutiny in the light of the strictest pre-war standards. But he is a ruler such as the Albanians understand and admire, whose faults are the Albanian faults, and his virtues the Albanian virtues; and he has both on the grand scale. No one should have better opportunities of judging his character than the Bishop of his capital. The present occupant of the Durazzo See was asked by a newspaper correspondent what he thought of him. "*Ebbene*," replied the Bishop, "he is a brigand in the best and worst senses of the word."

## THE SPIRIT OF BELFAST.

**T**O understand Ulster it is necessary to understand Belfast. The city is to the province what Paris is supposed to be to France.

It imposes its will on the community, and no movement succeeds to which it denies support. Unlike Dublin, whose lead the other three provinces do not invariably follow, the capital of Ulster rarely makes the mistake of going too far ahead, but has the gift of intensifying and giving coherence and direction to the vaguer emotions and impulses of the countryside. Many visitors have been tempted to dismiss it as merely a Scottish or English industrial centre dumped by some freakish chance into an Irish setting, a view widely held by South of Ireland folk—Unionists as well as Nationalists—who resent its existence, not only as an anomaly but an offence.

The cocksure perkiness of its staring red-brick houses jars on their nerves; its monstrous array of factory chimneys, flaunting plumes of smoke above the diminished spires of churches, seems like commercialism exulting in the overthrow of all that is simple and comely in life. I know many to whom the most fitting symbol of the town is the appalling chorus of steam-whistles, buzzers, and hooters that startles the stranger from sleep in the small hours of the morning. It is a Futurist fantasia that would delight Marinetti; to more sensitive folk it sounds as if factories and workshops were roaring, like lions at feeding time, for their daily tribute of human bodies.

Belfast may have the faults of commercialism, but it has them in a fashion of its own, which helps instead of hindering the development of a fierce and vital personality. It is not merely depressing as cross-channel industrial centres often are. The soft Irish rains keep it free from grime; for a manufacturing town it is startlingly clean. Its architecture, it is true, lacks the suavity and dignity of Dublin, and its show buildings achieve little more than a tawdry pretentiousness. Where, however, the aim has been purely utilitarian, as in its cliff-like factories, one gets an impression of naked power that, if not pleasant, is wonderfully impressive. Only those for whom æsthetics ended with Ruskin will deny beauty to Belfast Harbour, and to the miles of shipyards that line the banks of the Lagan. The intricate steel tracery of the gantries that straddle over enormous liners makes an appeal to the imagination stronger than that of crumbling mediæval castles, and their exquisite proportions and the harmonious rhythm of the whole fabric would have delighted a Greek, even if they are despised by some who rave over the fretted stone-work of Gothic cathedrals. Fortunately, Belfast is not modern to the exclusion of nature; as in Edinburgh, the country dominates the town. From its busiest streets one has only to lift one's eyes to rejoice in hills and heather; a penny tram journey will bring the traveller into a region as wild as Donegal and as lonely as the Irish midlands. If Belfast children are city born, it is their good luck not to be street-bred. They have the key of the fields, and the least adventurous of them roam far and wide, enjoying all country delights from bird-nesting in the spring

to blackberry gathering in the autumn. Like Wordsworth's Lucy, they lean an ear

"In many a secret place,  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round."

and, if "beauty born of murmuring sound" does not always, as the poet prophesied, pass into their faces, the influence of these golden hours is not as negligible as it is generally assumed to be. Hard-headed Belfast people indeed profess to scoff at such things. Because they cannot be measured in hard cash they rule them out of consideration; and a visitor anxious to see the sights of the town is more likely to be given a chance of inspecting the system of sewage disposal than to be piloted to the summit of the Cave Hill or the Black Mountain.

Belfast's weakness is to rest her claims too strongly on the basis of purely material success. A local versifier some years ago made it her greatest boast that

"She has turned the flax to gold,  
And the most tobacco rolled."

and few people saw anything ridiculous in the assertion. She sets up tables of imports and exports to be worshipped like the Golden Calf, and believes that her low rate of pauperism suffices to rank her with the New Jerusalem. Her people have evolved a conception of themselves which bears a startling resemblance to the "economic man" of Victorian text-books; and there is probably no other city of the same size in the Three Kingdoms which retains so much of the spirit of the early Industrial Revolution, with its child-like faith in the gospel of salvation by machinery, and its glorification of the man of business as the real saviour of society. Samuel Smiles's *Self-Help* is still a book which Ulster mothers present to their sons as a companion volume to the Bible and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and if the author's prosaic ghost should ever revisit the glimpses of the moon he would find Belfast more to his liking than any other town. Here the men who rule affairs have for the most part graduated from back offices, and their successors in those offices dream of a future when they, too, shall glide to business in a Rolls-Royce car, and act as directors on the boards of a score of companies.

Progress is for a majority the art of "getting on," as they describe it; the test of a man is less what he did than what he made. I have heard a Belfast clergyman tell of a wealthy member of his flock who, when the conversation turned on religion, declared his mind was easy, as there were only three questions a man needed to answer, and he was able to answer them.

"What are the questions?" asked the minister.

"How much money did you make? Did you make it honestly? What did you do with it?"

"I don't see any objection to the second and third," said the clergyman.

"Have sense, man," came the reply. "What would be the good of asking the last two without the first?"

Another pillar of the Presbyterian church, who had also made a fortune in business, was induced late in life to take a holiday in the Holy Land. After a few days' sight-seeing he was discovered one evening shaking a melancholy head.

"This sort of thing is very enjoyable," he said, "but it is not work. A business man's place is in his office."

This point of view of work not as a means but as an end in itself is not at all peculiar. It is openly preached as the orthodox creed; and this vision of toilers as busy as ants, and to as little purpose, imposes on many strangers and inspires them with a lively dislike of Ulster. Yet it is not true, or is true only with deductions that make it a fantastic paradox. The Belfastman spares no pains to paint himself as a slavish materialist; he is really an incurable romanticist. Business has for him the fascination of a great adventure; in his devotion to it he feels he is waving the flag of an ideal in the face of an apathetic Ireland. In his attitude there is a hint of the emotionalism with which America gilds the dollar-hunt, yet to the Belfastman neither the dollars nor work come first. Touch him on religion or politics, and everything else goes to the wall. A political war-cry shouted in a back street, the waving of a green or orange rag, are sufficient to resolve the city into a good imitation of a mediæval Italian town, with its Montagues and Capulets, not merely biting thumbs at one another, but locked in a deadly grapple. Belfast's sudden relapses into savagery are a feature of its record much more characteristic than its commercial progress; and it is fairly safe to say that during the last half-century when it has emerged into the light of general history it has been in the thick of a riot that stopped just short of revolution.

I remember vividly my first visit as a small boy to Belfast. A faction fight that had lasted for weeks was just flickering out, and my introduction was sufficiently thrilling. Policemen with rifles and revolvers were massed at every corner; in one of the danger-zones which we skirted tired infantry were dozing by companies on the pavements; and we passed a detachment of lancers escorting a mob of dishevelled prisoners, some of whom were tied to the stirrup-leathers of the troopers. To me it was a blend of the London of the Gordon Riots of which I had read in *Barnaby Rudge* and of the Paris of *A Tale of Two Cities*—romance brought up to date. The better I know Belfast the more I am convinced that this idea of romance lurks in a muddled fashion in the minds of not a few of those whose deeds have won it such an unsavoury reputation. Clayhanger tells Hilda Lessways that in the Five Towns "our poetry is blood." In Belfast it is blood that makes poetry, not symbolic but real blood. Its faction fighters do not regard themselves as bad citizens or wilful disturbers of the peace. To themselves they are rather moss-troopers, whose debatable land is the tangle of frowsy streets that divide the Protestant from the Nationalist quarter; and it does not affect the parallel that bows and spears have been replaced by paving-stones and porter-bottles and iron nuts.

Belfast is a raw, new city, and out of its broils it evolves the legend which is as essential to new cities as old. One generation



points out to another a gate still riddled with bullet-holes; a corner famous for the operations of a sniper who, anticipating German methods, fixed a flag-stone on a push cart, and advancing in cover behind it fired safely into the brown of his enemies; a *cul-de-sac* into which a body of dragoons were lured and had to fight their way out with stones rattling off their brass helmets, as riveter's hammers clang on steel plates in the shipyards. Naturally, youngsters; to whom these tales and a thousand others are told, make for themselves holy places like the Mahometans, and vow, after the fashion of Indian braves, that when their turn comes they will prove not unworthy of the traditions they have inherited. I know it sounds almost incredible, but at the first church I attended in Belfast in the early 'nineties urchins hidden from observation in the back seats used to while away the time by scribbling on the walls, or carving with penknives on the pews, such sentiments as "Ulster will Fight," "Morley, murderer and atheist"—the author of "Compromise" had been Irish Chief Secretary during the '86 riots, and his name at that time was an abomination to Orangemen; "Blast John Dillon and Tim Healy," and remarks even more unfit for polite ears. This was simply a case of "as the old cock crows the young ones cackle," for the parson was a famous Orange stalwart, whose sermons were political tirades garnished with Scripture quotations, and who once offered me a book, entitled *Mr. Gladstone, or a Life Misspent*, which, to my eternal regret, I did not accept.

In public respectable folk deplore outbreaks of disorder; in private it is rare to find any who do not back one side against the other. An Englishman, who in his first days in Belfast had the ill-luck to get mixed up with a party scuffle, used to tell how in his innocence he turned next morning to the local papers for an explanation of this madness, and discovered to his amazement Nationalist and Unionist journals alike engaged in a hot discussion as to which faction had the best of it. On occasion even respectable folk forget their respectability. Thus a merchant entering his office one morning after a Nationalist procession had hacked its way through a Unionist district, found his foreman, ordinarily the primmest of Puritans, with his coat half torn from his back, and blood running down his face from an ugly wound. "John," he cried in horror, "don't tell me you were in this disgraceful business?" "I was, indeed, sir," said John. "Thank God, I'm no arm-chair politician."

On the Unionist side politics provide not only the thrills but most of the colour of life. The Calvinism of the North has banished æstheticism from religion, and it is Orangeism that largely fills the gap, strengthening its hold on the imagination by the appeal it makes to instincts that lie deep down in human nature. It may seem a sour and unlovely creed, but no one who has studied it at close quarters is likely to underrate the influence its pageantry and symbolism exercise on the minds of its adherents. Whatever we think of it politically, it should at least be counted to it for righteousness that it brings a gleam of brightness into dull lives. In the early days of July, when arches composed of ropes of coloured

paper or festoons of orange lilies and sweet-william—flowers sacred to the victor of the Boyne—are strung from chimney pot to chimney pot in all the back streets of the Unionist quarters, Belfast ought to be the happiest of hunting grounds for Futurist painters. Every Orange Lodge is then unfurling new banners, as large as the mainsail of a fishing boat, tasselled with purple and gold, and with painted centrepieces blazing with all the hues of the rainbow. The favourite composition shows William the Third, as large as life, crossing the Boyne on a ramping white charger, from whose uplifted forefoot the water drips artistically; and next to this in popularity is the siege of Derry, with the gaunt spectres of the garrison in the foreground staring down the river at the relief ships charging the Culmore boom. Then, there is a delightful study of a plump Queen Victoria presenting a Bible to a woolly-headed negro clad simply in a loin cloth, the whole bearing the legend, "The Secret of England's Greatness." What the negro has to do with Orangeism I have never been able to discover, but "The Secret," as it is familiarly known, turns up year after year, and never loses its charm. The portraits are as strangely assorted as the historical pictures. I imagine the Duke of Wellington would be as surprised as the late Lord Roberts to find himself figuring as an Orange hero; and Disraeli—a hot favourite for some reason with the "brethren"—never seems quite happy in the company of Johnston of Ballykilbeg, whose title to fame is that he served a term in jail for defying an Act of Parliament prohibiting party processions.

In the matter of barbaric display there is little to choose between the banners and the bands. Of late years, it is true, the Ulster Volunteers have toned them down with a note of sober khaki, but there are still enthusiasts who appear in Highland costume, in the bushy and frogged jacket of the Victorian hussar, in "smasher" hats dyed a raw purple, in kepis and red shirts that date back to the American Civil War. As only a short interval divides one band from another, and each persists in hammering out a different tune, the din of bagpipes, brass and wind instruments is something to remember. And, to crown all, there are the "Lambeg" drummers, who are to the ordinary Orangeman what the Ghazi fanatic is to the tribesman of the Indian border. They operate in sections of three—two drums to a single fife—but drumsticks are abandoned for long flexible canes, which rattle on the sheep-skins with a noise as ear-splitting as machine-gun fire. The point of the game is that each man should do his best to drown his neighbour's efforts, and so furiously do they labour that the blood from their frayed wrists spreads in ghastly stains over the drumheads. I have known a folklorist who used to draw elaborate parallels with the ju-ju rites of West African negroes, but what may be natural enough amongst mango swamps is a weird survival when one stumbles across it in the red brick streets of an aggressively modern city.

I fear that what I have written may leave the impression that the Orangeman is a dark-browed fanatic, who cannot be fitted into the twentieth century. That is what some of those who control his

political destinies would like him to be; fortunately, for the honour of human nature, cheerfulness, as with Dr. Johnson's friend, keeps breaking in. He has his dark hours, when if one scratches or even rubs him the wrong way, one gets a good imitation of Peter Poundtext or Praise-the-Lord Barebones. These fits are confined in the main to the great feasts of his Order—the anniversaries of the Boyne and the siege of Derry; in the intervals he is quite harmless, and mixes on friendly terms with those whom in theory he longs to serve as the Israelites served the Amalekites. Nowadays he makes a great parade of disclaiming anything in the nature of ascendancy, and no longer demands

"The crown of the Causeway in market or street,  
And the rascally Papishes under my feet."

"Civil and religious liberty" is his new watchword, but in practice it works out like Cromwell's Ironsides, who were all for freedom of thought, but knocked priests and friars ruthlessly on the head. Orangemen—and it counts to their credit—can make a joke against themselves, and it was one of them who told me the sorrowful tale of the Ulsterwoman whose son had been persecuted for his religion. The youth, it seemed, in a fit of righteous indignation, smashed the window of a shop where Catholic emblems and crucifixes were displayed, and was sent to jail for a month. "If that," added his proud and tearful parent, "isn't sufferin' for his religion I'd like to know what is." The story may be a parable, but it explains many things.

The combativeness of Belfast is equalled only by its self-assertiveness. For many the name conjures up a flushed and vehement person, with a bowler hat crammed down on his ears, who resents a slight cast on his town as Cyrano resented a reflection on his nose. He makes his very faults a *panache*, and, if he does not defend them like the Gascon with a sword, he shoots off facts and figures at opponents for all the world as if he were an animated Lewis gun. Nor is the Belfastman's "guid conceit" of himself merely a piece of arrogance. He is conscious of having created something unique of its kind in Ireland, and any attempt to belittle that achievement brings him into the field, horse, foot, and artillery, not only ready but eager for battle. Strange as it may seem to outsiders, the Ulsterman is firmly convinced that to have woven better linen and built bigger liners than his rivals is a proof not only of his economic superiority but of the soundness of his politics and the truth of his religion. And, when the manner in which he weaves his linen or builds his ships is questioned, he feels his politics and religion are being assailed. This assumption is by no means so baseless as it appears at first sight. His opponents may profess to direct their attacks to purely practical questions like the employment of half-timers or the underpayment of home-workers, but some of them are sure to draw an anti-Unionist moral, and the Ulsterman is certain that if Unionism is undermined it is all up with Protestantism.

Of course, he has largely himself to blame, for it was he who first combined business, politics, and religion into a three-headed

idol, before which he not only bows himself but demands that the rest of his fellow-countrymen shall prostrate themselves in awe and adoration. Every shipbuilding record achieved on the banks of the Lagan is acclaimed as another nail in the coffin of Home Rule; at the end of a good year, when Belfast reckons up its profits, it flourishes the total in the face of Dublin and Cork as a final proof that it is right and they are wrong. So ingrained is the habit of returning thanks that they are not as other men, "even as these Nationalists," that Ulstermen in exalting themselves at the expense of political opponents, can turn a blind eye to the most awkward facts. I shall never forget a speech I once heard a Unionist member make to his constituents, after what was probably the rowdiest election modern Ulster has known. In the square where he spoke practically every window had been shattered by stones, and a couple of hundred yards away police with drawn batons were charging an Orange mob which had raided into Nationalist territory. Yet the burden of the new member's song was that the election would be an example to the South and West of the discipline and order that made Ulster irresistible. At the time I felt sure he was speaking with his tongue in his cheek; now I know that, however illogical, he was not consciously insincere.

Obviously a policy of direct attack, tempting as it may be, will do nothing to modify a mental bias of this kind. Criticism is the first need of the situation, but outside criticism is discounted in advance as a device of the enemy. Inside criticism as yet scarcely exists, and those who are capable of giving it fear, with some reason, that it may be twisted to the detriment of their cause. That fear is naturally fostered by the people who know they have laid themselves open to criticism; and it is a matter of common knowledge that those who deny fiercely the existence of spots on the Ulster sun are often the very men whose interest lies in retaining and extending the spots. For all this loyalty in public the Ulsterman in private does not lose his head. During the Carson campaign it was my fortune to be in close contact with some of the inner circle, and their blistering comments on many of the leaders and most of the policies would have suggested to a stranger that the movement was in imminent danger of collapse. Yet these politicians, though they declined to wear blinkers themselves, would have been the first to denounce as a traitor any man who had the hardihood to deny publicly that all was for the best in the best of all possible parties.

Curiously enough, the augurs on each side can on occasion exchange a solemn wink. One of the features of the campaign was the struggle to influence English opinion. Liberal stalwarts were convoyed across the Channel by Nationalists, and harangued by eloquent orators in the intervals of sight-seeing and junketting. Unionists made a corner in the doubtful voters in English working-class constituencies in the North and the Midlands. These were shipped over in droves, whisked round boycotted farms, the Dublin slums, and select areas in Belfast, and sent home with their heads buzzing from the effects of Irish whiskey and loyalist statistics. And both sides regarded their victims, as I may call them, with

good-natured contempt as people who if they outlived Methuselah would never grasp the elements of the Irish question. I have heard a Nationalist and a Unionist agent matching stories of their experiences in shepherding these convoys that would have shocked their guests considerably. Again, before the war, the Covenanter's trump card was the backing of the Unionist Press. Every correspondent sent over with a brief to dispose of the Irish problem in a series of half a dozen articles manufactured out of material supplied by the Ulster Unionist Association, was hailed as a prophet from whose verdict there was no appeal. But when the Harmsworth journals began to flirt with the idea of an Irish settlement, and the rest of the Unionist Press joined in a chorus of approval, the Belfast papers, without as much as "by your leave," stole the Nationalist thunder, and denounced English dogmatism in Irish affairs with a wealth of indignation that the most rabid Sinn Féiner might envy.

Destiny may have made the English arbiters in the Ulster quarrel, but their qualifications for the task impress the Orange section as little as the Green. If it is not quite correct to say that Ulster's loyalty is conditional—she must cling to England so long as she declines to unite with Ireland—she is convinced that she alone upholds the true ideal. British voters may be led astray by the wiles of Radicals or Nationalists; Ulster never wavers from the straight and narrow path. That view was delightfully epitomised in the remark of a veteran Orangeman, who, at the time Devolution was in the air, heard the rumour that King Edward was not unfavourably inclined to the scheme, "Well, well," said he, more in sorrow than anger, "I had always my doubts that he wasn't quite loyal."

If both Ulster parties react in the same fashion when England rubs them the wrong way they display also, as against *franc-tireurs* and unauthorised combatants, the freemasonry of professional soldiers. Sir Horace Plunkett—to whom we owe the saying "a man in Ireland without a party is like a dog in a tennis court"—had the melancholy satisfaction of proving the truth of his own epigram, when, on suspicion of a weakening in his opposition to Home Rule, the Ulster Unionists, who for years had been calling on the Nationalists to bow down to him as the ideal statesman, bluntly told him to get back to his milk-cans and churns and leave politics to those who understood them. There was an even more glaring instance in the early days of the war when some well-intentioned folk sought to organise in Belfast a Home Defence Corps on the English principle, free from any tinge of politics. The Unionists immediately declared that the proper place for any man who had not signed the Covenant was not in some "fañcy" corps but in the Irish National Volunteers; the Nationalists were equally insistent that if anyone outside their organisation wanted to shoulder a rifle he should do so as an Ulster Volunteer. One is sometimes tempted to think that the paupers in Lady Gregory's comedy, who wrangle so venomously and yet are not happy away from one another, symbolise perfectly the spirit of political Ulster.

The better one knows the North of Ireland the less one is inclined

to accept the "two nations" theory which figures so much in current controversy. It is merely the old fallacy of the opposition of Celt and Saxon, which, as Lecky showed a generation ago, bears no relation to the facts of the Irish situation. During the fight on the Home Rule Bill I had the curiosity to make a list of speakers who used this argument on Ulster platforms. The names themselves are the best refutation of the doctrine their bearers preached, for amongst them were Maguire, Murphy, Craig, MacNeill, MacGeagh M'Caw, Quinn, M'Mordie, Moriarty, M'Donnell, and O'Neill. Deplorable as "the blind hysterics of the Celt" may be, denunciations of them come strangely from the lips of these people. The error into which most outsiders fall is that they contrast the Ulster Unionist with the Nationalist of the South and West, and naturally fail to find much in common between them. As a matter of fact, in temperament and outlook the Belfast Loyalist, as he loves to describe himself, is farther apart from the Unionist of Cork or Limerick than the Protestant of the Shankill is from the Catholic of the Falls. His quarrel with his Nationalist neighbours is less a clash between races than an embittered family feud. Only near relations have the same uncanny knowledge of each other's weak points, and the same skill in getting their thrusts home between the joints of their opponent's armour. There is a story of a Jewish Lord Mayor of Belfast who in a time of civil commotion tried to make peace between the hostile mobs, and was extinguished by a shout from the crowd: "What right have you to interfere in a fight between Christians?" Unfortunately, someone is always ready to interfere, and it is this knowledge that keeps the rival parties from arriving at an agreement—were it only an agreement to differ.

It is generally assumed that the events of recent years have made the task of reconciliation in Ulster almost impossible. The manœuvre battles of the old days were bad enough, but the rival forces are now entrenched in Hindenburg lines which no bombardment of facts or arguments can breach. There are plenty of facts, unfortunately, to support this view, but the rule, as strangers imagine it to be, that everything in Ireland goes by contraries, seems to me to apply here. Having lived in Ulster for years before Sir Edward Carson blossomed forth as "a leader of revolt," I am not impressed by the case which special pleaders in both camps make that old hostilities were dying out till the present agitation gave them a new lease of life. Unionists accept that theory because it enables them to contend that there was no real demand for Home Rule; Nationalists use it as a stick for the backs of Tories, who exploited Ulster antagonisms in the hope of overthrowing a hated Radical Government. As a matter of fact, the taint was in the blood; though its presence might not have been so plain to a casual eye; and, personally, I believe it is not altogether a bad thing that it should have been driven to the surface in baleful eruption. Without the eruption the disease might have been ignored till it was too late; it is now clear, even to those who professed to regard the spread of the infection as a sign of health and energy, that a remedy must be found, if the whole body politic is not to rot into corruption.

J. W. Good.

## ENGLAND AND ITALY.\*

THIS League has been founded to help forward a real friendship between England and Italy, a real understanding in each country of the other. The effort is periodically needed, even in peace. For the distraction and hurry of our modern life, the absorption of each great nation in itself, its own needs and future, is greater perhaps than it ever was; mostly because of modern methods of communication, whether by travel or the Press, which make men react upon each other so much more rapidly and intensely than in the old days of physical and geographical separation. We have less than ever the "heart at leisure from itself" to sympathise with those beyond our ken, whose national hopes and necessities are not ours. And as for travel, the ordinary English tourist, who spends a week or a fortnight in Italy on a Cook's ticket, knows much less of France or Italy than our great-grand-fathers did, who travelled by coach and *vetturino*, and settled down for months in foreign parts. That is a commonplace, but an important one. It is true that it was only the rich and leisured class that travelled in Gibbon's or Byron's days; and it is also true that if a man has only spent one day in Rome—and with an understanding mind, has only driven in a *legno* from the station to the Janiculum, has only looked at the Forum, and spent an hour in St. Peter's, he has for ever afterwards something in his mind and memory that the man who has never trodden Italian soil must for ever miss. But, all the same, our modern system of travel produces a travel world of its own, which interposes itself too often between the traveller and a foreign country. The hotel, the museums, the historical scenes and buildings—these he sees—they seem to exist merely for his amusement and entertainment. Italy especially is our great picture-gallery, and bric-à-brac shop, for the three-weeks' visitor. The real Italy, that works, thinks, recollects, aspires, and suffers, escapes us altogether. The modern Italian is often inclined to denounce the traveller from other countries who wants to interfere with the development of modern Rome, or who resents some sanitary or commercial project which may hustle the splendid ghosts, or interfere with the romance of some part which Europe is inclined to regard as its own property as much as Italy's. "We are *not* here for your amusement," says the modern Italian—"we are a living, a growing and great nation, and whatever you may say of our mixture of races and our variegated history, we are one now again, as we were in the days of Cæsar and Trajan; and in spite of our great hotel industry and all that hangs upon it, we are *not* here for your entertainment or education; and so long as you know nothing about our intricate modern life you know nothing of Italy. As for you, we could shake you off in a moment, and feel only a money loss, *Italia fara da se!* We are the trustees of the past, but, like you, we *live* in the present.

So I have often heard Italians express themselves before the war. And now comes Great Britain's opportunity. All the ordinary

\* An address delivered at the First Annual Meeting of the British-Italian League on July 9th, 1917.

system of travel and sightseeing is swept away. The artistic treasures of Italy—half of them—are under sandbags, or in cellars; the hotels are empty, the tourists are gone. But Italy—the true Italy—should be now more interesting, more near to us than she has ever been. The act which brought her into the war, at a moment when, after the Russian debacle in Galicia, the fortunes of the Allies were at a particularly critical point, ought never to be forgotten by them. And since then the splendid fighting under incredible conditions which has enabled Italy to rectify the disadvantages imposed upon her by the ill-will of Austria at the peace of Villa-Franca, and to recover her natural mountain frontier; the gallant repulse last year of the Austrian thrust from the Trentino, which threatened the Venetian plain and some of her noblest cities; the capture of Gorizia; the undaunted bravery and the scientific resource shown in all the difficult advance along the Carso—these things have steadily deepened the enthusiasm and the sympathies of England. We heartily associate ourselves with Italy's determination to do away with that wedge which the Trentino in Austrian hands drives into her heart; and to recover those populations of her own blood which have suffered under Austrian rule. We know very well that Italy has her difficulties and her weaknesses, as we have. We believe that she will surmount them all. And meanwhile, under the fusing stress of war, let us make it our business both to learn to know Italy better and to throw open our own British life to Italy—the modern, living, struggling, and suffering Italy, no longer our mere playfellow, but our comrade in this battle of giants, on the issue of which peace, freedom, and civilisation may depend for generations, from which, as we trust, a new world will rise.

You have heard from previous speakers, far better qualified than I, what this comradeship should practically mean, both in the present days of war and in the future days of peace. The interpenetration of two nations is a thing not achieved in a moment. Even under the stress of war—its fiery needs, its deepened sympathies—it will take much planning, much effort, and the work of some of the best brains in both nations. But those of us who love Italy—and how many there are—even if we cannot do anything else, we can help by sympathy, by the spread of information, by a constant recollection of the debt that each of us that has ever travelled in Italy owes to that enchantress of the nations. I myself have spent spring after spring in Italy, on Lake Como, when all the banks of the lake are a miracle of fruit blossom, in Venice, in the neighbourhood of Florence, and in a lonely villa on the hills above Lucca, where to the north the great jagged peaks of the Carrara mountains peered over the woods, and to the south stretched a blue, sea-bounded plain, in the midst of which, far away, rose the great Pisan group—the Duomo, the Baptistry, the leaning Tower. And everywhere I have felt the same drawing to the Italian people—*contadini*, boatmen, *gondolieri*, domestic servants—no less than to the many Italian friends of the educated class it has been my joy to possess. I believe there is a thinner barrier between us and the Italian life and mind than between us and any other



European people. I am certain that the English woman, when she tries, understands the Italian family much more readily than in the case of the French woman and the French family. And women ought to play a great part in this League of yours—in knitting and strengthening the web between the two countries of the ordinary human, social, and artistic sympathies.

One last word as to an experience of mine in 1899. In the spring of that year we were staying in the Villa Barberini, on the Alban Hills, fifteen miles from Rome. The garden, a lovely wilderness of camelias and iris blooming on the ruins of the old villa of Domitian which lay everywhere under our feet, possessed a seat from which, in a notch between two stone-pines, one saw Rome lying in the plain with the Dome of St. Peter's brooding over it. It was a favourite seat of mine, and I never lost the thrill of what that city in the plain had meant to my country and to me. Thence to Ultima Thule, to the Britons separated from Rome, as Virgil said, by the whole world, had gone out religion, laws, and government. We are what we are because Rome existed, and because a Roman bishop sent out missionaries in the sixth century to a British king.

That was one of the dominating thoughts of that spring on the Alban Hills. But Italy, at that moment, was going through a painful and troubled time. It was but three years after Adowa, the disastrous Abyssinian expedition. And there were many British visitors to Rome that year who chattered a contemptuous pessimism about the new Italy and the new State. But it never affected my own mind. Thirty years barely had then elapsed since the capture of Rome and the unification of the Italian State, and it seemed to me, as I looked at the facts and listened to the talk of Italian friends, that what Italy had done in those thirty years—or say, in forty years, since the death of Cavour—was nothing short of marvellous. And I put that feeling, eighteen years ago, into the mouth of an Italian character in a novel—an Italian woman, addressing an American girl—"I tell you, Signorina, that what Italy has done in forty years is colossal, not to be believed! This war can no more ruin her than a winter storm can ruin the seed in the ground. You have taken a hundred years—you!—to make a nation, and you have had a big civil war. Forty years—not quite!—since Cavour died. And all that time Italy has been like the cauldron into which they threw the limbs of that old man who was to become young. There has been a bubbling and a fermenting! And the scum has come up and up—and the brewing goes on. But in the end—in the end—the young, strong nation will step forth!"

From that day to this the young nation has gone on striving, prospering, growing. And now, as she threw off the Austrian tyranny from without in the 'fifties and 'sixties of the last century, we see her shaking off the German tyranny from within of the twentieth century. And only those of us who have lived long enough in Italy to realise some of the conditions of her economic and industrial life can know what the difficulty of this has been.

MARY A. WARD.

## THE SUBMARINE MENACE.

**A**S a weapon of naval warfare the submarine has come to stay, until superseded by a superior instrument of destruction. It only remains to determine whether its operations are to be restricted in any, and if so, in what respect, or whether it is to be invested with unlimited powers of offence and with exceptional privileges of immunity from attack. If the latter alternative be accepted, civilisation will be confronted with the gravest menace to its existence. It would mean, in the first place, that every State would endeavour to be as self-contained as possible. In so far as this contributed to the full development of each State's natural resources, such a policy would be advantageous. But the fullest possible development of a State's natural resources forms a mere fragment of its whole trade and commerce. Few States could carry on, much less prosper, without entry into the world's markets. The mere possibility of unrestricted submarine warfare would compel every State to produce and to manufacture many articles for which its natural resources were totally inadequate, and where such resources were lacking, to provide substitutes. This policy, in its turn, would necessitate the creation of tariff walls—the adoption of the full-blooded “New Protection.” For the consumer the inevitable sequence would be higher prices and inferior goods. For the producer, reduction in trade and less employment. For the State, reduced revenues and curtailed activities. To eke out a diminishing home trade the struggle for the control of trade routes would be renewed, and competition for exclusive spheres of influence in backward countries would be increased. As of old, international jealousies and intrigues would result in war, or preparedness for war, and all alike would be involved in the crushing burden of militarism.

It is urged, however, in some quarters that Great Powers with small navies or small maritime States will not willingly forego such a powerful commerce-destroyer as the submarine. It is urged, further, that even if by general assent its operations were curtailed, any rules limiting its use would be cast to the winds by a State fighting for its existence. The action of the Central Powers would appear to support both allegations. But it is too early to accept this as conclusive. The end is not yet determined. One after another neutrals are entering the field against them. Will the experience of Germany in creating a world-wide opposition encourage even a Great Power, much less a small maritime State, whatever its critical position, to adopt a similar practice? Not, I think, unless it succeeds.

It appears unnecessary here to prove the illegality of the German practice. It is agreed that unrestricted submarine warfare is contrary to the laws and usages of war. But it is essential to refute the German doctrine that since it is impossible for a submarine to conform to the obligations imposed upon a surface warship if it is to be an effective weapon of offence, it is therefore to be released from such obligations. Because it is a new weapon for which no

rules have been made, it should not, runs the argument, be bound by rules made for a different class of vessel. New rules must therefore be made in order that it may fulfil its mission in accordance with the law. The same claim was made for torpedo-boats in view of their vulnerability. The true answer was given by Admiral Bourgois: "The advent of the torpedo, whatever its influence on naval *matériel*, has in no way changed international treaties, the laws of nations, or the moral laws which govern the world. It has not given the belligerent the right of life and death over the peaceful citizens of the enemy State or of neutral States."

We are not here concerned with the use of forbidden weapons against combatants. There is no objection to the use of submarines against warships, but to its improper use against enemy non-combatants and neutrals. If new rules are to be made, they must be based upon legal principles. What, then, are the principles underlying the law of commerce destroying? By long-established usage merchantmen must submit to visit and search,\* and it is incumbent upon a captor to bring in for adjudication his prize, whether enemy or neutral. The reason for this rule rests upon the principle that the subject of even an enemy should not be deprived of his property without due process of law. As Lord Stowell pointed out, justice demands that acts of war shall be open to public review, and that private property shall not be converted without the sentence of a competent court. For this purpose the property must be brought into the country of the captors.† To this general rule that a captured merchant vessel must be brought within the jurisdiction of the captor's prize court for adjudication, there are certain exceptions. It will be more convenient to deal with these separately.

The destruction of an enemy merchantman wholly belligerent—ship, cargo, crew, and passengers—forms the first exception. Juristic opinion, municipal regulations, and international usage are all united in agreeing that under certain circumstances, such as the dangerous condition of the prize, the possibility that if released it might give assistance or information to the enemy, the inability to furnish a prize crew, the distance from a national port of the captor, the lack of provisions or water or the presence of disease, the prize may be sold, ransomed,‡ retained and used as a tender to the captor's ship, or destroyed. Thus, during the Anglo-American War of 1812, the United States instructed their naval officers to destroy all prizes which could not safely be sent in. In the American Civil War, Captain Semmes, of the *Alabama*, burned most of his captures, since the Confederate ports were blockaded and all neutral ports were closed to his prizes. In the Russo-Japanese War, a number of Japanese merchantmen were sunk by the Russians. Other illustrations might be given of this practice, but in no instance can the exception be said to have been more than an exception, much less to have eaten up the rule.

But in case of destruction, a rule has, until the present war,

\* This right was recognised as early as the twelfth century.

† The *Henrich and Maria*, 4 Rob. 43.

‡ Ransom is forbidden by the British Prize Regulations.

obtained universal acceptance from all civilised nations and has been observed in practice, to the effect that the crew and passengers on board, if any, must first be removed to a place of safety, together with the ship's papers, so that the necessary witnesses and documents may be sent to a national port, when the validity of the capture and destruction may be determined by a Prize Court. This rule also finds full recognition in the naval regulations of all maritime Powers. To cite only one, by the Naval Regulations of the German Empire, before the destruction of a prize, a German commander must "ensure the safety of persons on board and, as far as possible, of their effects, together with the ship's papers." The destruction of an enemy merchantman with the cargo wholly or partly neutral, and with the crew and passengers, if any, wholly or partly neutral, forms the second exception.

The old doctrine embodied in the *Consolato del mare*, that neutral goods on board enemy ships were immune from capture, was universally accepted in Western Europe up to and during the sixteenth century. From this period, however, a competing doctrine arose, crystallised in the phrase "Enemy's ships, enemy's goods." Great Britain and the United States became the exponents of the former, whilst France and Spain, with some relapses, upheld the latter. Russia was only consistent in her inconsistency, adopting whichever doctrine suited her character at the moment. Upon these conflicting doctrines a compromise was effected by the Declaration of Paris, 1856, whereby: "Neutral goods, with the exception of contraband of war, are not subject to capture under the enemy's flag." This provision has since been generally recognised as a rule of International Law.

Some States, it is true, still adhere to the doctrine, "Enemy's ships, enemy's goods." In such case the captor, in circumstances of grave necessity, is entitled to destroy the goods with the ship, and the neutral owner has no ground of complaint. But where this is not the case, neutral goods on board an enemy ship are immune from condemnation and must be forwarded by the captor to their destination on payment of freight. If, however, owing to the military operations of the captor they are unavoidably destroyed with the vessel, the practice varies. In the case of the *Ludwig* and the *Vorwärts*, which were destroyed with neutral goods on board by the French in the war of 1870, the French Prize Court decided that, although by the Declaration of Paris such goods could not be confiscated, and that the neutral owner was entitled to restitution, or, in case of sale, to the purchase money, yet if destroyed as a justifiable act of war, all claim to indemnity was barred. This decision has been followed by the German Prize Court in the present war. On the other hand, compensation has been decreed by the British Prize Court to the neutral owners of innocent cargoes.

The better opinion would appear to be that the Declaration of Paris means what it says. If neutral goods cannot lawfully be captured, they ought not to be destroyed. Sir Walter Phillimore, indeed, goes so far as to assert that no parcel of cargo belonging to a neutral can be destroyed or injured except according to law.\*

\* The Grotius Society. Vol. II., p. 176.

If the cargo is innocent and it is impossible to remove it, the prize should be released. If the destruction of the ship is held to be justified by military necessity—which can always be called in aid by a belligerent in a hurry—full compensation with damages and costs for the goods destroyed should be at least granted.\* Owing to the extension of the list of contraband articles, this point has lost much of its importance. The tendency during the last half-century has been in the direction of widening the scope of the doctrine of contraband. Under the circumstances of the present war, in which the German Government took over the control of food supplies and raw materials, it became impossible for the Entente Powers to distinguish between those commodities which were formerly regarded as contraband—those articles which in Dr. Baty's phrase "smell of war"—and those which indirectly assist the enemy in the prosecution of the war. Under the latter category almost every conceivable commodity may rightly be regarded as contraband, and is in fact so regarded by the British Government and its Allies.

The case, however, is far different if neutral crews and passengers be on board an enemy merchant vessel. They are present where they are entitled to be. "No nation," as Sir Walter Phillimore rightly declares, "has yet said that neutrals may not take passage on perhaps the only ships which can carry them home, or about on their lawful business."† If for reasons of *real* military necessity it is imperative to destroy the vessel, they are entitled at least to be carried to a port whence they may reach their destination. The high seas are free to the ships of all nations, whether neutral or belligerent, and neutrals have always been considered entitled to take passage on belligerent merchantmen without greater inconvenience than carriage to a belligerent port. The contention of the German Government that if a belligerent gives public notice that enemy merchantmen will be destroyed, the blood of neutral passengers will lie on their own heads, is puerile.

The destruction of neutral merchantmen forms the third exception to the general rule. Yet such destruction is not really an exception, since the right to destroy without restriction has never been generally recognised. It is only when a neutral ship identifies herself with the enemy that a right to destroy arises. And it is not every act of un-neutral service which will justify the destruction of a neutral vessel. A right to destroy neutral vessels and cargoes has, in fact, no existence in international law. If it is impossible to bring a neutral prize within the jurisdiction of the captor's prize court, she must be released. The reason for this rule is that the property of the subjects of a neutral State is not divested by capture. Only by due process of law can it be transferred to the captor or to the captor's government. In the Anglo-American War of 1812, four merchantmen were destroyed by British cruisers. They were American ships and held British permits to trade, known as Sidmouth licences. In the cases of the *Actæon* and the *Rufus*, Lord Stowell awarded full compensation with heavy damages and

\* Sir F. E. Smith: *Destruction of Merchant Ships*, p. 57.

† The Grotius Society, Vol. II., p. 176.

costs. In the case of the *William*, where the licence was in doubt, he awarded mere restitution, and in the case of the *Felicity*, where the licence was not produced to the captor until too late, indemnity was refused. It must be noted that these vessels were *enemy* ships. They were protected, however, by a British licence which rendered it improper to treat them as enemy ships to be destroyed in case of necessity. But they were not *neutral* ships. There is not a single case on record in which a neutral ship has been destroyed by Great Britain. Neither so far as I know is there an instance of such a case of destruction by the United States or Japan. As long ago as 1905\* I pointed out that the fact that Lord Stowell awarded compensation to some of the vessels destroyed did not prove the existence of *any right to destroy*. These cases only prove that if a protected or a neutral vessel is destroyed, the captor is liable not merely to make restitution, but also to pay a penalty in the shape of damages and costs, since he has committed an offence against international law. Some jurists, British and American, have represented these cases as precedents for the proposition that a cruiser may sink any vessel she pleases, provided she is prepared to pay the penalty. Neither Lord Stowell nor his successor, Dr. Lushington, ever said anything to justify such a conclusion.

On the contrary, "if a neutral ship or a protected ship," said Lord Stowell in the *Felicity*,† "is destroyed by a captor either wantonly or under an alleged necessity, in which she is not directly involved, the captor or his Government is answerable for the spoliation." Dr. Lushington, in the *Leucadé*,‡ laid down the general rule that it was the primary duty of the captor to bring in the prize for adjudication, and if this were impracticable, to release it. American Prize Courts acted upon the same principles. In the case of *Maisonnaire v. Keating*,§ the vessel was American, sailing under a Sidmouth licence carrying food for the enemy's forces. She had thus acquired a hostile character. Captured by a French cruiser, her master, upon threat of destruction, agreed to ransom. "The capture," said Story J., "was strictly legal, but the hostile character would not justify the destruction of the vessel and cargo on the high seas."

The old rule that a neutral merchantman must never be destroyed was first attacked by Russia in her naval instructions of 1869; by the United States in 1898; by Japan in 1904; and by Germany during the Naval Conference of 1908, which produced the Declaration of London. Naval instructions, however, do not constitute international law. By Article 21 of the Regulations of 1895 and Article 40 of the Instructions of 1901, Russian commanders were empowered to destroy their prizes, whether enemy or neutral, under such circumstances as bad condition or small value of the prize, risk of recapture, distance from Imperial ports or their blockade, danger to the Russian cruiser or to the success of her operations. To meet Russia on equal terms, Japan very reluctantly revised her prize regulations in a similar manner. But whilst autocratic Russia at the beginning of the new century was the first Power

\* *Law Times*, Vol. CXIX., p. 194.

† 2. Dods, 381 (1819).

‡ 1. Spinks, 217 (1855).

§ 2. Gall, 325 (1815).

in the history of naval warfare to destroy neutral vessels on the high seas, Japanese commanders were careful to refrain from such practices, and continued to denounce the new departure.

Two batches of ships were destroyed; the first in 1904 and the second in 1905. In the first were the *Tea*, *Hipsang*, and *Knight Commander*; in the second, the *Saint Kilda*, *Ikhona*, *Oldhamia*, and *Tetartos*. The *Tea* was a German ship, and full compensation was given by the Russian Prize Court. The *Hipsang* was sunk in true German fashion, by shell-fire and torpedo, at sight, without warning. No satisfaction was ever obtained in the Russian Prize Court. On the ground of carrying contraband (railway plant) the *Knight Commander* was blown up. Its destruction aroused great indignation in Great Britain. It was described by Lord Lansdowne as "a very serious breach of international law"; and by Mr. Balfour, as "entirely contrary to the practice of nations in war time"—which it was. Upon a strong remonstrance in this sense to the Russian Government, Count Lamsdorf promised that it should not occur again. Upon the sinking of the second batch, eleven months later, the Count declared that his former assurances held good and that the fresh cases were due to misunderstanding of the commanders on the spot and to the disorganisation of the Russian naval forces in the Far East.

The question of destruction of neutral merchantmen came up for discussion at The Hague Conference of 1907. A solution was found impossible. The Russian proposal to destroy where release would endanger the safety of the captor or the success of his operations, was supported by Germany and opposed by Great Britain, Japan, and the United States.\* The proposal was based on the ground that a State without oversea ports was placed in a position of unjustifiable inferiority. The Italian delegate thereupon suggested that this difficulty would be met by giving belligerents the right to send their prizes into neutral ports. Article 23 of the Convention XIII., whereby a neutral Power may allow prizes to enter its ports, whether under convoy or not, when they are brought there to be sequestered pending the decision of a Prize Court, was carried by nine votes to two—Great Britain and Japan.

The question of destruction was reserved for the Naval Conference which met at London on December 4th, 1908. Opinion was again sharply divided, but a compromise was ultimately effected. The old rule was accepted in Article 48, whereby "a neutral vessel which has been captured may not be destroyed by the captor; she must be taken into such port as is proper for the determination there of all questions concerning the validity of the prize." By the succeeding Article 49 the rule is eaten up by the exception—"As an exception, a neutral vessel which has been captured and which would be liable to condemnation, may be destroyed if the observance of Article 48 would involve danger to the safety of the warship or to the success of the operations in which she is engaged at the time." Subsequent Articles provide for the safety of all persons on board and the ship's papers, and make it incumbent upon the captor "to establish that he only acted in the face of

\*The United States had withdrawn the Naval Code, 1904, in which destruction was permitted.

an exceptional necessity."\* As long ago as August, 1909, when criticising some provisions of the Declaration of London, I observed, "Article 49 is little less than the recognition of piracy."† In view of subsequent events, I see no reason to modify this observation.

"Exceptional necessity" means "military necessity." With this doctrine in force, the safeguards of the Declaration would seldom be effective in practice. The captor, as a rule, would find little difficulty in satisfying his own Prize Court of the existence of "exceptional necessity." Inability to furnish a prize crew would be one. That a neutral ship released might be a danger would be another. So elastic is this expression that the captor would, in fact, be the sole judge. Moreover, such a privilege confers upon a weak naval Power a strength which it would not otherwise possess. It would be relieved from all trouble in carrying in for adjudication, and by the destruction of the cargo and the dispersion of witnesses, the owners might find it impossible to establish their innocence. Even if the alleged safeguards were adequate, the deck of a warship can scarcely be described as a place of safety. Within a few hours the latter may be engaged by the enemy. To subject non-combatants of an *enemy* merchant ship to the risks of battle is bad enough, but to allow belligerents, in the name of military necessity, to subject *neutral* non-combatants, including women and children, to run risk of death and injury and to undergo the ordeal of a naval combat is a monstrous doctrine.

The admission of the doctrine of military necessity in the Declaration was a fatal mistake. It is under the plea of this doctrine that the German Government defends its submarine warfare. Such a defence would not, of course, be entertained by any international tribunal. In certain exceptional cases which are capable of judicial interpretation, the doctrine is admitted in international law. But as Professor Goudy has pointed out, it is in quite another sense that the doctrine of military necessity has been set up in the present war. "It has been used as palliating or even justifying positive breaches of international law. A belligerent State, of its own authority and in disregard of custom, treaties, juristic opinion, and other international authority, has claimed the right to judge of the circumstances that constitute a military necessity."‡

The announcement of unrestricted submarine warfare by Germany in February was based on the calculation that with 300 U-boats and 10,000 men, Great Britain would be knocked out, and the mainspring of the Entente offensive broken. Assuming that an effective antidote is not discovered, it will be within the resources of almost the smallest State in the future, by maintaining a fleet of a thousand or so submarines, to attack with impunity the strongest maritime Power, to hold up international commerce, and to threaten with starvation the whole world.

Four solutions of the problem are possible. First, the creation of a rule of immunity from capture at sea of all private property. In spite of all the advantages of this rule, which might be urged, in

\* The Declaration is now withdrawn.

† *Law Times*, August 7th, 1909.

‡ *The War and International Law. Scientia*, November, 1916, 385.



present circumstances it is doubtful whether the greater maritime Powers would even consent to entertain it. Secondly, the compromise contained in the Declaration of London, coupled possibly with the obligation thrown upon neutrals to admit belligerent prizes into their ports. I have already stated the objections to the compromise. There are also serious objections to the corollary, such as embarrassment to the neutral. Thirdly, the maintenance of the old rule of non-destruction of neutral ships and of destruction of enemy ships only in exceptional circumstances, and after providing for the proper protection of crew and passengers and ship's papers. In this case also the right of carrying prizes into neutral ports might be conceded. And, lastly, recognition of unrestricted submarine warfare after the German model:

Since several States have gone to war rather than submit to the latter, and most of the others have officially protested against it, this last solution seems improbable. It is, however, possible. Whichever side wins, its militarists will be loathe to give up such a powerful weapon of offence.

It is also conceivable that small maritime States at present neutral may see in its recognition an infallible instrument of defence. The decision in this problem ultimately rests with public opinion. Some indications of its tendency have already been given. For instance, the "Grotius Society," on June 30th, 1915, declared that "Under no circumstances ought a neutral vessel to be destroyed unless engaged in un-neutral service," and that destruction of merchantmen, belligerent or neutral, by submarines should be prohibited. An American writer considers it "imperative to prohibit absolutely the use of submarines in commercial warfare."\* So, too, at the annual meeting of the American Society of International Law in April, 1916, Professor Minor came to the conclusion that "there must be no submarine warfare on commerce." It is also significant to find a Dutch writer maintaining that "the civilised nations will never justify such a destruction of human lives and goods, which, from a military point of view, is also ineffective."† When we remember that Norway has already lost one-third of her mercantile marine and some hundreds of her *personnel*, we may question whether small maritime powers will support recognition of the German method.

In the interests of humanity alone public opinion, if left to itself, would probably condemn this recognition. But there is a danger that the public may be persuaded by the specious arguments of the militarists against its better judgment. In order to meet such arguments it must be informed. If, happily, the destruction of merchantmen is prohibited by international law, a sanction must be created. If a belligerent merchantman is destroyed, the captors should be regarded as war criminals, liable to be shot when captured; if a neutral is destroyed, the captors should be treated as pirates, liable to be hanged.

Piracy has been put down, and privateering has been abandoned, by the force of public opinion among civilised nations. Is it reasonable to expect that "unlimited U-boat warfare" will meet with greater toleration?

HUGH H. L. BELLOR.

\* *Round Table*, June, 1916, 528.

† *De Gids*, December, 1915.

## THE TEACHER AND HIS MASTERS.

THE plain man may be pardoned if he merely shrugs his shoulders and passes on when he is told that the science of politics, in the Aristotelian sense, is architectonic to the science of education. He feels that whatever this jargon means it is no business of his. Even the professional teacher, who may have a vague impression of having heard the remark before, might be tempted to regard it as a negligible survival from the lore of his college days, were it not that current events are turning the statement into something that has a very practical bearing on his life work. He cannot mistake the sinister implication of the sentence when the blunt corollary is drawn: the schoolmaster must take his orders from the politician. Teachers may, indeed, draw a mild satisfaction from pointing out that to be true to its classical origin the passage should refer to statesmen, not politicians. But our practical governing persons in this twentieth century do not set much store by delicate verbal distinctions, and whether we call them politicians or statesmen, they keep on calmly giving their orders to schoolmasters.

It is true that teachers have hitherto been regarded as a particularly law-abiding body of people, who are, indeed, just the sort of persons who would willingly take orders from those set in authority over them. With the exception of a few brilliant ebullients, like Dr. Busby and the other "phlebotomists," and a group of suspected Socialists in the elementary schools, they have never been thought to include people with any but the most orthodox views, and the highest regard for respectability. Many high qualities are cordially conceded to them: honesty, industry, benevolence, idealism, and the rest. But they do not enjoy a high reputation for initiative. When it is a question of freshness and originality, critics harden their hearts and have no good word to say. Mr. H. G. Wells goes out of his way to assure us that the profession "is collectively and individually dull," that there is "a great lack of vigorous and inspiring minds in our schools," that "we have no original or heroic school teachers." Dr. F. H. Hayward, discussing the uncreativity of professionalism in general, takes occasion to illustrate his theme by maintaining that few teachers have done anything to advance the science of their profession, and that practically all improvements have come from outside suggestions. Yet teachers have gone on their placid way, harbouring the comforting conviction that, after all, they are the people who know, and that those outsiders who keep on giving orders that must be obeyed, remain outsiders all the same.

Now that the war-engendered interest in education has opened the floodgates of talk on the subject, and no self-respecting "publicist" can afford to be silent, teachers may be a little surprised to find that they are far from being regarded as the sole keepers of the ark. The other day Archdeacon Lambert told a public meeting that he did not claim to be an "educationalist," and had, indeed, "a very great dislike to" that term. So far well: but he proceeded to give his reasons. He objected to the implication that any small class has "a monopoly of knowledge

and wisdom in this matter of education." One can imagine the teachers at this stage girding up their loins and preparing to defend their claims to rank as this small class. Proceeding, however, the archdeacon resolved his educationalists into "a large number of men and women with a very great deal of experience in the technique of the administration of education, which is now almost a business of itself." Not a word about teachers: they do not obtain mention, honourable or otherwise. They may not regret being denied the pedantic title "educationalist," but they cannot enjoy the implication that not only do they not have the monopoly of educational knowledge, but that there exists another body that does. They are, accordingly, getting uneasy. They make shift to see the humour of the dramatist who lets the assistant master in the play ask: "What do parents know about children?" but in their hearts they feel that the question is not altogether without point. It comes with a shock, therefore, that in these latter days even parents are beginning to have their say in education. Parenthood, like politics, is adopting the architectonic attitude towards the profession.

The truth is that the great national revival of interest in our schools is leading to something very like a revolt against the specialist in education. Teachers, through their various organisations, have made many suggestions for educational reconstruction, but the public is insisting upon looking into things for itself. No doubt it finds difficulty in understanding what it sees, and there is a strong likelihood that what is called the general public will soon tire of its hobby, and let things slip back into the hands of the experts. But there are two great groups whose interest is deeper and more direct, and is, therefore, more likely to be sustained. These represent, in a general way, Labour and Capital.

Of the two, labour appears to be, on the whole, the more energetic; at any rate, it has developed a national organisation specially devoted to the educational interests of the working classes. It is difficult to determine to what extent the Workers' Educational Association really represents labour. It is true that it claims to be "a federation of 2,150 working class and educational bodies in England and Wales"; but its origin makes one a little doubtful about its driving power. Founded in 1903 as the result of a conference of trade-unionists and co-operators, it now claims to be the "largest voluntary educational association in existence." It made a connection, in 1907, with the extension movement at the universities, and has gone on developing schemes for adult education, but has not limited itself to post-school work. It takes for its province "all forms of education," and has the appearance of a powerful organisation. The lingering doubt about its future arises from the suspicion that it is rather a superimposed structure, than one that has originated in a strong impulse from the body of workers themselves. We find prominent labour men sometimes speaking doubtfully about it. At an important conference of working-class bodies held at Huddersfield in May, 1917, the chairman spoke rather gloomily, and wished his hearers would show nearly as much interest in education as they did in co-operative dividends; while one of the chief speakers "could

not believe that the great masses of workers were favourable towards education." His experience on the education committee, he explained, "was that some workers had a hundred and one excuses for sending their children into the workshops." I am informed, however, that economic peculiarities in Yorkshire make the workers' educational propaganda more difficult there than elsewhere. In any case, when all deductions have been made, the W.E.A. is a force to be reckoned with. It certainly represents the ideals of the better informed workers.

With the vast economic and social issues involved in the realisation by the working classes of the power of fully educated labour, we are not here immediately concerned. Our present interest is in the fact that the W.E.A. obviously propose to treat education as intimately their affair, as, indeed, a means to be deliberately used in attaining their ends. The teachers are to be their instruments. Already at their meetings they have shown impatience at the idea that they need teachers as guides in policy: they go to them, not for advice, but to have certain principles applied, certain schemes carried out. It is true that there is no hostility towards the teachers. Indeed, in the very drastic Recommendations that the Association has drawn up for the information and guidance of the government Reconstruction Committee, the interests of the profession are very sympathetically handled. The reforms that the teachers demand with regard to salaries, size of classes, and other practical matters, are strongly supported. But it is quite evident that all this has for its object the making of the teachers an efficient means of carrying out the aims the Association has in view. The W.E.A., in their turn, clearly intend to adopt the architectonic attitude towards education.

Unfriendly critics may say, with some truth, that the educational policy of the W.E.A. is based upon enlightened class-selfishness; but it should be admitted that the stress has to be laid upon the adjective *enlightened*. The aim, obviously, is to remove the handicap that lack of higher education has hitherto laid upon the workers. The fact that many of them do not want education has to be recognised, but the selfishness of parents must not be allowed to deprive the children of their chance. No doubt a certain proportion of the children, probably the majority, will, on their own account, get out of the educational net at the earliest possible moment. There always will be the two groups, those who can and those who cannot profit by educational opportunities. The object of the W.E.A. will have been attained when every working-class child has the opportunity of acquiring the highest education available to anyone in the country. While fighting for their own class, the workers may fairly claim that their policy is for the public good. Their position is, indeed, a strong one, based as it is on the Kantian conception of the Kingdom of Ends. No child is to be educated as a mere means to some state end, but as an end in himself, though he may, in attaining that end, also serve, as a means, the community of which he forms a part. The W. E. A. frankly adopt the educational ideal of self-realisation; they look coldly upon early vocational training. What they want the schools to turn out is an all-round well-developed human being.

The other great section of the public that has a genuine practical interest in the products of our schools is naturally made up of the employers into whose service the boys and girls enter at the end of the formal education period. Through Chambers of Commerce and the various combinations of industrial firms, the demands of employers are being made widely known. They, too, are taking up the architectonic attitude, but the orders they propose to give to the schoolmasters are not quite consistent. There are, in fact, two opposing camps: those who recognise the humanity of the employees and those who do not.

The second group may be dealt with first, since they are in direct opposition to the ideal that the W. E. A. stand for. These employers have a very definite interest in school work just at present, but this interest is bounded by the economic value of the workers produced. They call upon the school to turn out certain types in suitable abundance, and they let the teachers know that they will be grateful if this is done with the minimum amount of talking about it. What is wanted is a sufficient supply of efficient instruments—"hands." This "instrumental" group confine themselves to adverse criticism of the results of the present system. They are not interested in how matters are to be put right. To the teacher they say: "See thou to that." As things are, the instrumentalists maintain, pupils who have been educated at the elementary schools are weak in the mere rudiments—arithmetic, handwriting, and spelling; and are deficient in obedience, common sense, and manners. Even the secondary pupils are condemned as defective in the rudiments, and are, in addition, "sloppy" in their thinking. Both grades lack grit and initiative; they take no interest in their employment out of working hours, and are given to "clockwatching." To the teachers the instrumentalists say: "Go to. Put these matters right!"

What this group really wants is an abundant supply of smooth-working automata. In the case of factories this is frankly acknowledged. "We don't want our girls to think; if they do, they pinch their fingers." No one can reasonably object to this attitude in relation to "hands" who attend to a machine. There appears to be always a margin round machine work within which human attention on the lowest plane is required. As machinery improves, certain operations are removed from human manipulation and handed over to the machine itself; but each new advance leaves some other mechanical operation to human automatism, till this margin in its turn is absorbed in the operation of an improved form of the machine. This permanently variable automatism may be regarded as an inevitable evil, and must be provided for in the way least damaging to the indispensable human automata. Nor is automatism limited to the factory. The counting house has its demand for practically the same grade of mechanical work. But on the other side is the comforting consideration that automatism is not in itself an evil. When we come to think of it, we realise that we all carry on the greater part of our activities on the automatic plane. Education itself has been defined as the process of causing the conscious to pass into the unconscious; in other words, of establishing automatisms. Our

speaking, our handwriting, our spelling, are practically all automatisms, so that the instrumentalists are not to be condemned merely because they recognise the value of the automatic element. Where they go wrong is in failing to see that we cannot get the best value out of automatism, unless we recognise its relations to the human element necessarily involved.

It is here that the other group of the employers break with the instrumentalists. Wherever we find schemes developed by the masters for the social betterment of the workers we have a recognition of the humanity of those who in the nature of things have to be mainly automatic in their life work. Such employers nearly always have some scheme to secure the social welfare of their workpeople, so that it may not be inappropriate to classify them as the "welfare" group. The word *meliorist* is tempting, though it has been already appropriated by the social philosophers. But though the group seek the improvement of their workers, this is not necessarily their primary aim. No doubt they are, in the best sense of that word, philanthropists, but philanthropy is not their business in life. They are, first of all and chiefly, business people, who wish to make a success of their industrial or commercial concerns. It is to their credit that they rise above the level of the instrumentalists, and it must not be regarded as a reproach to them that their more generous attitude towards their employees pays, even on the economic standard. By making due provision for the intellectual and social needs of the workers the welfare group succeed in reconciling them to whatever degree of automatism is required, while providing for each the opportunity of rising to a higher grade of work in which the quality and amount of automatism is more in accord with his desires. For two facts must be recognised here. First, there is a basis of automatism in all kinds of work, even those that rank as highly intellectual. Secondly, there are types of mind that enjoy a high degree of automatism and a low degree of independent judgment and individual initiative. While a minority are always on the look-out for fresh opportunities to exercise their initiative and increase their responsibility, the great majority prefer the comfortable round of well-established routine, so long as there is just a sufficient range of variety to prevent utter stagnation. What the wise employer aims at is to prevent his workpeople from becoming stale through the deadening effects of low grade automatism. By improving the workshop or counting house conditions, and by providing out-of-working-hours social distractions, he is able to secure content among the unambitious majority; while, by providing educational opportunities, he stimulates the intelligent minority to that progress that is essential to their good and to his.

So we come to another reason why the term welfare is to be preferred to *meliorist*. The good of the workers demands such conditions of service and such prospects of promotion as shall give them self-respect in the present and hope for the future. It is not at all essential that each worker should be stimulated by external influences to seek to rise out of his present status. Education is far too frequently regarded as a means of rising in the world. At the present time education of a conventional type has

a purely factitious social importance. It gives a certain status apart from its intrinsic value, and so long as this is so the worker who wishes to rise above the class into which he was born must in some way or other acquire the conventional culture. But educational values are rapidly changing, and in the future the kind of broader culture that will be available for the workers will be precisely of the kind that will be recognised as of social value. It is a hopeful sign, therefore, that the welfare group of employers lay more stress on what they call a good all-round education than upon specific preparation for any particular line of work. The instrumentalists want young people to come to them ready to take up at once the work of the shop or the office; the welfare group are quite content if they are supplied with young people who have had a good course under intelligent teachers, have mastered the instrumental subjects, and have had practice in using them upon subjects of general interest. They expect these young people to have formed good habits, to have acquired a reasonable knowledge of social value, and of their rights and duties, and to come to their life's work with the full purpose of taking it seriously.

With material of this type the welfare group is convinced that it can do its own preparation for the actual technical work that lies before the young people. It is a well-known fact that craftsmen always like to be themselves the first to introduce neophytes into the mysteries. It is the mark of a low type of craft that the guild should be willing to accept its members ready-made, after the manner of the instrumentalists.

It will be realised that, whatever the grounds on which they are based, the demands of the W. E. A. and of the welfare section of the employers are practically identical. There remains the problem whether these two groups, forming a solid "general-culture" body, will be able to impose their will on the country, or whether the instrumentalists, with their practical clear-cut demands, supported by vast economic resources, may be able to capture the schools. Hitherto, in educational discussions, the instrumentalists have kept themselves contemptuously aloof, despising all that was being done, and taking up the attitude that, after all, it did not matter, for in any case they had to do the real training of the pupils as soon as they got them out of the clutches of the teachers. But to-day they can no longer play the part of supercilious onlooker. The new educational proposals cut too close to the bone. No doubt the old system, against which they passively resisted, wasted a good deal of child-time that might have been profitably turned to instrumental account in the factories; but this loss was as nothing compared with the new demands for whole time schooling—with no exception—up to fourteen, and serious inroads into working time during the years from fourteen to eighteen. The instrumentalists cannot help sharing in the general, though somewhat unequally distributed, interest in the new proposals. It appears that, on the whole, the industrial groups are taking matters more seriously than are the members of the commercial or counting-house group. Among the industrials those who have had in the past a well-established apprenticeship system are both more interested in and better

acquainted with the conditions of schools than are the others. Thus the engineers seem to be the keenest and the most intelligent and sympathetic critics. It does not seem possible, however, to make a clean-cut classification of the various occupations into those that favour general culture and those that demand specific training for vocation.

Students of education will recognise in this struggle a recrudescence on the practical plane of the academic discussion that has raged round Formal Training, and will not be surprised if the compromise, that after our English fashion must come, follows the lines suggested by the present state of that heated controversy. The claim for a good all-round education is not made because it is assumed to be the best preparation for a specific kind of work, but because it gives each individual the best chance of making the most of himself. From this point of view even the most general form of education may be regarded as specific, its definite aim being the production of a fully developed human being. In the coming struggle, the all-round people, strongly supported by the teachers, will probably win to the extent of being able to exclude vocational work throughout the whole academic period, except for a brief intensive course towards the very end. But the instrumentalists will win to the extent of having the curriculum so modified as to include, in the case of various groups of pupils, certain subjects that have a special value for the particular kind of work on which they are engaged, or are afterwards to be engaged. With this the welfare people will have no fault to find, nor will the W. E. A.

Out of all this order-giving to the teachers there has come almost nothing in the way of definite suggestions for new lines of work in school. As usual, laymen have contented themselves with peremptory claims to have an improved curriculum. It is true that this time they have sometimes gone the length of vague demands that certain subjects—notably Literature, History, and Geography—should be taught in a way that they have never been taught before. But to the teachers, with their alleged imperviousness to new ideas, is left the problem of inventing new and striking ways of producing the effects required by the architectonic groups. The teachers' disturbed self-respect must return when they realise that the orgy of order-giving dies down into certain general demands, the satisfying of which depends upon the skill and initiative of their profession. But the exertions of the order-givers will not have been in vain if it is backed up by a firm determination to have them carried out. Every professional man works the better when he is the centre of sympathetic though exacting interest. In these war times all manner of order-givers have stimulated experts into doing things that otherwise would not have been done. The ultimate essential for successful educational reconstruction is the cordial encouragement of the fresher minds among our present teachers, and the attraction of more minds of this type into the profession. Mr. Fisher has begun his problem at the right end by recognising that, whoever gives the orders, everything depends on the teachers.

PROFESSOR JOHN ADAMS.



## THE CLAIMS OF LITHUANIA.

**D**ID the late Rupert Brooke, in his travels about Europe, ever visit Lithuania and come into personal contact with the people whom he professed to depict in the little play which was produced in London last year by Mrs. Alan Parsons, *née* Viola Tree? 'I doubt it, although it has been said that "Lithuania"—his only dramatic effort, if I am rightly informed—is based on an incident in real life, picked up by the poet in one of his many peregrinations. Once more, therefore, we must express the regret that he is no longer with us—this time for the purpose of explaining, in order to salve the wounded feelings of the Lithuanians of Great Britain, that his play is but a tale, the *dénouement* of which was chosen merely because of its strong dramatic note, and written without a thought of casting the slightest reflection on an ancient race which, during the present war, as before when calamity overwhelmed it, has given proof of the most splendid qualities.

The plot of "Lithuania" is as follows:

A couple of Lithuanian peasants have a son in America, and their greatest desire is that he shall return. They are too poverty-stricken, however, to send money to him for his fare, and he, apparently, is too poor to return to them. He has been in the United States a great many years, and the parents have grown old and half-blind, when one day a prosperous stranger comes to their house and asks to be given lodging for the night. The old people consent to put him up. During the evening he tells them that he knows their son, who is eating his heart out in the States because he has not got the money to return home. He then boasts of his own wealth and displays an expensive gold watch. The stranger goes upstairs to bed, and then follows a powerful scene, in which the mother incites her daughter to kill the stranger, so that his money can be used to bring back the absent son. The girl refuses, and the old woman kills him herself. When he is dead, she discovers that he is her son, who had wished to surprise her.

This grim tragedy, which seems to have been inspired rather by the productions of the Grand Guignol of Paris than by any real knowledge of the country whose name it bears, paints by no means a true picture of the hospitable and inoffensive Lithuanian peasants. What was it that induced Rupert Brooke to place the scene of his play in Lithuania? Doubtless the simple fact that the inhabitants of this little-known country do emigrate in great numbers to the United States, making the chosen situation a possible though not a probable one, with the added advantage of a new setting, much more original than either Poland or Russia would have been. This choice of Lithuania is to me another proof of the poet's freshness of outlook. He was drawn, instinctively as it were, towards the home of the Aryan family, and, though he may not have actually travelled there, must surely have often pictured it, with poetic licence, in both its prehistoric pagan

grandeur and its rural sweetness of the days before the opening of the war, when

“Cool gardened homes slept in the sun,”

as he sang, and the little orchards around the picturesque thatched cottages had not yet fallen into the hands of the Germans. Many acute observers, hearing like him of Lithuania, and unable to resist the temptation to explore one of the lesser known by-ways of Europe, have directed their footsteps to this ancient country east of the Baltic, and, whilst wandering on the banks of the Niemen, have come under the spell of a people who have long been recognised to hold a unique position among the nationalities of Russia. For, from whatever angle you care to regard the Lithuanians, it is indeed true that they and the rôle they have played in history are of pre-eminent interest.

The great historical past of the Lithuanians appeals very strongly to both historian and politician. But as regards their political history, which is complicated in the extreme, I need not do much more than point out how great a service they rendered Europe when, on the one hand, they delivered the greater part of Russia from the yoke of the Mongols, whilst, on the other, they raised Poland to the rank of a Great Power and stemmed the *Drang nach Osten* of the Teutonic Knights.

Once more, now that Russia has broken her bonds and uttered the cry “Freedom!” Lithuania is destined to loom very big in the world's history. There is a Lithuanian Question which, like that of the Ukraine, has been agitated ever since the beginning of the war, and will inevitably come up for discussion at the time of the great settlement, when, as we have been promised, “the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe” will be “placed upon an unassailable basis,” when “the smaller states of Europe” will be given their “charter of independence.”\* Who can doubt that it will be linked with the Polish Question; for it is a well-known fact that the Poles, aspiring to the creation of a Great Poland, have for some time past looked with favour on the Austrian dream of a mighty state embracing both Lithuania and the Ukraine, and stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea. The dream was dear, as Mr. Henry Wickham Steed has shown, to the Emperor William as well as to the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, who was to reign over the reconstituted Poland; a dream which the most sanguine Pole must now have realised is impossible. But if the Ukraine is beyond their reach, as the new Russia ought undoubtedly to see it is, perhaps they may be able to induce this Power to consent to the incorporation of Lithuania. That would be a good second best; a return to the envied past. The Lithuanians, however, have studied their history closely and will not hear of any such project.

“According to Poles,” says Professor J. Gabrys, the Lithuanian historian, “history has exemplified the ideal union of Poland and Lithuania. Nevertheless, an impartial examination

\* Mr. Asquith, November 9th, 1914 and 1915.

of the past shows a continual tendency among the Lithuanians to break with Poland. The first separatist was the Lithuanian Grand Duke Vytautas, who proclaimed himself king of the country, and only awaited the crown sent by the Emperor Segismund to have himself consecrated. The Poles, however, stopped the envoys charged to restore the crown to Vytautas, who died suddenly immediately afterwards. The union was interrupted on several occasions—1490, 1492, and 1526—when the Lithuanians chose sovereigns for themselves independently of Poland. In the seventeenth century, when both nations were ravaged by the Swedes and Russians, Lithuanian nobles, such as Prince Radziwill and others, broke away from Poland to save their country by an alliance with Sweden. The Lithuanian Prince Sapieha and several of his supporters were assassinated by the Poles on November 24th, 1700, for attempting to bring about a separation. Other illustrious members of the Lithuanian nobility, among them Prince Michael Koributh Wisniewiecki, generalissimo of the Lithuanian Army, Prince Charles Radziwill, Chancellor of the Grand Duchy of Lithuania, Prince Michael Oginski, Minister of Finance, &c., in order to rid themselves of Polish interference, signed a covenant renouncing all the privileges granted to them by Poland, and attempted to restore the national government of Lithuania as it had existed before the union.

"It is evident that the relations between Poland and Lithuania have never been so close in the past as the Poles would maintain. There was no more than a simple dynastic union, an offensive and defensive alliance, which was afterwards turned into a political union. That union was cancelled later by the force of events, when the Lithuano-Polish State was dismembered by its neighbours, and, in consequence, could no longer serve as a ground for the present Polish claims on Lithuania. And as for present-day conditions, the Lithuanians have no further cause to flatter themselves upon their relations with the Poles, whose utter intransigence gives no hope of finding a common ground of agreement. The Poles desire to impose their protectorate, their language, and their political ideas on Lithuania, resting their claim upon a historic tradition which they interpret in their own way, and in a sense favourable to their own interests. In these circumstances, the reconstitution of independent Poland within the boundaries of the old Lithuano-Polish State is unthinkable.

"Such a reconstitution would violate, in the first place, the principle of nationality—not merely that of Lithuania, but also of part of the Lettish people and the people of White Russia and the Ukraine. . . . If Lithuania were to be attached to an independent Polish State, that State would become a hot-bed of anarchy and disorder, as it was before the partition of 1772. It would fall to pieces as the old Lithuano-Polish State did, and, instead of being a factor in the peace and stability of Europe, it would become the cause of future wars. If Europe desires to ensure a permanent peace, she must not violate the principle of nationality, but, on the contrary, use it as a guide in reconstituting her map."

The Lithuanians, conscious of their existence as a separate nationality, aspire, in short, to their complete independence upon

a racial basis, in order that they may satisfy their aspirations. It cannot be denied that they base their claims on a firm scientific foundation. The Lithuanians, with their brothers, the Letts, who inhabit Courland and Livonia, form a nation of about five millions. To these figures should be added the million Lithuanian emigrants in the United States, and the eight to ten thousand who have found a refuge in the United Kingdom, the colonies here, in the order of their importance, being in Glasgow, London, Liverpool, and Manchester. These two allied nations form a race apart, quite distinct from either the Russians or the Poles—a race, according to Elisée Reclus, “composed of highly intelligent people, full of imagination and poetry,”\* and, in the words of Kant, who was of Lithuanian origin, “of loyal men, strong in the knowledge of their personal dignity.”†

Their physical characteristics have been carefully studied and noted by several eminent anthropologists, including Brennsohn, Woeber, and J. Talko Hryniewicz. They are of average stature and well proportioned. But statures of more than 1m. 69c. predominate in the districts where the race has best preserved its primitive type from Slavonic influence. The purer the race, the whiter the skin; and, in the case of young girls, it is often of astonishing purity. The hair is sleek and rarely slightly curled, but almost always fair or light chestnut, rarely brown or black. Fair-haired people are in the proportion of 74 per cent. among the Letts, 80 per cent. among the Lithuanians, and 87 per cent. among the Samogitians, the descendants of the ancient Lithuanian tribe of the *Zemaitis*, who, after playing a glorious part in history, still inhabit poverty-stricken Samogitia, between Prussia and Courland. Blue eyes, among these three peoples, are almost in the same proportions. Pure Blonds—that is, individuals with light hair and blue eyes—represent 60 per cent. of the Lithuanian population, 63.8 per cent. of the Letts, and 71.2 per cent. of the Samogitians. Dark-complexioned folk are in a small minority. According to the coloration of the skin, a large majority of the population belong to a mixed type: 76 per cent. among the Letts, 72.8 per cent. among the Lithuanians, and 25 per cent. among the Samogitians. Of the last-named people, more than a third—33.8 per cent.—are of the pure blond type; whilst not more than a quarter of the Lithuanians and a fifth of the Letts have both light hair and blue eyes. As to the shape of the face, it is often long, especially among the Lithuanians (32.3 per cent.), whose other characteristics are the absence of prominent cheek bones, so common among the Russians, foreheads of average height, without the customary great breadth found among the Muscovites, and straight noses.

Judging from the conformation of the skull, Lithuanians are rather brachycephalic than dolichocephalic; there are 72 per cent. of the former among the population—an anthropological type which is quite distinct from that of either the Slavs or the Teutons. Generally speaking, the Lithuanian forehead is straight, and, as

\* *Géographie Universelle*.

† Preface to Milke's Lithuanian Grammar of 1800.

travellers have frequently observed, the aspect of the whole face reminds one of Grecian forms. It is this reminiscence of classic Hellenism which has made many observers conclude that the Lithuanians are closely related to the ancient Greeks. Certainly, when we come to study the language of Lithuania, and note its extraordinary cadence and harmony, we are influenced in favour of this attractive, but, I fear, unsound hypothesis. The first time a Londoner hears Lithuanian—and let me say, in passing, that he has only to go to the little church dedicated to St. Casimir at 21, The Oval, off the Hackney Road, to hear it spoken and sung in all its purity and fervour—he will imagine he is listening to Greek. But by degrees he will discover his error, though it is indeed true that from the fervent lips of the Rev. C. G. Matulaitis and his fifteen hundred parishioners (praying that their compatriots who are still in the far-off lands occupied by the enemy, or who are living in exile, even as far as the Urals and Siberia, may be watched over and protected) come strange archaic sounds which are like a veritable voice from the past. Wherefore this echo from the dim centuries before the English tongue was spoken? Because Lithuanian is one of the oldest languages in the world. With Lettish, it shares the honour of being the only living representative of one of the great families of the Indo-European tongues, the Baltic family. From the fact that it has changed more slowly than any other of the Indo-European languages, which sprang from it, it has long been beloved by linguists, beginning with Kant and Schleicher, and ending with such modern investigators as Kurschat, Baranovski, Jaunys, Buga, and Meillet. One of our own historians, Freeman, found much to interest him in the Lithuanians and their ancient tongue, which, apart from its scientific importance, is remarkable for its beauty.

Harmonious, richer in affectionate and cajoling diminutives than any other of the languages of Europe, Lithuanian possesses the sonority of Latin and Greek, the primitive qualities of Sanskrit, and the softness and musicality of Italian. So well have some of the primitive characteristics of this beautiful language been preserved in the undisturbed backwaters of Lithuania that, if it were possible for the Romans and the Greeks to rise from their graves, they would have little difficulty in understanding whole sentences as spoken by the Lithuanians of to-day, whilst these could just as easily understand some of the phrases of the Sanskritist.

"Virai, traukite jungan," uttered the Lithuanian refugee, sadly, as he shouldered his pack and fled before the German invader. "Viri, trahite jugum"—"Men, drag the yoke"—echoed the Roman. "Dzievs davé dantis, duos duonos"—"God has given us teeth, He will give us bread"—continued the refugee resignedly, though his farm was in flames and all hope of return to his ravaged fields seemed gone for ever. And from ancient Greece came the encouraging response: "Dzeus doê odontas dosei sitos."

The standard of intelligence among the Lithuanians is very high. According to the most recent statistics, those of 1897, it is superior to that of the Poles; the percentage of educated Lithuanians being 52.01, while that of the Poles is only 34.78. Most Lithuanian

peasants and workmen read the newspapers, whereas in Poland this luxury is confined rather to the intellectual and middle classes. Tender and faithful in their nature, these characteristics are expressed in a remarkable degree in their popular songs, of which Lithuania possesses a rich store. As far as one can tell, at the time when Lithuania was a great state, it had no writers but only *bourtininkas*, or national bards, who, like those of the early history of the British Isles, wandered from place to place, reciting their traditional songs and poems.

"Persecution by the Catholic clergy," says Professor Gabrys, resulted in the disappearance of the *bourtininkas*, and with them of the epic songs. An annalist of the sixteenth century still mentions these songs. Unfortunately, they have not been handed down to us. The Lithuanian people do not chant any warlike exploit, do not sing the praises of any victory; they confine themselves to weeping for the dead. In this respect they are unique among the nations of Europe. This form of popular poetry is called *rauda*—a farewell song or funeral dirge. The *raudos* form a fairly imposing part of the popular literature of Lithuania.

"The other form of Lithuanian poetry, the most loved by the people, is the *daina*. It is a lyrical song, accompanied by melodies in various scales and a mixture of different measures. These songs reveal the tender and sweet character of the Lithuanian nation, its very simple conception of life, the sorrows which it accepts resignedly, and its attachment to patriarchal manners. Indeed, the *dainos* lay bare the soul of the Lithuanians, who are keen observers, quietly ironical, sometimes tender, melancholy, impressed with the feeling of nature. They are to be distinguished from other Continental races by the delicate reserve and modest discretion with which all these popular songs speak of love. The philologist Rhesa, during his thirteen years of research in Lithuania, did not find in the love-songs of the country a single verse which was not chaste and pure: a proof that the tenderness of the Lithuanian is deep, but is never shown in public by an unbecoming word.

"Among the *dainos* are several that are very ancient, and which, having great importance from a mythological point of view, constitute very curious examples of prehistoric philosophy. We find, for instance, strophes which speak of the marriage of the Moon (*Menuo*, masculine gender) with the Sun (*Saulė*, feminine gender), of the love of the Moon for the Dawn (*Ausrinė*), and of the anger of the Thunder (*Perkunas*) who, with his sword, cleaves the Moon, exclaiming, 'Why do you abandon the Sun to love the Dawn?'—a strange mythological and truly poetical explanation of the diminution of the moon's disc. These ancient mythological *dainos*, which we still find in the memory of the people, are but fragments of grandiose poems—fragments full of charm and incomparable poetry, but which give only a feeble idea of the beauty of the originals. . . . The Lithuanian people has never ceased to increase its poetic treasures by composing fresh *dainos* for every circumstance of life."

The inexhaustible wealth of the popular poetry of Lithuania was fully recognised not only by the great Lithuano-Polish poet

Mickiewicz, but also by Goethe and Herder, who drew upon the *dainos* to a considerable extent.

Apart from these and other forms of popular song, literature so-called is still in the early stages of its development in Lithuania. The Reformation brought forth in Lithuanian Prussia the first works printed in the language, the most ancient book in Lithuanian being a catechism of 1547 translated from the German. Up to the eighteenth century, when Duonelaitis (1714—1780) published his national epic *Metas* ("The Four Seasons"), written in hexameters, hardly any other works than translations of the Bible, prayer books, and liturgical works were published. Then came the work of the three great contemporaries of Mickiewicz: Poszka, Dukantas, and Mgr. Valanczevskis, Bishop of Samogitia, the precursors of the Lithuanian national revival, who did not disdain to employ their native tongue in poetry, history, and other branches of literature. Thanks to their initiative, Lithuanian letters began to make considerable progress during the first half of the nineteenth century, until, suddenly, its development was checked by the Russian Government's decree of 1864, forbidding the use of Latin characters, and ordering them to be replaced by Russian ones. Lithuanian writers and journalists were, therefore, obliged to seek for liberty elsewhere, so brought out their books and newspapers at Tilsit, in Prussian Lithuania, whence the forbidden printed matter was imported clandestinely into Lithuanian Russia. At the same time, Chicago, Boston, and other cities in the United States became centres for the production of Lithuanian literature, which found its way, in a similar manner, into the home land.

Such abnormal conditions, which lasted from 1864 to 1904, hampered literary production, but by no means resulted in the object aimed at being attained. Those forty years, indeed, were fruitful in noteworthy poetry, drama and fiction. Maironis wrote his "*Tarp skausmu i garbe*"—"Towards the Stars"—and other remarkable poems; Sekupasaka, who unfortunately died before he had developed his poetical faculty, wrote a large number of poems which went into many editions; Mgr. Baranovski, Bishop of Seinai, produced lyrical works which became so popular that, before the war, they could be heard sung all over Lithuania; and Kudirka, whose career lasted but ten years, wrote, in addition to the Lithuanian national hymn, "*Lietuva tevyne*," his picturesque and truthful story of the renaissance of his native land, *Tevynes Varpai*—"The Bells of the Fatherland." The first place among contemporary Lithuanian writers must be given to the great dramatic poet, Vidunas, a very prolific writer, whose finest work is a trilogy, entitled *Probotziu Szeszeliui*—"The Shades of the Ancestors." Jaksztas, poet and publicist, also holds an important position; whilst among the younger school of writers are a number of women, including Zemaite and Bite-Petkevicz, who have attracted attention by their novels.

Following on the return of the liberty of the Press in 1904 came a revival of the old movement towards political independence. In 1905, Lithuania was riper than any other nationality in Russia for autonomy, which it claimed with insistence and energy through

the Lithuanian National Assembly, held at Vilna on December 4, 1905, when all classes of society and all the communes were represented by more than 2,000 delegates. This demonstration of the strength of national sentiment needs no commentary. It proves conclusively that the Lithuanian nation was already, ten years ago, firmly determined to demand the recognition of its rights to a broad national autonomy. Although the demands of the Lithuanian people did not receive complete satisfaction at the hands of the autocratic Russian Government, this demonstration of its wishes, nevertheless, resulted in a few concessions, which made it possible for it to enter on the work of its educational evolution. Numerous intellectual, scientific, artistic, and economic societies, in addition to social organisations, were formed through the people's own resources.

The present war, so unfortunate in itself, has destroyed the first fruits of this productive work. The Lithuanian nation, plunged into poverty, homeless, partly exiled from its native soil, and deprived of all its institutions, cannot be born again from its ruins unless, eventually, it is granted complete liberty. Exactly like Belgium and Poland, whose sacrifices are identical with its own, the Lithuanian nation looks to the rulers of the new Russia and to the equity of the Great Powers for just reparation and the recognition of its independence, with sufficient collective guarantees to enable it to devote itself in peace to the restoration of its national prosperity and the development of its culture.

Has not Lithuania, by her loyalty and her sufferings, earned her independence a hundred times over? Does she not deserve something more than the alms which were bestowed upon her in her hour of trouble? For, as Mr. Januchkevitch, the Lithuanian deputy, said in the Duma, when speaking on the question of help for the refugees:

"You cannot create educational values with the rouble. Other conditions are necessary if our wounds are to be healed. You must also satisfy the spiritual needs and desires of nations. Russia's duty is to grant these nations the conditions of existence in which their culture and their spiritual forces can be regenerated. The Government has affirmed the rights of Poland to autonomy. But there are many other nations in Russia, and first and foremost Lithuania, who, owing to their historical past, their present culture, their traditions, their geographical and ethnological situation, have the same right. They cannot heal their present wounds unless you grant full rights to their national organisations, and thus favour their free development. We have bought our right with our sufferings and our blood. In granting our nation material aid, do not imagine that you have done all your duty towards us. No, roubles do not suffice to drag us from the abyss into which we have been precipitated. . . . You ought to say to us to-day, 'We come to your assistance, and rest assured that afterwards your rights to national autonomy will be recognised.'"

G. FREDERIC LEES.



## THOUGHTS FROM THE WAR.

**WISDOM** is a flower of slow growth and needs a deep soil. Never has it been so well cultivated as in the unceasing days of the *Rubaiyat* and the *Book of Proverbs*, when men were never far from Nature. And so for us soldiers, too, the hours and days of primitive idleness which make up so much of modern war give a contemplative and observant life too much neglected in the rush of work and pleasure which is ours in peace. The stars become real friends to those from whom the smoke of evil cities had hidden them in peace time. Men learn the hour of the night by just the way the giant frame of Orion hangs in the sky. What soldier does not know by heart the seasons of the moon, her path through the heavens, how her varied shapes correspond with her varied hours of rising and setting, and, not least, that lovely woman's face which Charles Dana Gibson, surely inspired by the moon's own spirit, so often drew for us, until we at last saw her framed in the Queen of Night?

Among the thoughts to which these silent hours give birth, the strange vicissitudes of war predominate. Its iniquity has been the theme, and the rightful theme, of half the pens of Europe since 1914 crashed to pieces the old-world life we used to live, and yet the more unhealing wound is dealt by war's *inequity*. Men, and those dear women whom we have dragged into the maelstrom of our passions, are sometimes almost content to lose their friends and lovers upon an altar which will hold them for ever sacred in the eyes of their country. To those, at least, who believe in immortality, the loss cannot be beyond hope. But it is the damnable lottery of war, even in its most material sense, which men cannot tolerate. How well do soldiers know that many idols of the home gallery have often not only their feet but also their heads and hearts of clay. And yet they stand forth successful, supported by thousands of patient unknowns. Again, a fine commander, a man known by his officers and men to be the best article England can turn out, may be let down by some trick of the weather or miserable mismanagement of subordinates and—goes home. It is so, of course, to some extent in all life, but nowhere as in war is ill-luck so irremediable, is success so immensely rewarded.

Some of us, chiefly the old regulars, are drawing greatly increased incomes owing to the war. On the other hand, in the New Armies, the Territorials, and pre-eminently in the temporary medical services, there are men who, as all the world knows, are giving up for their country hundreds, and even thousands, a year. It is so, too, in civil life. Nothing can ever put right the appalling inequalities resulting from the war as between, say, a shipowner and a publisher of learned works. Fortunes are being founded and lost by sheer luck. Another unhappy attribute of war is the distortion of values which it brings in the qualities which go to make up human life. It is inevitable, and for the purpose of war valuable, that those qualities should be stressed which help us to win, qualities such as organisation, obedience, and military virtue. These qualities had been neglected in England, and their proclama-

tion in these stirring times has given a broader perspective to our life. The picture has, however, been overdrawn in the opposite sense, and it becomes fashionable to despise the more meditative and balanced side of human nature which is of less direct military use. The result will inevitably be an excessive reaction when peace breaks out; our moral garden will be entirely replanted. But these distortions, in whatever direction, prevent mankind from doing itself justice. The simultaneous cultivation of all human qualities and powers is what we should aim at, and is what a future and happier civilisation will attain.

Still, there is this to be said for war. It does what peace has far more difficulty in doing, it teaches us familiarity with death, and here, as elsewhere, it is true that familiarity brings a healthy contempt. If a man be really and profoundly convinced of immortality and of the continuance of character into the after-life, his whole conduct becomes so different, his spirit is imbued with such steadiness and courage, that we may well expect some marked step forward in humanity when the war ends. But at how great a price! And while this desperate remedy of wholesale letting-out of life may in some respects work a favourable change in those who return home, yet in other respects we may find deterioration; nor is it at all certain that a brave and social up-bringing, instead of the few strings of facts which now pass as education, would not give as steady and courageous a vision to the youth of the world. Had Ruskin, before he uttered his praise of war and contempt for peace, seen something of the Australasian, the Canadian, and the dwellers in the West and Middle West of the United States, he would perhaps not have committed himself to the belief that peace spells degeneration.

Another thing which war has taught us—she makes no charge for the lesson but allows no truants—is that misfortune brings less suffering than men expect, and luxury far less happiness. To a larger extent than we could have believed we are independent of our environment. Lose all your kit—a charming *contretemps* which befalls some officers and many soldiers about once a quarter—and your happiness, if there be any going about, is little decreased. And if after six months in the trenches or in the desert you return to the Capuan delights of an hotel, the sensation of joyous contrast scarcely outlasts the first good dinner. Only where action is impossible do the spirits droop, as with those poor prisoners in German camps over whose portals is inscribed: "Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate." One may go as far as to say that war, as it is waged nowadays, is poor physical exercise. In the trenches—well, one is in the trenches, and that is all there is to be said about it. Mere resistance to almost intolerable conditions can scarcely be regarded as athletic, and the strolls "over the top" are insufficiently frequent to keep a man warm. It is the same thing in the desert. So huge are the preparations for an advance that one is fortunate if one moves once a fortnight. Of course, men can be kept fit by marching and digging. But he who has seen British infantry dig will scarcely term it taking exercise. Rather is it in dogged resistance to suffering, in cheerful

acceptance of discipline and danger and in a glorious capacity for self-sacrifice that our soldiers are supreme and through which they will win us the war.

That which war ought to bring out is seriousness of purpose, and what, for lack of a better word, may be called "drive." It certainly does so for Germany; but, for reasons which are not quite easy to ascertain, it does not always do so for England. The class which gave to the old Army its officers, affected for so long to believe that energy and interest in work were bad form, that, with the best will in the world, it was unable to change its attitude to life even when the skies fell. And as it is these officers who have set the tone to the multitudes who have since been commissioned, and of course to the rank and file, we have been without that spirit of thoroughness which, with all their faults, is the chief glory of our German enemies.

The principal characteristic of the British fighting man, officer and soldier alike, is humour. Humour is never bad form: with it you can go anywhere, and it has carried the Army through a lot of uncommonly tight places. Cheerfulness makes up for wet trenches, bully beef, and for all wounds which leave their owner articulate. And yet there are other qualities besides humour and cheerfulness. What British officer to-day ever appeals, except in some grandiloquent G.H.Q. Order which no one reads a second time, to the glorious privilege of working for England? This tremendous incentive, which French and Germans alike know so well how to use, is a lost art to us. It was not so in Plantagenet days, if Shakespeare is to be believed. And yet it is still, even for Englishmen, a potent weapon. The very novelty of the appeal, as the writer, who has more than once made use of it, has found, is at the time decisive. It puts a Briton on his truest metal. It arms authority with a disciplinary right, proof against all softness or plea of custom, if the appeal be disregarded. Humour by all means. But call also to your Councils the voices of emotion, of patriotism, even of *la gloire*.

The result of the one-sided psychological outfit of the British soldier is to be seen in his wonderful lack of imagination. Scarcely one mental inch in front of him does he see. Tell him to get over a parapet and wipe out a score of German machine-guns, and he will oblige you with pleasure. But request him to make a road that will enable shells to be brought up which will save his life in an attack, and he is likely to tell you he joined to fight and not to do navvy work; and if he has to do a spell of digging it would be well paid at a penny an hour. This is unfortunate for us, as for one day's fighting there is generally at least a month's "fatigues." The result is, we are, I suppose, the least hard-working army in the world, as well as being the most good-natured.

Even Staff officers share in this appalling humorous nonchalance. An admirable trait just before a duel, it is not one calculated to drive the machine, which is now England, at full pressure against the hosts of the enemy. British officers often abuse the late Ministry and welcome the arrival of Mr. Lloyd George. But Mr. Asquith's administration was a tornado of energy compared with

many of our officers. It is strange how determined the average civilian is to see his Army through *couleur de rose* glasses, while he reserves his most scorching phrases for the men who are governing the country. How rarely is any military failure in this war attributed to a general or to the troops? A "politician" scapegoat there has to be, and he is soon enough found. What a shock the public would get were it to hear the Army's opinion of the way affairs have sometimes been managed by its own chiefs. And yet even the lamentable failure to attack at Suvla on August 7th and 8th, 1915 is usually attributed in the end to Mr. Churchill or Mr. Asquith, I am not sure which.

Ill-informed criticism of superiors is far too common in the British Army, and is a real source of weakness. The Brigade thinks the Divisional orders unreasonable. The Division cannot understand what the Army Corps is about. The Corps' opinion of the Army or of G.H.Q. is unprintable. And yet the higher authority is generally composed of men of the same flesh and blood as those below them; of men, too, who were often but a short time before doing just the same work as their critics, and were promoted for doing it so well. The theory that everyone who is promoted at once goes mad requires re-investigation.

Of one kind of superior officer alone may suspicion rightfully arise. I mean of him, and there are many such, who obtained his place by favour. There is still far too much of this kind of thing. The men thus chosen are generally excellent good fellows, and most easy to get on with. But "good fellows" will bring any country to the ground which trusts in them. Those were not "good fellows" who from Germany threw Europe back with Western and Eastern blows from which she is only now recovering; not good fellows in any sense.

We have many times been told, in the well-known words of Mr. Asquith, that our enemy is Prussianism. It may be so, but it would surprise a great many people to know that Prussianism, apart from its cruelties, is the instinctive creed of the vast majority of our officers, at least of those of the *ancien régime*. Brave gentlemen as they are, they will propound political and military courses of action to you which sound like a cutting from Count Reventlow's *Tageszeitung*. Democracy is anathema to them. And of the two Prussianisms I am not sure but that the English variety is the more dangerous, for it arouses less antagonism, and lulls suspicion.

"An army marches on its stomach," said Napoleon, and we have almost taken the aphorism as our war motto. So well are our troops fed that we have come to look on bully beef and biscuits as a grave hardship; and half rations, whether of food or water, as justified only in the last days of a siege. Never were troops so coddled as ours; no wonder we are so good-tempered. The idea of instilling patriotic idealism into the Army, of calling upon it to hunger and thirst for its country, occurs to few. Cannot, then, the soldier of Britain be appealed to as are those of our enemies and Allies? Can he not be trusted to hitch his wagon to a star? He would assuredly give a worthy response, were he so appealed

to. Our Army would become inspired, and the problems of supply and transport would be wonderfully eased. Is it not largely by such means that Hindenburg used to send his warriors across a country like a flight of locusts? Is it not through some such inspiration that the Turk marches two leagues to our one in an Egyptian summer on one quarter of our water ration, and that half-salt? But no reduction of the standard of comfort can be attempted unless it be begun from the top. So long as it is the custom that officers' messes shall spend from three to ten shillings a day on food and drink, in addition to the army ration, it is no use preaching abstinence to the men. An A.D.C., usually a young gentleman of expensive tastes, takes charge of his General's mess, and adopts as his motto: "Feed the brute." And yet, are cocktails, Vermouth, and four or five course meals necessary to win the war?

Anyone who has read the life of General Lee will have admired that great commander perhaps above everything for his determination to measure his own comfort by that of his men alone. Thus it was that wherever he went among his troops, their eyes and voices at once spoke of their affection and faith in him. Of what British general could so much be said to-day? Our generals look after their men well, and yet the comradeship of suffering, the feeling of a common life, is absent. None knows better than the soldier how different are the sympathies which arise from a theoretic benevolence (or, if practical, practical only at the taxpayer's expense) and the sympathy of self-sacrifice. Our officers will do everything for their men except adopt their standard of life, though this is perhaps the chief thing needful.

And yet what excellent friends are our officers and men! I think if one were to select a single trait which sums up the relation between them it would be courtesy. They know exactly where they stand to each other; the justice of the British officer is as true as it is proverbial, but he has the rarer and more difficult qualities of active help and co-operation for which his men never appeal to him in vain. This trait of courtesy is infinitely valuable in an army compulsorily recruited from the democratic freemen of England. Germans may stand the arrogance and cruelty which, long before the war, were associated with their officers and N.C.O.s. Our Army would not last under such a system for a month.

Even this virtue, however, has its weak side. Courteous as is the English officer to the men under him, he knows well when to take off the velvet glove. But in dealings between officers the very charm of character, so unknown to the German, which prevents the senior from hurting his subordinate's feelings, induces the former to blur over and pass by slackness and ignorance which in Germany would bring professional destruction on the head of the offender. Subordinate officers know this, and being human, are prone to take advantage of it. How often are we not told in orders that "the severest disciplinary measures will be taken," or that "officers will be held personally responsible"! But they never are. It is unfortunate that so many military orders are mere "eye-wash," intended less for compliance by those to whom they

are ostensibly addressed than as defensive measures against superior authority. How many officers are compelled to obey the admirable regulations as to weight of personal belongings which they may load upon vehicles or pack animals? And yet campaigns have been lost through transport breakdown. How many officers and men are compelled to confine the amount of material used in their dug-outs and bivouacs to the extent so carefully laid down from time to time in orders? And yet the provision of material, thus lavishly used, is extending even our great England to her utmost limits. And who is it that sets the example in these contests in mediæval splendour? Weigh the kits of the Staff and examine the quarters of our Generals. It has, indeed, been suggested, with a view to clearing up the situation, that those orders which are meant to be obeyed should be marked with an asterisk.

War is essentially wasteful and extravagant, and we are keeping up its traditions in this line. At the outbreak of hostilities, one joyful thought surges through every commander's mind. The Treasury watchdog is at last chained up. The national till is open. *Aide toi, le ciel t'aidera*. And they do. Conscious how greatly, how almost entirely, the success of his venture depends on his munitions and supplies, no commander is going to fail and join the unemployed for want of a ha'porth of tar. So he accumulates within his reach as much tar as his most peremptory methods will obtain for him. Hence the daily bill of eight millions or so. No Government could withstand a clamour from the Press that an expedition was being starved. And yet even the resources of England are exhaustible. Officers should be trained to see that at all times their own "show" is only one of many; that their own personal success is a minor affair; that the wealth of England needs as much protection as her territory, and is equally entrusted to their honourable keeping.

Of course much expenditure has to be wasted owing to the enemy's changes of plan. Miles of rails are laid down, thousands of huts are erected, and to no purpose, because the enemy elects to fight somewhere else or to run away. Much criticism is misdirected at those in authority by people who see no difference between a war and a commercial undertaking. Even our glorious business men might be worried if their structures were pulled down in the night without interference by the police, and if their clients were in the habit of cutting adrift from their written undertakings before the eyes of a complaisant County Court.

British officers may well learn from their American Allies the spirit of inventiveness and ingenuity, and the necessity of challenging the value of traditional methods. One can scarcely apprise too highly the value of even unsuccessful experiments; indeed, one probably learns more by failure than by success. Unfortunately, our British bent lies but little in that direction. Uniformity, correctitude, and ceremonial are more insisted on than independent action and the inventive mind. To-day, the Higher Command of our Army is still as gravely concerned with the enforcement of saluting as ever it was in the days of the Duke of Cambridge. Admonitions and orders thunder forth on this subject

like Bulls from the Vatican. We are told that failure to salute is the beginning of the end, that Englishmen, the race which by methods far different from those of the parade ground has led the world, will break away in disorder like coolies unless they be constantly reminded of the ladder of authority by the practice of salutes. Now, saluting on parade is all very well: the salute is at least an intimation that a junior understands his senior's directions, and the practice of manual acknowledgment of instructions is a world-wide one. But saluting off parade is a very different thing. Apparently a harmless courtesy, and recommended with some slight insincerity on the grounds that a man "salutes the commission", in practice it has certain unfortunate results. In the first place it is a nuisance. To the soldier it becomes a tedious infliction, and it is resented by a great many, especially in our New Armies, as a forced acknowledgment of social difference. Phrases about "saluting the rank" fall on deaf ears. Canadians and Australians, who are the logical outcome of our national trend, cordially dislike it, and can with difficulty be induced to comply. On the other hand, to the officer who is in uniform but off duty in a place crowded with soldiers, it is a wearisome business at best, and is a real evil when it prevents any sequence of conversation or thought at a time when minds would otherwise be fertile. But these drawbacks are small in comparison with an influence which this practice subtly imposes upon the soldier's mentality. It indubitably tends to present his officer to him in the guise of a superman, and this concept carries right through all their mutual dealings. But the superman idea is fatal to the development of mind and initiative in the subordinate. The soldier is trained to put his officer on so high a pedestal that he feels there is little left for him to do except obey. What would we not give if our soldiers could be imbued with the extraordinary individuality and fertility of resource of the fighting men from the Dominions? But these great military virtues are exotic flowers in an Army which insists on saluting off duty.

Yet it would be unfair not to acknowledge how greatly improved is the Army outlook on these matters since the Army has become England. The entente between officers and men, their mutual reliance, the use made by officers of the brains of their N.C.O.s, who are so often called into council—these things show that, as a nation, we are not too old to learn, and are building, if slowly, yet on a wise recognition of the future.

If there be a matter which remains thoroughly unsatisfactory and which causes ill-feeling, not so much between officers and rank and file as between regimental officers and men on the one hand and staffs and "special appointments" on the other, it is that apple of discord, "Rewards, Decorations, and Mentions in Despatches." It is an old satire which contrasted the link which bound the regimental officer to the Roll of Honour with that tie which seemed for ever to couple the Staff with the Honours Roll. Not less marked is the disproportion which never fails to show itself in any list of "mentions" between the officer and the soldier. We are told in congratulatory orders and deathless leading articles that

the rank and file, equally with the officers who lead them, deserve the immortality which is the reward of all who do their utmost in the place assigned to them. But these *rodomontades* are forgotten when the lists of rewards come out, or when an allied nation hands over to us a number of its decorations for distribution. After the Staffs of armies, corps, and divisions have helped themselves, there is precious little left for the regimental officer and Mr. Thomas Atkins. It is a thoroughly bad business. In point of fact, however, decorations are an ingenious method adopted no doubt long ago by some impecunious monarch for paying his soldiers in goblin gold instead of in ordinary currency. It is the same method as is used by the African trader when he exchanges for the innocent native's hard-won ivory some of those nice glass beads from Birmingham. A bit of coloured ribbon—yes, it was a good idea, and very cheap.

What a school of philosophy is war! There one learns of men: there one learns how little in this life reward corresponds to endeavour. In war we can look fortune and misfortune in the face, conscious how little either can affect the imperial soul of man. Nowhere does one learn so well as in war that probability is the guide of life, that the law of averages is the most certain message we have from heaven. And through war we soldiers can learn how entwined are the visible and the invisible worlds, and how little we have to fear from either.

I would that our Army could be inspired with religion as were the Ironsides of Cromwell or the ragged heroes of Lee. I suppose that religion, or at least a sense of transcendental things, can do more towards making an Army serene and invincible than all the training in the world. We English are afraid of these things; we would do anything rather than "air" our religion, with the result that example as well as precept is lost, and we miss the conscious unity in right which has made religious armies so formidable. We must not blame the chaplains for this; the error of shyness is a national one, and they are as shy as any of us. But I think it perhaps unfortunate that they seem to concentrate so entirely on parade services and Holy Communion. The former obtain the very least result that could be got out of any religious function. The latter, though it gives such deep and legitimate consolation and strength to a few devout men, is attended by so minute a congregation that it scarcely touches the troops as a whole. The average attendance, indeed, at Communion Services is much less than ten. It may, of course, be replied that this is the supreme religious ministration, and chaplains can do no more than offer it. Such a defence is weak. It is the business of chaplains to increase religion among the troops, and they are scarcely justified in devoting themselves so largely to a method which experience shows to be of little avail to soldiers at the present time. My belief, and that without any particular religious bias in favour of the proposed course, is that armies need a more evangelical—almost a revivalistic—form of service. Such, at least, seems to be the teaching of Anglo-Saxon history.

Our Commanders have somewhat fallen away from the great



traditions of Englishmen like Havelock, Gordon, and Roberts, and Americans like Lee and Jackson. No limit can be set to the effects of a religious example by senior officers. But it must be open and unashamed. A General may be a saint in personal religion and never miss an early service, but the resulting influence on his men will be small unless he supplement it by more active encouragement and example. It is indeed unfortunate that we sneer so much at the profession of religion by the Kaiser and his chiefs. These professions may or may not be hypocritical (they are probably merely wrong-headed like the religion of an inquisitor), but they are likely to be exceedingly inspiring to the rank and file of the German Army. Men set on fire by religion, men who will stand privation in her cause, are the best soldiers in the world. The Y.M.C.A., magnificently as it has helped our troops, is equally devoid of the inspired touch. It may indeed be said that our religious shyness is disastrous to our military efficiency, just as are our pretended aversion to professional zeal and our reluctance to initiate changes.

These are a few of a soldier's thoughts, born alike in work and waiting. Three years of war furnish much food both for eulogy and criticism, and the latter may well be tempered, for it is especially true in war that *tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*. Our Army brought into the field with it just the virtues and vices which it took from England. But when the last shot is fired, when the last trooper has anchored again in Southampton water, this great Army will bring back to the land which sent it forth a new stream of energy, efficiency, and, as we may hope, of character, which will broaden out into a cleansing river through the days that are to come.

A REGULAR OFFICER.

## IN FREED FRANCE.

ON March 16th last Chauny was a whole busy little town, untouched, materially, by war. It was in the invaders' power, but it had never felt the physical violence of war. It had seen less of that even than Paris, which has had Zeppelins and Taubes. It had never felt or seen a shell or a bullet. Its stones were whole, though its soul was captive. The enemy occupant was rigorous, but peaceful, orderly, and respectful of property. On March 18th last one-fifth of Chauny town stood. The four other fifths were waste ground, heaped house high with dustbin rubbish. "Les Turcs ont passé par là." The Germans had evacuated the quadrilateral salient Roye-Lassigny-Noyon-Chauny. They had not been Turks, they had not been Huns. Nothing is more exasperating than the journalese "Hun." The Hun knew not what he did. The Boche well knows what he does.

What he did at Chauny was this. Between March 16th and 18th last he ordered all the inhabitants into a western portion of the town—approximately one-fifth of the town area—and kept them under guard day and night there, where several died of exposure in the cold night. Meanwhile, he blew up the other four-fifths of the town with dynamite, house by house, stone by stone. When every building was a rubbish heap he poured petrol on the rubbish and lit it. Then he retired, to "strengthen the Hindenburg line." And when he had retired a mile or two northwards from Chauny he shelled the inhabitants still cowering and shuddering in the still standing fifth of Chauny, and killed a score of them.

It is a ghostly drive across the freed country which the Germans had held since the Battle of the Marne. Some towns still stand, oases in the desert, like cheerful, busy little Noyon, which French cavalry entered just in time to prevent it sharing Chauny's fate. The rest is silence and death. One crosses into ghostland at Lassigny, smashed to pieces—but by shells. "Rien à dire," says the Staff Captain. Lassigny knew war, and is no more. But it was fair war. Church, townhall, cottages, farms were crushed into these straggling rubbish heaps by the honest iron of shells. "Rien à dire."

After Lassigny comes the country of the Boche crimes. The fields are green again, wondrously green, for the green is of rye crops planted by the Boches themselves, and growing in and out of the rusted barbed-wire of their second and third lines of retreat. Presumably, they had no time to destroy their own rye crops; one cannot believe they did not know how. No method of destructions is foreign to them. The rye alone stands alive. For miles one drives past dead orchards where every fruit tree has been sawn off a foot from the ground. Territorials are cleaning up the orchards and carrying away the dead fruit trees—territorials, mostly peasants, with orchards and farms of their own somewhere on French soil, sometimes on this very devastated French soil, and one imagines what the peasant of anywhere in France feels when he sees good Mother Earth thus seared and torn by a deliberately mean foe. Often, too, the fine, slender poplars which make avenues

of so many French country roads have been sawn off likewise. The enemy did little damage to the roads, which would have been fair in war. He killed the trees that give fruit, even the trees that give only shade. The silly, little, pretentious hut which was Eitel Fritz's observatory stands in an orchard where every fruit tree has been sawn down.

But the fields are green and the poplar roots are even beginning already to shoot up sprouts. Where the Germans destroyed men's handicraft is the real, hopeless, black ruin. A factory now where the Germans did their job is a dump of old iron, a mess of girders, wires already rusted, throwing up hundreds of feet high a picture of misery. It will take years even to disentangle and clean up the ruins the Boches have made, let alone to rebuild. They are indeed masters in destroying. No such job was ever so thoroughly and quickly done. Chauny was a humble, prosperous, smug, busy, modern little town, with the shade of pleasant trees soothing its rather raw, new, smart villas. These, hideous before I imagine, are now sacred to one. Each ugly, pretentious little house is a heap of rubbish, rubble, pounded bricks now. The editor of a local paper had one of these houses, and in it a fair library of some thousands of volumes. I saw the piteous, flattened, pulverised house. One could not tell apart the *débris* of a wardrobe from that of the books. Not a furniture stick, not the back of a binding was whole. The master of the house, when he saw his house, learnt at that very moment that the Germans retiring had carried away with them his wife and daughter.

One fears to write of such things. Go to Chauny—and a dozen other dead, murdered townlets and villages in the quadrilateral the Germans retired from to shorten the Hindenburg line. Writing about it means nothing. No one who has not seen this freed but dead ghostland of France can think what it is. On March 16th these townlets and villages had not felt a shell. By March 18th they had been blown to pieces by dynamite and calcined by petrol fire.

On an estate in that quadrilateral the Germans broke tombs open, threw out the long since buried coffins, and buried there their dead instead. The French came back and had to bury again the disinterred coffins. In the woods the French troops freeing French soil found a German military graveyard with a Munich-style monument. They upset the monument, and that was all the revenge they took, and the French Censorship forbade my saying as much a month ago. At Suzoy the church is half blown up. The French reoccupying the village found a dead German soldier in the churchyard. It obviously was he who had dynamited the church. They buried him in the churchyard, and put over his grave a stone with this inscription: "*Ici a crevé le Boche qui a voulu faire sauter l'église.*" More French revenge.

Suzoy village school is at school-work again now. Boys, whom the Boches drilled at the plough in the fields under French shell-fire, are now learning French again under a French schoolmistress who, speaking German, was interpreter to the Germans during the occupation. Her father was Mayor. He was ordered by the

Kommandantur to post up a notice warning all men and women who were lazy that they would receive a number of lashes from the whip proportionate to their stubbornness. Two days later the Kommandantur thought better of the notice, it might produce eventually a bad impression. The Mayor was ordered to tear down all the notices and restore every copy to the Kommandantur. But (at the risk of his life) he kept one copy, which is now in the archives of the War Office in Paris.

In Suzoy village school the boys learn French again with their backs to a fresco that covers all one wall of the room. In the centre squat two naked, bloated, grossly fat-paunched, bleary-faced, leering Germans with for only clothing each a tiny, round, green and red cap on their diminutive skulls. The bellies, the sprawling thighs, are monstrous. The caricature is monstrous. Abel Faivre at his fiercest never did anything as gross as this. It is the record left of the Germans by themselves, by some German soldier-artist, a strong artist, a rare cynic. The two naked Germans have peacock feathers, on which straddle comic British soldiers, and M. Poincaré and French soldiers. In the middle, a comic Highlander dances over little flames, presumably those of Hell. On two other walls of the room are caricatures, rather commonplace but elaborated in oil colour, of King Edward, King George, the Tsar, the King of Italy. But the amazement is those two naked, monstrous Germans, painted by themselves, with nothing on but their little round caps on their stupid, leering, bullet heads. Inset in the fresco are, to right and left of the two filthy figures, black-and-white sketches—on one side two German soldiers by a stream—"am Bach"—listening to a bird in a tree (*Die Nachtigall*, of course), and, on the other, three rolling, rollicking German soldiers chaffing a fat, blousy woman. What a picture of the Boches by an "echt" Bochie hand, and a clever one. What a curious people it is.

At Noyon, when the Germans marched in, the Kommandantur went straight to the cathedral, and said to the sacristan's wife: "Kindly deliver up the tenth-century Bible of Noyon Cathedral." They knew all about it. But the sacristan's wife "had never heard" of that Bible. For two years and a-half the Kommandantur looked for that Bible, and never found it. The sacristan's wife showed it me. It is a rare illuminated Gospel with some unique decorations. She had every night hid it in a different corner of her house. She would have been shot if it had been found. It is back now in the vestry of Noyon Cathedral. The plain, little woman tells you her story baldly.

## THEOLOGY WITHOUT GERMANY.

OF all international bonds, that of scholarship has perhaps been the most thorough. The sword has severed it, and the wound, sore and inflamed, will heal but slowly. Under no conditions can one imagine any speedy resumption of that friendly intercourse which the fellowship of knowledge requires. Germany owes an atonement too great for any short period to fulfil. Isolated by her own deeds, she must stand apart whilst time heals the wounds she has inflicted upon the body of Europe. The fissure cloven by this war in the fabric of European relations, commercial, civil, and scholastic, cannot be patched by a peace treaty. Germany has chosen deliberately to wage war with a ruthlessness that has often been revealed in theory, but is now manifest in practice, amid blood and cries and tears. Presuming that since war is destruction, its logic admits no restraint whatsoever, Germany has applied herself remorselessly to the simple aim of killing, as it is understood in the jungle, untrammelled by rules and unrestrained by sentiment. She has shown the lack of logic in the laudable attempts of the Hague to mingle the dictates of humanity with the practice of war, which is essentially inhumanity. But beyond all this, Germany has shown that, apart from the fear lest her methods react against herself, nothing weighs with her, neither treaty nor obligation, neither humanity nor mercy. Against every man, woman, and child her war is declared. Her Press, her people, and her scholars endorse that policy. By so doing, they have rendered impossible the renewal of old relationships after the war, the interchange of students in the Universities, the desire for translation of German books, the commerce in thought and knowledge. It is clearer every day, that the future progress of our learning and civilisation must proceed in sharp separation from the Kultur of Germany, with which it was formerly so closely connected, but which now has become a by-word of reproach in our streets.

Such separation, however, cannot be equally marked at all points. The modern fabric of civilisation is too close a unity to admit of any entire isolation of one part from the rest. No useful invention of German science, for example, can be ignored. All that German research can contribute to the future progress of humanity will be but a part payment placed on account against the debt she owes. It is rather in the normative sciences, therefore, than in those which have issues directly practical and commercial, that the separation of Germany from Europe will be most marked. Our acquaintance with German scholarship in these directions will be almost entirely confined to whatever may pass to us through the medium of neutrals; and though German books and periodicals will come through once more, their numbers and influence will be greatly lessened. It is incontestable that the German hegemony in learning has departed, as far as this country is concerned, for some generations. Least of all shall we be inclined to study German Philosophy, Ethics, and Theology. No one in this country desires to learn morals or religion from present-day Germany.

It would be an affectation to pretend that this loss of touch with

German scholarship will be of no account; for Germany's contributions to knowledge have been brilliant and undeniable. A period now lies ahead of us in which the past influence of Germany will be at a great discount; the present almost entirely cut off; and the future small and uncertain. Yet, apart from the not unjust prejudices of the war, it may none the less be reckoned that the loss will by no means be without considerable compensations. Whilst the relations between this country and Germany were cordial, many expressed the view that the characteristic methods of German scholarship were defective; and to exempt this article from the charge of war bias, it may be mentioned that its writer has always held and expressed that opinion. But, with our leading thinkers and Universities spellbound by the obsession that Germany was the pioneer on every path of progress, the originator of everything noteworthy, these suspicions received scant attention. Now that the glamour is gone, we are free to consider more impartially those defects, and to make a more candid estimate of the strength and weakness of German methods of scholarship. Freed from the intellectual domination of Germany, we shall be left to ourselves to discover whether a development on fresh lines may not prove more fruitful than the past has been.

Speaking generally, one may say that the best characteristics of German scholarship have been patience, thoroughness, and industry; all of which have been specially manifest in the close attention it has always given to details. Its defects, especially so far as Theology, Philosophy and like subjects are concerned, have been the tendency to give a wholesale application of one particular fact, rule, or method to all instances, and the prejudicing of critical investigations by conducting them, not with an open mind, but manifestly and sometimes even avowedly, with a view to establishing a previously adopted theory.

A ready example of the first-named tendency is afforded by a reference to such recent German Biblical criticism. The first established and undoubted success of the application of critical principles to the Old Testament was the discovery of a plurality of sources in the earlier narrative, a fact which was subsequently proved to obtain also in regard to other books. But the German zeal to apply one method to every instance, has resulted in creating a veritable obsession which has seriously impaired the dignity and value of much modern Biblical research, namely, the fixed idea that every book in Scripture is capable of being partitioned between various sources and "redactors." Of course, it is not to be denied that the conditions under which ancient documents were produced and transmitted make it always possible that they are composite in origin. Discrepancies, glosses, and interpolations may be suspected also. But, even with the plainest of cues, it is not easy to partition a book between its various sources with certainty; so that, even where composite authorship is probable, it is often improbable that the various portions can be accurately identified.

The clue to the original Pentateuchal discovery, found by a French layman, was, of course, the distinct use of the terms "Yahweh" and "Elohim." Other books have afforded no such

patent hint, but German scholarship has exploited the original suggestion everywhere. An orgy of dismemberment has resulted, and much ancient literature has been torn to pieces, generally to different pieces, by each individual critic; for as confident allocation of various portions to various anonymous sources have often been made on purely subjective grounds, it is not surprising few agree as to the sources, their extent, and the division of the narrative between them. The only unanimity they have attained is in the desire to apportion every book to a panel of authors, and in the right they have assumed to expunge, revise or recast whatever does not coincide with their preconceived notions of what they would have set down, had they been in the writer's place. In a few instances, of course, the proof of composite authorship has been satisfying and illuminating. Unhappily, however, we have paid over and again for what we have satisfactorily acquired, by time and thought devoted to subjective theorising concerning other books, which has added nothing to our knowledge, though much to our perplexities.

It must be held that this German zeal for the ruthless application of one rule to all cases is primarily responsible for the comparative unproductiveness of recent Biblical criticism, and for the time and labour wasted without adding to our understanding of the character, contents, and meaning of the Scriptures. After its initial successes, the subsequent contributions of Biblical criticism have been disappointing. Indeed, it is not uncommonly said that the real gain lies in the establishment of the method and right of free criticism, rather than in specific results. Whilst that is an exaggeration, it is not an untruth. The reason is that critics have wasted their energies trying to divide the indivisible, or, at least, that which is indivisible by us. Some books are probably an unalloyed unity. The composite character of others, whilst it may be suspected, cannot be proved. Apart from distinct literary and historical evidence, subjective considerations are highly untrustworthy, and can only be applied in a very few instances. But German criticism has utilised them with dogmatic confidence, and much British scholarship has wasted itself in patiently assimilating or arguing upon these whimsies. It will be a distinct gain if our release from German influence in this respect allows a rest to criticism of the purely literary type; for it is probable that, until fresh information comes from other quarters, there is little to be gained by continuing to put emphasis upon criticism of this sort. No one who understands the situation thinks that we have come to the end of the subject. We are still much nearer to the beginning. It is simply that a certain method has been overworked, with disappointing results. If that method is suspended, whilst fresh information is gathered and fresh avenues of approach are opened out, it will be resumed later, and will have new and much richer veins to operate upon. For the present the old seam is not worth working further.

Another prime defect of German scholarship has been its tendency to adopt a theory hastily, and then to force the facts within it. German logic has inclined to be deductive rather than

inductive. An ingenious hypothesis has been received far too often as an established truth, and the facts have been cross-examined with the craft of a leading counsel to elicit evidence to support the approved standpoint. No doubt such theories bear some relation to the facts, but again and again German scholarship has betrayed itself by adopting views gained from hasty and superficial consideration of the data, and forcing an alleged proof of them by distorting or rejecting whatever is not favourable to their adoption. Years ago "the Tübingen school" seized upon the fixed idea that the key to the understanding of primitive Christianity was a radical opposition between St. Peter and St. Paul. The Acts of the Apostles did not lend itself to the support of that view, and thereupon much printers' ink was spilt to prove that it established the truth of the theory in that it was evidently an attempt to mediate between the rival apostles' adherents, and accordingly paralleled the deeds of the one by the doings of the other. The theory ran its course to obsolescence, but its after-effects are still calculable, and its method has remained fashionable in those works of German criticism which attracted most attention amongst us before the war. Schweitzer's *Quest of the Historical Jesus* was written, it will be remembered, under the influence of one dominant idea, namely, that Jesus was above all else an eschatological enthusiast who sacrificed Himself and His career to the belief in His speedy second advent. The belief was, as the facts have shown, unfounded; but, somehow, out of this abortion, Christianity spread and grew. Schweitzer started upon his quest with this conviction clearly established in his mind. After a long journey "from Reimarus to Wrede," he finished as he had begun; having shaped everything he touched with much plausibility to show its harmony with his notion, or else its utter untenability. We were called upon by his British admirers to hail this exhibition of Teutonic acumen as a notable product of modern scholarship. Now Schweitzer had certainly made a point that needed consideration. The eschatological teaching of Jesus has been insufficiently studied, and in consequence not properly estimated. So far Schweitzer was justified. His error was the typically German one of thinking that the part, the part he knew and had studied best, was the whole. If the New Testament consisted of certain verses merely, it might be held that Schweitzer's was the master-key. But reading the New Testament as a whole, no one but Schweitzer or a disciple of his, could hold such a view. Schweitzer's method was, in essence, a repetition of Baur's, thoroughly German and highly misleading.

As an example of the same thing, even more glaringly exhibited, Drews' *Christ Myth* may be recalled. Its inconsistencies and false judgment were palpable, and its vogue was brief. But its exaggerated absurdities were merely an intensified example of this common defect of German scholarship, the examination of the evidence to support a theory rather than to elicit from it candid conclusions.

The same defect is as manifest in German philosophy as in German theology. The modern change of emphasis from theology to the philosophy of religion, has made philosophy more influential



in all theological studies, and the German philosophers have been as guilty in this respect as their theological brethren. In this country we have only comparatively recently extricated our philosophy from the spell cast over it by Hegel and the Neo-Hegelians. Despite Hegel's genius, and the impetus his great brain gave to the world's thinking, it is open to question whether he gave any direct help to the quest for reality. Hegel fitted experience into the "Dialectic" in characteristically German fashion, relentlessly pushing it between the millstones of thesis and antithesis to bake the bread of synthesis. He elaborated a system viciously artificial, which in its day was worshipped as an idol, but ultimately proved itself like Frankenstein's famous monster. Bergson and the Pragmatists have helped to clear away the still lingering influences of post-Hegelism, and whatever may be the outcome of these modes of thought, they have at least the merit of being attempts to seek for truth in a way entirely unfettered by previous theory.

The latest German cult in this country, prior to the war, was that of Eucken. Eucken's system was, of course, unlike Hegel's but it none the less shares in the same artificiality and in the same domination by a fixed idea. Eucken's obsession is "The Spiritual Life," a vague term which envelopes human and divine aspects, and is the alpha and the omega of Eucken's philosophy. From a library of somewhat verbose works, only one idea really emerges, "The Spiritual Life," which serves for everything, and is served by everything. Eucken's views will be obsolete in much less time than it took to dispossess Hegel's influence, but owing to our inveterate hero-worship of German scholarship they attracted great attention and respect in this country at a time when our own thinkers were scantily appreciated.

There is no need to multiply examples. A period is now before us when our scholarship will develop apart from the somewhat warping influence of German methods. The question, therefore, arises how we may best utilise it, and construct theology without Germany.

In the first place, one must try to discover the reason for the defects which have been exhibited in German scholarship. Partly they lie in racial characteristics, which will not affect us; for the rest, however, there is good reason to believe that the German system of specialising too much and too early is largely to blame. German universities have encouraged the student to peg out a small claim in the field of knowledge, and attain a minute and intimate acquaintance with it. The British universities have tended to copy the practice. The approved qualification for a thesis to obtain a doctor's degree is often a certain narrowness of knowledge, and students of imperfect general education have been encouraged to specialise, in order even to obtain a bachelor's degree, a highly premature proceeding.

The advantages of specialisation need not be denied. But they are most manifest in those paths of knowledge which are separated from each other by tolerably clear and definite lines of demarcation. In such branches of learning as medicine, chemistry, engineering, and the like, and even in the study of languages and history, it

is fairly easy to allot the specialist his own field, out of which he will not wish to stray, and from which he will not wish to dictate to others in different fields. But in such subjects as theology and philosophy, which have the world for their parish, the place of specialisation is much smaller. More than that, in them the lines of division between one part and the next are less distinct, and in consequence immature specialisation in these subjects has resulted in much application of the rule of the particular to the universal, and a continual inability to appreciate relative values, or the importance of the part in the scheme of the whole. In such subjects one must stand in the middle of the polygon of truth, and not interpret it from the range of vision afforded by a single angle.

It is an open question, therefore, whether the disadvantages of specialisation as Germany has practised it, have not overborne its merits. It has produced the shortsightedness which, metaphorically as well as literally, often characterises the German student. Hence he fails to see the wood for the trees, or examines the trees under the conviction that they must belong to a certain type of wood. Specialists' blindness has been shown not only in the ignorance of other factors, but in the over-emphasis of those with which the specialist alone is truly familiar. The specialist, moreover, has felt the natural ambition to make himself known; and in Germany nothing has secured this end more rapidly than the promulgation of some daring and eccentric theory. Such theories have been readily provided by the specialist's exaggerated estimate of his own particular subject. The result has been a veritable deluge of theories, hardly any of which have contributed permanently to the increase of knowledge. None the less, they have occupied the time and attention of other scholars, even if only for the purpose of refuting them. Constructive work has suffered in consequence, and time has been wasted in pulling down that which was never worth putting up.

We shall probably be wise, therefore, in discouraging a too intensive system of culture, in theology and philosophy especially, and in requiring that the student has a mature training in general knowledge of his subject before he is set to specialise upon a portion of it. The false emphasis, the over-theoreticalness, the *ex parte* character of so much German scholarship are directly traceable to the practice of setting incompletely developed minds to specialise. In addition, moreover, to a fuller general training, it is necessary to arrange for some system of co-operation and co-ordination amongst men who are specialising on the various parts of any subject. Whatever values there may be in specialising, all are dependent upon the work of each fitting into its proper place in the work of all. Merely to set hundreds of individual students working on separate lines of study, without effective means of collating, correcting and classifying their work, is to invite and receive utter chaos instead of the harmony of knowledge. Whilst this may be difficult of attainment in the case of isolated investigators, it could be much more easily effected in the case of those who are still in touch with their universities; and, after all, they form the majority

of our scholars. What our universities lack most is the formation of fellowships of work between their post-graduate students, their older men, and their professors. We teach men together. Having taught them, we leave them to work for themselves, out of touch, save for the voluntary aids of journals, reviews, and societies, with the work of each other. There is surely no reason why the universities should not organise systematic work upon definite lines and invite maturer scholars to take up certain portions of it, and work in a general collaboration, the bond of which would be the university itself, with others who are engaged on similar tasks. As things are at present, every man is a free-lance in learning, or, at most, captain or member of his own guerilla band. What might be, is an organised and united army of vast dimensions working each in his own direction, but all to one common aim.

Our immediate aim, however, is not the establishment of a new and better system of specialisation in work, but to get rid of the results which have accrued largely by reason of former and false methods. For that purpose a period of free, even destructive, criticism is needed; to get rid of many preconceived notions, to pull down that we may afterwards reconstruct. The work of Bergson, the Pragmatists, Personal Idealists, and other "infidels and heretics" of philosophy, who come forward with no fixed standpoint, and profess no definite theory, certainly has its place in this direction. Like Descartes, these philosophical anarchists doubt everything in order to believe something. Such a neo-Cartesianism is wanted to-day towards all our accepted views and theories. It is wanted, not because in itself it is to be taken seriously as establishing a new school of thought, but because its very unconventionality will stir fresh developments in other minds. If such influences extend to theological studies so much the better. We shall start afresh, with the freedom the past has gained for the right of research, to make better use of that freedom in the future.

Side by side with this it is necessary to emphasise the importance of research work, the work of the excavator and explorer in Biblical countries, of the anthropologist amongst primitive people, of those whose task lies in the fields of the comparative study of religions, ethics, and religious psychology, where the labourers still are few. To encourage direct research is better than to beget critics of the theories of others. As has already been suggested, it is upon these lines rather than upon those of purely literary criticism that the best promise of the future will be fulfilled. Work in all these spheres is comparatively new, but the early results have been exceedingly fruitful. The discoveries among the papyri of Egypt, known and yet neglected for a century in favour of literary criticism, have wholly changed our standpoint regarding the language of the New Testament. Yet these papyri are only as yet collated in part. Work like that of Sir W. Ramsay in Asia Minor has afforded new light, which, in more than one respect, has shown the unsubstantiality of the favourite hypotheses of our erstwhile German mentors. It will be recollected that at the beginning of the present century French excavation on the site of Susa discovered a copy of the laws of Hammurabi. The importance of

that discovery to Old Testament criticism can scarcely be exaggerated. For one thing, it has certainly dispelled the conclusion, gained from the theories of the literary critics, that the Mosaic Code should be dated as posterior to the first great prophets; a fact which not unnaturally somewhat shakes the faith that was once placed in the acumen of these scholars. In saying this, it must be repeated that there is no need to dispute the place, or depreciate the value of the work of literary criticism. It is mentioned merely to show that it is possible to push literary criticism too far, and that German scholarship led the way in making that mistake. The opportunity now occurs to apply the corrective, and, one might also add, to interpret things of the East in a less Occidental manner; for it can scarcely be denied that the Western mode of thought and point of view have been far too apparent for a correct appreciation of Eastern religion, a defect which the over-theoretical character of studies, carried out solely within the narrow courts of German provincial universities, fostered greatly. Possibly in days to come, when a new generation of Christianity arises again in the East, we of the West shall need to sit at their feet, to learn much that from our Western standpoint we cannot see in the faith whose star arose in the East.

As soon as our students in arms return, and our colleges and universities restart, we shall begin that new period, when, apart from German influences so potent in the past, we shall utilise our own methods and guide our own destinies. Criticism of the old methods and search for fresh material will prepare for a future constructive work that shall be truly our own. It is as yet too early to imagine what influence the war will have upon our thought in other directions, but in releasing our thinking from German mental domination, it may certainly prove an unexpected gain, and give our minds an outlook less clouded by theories and fresher by reason of closer contact with fact.

Concerning Germany's thought, during the period of isolation, it is useless to speculate. It would not be difficult to make a strong case for the contention that the same national characteristics which have produced the ruthlessness with which Germany has waged war, have, when working in other directions, been the causes of the chief faults of her learning. Theory has been behind both. "Frightfulness," for example, is not mere brute cruelty. Behind it is a calculated theory of inspiring terror, based upon utterly faulty psychological premises. As in study so in war, the same error appears in both. If the result of the war brings disillusionment, and breaks up the moulds in which the ideas of the present generation of Germans have been cast, Germany, too, may start afresh to seek a more excellent way. One may, indeed, hope that such will be the case, so that when Germany begins to emerge from the moral Coventry to which she has condemned herself, and once more takes her place in the international temple of learning, she may be able to make a contribution, based on better lines, for the benefit of the commonwealth of human thought.

## RECONSTRUCTION IN SPAIN.

### AN EDUCATIONAL EFFORT.

**W**HILE the affairs of Spain continue to awaken public interest, few people have observed the rapid progress of the educational movement which, in the hands of a small Committee of Reformers, has assumed national dimensions during the course of a decade. The recent history of educational development in Spain is a closed book to most people; yet it is doubtful if there is a more enthralling aspect of contemporary Spanish life, and there is none fraught with more vital significance to the future well-being of the country. A group of Spanish intellectuals has succeeded, since the Royal Decree of 1908, in re-organising the chief educational centres on modern principles, and an extensive State-scheme for the development of scientific training has added to the strength of an already notable intellectual movement.

An event so astonishing—in a priest-ridden country—as the public authorisation of Science in the scheme of educational reconstruction, demands attention and suggests that a new chapter in Spanish development has been silently opened during the last few years, and passed almost unheeded amidst prevailing counter-distractions. In effect, this notable step is far from being an isolated achievement, and is part of a wider progressive movement. The world-shaking events of the present day, and the necessarily cautious and restrained character of this movement have served to distract public attention from what is a profoundly significant and vital transition in the life of Spain. An enquiry into the educational question in Spain will reveal the presence of forces which are on the eve of more mature expression in the social and political life of the country.

It is well known that the real national problem is not affected by the revolutionary panaceas which pass muster among the ignorant masses. It lies, on the contrary, in the state of political anarchy and economic stagnation brought about through the disruption of an existing democracy. This fact is the essential key to a sympathetic understanding of the Progressive movement in modern Spain. By the Constitution of 1876 the Spanish nation obtained a Parliamentary system modelled on the British type and founded on universal suffrage. Full liberties, establishing the inalienable rights of the people, were granted, and the fruits of a long period of revolutionary turmoil were thought to be within secure reach. Nevertheless, at the present moment, the people is still in virtual bondage; this machinery of self-government has not brought the vision of freedom and progress any nearer; and the old Order resurrected within it was probably never so powerful as it is to-day. The forms of political freedom have served only to promote corruption and a system of oligarchies controlling and falsifying the elections. To those acquainted with the real causes of the democratic failure it is a truism that education, and not political adjustment, is the problem now confronting the reform parties. The birth of an educational movement is an event of transcendent importance, meriting a fuller share of public attention than all the more

resounding and conspicuous topics of the political situation. It approaches the fundamental issue of democracy always eluded by the politicians—that which is reflected in the low ebb of public morality amongst all classes. To this factor, and to the obvious disability for self-government of a country, almost 60 per cent. of whose population is illiterate, the failure of the Parliamentary system in Spain may be definitely traced; and in the advance of education we are witnessing what is, in reality, the first step in the scheme of national reconstruction.

With the problem of intellectual enlightenment is associated the general question of the clerical incubus and its cramping effect upon the spirit of the people and upon all movements in the direction of democratic control. The wide intellectual renaissance which has lately become imminent will throw light upon the numerous modernising influences in relation to this problem, which, in recent years, have been silently introduced into Spain, and brought to bear, by an educational process, upon all classes. The present effort has been proceeding for some time in intentional obscurity, or with the deliberate avoidance of any premature publicity in regard to its national and ulterior aims. We now write, however, of a policy which, though still in embryo, is firmly established in the life of the nation and embodied by the Government as a national commitment. A victory constituting a landmark in Spanish intellectual development has been silently secured within the last decade.

The national organisation which has lately made its appearance is the fruit of an earlier struggle sustained by the reformer—Don Francisco Giner de los Rios—through the closing years of the nineteenth century. It is the culmination of long preparatory labour conducted against odds and amidst an atmosphere of apathy or suspicion of which no adequate conception can be formed by those unacquainted with the forces of priest-craft in Spain. And it has been attainable only through the retirement and self-effacement of this great pioneer, who is not to-day associated with these reforms in any official capacity, and whose name is practically unknown to the new world of Spanish students. It is interesting to note that the whole spirit and guiding principle of the schemes we shall presently describe have been inspired from a close study and life-long admiration of British political and educational institutions.

A Royal Decree of January 11th, 1907, founded, under the executive control of the disciples of this reformer, the Board of Education and Scientific Research (*Junta para Ampliacion de Estudios e Investigaciones Cientificas*). Before we can well gauge from its official activities the magnitude and the national character of the plan now in course of development by the Junta, it will be necessary to glance at the wider movement, directed by the same men, in conjunction with this official enterprise. Little as this factor seems to be appreciated in current views of Spanish aims and national tendencies, the evidences of a spiritual transition in modern Spain are many and varied. An English journalist recently in Madrid after an absence of ten years has described the transformation to be observed in the spirit and demeanour of the

new generation of Spaniards.\* The slouching and indolent youth of former days has given place, very largely, to a new type, alert and disciplined in aspect. A new element is in process of formation as the result of intellectual communication with Europe. Within the national life of Old Spain one is aware at the present day, not so much of a Party or class development as of the slow evolution of a distinct community—a people which, including in itself all shades of political and social bias, is yet subtly divided from the nation around it—unified by the common ideal of a better intellectual status for Spain, and the common recognition of a higher standard of public morality. This progressive element is not perceived as a generic force, nor is it, indeed, actually realised or apprehended in Spain. The invasion of European influence proceeds slowly and impartially, its organisation having been carefully designed to embrace the whole national youth, irrespective of class. It is verily a nation within the nation, scarcely, as yet, conscious of itself, but evolving organically amidst the old society of Spanish tradition. In Madrid, to-day, has arisen an aristocracy of *littérateurs*, artists, and eminent scholars, forming, amidst the old-fashioned University professors as distinguished and brilliant a circle as could be found anywhere on the Continent. This body is the centre of a circle of intellectuals in Madrid and the principal cities controlling the youth which has already become affiliated to the new educational organisations. From these centres we may descend to mingle with the working-class element.

Before long we shall find, even here, in the Hades of Old Spain, unexpected forces and redeeming influences. We shall be led into a lecture-hall or Casa del Pueblo,† where a working-class audience is lifted, by the fine oratorical effort of a Spanish scholar, into the domain of science, literature, or art. In these lectures there will have been no political propaganda or reference to controversial questions, the aim being the elevation of the men to a wider vision and to such aspirations as will lead them through the broader opportunities now being opened, to combine gradually with their fellow-workmen into the nucleus of a democracy. In such ways, beneath the sham battles of the political world, a modern community is being slowly built up in Spain. The centre of these activities—not commonly perceived by foreign visitors—is the educational *junta* in Madrid—an organisation which has grown steadily from year to year, unnoticed and unimpeded, until it has become a national force reflected in the financial commitments of the Government. Let us enquire into some of the measures by which the reformers have promoted this vital movement.

The achievement of the Board in its nine years of existence has been the European impress which it has given to Educational centres through a system of scholarships and grants for the benefit of students in foreign centres of education. The demolition of Spain's intellectual barrier was the first great step in the awakening of the country. It has been accomplished by an elaborate system connecting Spanish education with the chief centres of learning

\* Hamilton Fyfe in the *Daily Mail* of April 5th, 1917.

† House of the People.

abroad and promoting internal re-organisation through this stimulus of foreign example. The following is an extract from the Preamble of the Royal Decree of January, 1907, which created the *junta*. "There is nothing to equal the advantage of personal residence in higher intellectual and social surroundings. Apart from the question of learning, there is the advantage of association with a youth of generous ideals and principles and the influence to be derived from the atmosphere of a cultured and disciplined people. On these grounds it is necessary for the foreign scholarships to be extended, and a new organisation set up, in order that the advantages of the scholarships may be open in the near future to all Spaniards actually dedicated to the career of teaching." This, with the careful selection of the most promising men (a task of prime importance), has been the first aim of the Board. The new organisation provides for: (1) The selection and training of young students of the lower middle-classes and their support in the educational centres of foreign countries; (2) Committees of instruction in the great centres of learning in Europe as the means for proper supervision over the students on the part of the Board; and (3) Machinery for redirecting the students into the spheres of education, the Universities, *centros docentes*, elementary and secondary schools. In view of the changes in the way of internal re-organisation which have already followed as a result of this scheme, one may endorse the prophecy of the Board's organisers that, with the development of their programme, Spanish education will have reached something like modern standards within a decade.

The Board has also extended its aims to the general public. Mention only will be made of an enterprise which signalises more than anything else the power of this body as the factor in a Spanish awakening and renaissance, namely, the *Patronado de Estudiantes*, founded by a Royal Decree of May 6th, 1910. Its function has been the opening of facilities for travel and educational pursuits in foreign countries to the general public as distinct from educational students. This work has been promoted by an extensive propaganda among parents by means of lectures and pamphlets, with the establishment of a foreign service in their interests. The result of this campaign is that many thousands of parents have responded to the free services offered under the present scheme. Till Spanish educational life has itself been wholly re-organised and overhauled the alternative to the small opportunities and corrupt conditions in the Spanish Schools and Universities is the education of Spaniards in foreign countries. The advantages of this scheme have been made into a national appeal directed, not least, towards parents among the upper and ruling classes. They, in common with people of different and antagonistic views, stand to gain nothing from the vicious and demoralising conditions which prevail in Spain. Their sons were thus for some time anterior to the war being sent in increasing numbers to be educated in France, Great Britain, and Germany, and the machinery of a broader plan now awaits the cessation of hostilities. The significance of the popularisation of this custom in Spain needs scarcely to be commented



upon. If these measures can be continued and developed on the lines foreshadowed, it is clear that the ranging of Spain into line with European thought and culture is now only a matter of time.

Within a few years of the initiation of these measures a change has passed over the mind of the country, which cannot fail to be noticed by a visitor, in the attitude of the people—of the younger generation especially—to the Spanish status in Europe. One may safely say that the spirit of isolation fostered by the Church, and of ignorant self-satisfaction in the intellectual status of the country, has been compromised irrevocably during the last decade. The change is evident from half an hour's converse with the men who have been brought under the new organisation. It expresses itself partly in a vein of pessimism, but a pessimism which is rapidly emerging from the spirit of passive acceptance, and which is more properly the mood of a people now, after the sleep of centuries, in somnolent awakening, which, to-day disconsolate, will, to-morrow, stand master of its destiny.

The strength and promise of the movement obviously lie in the development of the younger generation of students and teachers. Direct results were to be obtained, however, by improving the machinery already in existence. Until the Spanish Elementary Schools can be overhauled and modernised systematically, an attempt is being made to stimulate the teachers of the present generation to a sense of their responsibilities and the part which their profession is destined to play in the task of national reconstruction. Under the present conditions in Spain, the children—in the rural districts especially—are subject to no proper discipline or authority whatsoever, and both at home and at school are allowed to grow up in bad habits and without guidance, a state of things which is directly responsible for the situation we have witnessed in the social life of the country. They are, in nine schools out of ten, under the wavering attention of ill-paid and half-starved teachers, who hold their position without proper qualifications, and are subject to no central supervision or control of any sort. A scheme has been developed through which these Elementary school-teachers are being united in bodies of forty or fifty during the summer vacations, and subjected to a course of University Extension lectures in Madrid, followed by continental tours and the study of foreign educational centres. It is sought to introduce through their agency better methods of teaching and a broader ideal of education into the Elementary Schools, as a preliminary to State action. This work—there are reasons for hoping—will be stimulated by a Government grant to provide better pay throughout the profession and an improvement in the school equipment. The present scheme, after the experience of four years, has been found to answer, and is being extended to embrace a larger number of teachers every year.

These, with other activities in scientific research and the creation of clinics and laboratories, are laying the foundations of an educational revival which, in its initial stages, has produced a renaissance in the chief centres of learning and brought to light many men of brilliant talents. They are taking their place as,

the leaders of the coming generation. It is to be hoped that their lifetime will witness a complete resuscitation of the national schools throughout the country and the educational life of Spain as a whole.

The influence of the village *curia* is at first sight a formidable obstacle to be contended with, raising the question of secular education. However this question may be met, it is certain that the Ministry of Public Instruction will not tolerate any interference with its plans by village potentates, and we have the curious position that the reactionary clerical influence in the village schools threatens to be undermined at last by the reforms of an educational committee in Madrid embracing Catholics among some of its leading administrators. The staff (chosen by the President impartially) consists of men of every shade of opinion, religious and political. Instead of embroiling itself in religious controversy, the new movement has aimed at the heart of the clerical question in Spain. By dint of the foreign influences which it has brought into the country, and the uplifting effects of a common social effort, a gradual and unconscious change is being wrought in the temper of the people and the attitude of Churchmen so far as they are becoming involved in this educational effort. Adherents of the Catholic religion are among some of the most enthusiastic leaders of the movement. Their theological beliefs give precedence, for the first time, as among British or American Catholics, to the practical life of the world: in this case to the inspiration of a task which they know is a fundamental social effort involving the life and existence of their country.

Thus the spirit which has dominated the situation for centuries dies a natural death, and the old and benighted prejudices are forgotten and shelved without rancour or open discussion. This process, in all probability, is scarcely perceived by the old-fashioned potentates of the Church, whose eye is alert only for the revolutionary danger. Few men, probably, outside the inner circle of this movement, realise the vital significance of what is happening: that the heart of the Old Order in Spain is changing day by day while it remains in ostensible ascendancy; that an old established power which has survived, with its prerogatives intact, an unparalleled era of revolutionary storm and stress is internally crumbling, as if under the finger of time, before the dilatory advance of education.

A cardinal feature of Spanish University life to-day is the *Residencia de Estudiantes*, a kind of University Hall which is being attached to the principal Universities throughout Spain, and in which the students are being brought together for the first time in a corporate life and under discipline. The University days of the Spanish students and middle-class candidates for the civil and public services have hitherto been the introduction to the habits of license and immorality which have assumed such alarming dimensions in the Spanish cities. It is only necessary to step from the University centres which are still under the old conditions into one of the new *Residencias* to realise the abrupt transition from an old and effete country into another world, a community which envisages all the aspects of a cultured and

refined society and vigorous race. We will conclude with an excerpt from one of the Board's publications by which the people are being appealed to: "The secret of the decadence of Spanish University life is the absence of proper authority on the part of an organised staff, such as exists in Great Britain in the University Halls. An organisation of well-governed *Residencias* is an indispensable stimulus to the renaissance in the spiritual and intellectual life of Spain, which is urging the people and the youth of the country to establish its place amidst the social and intellectual movements of Europe."

Such are a few of the most notable aspects of the spiritual reformation in Spain at the present day. There are, as we have said, numerous other phases in the life of the country which are directly or indirectly the outcome of this movement, and equally significant as signs of the times. We have not touched upon such enterprises as the Scout movement in Spain; or the creation of institutions like the Athenæum in Madrid; and vital work accomplished in the education and enlightenment of the labouring classes.

The hope of the country rests, primarily, in a State reorganisation of the Spanish national schools, universities, and educational centres. Let it be added that, remarkable as these changes are in all circumstances, they are of peculiar importance in face of the present situation in Spain and of the real national problem as students have long seen it. The movement, one cannot but perceive, affects intimately the whole Progressive question, and conveys the hope of an ultimate solution of this problem on sound, constructive principles. Its ulterior aim is reflected in the political deadlock which successive revolutions have failed to modify, and whose explanation is the absence in Spain of any real and effective electoral body. The intentions of the movement in this wider sense have, indeed, been well epitomised from the lips of the veteran leader of Spanish Progressive policy in the memorable and pregnant words: "La Revolucion Pacifica." It is, in effect, the one revolution, at the present day, which can materially accelerate the advent of democracy in Spain.

If the educational movement is of superlative importance as the basis of national reconstruction, it is also an unsuspected asset to the prestige of Great Britain, whose institutions, in the University centres, schools and *Residencias*, are being held up for the emulation of Young Spain. Financial assistance from English people in the furtherance of these schemes would immeasurably strengthen our position against enemy encroachments and consolidate pro-Ally tendencies more effectively than a full-fledged propaganda on German lines. German efforts which, in the course of this war, have carried the day amidst the old classes in Spain can be effectually nullified if we can stimulate the true elements of democracy in a society which has all its forms but none of its realities.

STEFAN MOXON.

## SOME NEW FRENCH WRITERS ON THE WAR

LITERATURE is usually an art of peace time. In times of war, the greater number of the men of a nation—writers and artists alike—are engaged in full and direct action. Since August, 1914, the men of France have been engaged in defending the life of their nation, and that sacred duty has suppressed all other effort. Therefore, in the early days of the war, literature was silent, but as they lengthened out, the literary combatants in the field realised that they might with profit, both to themselves and their nation, take up the pen as well as the sword. Then literary production became so abundant that recently at the Fair of Lyons no less than one thousand volumes, produced since the beginning of the great war, were offered in exhibition, most of them having the war itself as their subject.

A very new spirit will be found that distinguishes the war literature of our time from the literature that preceded the war. Yet even in pre-war days a younger and newer generation of French writers—quite different from their forbears—were knocking at the door. The public was already conscious of their existence, and knew that this was a new inspiration, which outdistanced the days of symbolism, pessimism, and atheistic literature. It was as if this younger generation were already conscious of its destiny and knew that it was to be offered in sacrifice. For instance, such a writer as Ernest Psichari, a grandson of Renan, who fell on the field of honour in the early days of the war, whose *Appel aux Armes* was published a couple of years before the outbreak of hostilities, had caused a sensational revolution in the fields of literature, and heralded a new movement. His return to the religious formulæ renounced by his grandsire was typical of the new generation. There were others, too, who had come forward on the same lines: Paul Claudel, Francis Jammes, and Charles Péguy—the Editor of *Pages Libres* and the *Revue de la Quinzaine*—whose splendid *Hymne aux Morts* was published only a few weeks before he himself fell gloriously upon the field of la Marne. The productions of this new generation are imbued with a strong religious spirit, totally opposed to that which had inspired the older writers of their day. The critics of the future will, therefore, find a distinct and wide separation between the Art and Literature of France before the Great War and the Art and Literature which immediately follow it. This spiritual evolution is in itself one of the multiple manifestations of a renewed France, now fully conscious of herself, of her past, and of her future—of her destiny among the leading nations of the earth.

Among the masses of war books offered for review a distinction must be made. There are those written by well-known professional writers, who have taken for their new works the theme of the war or moral problems brought about by the fact of war. To this class belong Marcel Prevost's *l'Adjudant Benoit*, also Paul Bourget's book, *Le Sens de la Mort*; Abel Hermant's *Heures de Guerre de la Famille Valadier* and René Boylesve's *Tu N'es Plus Rien*. But the war has brought to the notice of the public an entirely new set of

writers, hitherto unknown, who, even while fighting at the front, have taken notes which have served as the basis of new volumes. Their impressions are fresh, and so real and so true to life that, eventually, they will constitute a great part of the history of the war. Each of these men, writing under such forcible conditions, describing the battle as it takes place before his eyes, with all its attendant emotions, shows us the war itself through the medium of his own personal temperament, and we gain many varied points of view.

From among these new young writers I have chosen five whose names will surely live in the annals of their nation's literature. Two among them have already fallen for their country, and their books were published after their deaths. Another is so severely wounded that he will never recover complete health. Among these there is the work of a woman, a Hospital Nurse, who also has fought at the front after the way of women, by nursing the wounded soldiers she so aptly describes.

Perhaps the best known to English readers among the new writers who reveal to us the character of our heroic combatants at the front is René Benjamin, who before the war had already begun to publish, but who had passed almost unperceived. His great fame came to him with *Gaspard*, already familiar in England under the rather misleading title of *Gaspard the Poilu*. But Gaspard is only a type of poilu. He is not the poilu. He could have sprung from nowhere in France but the slums of Paris. In character he might be the elder brother of Gavroche, that wonderful creation of Victor Hugo. Gaspard's profession "dans le civil" is that of *marchand d'escargots*—a calling unknown to English readers, and corresponding in no way to any kind of trade in the London metropolis. A *marchand d'escargots*, who is also an *ecuiller* or oyster man, is an individual who is allowed to set up his stall at the door of a café or restaurant, and provides the restaurant customers with oysters and prepared snails. He has outside customers also in the neighbourhood, who may order in his oysters by the dozen ready opened or his snails by the dozen ready prepared with their accompanying seasoning to be heated up before being brought to table. His establishment is independent of the restaurant itself, but the restaurant-keeper finds it to his interest to have the *marchand d'escargots* near at hand when customers order any kind of shell fish.

In August, 1914, Gaspard is called to the colours like all Frenchmen of his age, and goes to war as a matter of course. Just as he was ever a practical joker in the *quartier* which he provided with snails and oysters, he is a practical joker as a soldier. He takes to his military *métier* as a matter of course. He does not pretend to be a hero. Nor does he air any opinions on the war or on war life, for it is probable that he possesses none. He is merely, and in all circumstances, the merry joker, and essentially the Gallic joker, for no other quality of wit is precisely like his.

A dual element exists in the French genius: the Latin, which tends towards the study of general philosophical ideas, and the Gallic, which is inherent in the more unrefined and uneducated of the race. The possession of the Gallic spirit, essentially assimilative in its quality, enables the individual to adapt himself imme-

diately to any new conditions of existence. Another characteristic is the faculty of immediately perceiving the comic and humorous side of all things and in all situations, experience having proved that when one has laughed and mocked at Destiny she is at once bereft of her keenest shafts and is powerless to harm. In Art the Gallic spirit consists in abundant and sparkling verve and in a rather coarse fertility of imagination, which, however, never goes so far as to reach indelicacy. It is a kindly "blague," a banter or chaff against pretentious vanity and personal conceit. This "blague" may also hold deep tenderness and kindness, as is admirably exemplified in the incident when Gaspard, who is wounded and in hospital, slips out of his bed in the cold dead of night to imitate the cock's crow in the yard, because a dying comrade believes that if he once more hears the cock crow at dawn he will live through another day. The effort costs Gaspard the reopening of his wound, but his suffering companion fades away into death in the hope that he will still live. Gaspard's Gallic spirit has in it an element of personal pride too—the pride of the man who will not allow himself to be "done" by anybody. He is of those who, in the corresponding jargon of his English comrades, are "not taking any. . . ." In certain sublime moments this spirit inspires pure heroism under suffering or in face of the enemy. It is this *esprit Gaulois* which characterises Gaspard, now a soldier in the Army of France, and formerly *marchand d'escargots* in the Rue de la Gaité, which, as all know, is behind the Gare Montparnasse. He is a real and living type, but, as I have already pointed out, only one type of many among the *poilus*. The *agriculteur* of the provinces is of a totally different essence. Gaspard knows little of the war and what it is all about. He possesses no theories. He merely obeys orders, but with merry quips which amuse all his comrades and keep them hopeful. Wounded in a first encounter, he passes much of his time in sanitary trains and in hospitals, which he makes gay and bright with his everlasting laughter and witticisms. When he loses a leg in the trenches he cheerfully returns to the hospital and finds much diversion in the new use of crutches. His repute as a joker becomes almost legendary. Finally, he meets with an American business man, who sets him up in the artificial limb business. Then he settles down, marries, and becomes a good husband and father.

Gaspard will live as a type of the *poilu* of this war. One must however, beware of imitating his vocabulary, which, though picturesque, is drawn from the lowest classes of social France, being mainly from the life of the streets and barracks. Even though for some time to come it will be smart and up-to-date to speak the language of Gaspard in a certain set, it is not desirable that it should be incorporated in the French language. Lovers of pure speech hope, however, that it will not persist.

Of very different complexion is the temperament of the writer Paul Lintier, the gunner whose book, *Ma Pièce* (English title, *My .75*), has met with such unprecedented success. If Gaspard is the *poilu* of the Paris streets, Lintier is the intellectual *poilu*. He was barely twenty-one when a German shell struck his *Pièce*

moment of rebellion against his fate! He had retained his child's soul too, and clung to the possession of it, retaining the faculty of youthful impression and of lightly throwing off the heavier burdens of life: "We pass our days after the manner of children," he says; "we *are* children." . . .

Perhaps it was because he was resolved to die and because he had been forced to crush down his artist's soul within him to become an anonymous unit in the army of his country; because he felt and realised the grandeur of this, that he has given to the world so great a book. Would his merely artistic production have been so great and so forcible, so compelling of admiration or so useful? Who can say? "To-day," he writes again, "we seem to be living in a most intimate and delicate landscape of Corot's. From the grange where we have established our outpost, I can see the road with its puddles left behind by the rains. . . . Then stumps of trees, and beyond a meadow and a line of willows edging a fresh running stream. In the background a few houses veiled in a slight mist preserve the deep delicate black shadows which our dear great landscape painter felt so nobly.

"Such is the peace of this morning. . . . Who could believe that by a mere turn of the head one would see but fire and ruins!"

And later: "How pleased I am, dear mother, to learn that you are going on with your drawing! . . . Yes. . . . Work at it for us both. If you only knew the promptings that I feel urging me to paint all the emotions through which we are passing now! . . . If you have read all my last letters carefully, you will realise my feelings at having to give up my work. . . . But my happiness too. . . ."

Only once does he repine and rebel against the vulgarity of the souls around him: "Work that is stupefying, not in itself, but because of the insipid companionship. . . . I hide my soul away out of sight." It is evident that in spite of his determination to discover beauty in all things, the "entourage" of men of vulgar conceptions who are about to die with him and in the same cause is irksome to him. He feels the differences between himself and the commoner herd; they are so evident. One is reminded of Paul Lintier, that other rare and predestined soul who is writing out his heart on a barrel in a yard just before going out to meet death, while his comrade-in-arms, who is engaged upon the sweeping out of the yard, bends over his manuscript, and, seeing the multitudinous pages covered with writing, remarks: "What a lot you've got inside your crumplet, old man! . . . Wherever do you stow it all?"

There are surely moments of cruel, dire incomprehension between such souls and those with whom they go out to meet Death! . . . How truly lonely they are to the very end! . . . and to what depths must they be conscious of their own "divine despair"!

*L'Appet du Sol (The Call of the Soil)*, by Adrien Bertrand, is a war novel which not only has gained for its young author the prize of the Goncourt Academy and instantly made his name celebrated in French Literature, but is of the same class of personal document as the works of Paul Lintier and *Lettres d'un Soldat*, inasmuch as though the author has woven the

semblance of an imaginative story into the romance of his book, the reader cannot fail to understand that all the characters are straight from life, and that the author is relating his own experiences in the trenches and those of the men immediately around him. Happily, however, for his readers Adrien Bertrand has partially recovered from his terrible wounds, and though his health is permanently affected, his admirers may yet hope to read fresh masterpieces from his pen.

Like Lintier and the soldier-artist, Adrien Bertrand started out in the early days of the war to defend his *Patrie*. A great portion of the volume consists of philosophical dissertations upon the war, and the reasons advanced by all classes of combatants in turn for responding instantaneously to the call to arms. The author analyses the quality of the fighting impulse and its psychological explanation both among the simple non-introspective *poilus* and their more cultivated introspective leaders. There is a young professor of philosophy from the Lycée of Toulon, by name Vaissette, who represents with his superior officer, Lucien Fabre, the more modern school of thought and the so-called rational ideals. Aristocratic and religious thought is defended by Capitaine de Quéré, a Breton and a professional soldier. After the fierce action of the battle, so vividly depicted by the author that one realises how he himself has lived through those terrible hours, these officers sit together, smoking and discussing the indomitable eagerness of the combative soul and the spiritual or non-spiritual expression of it. Finally, they find themselves in complete harmony, although they have arrived at the same conclusions from different standpoints, and declare that the instinctive love of "La Patrie" which had led them all is drawn from the very soil of the land. One may marvel that such philosophical conversations can be evolved almost immediately after the strong brutal action of the battle, but those who return from the trenches will tell civilians at home that the hours of rest in the trenches lead the more intellectual among the French fighters towards deep speculative thought.

The last of this small group of new writers whose work on the war has made them famous is a woman, Noëlle Roger, who in her way is a combatant, too, though she fights the enemy in the only way a woman is allowed to fight for her country, in nursing the nation's soldiers, in bringing them back to active existence once more. Noëlle Roger's *Carnets d'une Infirmière* do not speak of the horrors of the battle, nor does she reflect philosophically upon the magnificent incentives that lead men to the combat. But she tells us in simple, noble language in what manner the brave warriors are affected by war, and in what degree they are transformed and influenced by their subsequent life in hospital under the direct influence of devoted and refined women hitherto unknown to them. With her, we live through the long hours of anxiety which a nurse knows as she tends her wounded patients. They are quite frank with their *infirmières* these simple sons of the soil, and show their innermost souls with touching ingenuity.

"They do not allow themselves to make a single joke that is



too free in the presence of their *infirmière*," says the *Nurse's Diary*. "They do not even smile if one of their comrades forgets himself and gives way to strong language. Is it because they have confronted Death, or is it because of the contact between themselves and their superior officers, or is it the suffering they have undergone which so refines these simple men and develops in them such exquisite politeness? They might be a lesson to many a so-called 'well-educated man.' I look with emotion upon their hands, which formerly were the coarse hands of the labouring man, and which have now become so soft and white. I imagine to myself what they will be like later on when they have gone back to their work as gardeners, factory hands, workmen. They will certainly retain the memory of their heroic campaign, as well as pity for men who suffer and for women who are left alone. And they will retain too, as certainly, something of the new respect they have now learnt, and which makes them—be they ever so uncouth and ignorant—true gentlemen."

There are many details and anecdotes in Mademoiselle Roger's interesting diary which prove the different temper of the man whose country is invaded by the enemy and the man who goes out to fight for a principle. However fine this may be from a moral standpoint—and, philosophically, one must admit that it is the higher principle—the mere citizen or peasant who is defending the soil of his country, the home of his fathers, and the land to which his children are heirs, is fighting alas! only too humanly, with more vigour and hate. Yet even in spite of this hatred of the abhorred invader, how touchingly human are some of these ardent patriots! The nurse passing along the ward hears a soldier telling his comrades how he had taken a German prisoner and was bringing him into the French trenches: "I'd got a German prisoner. . . . It was snowing hard. He was coughing badly; he had a really bad cold. So, you see, I gave my own muffler, poor devil!"

Mdlle. Roger's Notes have appeared in various small booklets under various titles, the first being *Soldats Blessés*. Then followed *Silhouettes d'Hôpital*, *Figures de Héros*, *Héroïques Femmes de France*, *Entre Camarades*, besides three more booklets devoted to the prisoners interned in Switzerland, with wonderful descriptions of the return home of some of them. The first six booklets have now appeared in a single volume under the title of *Carnets d'une Infirmière*, and others in another volume, called *Le Cortège des Victimes*. Both volumes will remain as a valuable contribution to the new literature of the war. Although the author's work was well known in Switzerland before the war, she has now a great reputation in France, and is beloved of a wide public.

CLAIRE DE PRATZ.

## LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

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## THE BIBLIOPHILE MOVES ON.

THERE is no disgrace in loving books, provided that they are loved in reason and in reasonable fashion. The penitent men of Ephesus had passed the bounds of reason, and, therefore, burned their books, in the sight of all men, to the value of fifty thousand pieces of silver. A terrible business it must have been—the burning of that great library devoted to the curious arts. And the Reverend George Oldham often thought over it in his study at the Rectory of Little Greenmoor. Paul or no Paul, he could not have brought himself to the bonfire. Indeed, he never quite forgave the Apostle for his action in the matter; and as for the Preacher, he refused to be admonished by the statement that "of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh." How could there be any weariness in books. He loved his books; he loved the smell of his books, their dust, their faded bindings, their readiness to give, their silence full of words, their orderliness. Mr. Oldham had no wife; the only hostages that he had given to fortune were his books. They caused him many an anxious moment, though they sowed no wild oats on their own behalf. Yet there are dishonest people in the world, and little books are helpless as babes in the presence of dishonest people. That was why Mr. Oldham had an illiterate housekeeper for a time, but she proved more dangerous than a thief, for she tore pages out of books to light fires with, and lined her cake-pans with the buttered pages of some almost priceless seventeenth-century theological works printed at Prague. His next housekeeper loved books, and used to read them when she should have been cooking. But the golden mean arrived at last, some years before he was moved on to Little Greenmoor, and almost at the same time that he bought his white Mesopotamian donkey. The Golden Age seemed to have come, and Mr. Oldham, in his sixtieth year, settled down in this lonely parish to a life of real enjoyment without a single care, if we except the cure of souls. But here the faithful donkey, who rapidly became more of a friend

than a donkey, and seemed to understand his master with the sagacity of a twin, helped him. His powers of visiting multiplied, and the even music of his life was deepened by the sense of parochial duties better done. He felt that this idyllic life might in reason go on for centuries, so drowsily would the years pass, lived in the very presence of the great masters of human and divine thought assembled in perpetual session round that long, well-bayed library of his. Mr. Oldham asked nothing more of life. His cup was as full as his library, and there were no dregs. The library opened into a garden close, and the close, through a hedge of roses, into a great meadow, and beyond the meadow the moor shone and the hills rose, locking him in from that world that he had never loved or even known. Mrs. Prue, his housekeeper, and the little maid-servant and the old gardener had lives as comfortable and sheltered as those of the man and the ass. When the organ droned on an August evening from the neighbouring church, and Mr. Oldham, ready and robed, moved in stately fashion from his library to the vestry, the whole household felt that the universe was running on well-oiled wheels to the murmur of multitudinous bees and the scent of Eastern bowls of dried rose petals and bundles of fragrant lavender. Peace lay upon the land, and the time had come for Mr. Oldham to write his monograph on "Peace as the Perfecter of Character." The potential author loved Nature, wild or even cultivated Nature, almost as well as he loved books. Even human nature he loved as reflected in the mirror of his township. So he was a gardener, a pruner of roses, an owner of hives, who (for bees know human nature) moved among his bees like a charmed man, a lover of lawns and hedges of sweet briar and mounds of thyme and garden herbs, a grower of apples, a planter of trees. Certainly there was no pleasanter rectory in the world and none better haunted with quietude and peace, such peace as the town can never know, a peace that seems inevitable and eternal, sweet-scented peace that is hardly conscious of the passage of time, and takes the seasons as reflections of nature's character rather than as symbols of her evanescence. But the books were the centre of all, and were a mighty and tremendous world within this quiet, slow-beating heart of untroubled and noiseless life. And the chief of the books were, not strangely at all, dear reader, the sermons of Jeremy Taylor, and especially the sermons preached at Golden Grove by that eminent chaplain to King Charles the First, sometime Lord Bishop of Down and Connor. First of all, there was the sound doctrine of the sermons, then there was the wide and almost unique scholarship that shone through them, and, lastly, there was the superb prose style. No, not lastly, since lastly there was the sense of peacefulness, the Christian simplicity that stood out as the solvent of all troubles: "This is God's dealing with mankind; He promises more than we could hope for; and when He hath done that He gives us more than He hath promised." That was the note of Jeremy, and on it Mr. Oldham ever dwelt, and especially now in his garden of herbs and roses.

Much he pondered over the move into this new Rectory. What a business it had been! First, Mrs. Prue and the little maid and

the old gardener had set out over the ten miles of moor with the procession of carts of all sizes that carried the furniture. He was left behind with the ass and the donkey-cart to bring on the sacred residue of the books, the books which he had determined that no unscholarly hand should touch. Mrs. Prue had felt anxious at leaving him, for she feared that an uprooting such as this might affect his health. The Bishop had sent him to Little Greenmoor (the fact is not one to talk about) because of the library fittings at the Rectory. It was the only library in the county that would reasonably hold Mr. Oldham's books. For days the anxious work had gone on, and now the Rector was left behind with the sacred residue. Mrs. Prue had packed into the cart an ample lunch, a bottle of cider, a flask of tea, a travelling rug, a small bucket to give the ass water from, a nosebag for the ass; and so had left the Rector at nine o'clock on an August morning, a perfect morning, with a little cloud to break the sunlight and a little breeze to keep the winnowing screen round the sun as he worked his way across the moor, left the Rector carrying out the books. So she and her company departed with much crackling of wheels and crunching of hoofs, and the donkey revolved one great ear to catch the last sounds of their departure. One by one the Rector brought out his tall folios and laid them in the cart, with a piece of tissue paper between each. They were, indeed, ample fellows, tall of their pages, and not the less companionable in that some were unfamiliar. They included the *Institutio Christianæ religionis* of John Calvin, a noble book, apparelled in parchment, with a portrait of the author above the date MDCXVII; *Joseph Mede's Works*, equally tall, but leather bound, a fit memorial of a great Elizabethan scholar, who saw and helped the awakening of Cambridge University with heart and mind ere he joined the great company of scholars in 1638, before the sad days began; *An Essay concerning Humane Understanding*, written by John Locke, Gent., and dated 1700 (the fourth edition, with large additions), with a superb portrait (from the life) of the author by Sylvester Brunower; and better than this, in its brown boards, the splendid folio issued in 1759 from Oxford at that "Clarendon-Printing House" which William Blackstone had restored, *The Life of Edward Earl of Clarendon*, written by himself. The portrait facing the title-page shows a man indeed serene, tremendous, untroubled. Well may he boldly set out the Ciceronian command: "Ne quid Falsi dicere audeat, ne quid Veri non audeat."

Tome after tome Mr. Oldham carried out into the sunshine lovingly, appreciatingly. He read as he carried, read aloud, with no one but the ass to hear. He read from the epistle dedicatory of Mr. John Locke to the Earl of Pembroke: "This, my Lord, shows what a present I have made to your Lordship; just such as the poor Man does to his Rich and Great Neighbour, by whom the Basket of Flowers, or fruit, is not ill-taken, though he has more plenty of his own growth, and in much greater perfection." When the tall books were stored in the cart the middle books came, books such as the delightful parchment bound edition of *les Essais de Michel Seigneur de Montaigne*, issued at Rouen chez Thomas Dare,

*Rue aux Juifs, près le Palais, 1619.* How it opens: "C'est icy un livre de bonne foy, Lecteur. . . . Ainsi, Lecteur, je suis moy-mesme la matière de mon livre: ce n'est pas raison que tu employes ton loisir en un sujet si frivole et si vain. A Dieu donc." "It seems," murmured the rector, as he laid the book in the sun, "that all the great men are modest, even Montaigne, when they write prefaces, as the Grand Seigneur did on March 1, 1580." Then he took out the two volumes—*Emile, ou de l'Education par J. J. Rousseau, Citoyen de Genève*, published at Francfort, MDCCLXII. Still modesty reigns: "Ce Recueil de réflexions et d'observations, sans ordre, et presque sans suite, fut commencé pour complaire à une bonne mère qui fait penser." As Mr. Oldham laid it down he determined to have no preface to his own book, and then he placed on the top of *Emile* twelve little volumes of a tiny Hebrew Old Testament from the press of Stephanus of Paris, with scraps of a twelfth century illuminated MS. peeping out of the decayed binding; and on these he laid an *Imitatio* from the exquisite mid-Victorian press of William Pickering of London. At last the scores of little books were stored away in the cart, and locking the old rectory door, the rector, with a sigh of content, gave the ass his freedom, and murmured as they sped to the moor, "I wish I had been born a printer." Soon they were on the road, and as the ass knew the way and there were no lions or angels in the path, the rector hitched the reins on the back of the cart and opened the pages of John Locke. It was high noon, and the donkey, recognising that his driver had ceased to drive, gradually relaxed his pace until at the very edge of the moor where the long stretch opens up and down to Little Greenmoor he saw an open gate and a neglected field full of thistles. The ass whirled his ears furiously for a moment, thinking with all his might, and then he deftly turned the cart into the field. At the same moment the rector's eyes strayed into the bottom of the cart and fell on the bottle of cider. He lifted it and uncorked it with automatic alacrity at the very instant that the ass wrenched a great thistle from the earth. The sun was hot indeed, and the rector drank his cider and ate his lunch while his mind was wrestling with the stately thought of Mr. John Locke. The cart oscillated with the efforts of the ass, and the rector believed that they were progressing, and deeper and deeper he delved into the mysteries of the human understanding. At last the cider bottle was empty, and the sun shining with undiminished force overwhelmed both man and beast. The rector was sound asleep and the donkey was upon his knees asleep also. It was a strange sight, and one to smile at in the kindest way. The rector leaned back on the rug among his books. His head rested on the book from the Clarendon Printing House in a sort of alcove or niche that warded off the sun. The ass lay among his thistles and twitched his ears to indicate that he was listening to the rector. Slowly the sun climbed down the sky. It was afternoon, late afternoon, early evening, and still they slept. Long ere this Mrs. Prue, seriously alarmed at the delay, had organised a search party, and as the first signs of dusk appeared and the saffron August moon came up the sky she approached the

spot with the bent gardener and the wide-eyed maid. But Mr. Oldham was saved from all disgrace by the ass, who suddenly awaking, desired food and drink. Swiftly he leaped to attention, and whirling the cart round into the road awakened the rector while help was still sufficiently remote. It was at this very moment that a hirsute tramp of sun-dried and peculiarly unsavoury appearance also stirred in the gateway of the field. The ass smote him with impatient hoof, and the monstrous wanderer relapsed into the hedge. Fully awakened, the rector sprang to the aid of a possible parishioner. "Wold moke bit I; you'm old moke," said the recumbent mendicant, looking like a ram in a thicket, as he wiped his bedraggled beard with a dusty, time-worn sleeve. The rector called him "a poor dear fellow," and smoothed him and brushed the dust of ages from him, and after chafing and sponging with a pocket handkerchief dipped in tea the begrimed and bruised limb, placed at the reluctant lips of the ancient faun tea from his flask. Though the tramp murmured as to "the law," yet when the search party came upon the scene no explanation was needed. It was evident that the rector had spent the day reading to the tramp. The sore was salved, the law was ratified with half a crown, and once again the bibliophile moved on. There were few delays on the homeward journey with Mrs. Prue as sole occupant of the cart, and ere the moon was high the books were in their places and the new life had begun.

Mr. Oldham smiled to himself in his garden as he thought over it all. And he thought now of it with something of a new yearning since on the morrow he was moving on again. A place had been found for him in Syria: not an heroic place, but a place where he could serve the sick and haply comfort the dying. His quiet life of thought and musing was not to be wasted after all. In his soul there was a great peace, and the chance, if chance there be, had come to him to take and pour into the souls of others the peace which passeth understanding, the peace that he had quietly gathered in all these years, a medicine for souls that he had found in his garden of scented herbs. "This is God's dealing with mankind; He promises more than we could hope for; and when He hath done that He gives us more than He hath promised." And the rector had always known that it would be so.

J. E. G. DE M.

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## REVIEWS.

### EDUCATION AND IDEALS.\*

Every reform movement has its dangers, and the education reform movement is not exempt. The clamour for a more practical education, for vocational education, for junior technical schools, for new curricula, for the speeding-up of the progress of little

\* (1) *Christianopolis: An Ideal State of the Seventeenth Century*. Translated from the Latin of Johann Valentin Andreæ, with an historical Introduction by Felix Emil Held, Ph.D., New York. (Oxford University Press, 5s. net.)

(2) *Education To-day and To-morrow: Addresses*, by P. E. Matheson, Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford. (Humphrey Milford. Oxford University Press, 2s. 6d. net.)

school-children by means of Montessori or other methods is well-meaning but full of dangers that have to be guarded against on every side. It is fortunate at this juncture that we have at the Board of Education a man like Mr. Fisher, who is a thorough historian and inspired by the great educational ideals of Oxford. History at any moment plays a great part in the line of educational progress. Tradition means much in educational life, and to-day a whole group of thinkers are striving that reform shall include all that is best in the religious, the classical, and the scientific traditions of English education. The two books before us illustrate this. The *Christianopolis* of Andreae, happily now at last excellently translated by an American scholar, Dr. Held, shows us a good deal of the European educational idealism that meant so much in the upbuilding of our greatest educational period, the late sixteenth century. Mr. Matheson's book shows us idealism at work to-day laying the foundations of, we may hope, an equally great educational period, an idealism that is inspired by the moving forces of righteousness belonging to elder days. "Sometimes I think," writes the Tutor of New College, "we do not realise enough how entirely in the matter of education we live upon the past . . . through all the varieties and grades and kinds of education will run, I take it, this one common feature . . . the moulding of a living man to move in a living, human society. And in this process the aim of the teacher will be none other than this, to frame the education of the present generation on the pattern of the noblest achievements of the past." Andreae's ideal city is governed by a triumvirate who control Religion, Justice, and Learning. The triumvir who governs the sphere of human learning,

"When I enquired as to the sum of all learning . . . mentioned Christ and Him crucified, saying that all things pointed towards Him. He seemed at one time contemning the earth and praising the heavens; and then, again, he seemed to be estimating the earth highly, and the heavens of less value. For he insisted that a close examination of the earth would bring about a proper appreciation of the heavens, and when the value of the heavens had been found there would be a contempt of the earth."

It is a remarkable parable, a wonderful paradox, with something in it of the parable of *The Ring and the Book*. Earthly knowledge, science, and humanism lead to a true appreciation of God, and when that is achieved then we can dispense with the earthly substance that made the perfect Ring possible.

So Andreae goes on to commend the virtues of the laboratories of his ideal city, that is, the virtues of natural science:

"Here the properties of metals, minerals, and vegetables, and even the life of animals, are examined, purified, increased, and united, for the use of the human race, and in the interests of health. Here the sky and the earth are married together; divine mysteries impressed upon the land are discovered; here men learn to regulate fire, make use of the air, value the water, and test earth. Here the ape of nature has wherewith it may play, while it emulates her principles, and so, by the traces of the large mechanism, forms another, minute and most exquisite."

It is difficult to believe that the original of this passage, foreshadowing the deepest truths of applied science, dates back to the sixteenth century. Yet as a nation we have neglected the tradition of science. Mr. Matheson writes:

"I am afraid it is true to say that, as a people, we do not in our heart of hearts believe in knowledge. We who are countrymen of such great discoverers as Newton and Harvey, Faraday, and Darwin, have never fully entered into our inheritance. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth'—a noble and a true saying; but sometimes one is inclined to think that we Englishmen have interpreted these words to mean that knowledge and invention are a matter of chance; that certain people are born what we vulgarly call 'clever,' and the rest of us are to leave knowledge and research to them; that the pursuit of knowledge is but a by-way for certain select and half-canny spirits, whom we admire, but do not attempt to understand, and whom we are reluctant to reward and even to keep alive."

But we venture to point out to Mr. Matheson that this has been true rather of a ruling caste than of the people at large. To anyone familiar with the early history of the Mechanics' Institutes and the records in quite modern times of public libraries, polytechnics, and evening schools, it is quite certain that there is in the mass of the industrial population an intense desire for knowledge that has never received a real chance of realisation. Long ago Mark Pattison said, with bitterness, in respect to the opening up once again of Oxford to the poor scholar, "We have never tried." Those responsible for the organisation of education in this country hitherto "have never tried" to give the whole community an opportunity of securing a broad, deep-founded, balanced education, of fostering that which, beyond all doubt, exists in our people, that which Mr. Matheson calls "this higher spirit, *the love of knowledge for its own sake*." We are quite sure with Mr. Matheson that character must not be sacrificed to curricula, that organisation is not an end in itself, but we are also sure (as the number of skilled amateurs drawn from quite poor classes in apparently recondite subjects such as astronomy and antiquarian research show) that there is a deep love of knowledge in the nation that has hitherto been blighted by the scorn, indifference, and neglect of the rich middle class and of those responsible for the control of higher education in England. It is useless to look back for purposes of reproach; it is infinitely useful to look back in order to see how noble is our threefold tradition of religious, humanistic, and scientific education; it is our remorseful duty, unprofitable servants that we have been, to leave no stone unturned, to-day and now, which will help in building that Christian State where all noble aspirations of heart and mind in men and women of all degrees can find noble possibilities of achievement, that State of Christianopolis which is the common goal of the best thinkers of our day as it was of the thinkers of the late Elizabethan Age.

J. E. G. DE MONTMORENCY.



## SHAKESPEARE AND CHAPMAN.\*

Sir Sidney Lee long since cast doubt upon the poem entitled *A Lover's Complaint*, printed by Thorpe in 1609 at the end of Shakespeare's sonnets, and Mr. Mackail, in 1912, suggested that it was from the pen of the "rival poet" mentioned in Sonnets 80 and 86, though the passage,

" O father ! what a hell of witchcraft lies  
In the small orb of one particular tear."

seems to him "as Shakespearean in its concentrated weight of passion as in its exquisiteness of rhythm and phrasing . . . yet on a large view the style and evolution of *A Lover's Complaint* must be set down as not characteristically Shakespearean, and as in some respects characteristically un-Shakespearean. A certain laboriousness, a certain cramped, gritty, discontinuous quality, affects it subtly, but vitally throughout." As long ago as 1885, Professor Minto suggested that the "rival poet" was Chapman, and this view was supported by Mr. Arthur Acheson in 1903, and by Mr. J. M. Robertson in 1917. On the other hand, Sir Adolphus Ward and Mr. Samuel Butler have (1899) strongly supported the authenticity of the poem. The quest of authorship is chiefly important as revealing the relationship of Shakespeare and the other poets of that great age of singers, and perhaps the chief interest of Mr. Robertson's book is that it brings to mind the virtues of Chapman. A question of the authenticity of any particular Shakespearean text may be likened to an eclipse when a planet, dressed in unfamiliar glories, glides across the darkened disc.

Mr. Robertson closely analyses words and phrases which he considers to be the "marks of Chapman." The passages quoted in support of these "marks" have a strangely Shakespearean ring. The truth is that the musical note or mark of the age is common to all the poets of the period. We may hear the Shakespearean cadence even in the weakest poets and dramatists of the time. The "marks of Chapman" carry us very little way. Again, it is urged that the chief features in the syntax of the *Complaint* "are among the main structural marks of Chapman's style." Would it not be true to say that ellipsis was a structural note of Elizabethan style, and perhaps appears a little "scratched" in Chapman? Perhaps stronger ground is reached when it is pointed out that there are in the *Complaint* no less than thirty-six words that are substantially non-Shakespearean, and sixteen words used in a sense that Shakespeare does not use. Mr. Robertson claims all these words, and others rarely used by Shakespeare, as evidence for Chapman's authorship. But might they not also be "marks" of Markham, or Drayton, or some other rival poet or alien pen, or even of Jonson? We fully agree with Mr. Robertson that "the clue from vocabulary is simply 'first aid'

\* *Shakespeare and Chapman: A Thesis of Chapman's Authorship of "A Lover's Complaint," and his origination of "Timon of Athens,"* with indications of further problems. By J. M. Robertson, M.P. (T. Fisher Unwin, price 10s. 6d. net).

in a quandary; and first aid is admittedly precarious"; but it is claimed that "all the structural clues lead us to Chapman; and the evidence of the vocabulary is corroborative." In other words, we have the weight of cumulative evidence, no detail of which is convincing, but which, taken in the bulk, is not negligible. We doubt if Mr. Robertson proves more than that. He certainly proves that the authorship is doubtful, and that much Sir Sidney Lee admits; indeed it might well be that Shakespeare touched up a poem, in his familiar way, by some friend, and that Thorpe on this ground added it to the Sonnets. The friend or rival may have been Chapman, and Mr. Robertson shows that there is some evidence that it was Chapman. Further we decline to go, and unless we can go further it is rather dangerous "to realise," with Mr. Robertson, "the biographical significance of the discovery."

The second part of this laborious and interesting book deals with this biographical significance. Mr. Robertson thinks that he detects a "somewhat hostile" relationship between Chapman and Shakespeare, and sees "signs of soreness" in Chapman at Shakespeare's superlative ease of manner, and control of theme; but "as it happens, there is evidence of a prolonged theatrical relation between the two poets which, once realised, excludes the possibility of that extremity of ill-will which Mr. Acheson imputes to both" poets. Mr. Robertson believes Chapman played a part, perhaps the whole part, in the non-Shakespearean portion of *Timon of Athens*. He elaborately applies the principles of the Higher Criticism, including the vocabulary test, to the play. Mr. Robertson says:—

"It is, in fact, the admittedly Shakespearean touches and speeches that alone make *Timon* a memorable play. Ill-motivated, ill-plotted, ill-constructed, it is not such a drama as Shakespeare could have conceived in his maturity. Considered as an imperfect revision by him of one imperfectly drafted by Chapman, to whom the theme would specially appeal, it becomes newly and completely intelligible."

This quite new theory has some attractiveness, and certainly it will mark a departure in the consideration of the very obscure relationship of Shakespeare and his poet-friends. But if the *Complaint* carries Chapman to *Timon*, it apparently also carries him to *Pericles*, and Mr. Robertson claims that the fact explains Chapman's hitherto inexplicable "Invective against Mr. Ben Jonson." These inductive clues rather frighten one, but with logical fury they may be led to the assault of citadels such as *Titus Andronicus*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Richard III.*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and other problems, as well as the group of trenches known as the *Apocrypha*. Mr. Robertson connects Chapman in this way with *Troilus and Cressida*, and makes us see the Chapman touch wandering into the most sacred and unsuspected places. The book is very stimulating as well as very laborious. We prefer to look on all this fresh theorising with an open but doubting mind, while thanking a daring explorer for new ideas that may open the way to further solutions.

## POETRY, DEMOCRACY, AND CHRISTIANITY.\*

We do not pretend in these pages to deal with the mass of poetry that has flooded what is presumably a market during the war. It is better to wait for an anthology of war poetry from some skilled hand. The gems are rare, but will be worth collating. It would, however, be a pose of neglect to pass over Mr. Charles Williams' volume, entitled *Poems of Conformity*, poems that have definite relation to what we may call the spirit of these great but terrible days, though they are not, except here and there, direct war-poems. The volume is a very curious one. Conformity to the great poetic unities and deeply established technical forms is a note of the volume, though the title is, no doubt, derived from the series of religious poems that fill a large portion of the book—poems of profound orthodox faith that are shot through and through with the Dantesque conception of Love as the force that moves the sun and other stars. But these poems by no means fill the book. Some charming verses of classical association open the volume; some really exquisite *ballades* follow; poems of love and life succeed; including "The Clerk," one of the strangest short poems in the book, with something of Browning's allusive obscurity about it. Then we have a series of really powerful and almost Elizabethan sonnets. Writing without knowledge, it would almost seem as if these poems cover the work of many years; they certainly cover the thought and the very wide scholarly reading of a number of years, reading that shows how well the poet's mind has grasped the evolution of human society and how clearly he sees, after this war has been fought, the possibilities of a new dawn, which is the old dawn of the Christian verities, before human society. But though Mr. Williams is a scholar, he is, above all else, afire with poetic imagination and originality of outlook. That sense of contrast which is the basis of humour bubbles out in poem after poem, and this, when ranged with the poet's acute sense of eternal things, gives the reader a new horizon. Much poetry that is quite excellent in the technical sense is tiresome, because there is no freshness of mind and no sense of contrast in the writer. That is not true here, and we venture to commend this volume to the notice of public and critics alike. One or two examples of Mr. Williams' technique may be shown. The "Ballade of Building"—

"Aelswith who built to the praise of Her  
Whose glory is most plain,  
Walkelyn who founded Winchester  
To all men's after gain,  
Builders of Sarum, of Romsey fame,  
Princes and priests long gone,  
Knew all that more than this was vain,—  
'One stone on another stone.'"

No one but a real poet with a keen sense of both the reality and the incongruity of appearances could have written the strange poem, "In the Land of Juda"—

\* *Poems of Conformity*, by Charles Williams. (Humphrey Milford. Oxford University Press, 3s. 6d. net.)

"Where did you meet your love, young man?  
Where did you meet your love?  
'I met my love in a noisy room  
With a carven roof above.'

"What did you say to your love, young man,  
-- With all your mother wit?  
'How hot it is!' or 'How do you do?'  
And there was an end of it!'

"Who was beside you, then, young man?  
Who was beside you then?  
'Gaspar, Melchior, Balthazar,  
And a crowd of shepherd-men!'

"What did you say to them, young man,  
Silently, through the din?  
'Princes, when ye come in to her,  
I pray you, lead me in.'''

Here, in an almost rural ballad form, we have set out the shyness, the remoteness, yet the familiarity and *commonness*, and, lastly, the regality of human and divine love at their mingling point. We do not hesitate to say that these sixteen lines form a noble poem. The poem of "The Riders of the Holy Ghost," entitled "Pentecost," is fine in another way that exhibits a mysticism more formal and yet more passionate. Anyone who reads this poem will read it again and again, read it for its speed as well as for its thought, and brood over the destruction of the comfortable Cities of Sin by the Holy Riders.

There is another note in Mr. Williams' work, the note of scorn, scorn for comfortableness, scorn for incapacity, scorn for those who play for safety, and out of the scorn rises an insistent demand for the hastening of that sacred moment in time when the Church Universal and the Republic Universal shall meet. It is in the poems on the Epiphany that the poet smites the bringers of supplicatory and doubtful gifts, and he does not forget what we call Baby week as one of the disgraceful necessities of our time. He does not say this, but he writes these bitter lines that reveal in a touch the negligence of a century of princely democracy:—

"King Herod was a wiser King  
Than all our English lords:  
They bring Acts of Parliament,  
But he sent swords."

Herod's was the more merciful way. This same bitter, caustic, health-giving note sounds through that notable poem, "Hot Cross Buns." But probably the finest poem in this book of real poetry is that entitled "The Wars," all wars leading to the consummation of things:—

"The Crescent falls! The field is won,  
The days of Tyranny are done,  
His last escaping files give place;  
Trumpets, ho! trumpets! face to face  
With foreheads scarred and bloody feet  
The Church and the Republic meet."

## AFTER-WAR PROBLEMS.\*

Mr. Dawson, in his introduction to this valuable book, the publication of which we noticed in our last issue, writes :

"The ordeal which the nation has been called to face has evoked an outburst of moral energy without parallel in the history of the British race. Shall the moral forces now in action be demobilised in county and city, in town and hamlet, when the struggle is over? Must they not rather be preserved in being, as a standing army for the service of the national life, to do battle everywhere against the enemies within our own gates? Nobly have the nation's manhood and womanhood responded to the call of duty. Soon there will come to those who have done great deeds on the high plane the chance of proving a like heroism and devotion in the trivial round and common task of social and civic service. Is it a misuse of words to say that when the war abroad is over, the war at home will only begin? We may conquer Germany, emancipate Belgium, and free Europe and mankind from the menace of malign ambitions, yet if the war does not win for the homeland likewise the things so supremely necessary to its welfare and peace, we shall have fought and suffered and sacrificed in vain. The call comes from the graves of the dead that we falter not in this high purpose. . . . They died, we say, for England, those brave lads, fresh from school and college and home. Rather, they died for two Englands—the England which we know, with all its social evils, that shame our culture, baffle our morality, and make our national greatness seem a cruel mockery; yet perhaps more truly, if not more consciously, for another England altogether, an England that lives as a 'Vision splendid' in the imagination of all true-hearted youth—an England of cleaner life, sweeter manners, purer laws, and happier homes, the England of their hopes, ideals, and longings."

We have only two criticisms to make in respect to these noble words. The "war at home" began twenty and more years ago. Mr. Dawson's words seem to suggest that we have only just awakened to the sorrows, difficulties, and dangers that seem implicit in dense populations. This is not true at all. A great campaign has already been fought against the forces of evil, which are really the forces of ignorance, at home here, and the magnificence of our present campaign against "the menace of malign ambitions" (to use Mr. Dawson's words) is the direct fruit of the earlier campaign. England is to-day cleaner, sweeter, and happier in an immeasurable degree than she was thirty years ago, thanks to the passionate efforts of two generations of reformers and the innate goodness of the English people. Our second point is that the new campaign is not waiting for the end of the war. On all fronts it is operating, and this volume of essays is one of the straws that show the direction of the hurricane of reform. But it is not this war that has made reform in social, political, and religious

\* *After-War Problems*, by the Earl of Cromer, Viscount Haldane, the Bishop of Exeter, Professor Alfred Marshall, and others. Edited by William Harbutt Dawson. (George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., price 7s. 6d. net.)

directions inevitable, though it has set a new order of pace. We do not pretend to have any "culture" (we wish Mr. Dawson had not used the stricken term) in the German sense. But our new humanism was assured before the war, and the war, with its destruction of "malign ambitions," will give it a certitude of life. The British Empire will be the host and distributor of that humanism, and for this reason we are glad that the late Lord Cromer's essay on Imperial Federation is printed here. He wrote:

"I am inclined to think that, looking to the extreme complexity of the subject, and to the great importance of avoiding a false step, it would be wise for all concerned to proceed very cautiously and tentatively to be satisfied for the time being with dealing with the comparatively easy subject of somewhat closer association in executive matters, and then to see how the revised system works before proceeding to reforms of a more drastic and far-reaching description. . . . I am very clearly of opinion that India is not yet ripe for complete self-government in the sense in which that term is used in the Dominions. The same may be said of Egypt and the Soudan."

Bishop Welldon, writing on "The State and the Citizen," dwells on the German "reversion to barbarism," and pleads for a State life, that is, essentially, a moral life. Lord Haldane writes at length on national education, and draws detailed attention to German activities in relation to continuation education before the war. Mrs. Fawcett contributes a weighty paper on "The Position of Women in Economic Life," and claims that though "we have made a beginning towards repairing the waste of which we have been guilty in not using the powers and capabilities of women . . . there is much still to do: in many respects other countries in this matter are far ahead of us." We entirely agree, though we think that Mrs. Fawcett rather underrates the commercial position of women in England. The Bishop of Exeter opens the section on Social Reform with an urgent demand for "the rehabilitation of rural life." He frankly faces the fact that that life is not worked on an economic basis suitable to the conditions of modern life, and thinks that the big estate might regain the position it once occupied and become a large business concern. We need to return to "the ideal village," and certainly with our new power of cottage building and estate planning, as shown in some of the estates (such as that at Well Hall), built by the Government for war workers, this is not only possible but certain. Create a sound economic agricultural system and families will pour back on to the land. "It is the personal factor that tells in the end. Help the countryman to raise a large and healthy family, and England will be safe." This valuable volume of nineteen papers by specialists concludes with Professor Alfred Marshall's important monograph on "National Taxation After the War" and Mr. Arthur Sherwell's essay on National Thrift. Professor Marshall is of opinion that:

"A broad system of protective duties would deprive Britain of the strength which has enabled her to carry the chief financial

burden of the war, would confer some benefits on particular industries at the cost of much greater injury to the people at large, and would lessen the funds available for paying pensions to wounded men and to widows; and for lowering the present mountain of debt, which may threaten to turn some peril of a later generation into disaster."

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### EDGAR'S HISTORY OF DUMFRIES.\*

From time to time we draw attention to works of substantial antiquarian interest in these pages with the intention of stimulating the work of local antiquarian societies. Masses of historical material of the first importance lie, as it were, at the mercy of these societies which decide whether material on which a true estimate of the evolution of social life depends shall or shall not be given to the learned world. An excellent example of local enterprise of this type is to be found in the labours of Mr. R. C. Reid, of Mouswald Place and Cleuchbrae, Ruthwell, a nephew of Lord Loreburn, and himself a learned lawyer, in editing, with elaborate notes, and appendices, the manuscript introduction to the *History of Dumfries*, written about 1746, by Robert Edgar. A record dating from those stirring times, times when, in fact, material existed that has since disappeared, was likely to be of value if edited with discretion. Edgar, born about the year 1669, the son of a wheelwright of Dumfries, became a writer to the Signet and a lawyer in good practice. He was for forty-five years in close professional touch with the various incorporated trades of the town, and consequently had peculiar facilities for knowing the records. He retired from professional work in 1746, and in the same year produced this substantial historical fragment. He lived on until 1759, but never finished or even revised his work, of which, indeed, only a copy exists, that taken by Robert Riddell in 1791, and now among the Glenriddell MSS. He clearly had contemplated a larger work, and perhaps discontent with a fragment which Mr. Reid describes as ill-arranged, garrulous and biassed, prevented this. In 1746 Robert Edgar was disgusted with his profession and with the local government of his day. He attacks with venom (which Mr. Reid, with national caution, regards with disfavour) the Burgh magistrates and town clerks of his day. He accuses them of greed, dishonesty, and the destruction of important documents in the charter chest. We daresay he was right; he ought to have known; but Mr. Reid examines the evidence against the town clerks and acquits them of everything but dilatoriness. One chief value of this edition is that we are in a position to discount the idiosyncrasies of Robert Edgar and revel in the cautious, but not always dry, annotations that Mr. Reid supplies to every passage of importance. These notes make the book a substantial footnote to the history of Scotland.

\* *An Introduction to the History of Dumfries*, by Robert Edgar: now published for the first time. Edited, with an Introduction and extensive Annotations, by R. C. Reid. [*The Records of the Western Marches*. Published under the auspices of the Dumfriesshire and Galloway Natural History and Antiquarian Society. Volume I.] (J. Maxwell & Sons, Dumfries, price 10s. 6d.)

Edgar had a predecessor. More than half a century before he wrote, George Archibald, at the request of Sibbald, made some notes on the town, which have been published by the Dumfries Antiquarian Society. Half a century or so after Edgar wrote, Dr. Burnside, the Free Kirk Minister, compiled an account still extant in manuscript. In 1826 William Bennett published, in the *Dumfries Monthly Magazine*, a valuable historical record down to the beginning of the sixteenth century. In 1867 came William McDowall's history, and now we have this scholarly work—antiquarians will greatly appreciate this story of the efforts made during two centuries to secure a record of a town that carries back human memory to the Frisians—the name of the town appears to signify the Castle of the Frisians—and shows us the evolution of what Mr. Reid calls the two emblems of civilisation—the Church and the Castle. In Dumfries probably the Castle existed before the Church. That is Mr. Reid's view, since the Castle was called "vetus" in 1175-89. But churches usually ran back into the tenth century or earlier. However, we must not here do more than commend the thoroughness and great value for genealogical purposes of these annotations on a text which, despite Mr. Reid's antiquarian criticisms, is a delightfully human document, full of quaint and excellent prose and passionate local patriotism: "Our tepid administrators had the zeal to continue this knave D.A. till he died in their service." There must be many towns in the United Kingdom that have documents of this delightful type, and they should all be edited as competently as in the case of Mr. Edgar's book.

### SHORTER REVIEWS.

"A Life of William Penn" (Headley Bros., Kingsway House, W.C., 6s. net) is very welcome at this time, and Mr. John W. Graham, in his substantial and well-illustrated volume, which includes an excellent reproduction of the portrait of 1660, now in the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, brings before us not only the great Englishman who carried out of Buckinghamshire to the New World, in 1662, a new Message, but shows us the England and America of that age. "Among the Penns he seems a kind of isolated sport," but certainly the abilities and the adventurous spirit of his father, Admiral Penn, lived in him, and possibly his cheery Irish mother—there is good evidence of Margaret Jasper's Irish stock—brought him the heredity that made his schooldays at Chigwell Grammar School, under Puritan influence, a permanent force in his life. He was twelve when the Quaker influence began, and he at once became a religious enthusiast. In 1660, William was entered as a gentleman Commoner at Christ Church, Oxford, but in 1662 he "was sent down for being religious in too original a way." He passed to the University of Saumur, and in 1664 was entered at Lincoln's Inn. He, however, was fixed in his determination to hold on to the Quaker connection, and there is something of delightful incongruity in the spectacle of this very handsome Cavalier being persecuted in Ireland as one of a despised sect. It was a bitter blow to Sir William Penn, though, in fact, the Admiral was congratulated by men in great place on "having



a son who could despise the grandeur of the world, and refrain from the vices which so many were running into." In 1668 the Cavalier became a Quaker minister, and continued to serve for fifty years. From that date onwards he was a tireless author. "His Collected Works include fifty-eight original volumes; they cover 1,586 closely-printed folio pages. His printed words reach one million and a quarter." Soon there came imprisonment in the Tower, then his father's death (in 1670, at the early age of forty-nine)—he left William everything, subject to Lady Penn's life interest—and then his romantic marriage to Guli Springett in 1672. The Newgate trial had taken place the previous year, and persecution was not ended then. In 1682 he lost his mother, and soon after he took out to America the "Frame of Government" for the colony he had founded, the future Pennsylvania. The story of the colony will be read again with interest. The whole of the book is written with knowledge and enthusiasm, and especially the record of the troubled and persecuted, but serene, life that ended in 1718. The last seventeen years were spent in England, but the burden of the proprietary Government fell upon him in the dark days at the opening of the eighteenth century. The Lord Proprietorship passed on William Penn's death to non-Quaker descendants, "the maintenance of the principles of the founder lay with the Quaker Assembly."

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We must draw attention to Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hammond's new volume entitled "The Town Labourer, 1760-1832: The New Civilisation" (Longmans, price 10s. 6d. net). It is a picture of the Industrial Revolution that was destined to make such deep changes both for good and evil in English life. The book stands out in contrast to the earlier work of the same authors entitled "The Village Labourer, 1760-1832: A Study in the Government of England before the Reform Bill." Books of this type may in one sense be said to be records of the growing-pains of a nation. The Industrial Revolution, with all the pessimism, materialism, and social wrongs that it involved, had to come if England was ever to lead the civilisation of the world. The outward sign to an acute observer such as Disraeli was the creation of "two nations" in our Island—the employer and the employed, the rich and the poor. The authors rightly point out that the war has ended all that. "New lessons have been learned from the sacrifices made by every home in the struggle with a spirit that presents the most sinister aspects of the industrial system in a military form. For as the world sees what kind of life Europe would lead under the shadow of a gospel that makes a god of military power, so it comes to understand what humanity must lose if it makes a god of industrial power. On the will and capacity of the nation to bring to its problems the ideals for which the noblest of its sons have given their lives, the future of England depends." This outlook will be helped by the close study of the beginnings of industrial England in this volume and in a subsequent volume which will deal with particular industries. So we shall see what the Industrial Revolution, "creating a new civilisation with problems and character of its own," meant to the millions who worked the miracle-machine. It is a sad, and, indeed, a terrible story. Probably no other people save the English could have worked out their salvation as these have done. But it must not be supposed that the capitalists were all bad. That was far from being the case. It was the system that was wrong; and that system, with its half-time labour, is not yet wholly gone. To-day, however, we are alive to the evils of the system, and fortunately it has never degenerated in quite the same fashion as in Germany. There it

was easy to shackle the people with the military system. Here it has always been impossible, despite bad social conditions and long hours of labour, and inadequate education. The industrial class has always found leaders in time of need. We wish that Mr. and Mrs. Hammond had devoted more space to the history of education in the period. The whole of the material has been elsewhere carefully collected, and it is very relevant to the theme. The four references to Hansard on pages 54-59 are quite inadequate. There is one curious statement on page 14 that we should like to contest: "It is well known that population increases with a decline in the standard of life." This is certainly not the case, and the evidence cited by Mr. Hewins is most unconvincing. With a low standard of life population falls, except in certain exceptional conditions that obtained in England between 1760 and 1880. Birth-rate depends on food supply, and not on social conditions. The survival of infants is another matter. That depends on social conditions combined with food supply.

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Dr. W. C. D. Whetham, in "The War and the Nation" (John Murray, 6s. net) declares that "the success of the British Empire in turning its energy from peace to war, and the power of adaptation shown by its social and political structure, prove the essential soundness of the fabric of the nation." Moreover, "the urgent need of better national organisation is now clear to most people." Dr. Whetham, before the war, distrusted all political parties, but now discovers that he is a Tory in a sense of his own, and wishes the fact, if necessary, discounted in considering his conclusions. He says that "the true Tory is one who regards the State with its ancient institutions as a living complex organism, ever developing to meet the growing needs of a changing time, and working in harmony for the good of all, not as isolated individuals, but as members one of another." In this sense, no doubt, all well-thinking people are "Tories" to-day, and desire really what Dr. Whetham desires, "conscious co-operation" between all men of goodwill. These six essays deal with *Laissez Faire* and Constructive Politics; the Land, the Organisation of British Industry and Commerce, Coals and Railways, the War and the Race, and, finally, Finance and Taxation. While Dr. Whetham fully realises the weakness of the old campaign of Tariff Reform, "with its unsound economics and selfish commercial interests," he feels also the essential weakness of *laissez faire*: "The free activities of men, to which *laissez faire* gives full play, are not all, as the theory seems to assume, of the same Algebraic sign. When competition becomes too keen, much energy is wasted in destructive action." This is certainly a deep, sound thought. We must have constructive politics enshrining an idea, "and see that we educate our future citizens to understand something of this ideal, and train them to play their parts in bringing it to pass." Dr. Whetham stands for the best education for all, the protection of family life, the efficient organisation of business "consistently with the welfare of the individual and the family," the intensification of national self-consciousness in the noblest sense. We desire to commend these studies to the general reader.

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Mr. Alexinsky's latest volume ("Russia and Europe," Fisher Unwin, 1917), though written before the Revolution, is in no way out of date, for it deals exclusively with the past. While "Modern Russia" was devoted to the elements distinguishing the life of the

country from the life of Europe, its sequel paints the other side of the shield by showing the action of European influences throughout the centuries. Approached from this standpoint, many familiar facts develop a new significance; and even close students of Russian history will find material that is new to them. The most valuable part of the book is that devoted to "Ideals," which sketches the leaders of thought from Kijanich, the seventeenth-century father of Slavophilism, to Soloviev, the philosopher of the closing decades of the nineteenth. Bielinsky and Bakunier, Herzen and Dostoievsky, Katkof and Pobiadonostseff—these and many others cross the stage, each with his wares for sale, some bitter, some sweet. Intellectually, Russia has been extraordinarily receptive of foreign influences—at times too receptive. "It is the political system which is out of date," writes the author on his final page. Happily, that reproach has been removed since the words were written, and his great and gifted country has entered the comity of free nations, bringing blessings to the world and pointing the road towards a peaceful and democratic Europe.

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### NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Monographs on minor poets, especially as themes for doctorates of philosophy, are to be avoided, but we must record Dr. Hayim Fineman's essay (issued by the University of Pennsylvania, apparently a priceless work) entitled "John Davidson: A study of the relation of his ideas to his poetry." It is "a thesis presented to the faculty of the graduate school in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of doctor of philosophy." We are told that John Davidson in "the 'nineties" was one of the poets who joined in the movement of reaction against "Victorianism"; that he was "one of a small number of independent minds of that period who had something to say on a grand scale." Mr. Fineman writes in enthusiastic fashion that "suspended in majestic agony his poetry rises across the firmament of the early twentieth century. It is titanic in conception. It is largely a poetry of liberation inspired by the desire to destroy all illusions that he thought animated the past; for nothing short of infinity would satisfy his imagination." To this poet human beings "are of interest only in so far as they represent to the poet a certain philosophical attitude." It is eight years since Mr. Davidson died, and in his later years, and since, his verse has given rise to a good deal of discussion, though of quite recent years the very noisy, unmusical new poets who take bad language and wonderful oaths for poetry, have rather hidden this contemporary of Mr. William Watson. Probably both he and Mr. Watson will outlive the school of chattering sparrows who now haunt the groves of Helicon. This book takes us back to days of real poetical interest.

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America in the midst of war is not forgetting the peace that is to be, and this discussion of "Three Peace Congresses of the Nineteenth Century" (Harvard University Press; London, Humphrey Milford, 3s. 6d. net), the Congresses of Vienna (1814), Paris (1856), and Berlin (1878), may well foreshadow a fourth Congress, which will spell neither "legitimacy" and reaction, opportunism (in Eastern or Western questions) nor short-sightedness. The book contains essays, vivid in personal detail and correct in estimate, of each of these Congresses,

respectively by Mr. C. D. Hazen, Mr. W. R. Thayer, and Mr. R. H. Lord. We commend these essays at the present moment. We hope that it can never be said of the Congress that will end this great war what Lord Morley wrote of the Congress of Paris; that Cavour and the Turk alone show far-sighted sagacity in the Crimean business. Mr. A. C. Coolidge concludes the volume with an essay on "Claimants to Constantinople." We are told that "the problem is one that can never be solved in a manner agreeable to all parties concerned." Why should there not be a Commission of this area as there is of the Danube?

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Mr. Morel's new book, "Africa and the Peace of Europe" (National Labour Press, 2s. net), deserves the same careful study as the previous volumes which he has devoted to the affairs of the Dark Continent; for no living man has rendered such services to its swarming millions. The little work can be read at a sitting; but it is packed with information, and maps and tables add to its value. After a brief sketch of the climatic zones and the partition of the whole continent (except Abyssinia and Liberia) among the Powers of Europe, he passes to "The Future," and devotes a chapter to each of his two demands. The first is for the neutralisation of tropical Africa—that is, the removal of the greater part from the operations of European war. Such a removal was contemplated by the Berlin Conference of 1885; but the undertaking was optional, not obligatory, and in the present war all the belligerents alike have employed native levies to fight their battles. The second demand is for the internationalisation of commercial activities throughout the neutralised area. In other words, the nationals of every European State shall have a right to compete on equal terms in every form of trade. Here, again, the proposal is to return to the policy of the Berlin Act, from which King Leopold broke away. In addition to these two recommendations, the author urges the elaboration of a great charter of the native races, to preserve the land and its products for the people, to retain native institutions, to abolish monopolies, and to encourage native industries. A final chapter on the future distribution of Africa argues that Germany should not be excluded from the continent, and quotes testimonies to German rule before the war from such qualified observers as Mary Kingsley, Sir Harry Johnston, and Mr. John Harris. It is a controversial topic, and the reader will find one side of the question stated in these pages with power and knowledge.—G. P. G.

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In "Human Ideals" (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., price 6s. net), Mr. Frederick A. M. Spencer, of Melbourne, declares that we must, in view of the war, "re-make society in a deliberate and systematic fashion." We must "take the acknowledged principles of life and develop them and apply them. She will give us the ideals that are to be realised in human existence." Mr. Spencer finds the principles in the words and life of Jesus, and it is these principles that he applies in the spheres of morality, religion, intellectualism, economics, social life, and education. The study of the doctrine of non-resistance is an interesting example of the lines of thought in this well thought-out valuable book. The general rule is non-resistance, but there is the exception of crime and wrongdoing: "Jesus drove the money-changers out of the Temple, but the human body is a temple at least equally sacred." We must submit to "anger, prejudice, unfairness, selfishness," but not to the principle that "might is right." To yield in that case "would only open the way to fresh wickedness." So Mr. Spencer formulates his law. "The man who does wrong from perverted sense of right is not to be resisted:



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## THE THREE EUROPEAN SETTLEMENTS

**I** HESITATE to add to the many proposals as to the settlement after the war. So much must depend upon events now unforeseen; upon the completeness or incompleteness of the victory of the Allies; upon their internal affairs and financial state; upon their wishes, which may not be in all respects the same; in short, upon a multitude of conditions to-day incalculable. One probability ought not to be forgotten. To judge by the experience of conferences or congresses at which treaties of peace involving complicated arrangements as to territory have been discussed, there will be attempts to break up or impair the unity existing during war; to stir up jealousy; and to profit by the dissensions created by special favours offered to some Powers. There will be efforts to play off one set of claims against another; to bring the Slav into conflict with the Italian and the Finn; to raise controversies as to the possession of Constantinople, or the control of the Dardanelles; to make the most of Irish discontent, if the claims of the Polish subjects of Prussia and Austria are pressed. Socialists in all countries will desire to be heard, and very likely may have no warmer supporters than some who, in their hearts detesting them, see in them, for the moment, useful auxiliaries. "The freedom of the sea," the ambiguous phrase and catchword used by Napoleon to create prejudice against England and to alienate her Allies, will be revived with the like intent. What intrigues and what manoeuvres there were with the object of dividing the victors at Paris and Vienna in 1814-1815, what divisions spontaneously took place among the victors themselves, the memoirs of Talleyrand, Castlereagh, Hardenberg, Stein, and Gneisenau reveal. And there were the same secret mining and countermining at Paris in 1856, and in some degree at Berlin in 1878. These tactics repeated, generally with a certain degree of success, at all peace conferences in which several States participate, will doubtless be followed, at the close of the war, to the detriment, it may be, of the cause for which it was waged. There is no foreseeing the effect of old forces working in new directions and of new forces hitherto unfelt and still only dimly seen. Voices before unheard will be raised and will not be silenced. The spirit of 1848, it is sometimes said, has returned, but with demands then unheard of. In that year of turmoil the cry of those who shook thrones was for a

constitution. There are now demands for the subversion or recasting of constitutions.

A further circumstance obscuring the future is to be noted. In the settlements here described only European States, and not all of them, took part; everything was done by some four or five Powers, or rather certain small inner circles at London, Vienna, Berlin, Petrograd, and Paris. Now for the first time the United States will share in the settlement of a war waged in Europe; and at some stage in the negotiations Neutrals, whose trade has been disorganised, and who have suffered cruelty at the hands of Germany, will insist upon being heard. New problems; new actors upon the stage; impatience and profound dissatisfaction with a system which has permitted an unparalleled catastrophe—all that will necessitate lines of conduct for which precedents are no guides. Political prediction is generally only the unconscious reading of the past into the future, an act of memory rather than true divination; and in this case, with so much that is novel and incalculable, it may be that some of the dreamers of dreams and the seers of visions will be more justified by events than practical statesmen guided by experience cast in normal times.

One thing may be learned by the examination of past settlements—they may help to prevent the repetition of some of the chief mistakes committed in all of them. They show how opportunities for effecting permanent improvements may be missed. They prove the necessity of entering into the Congress with a clear conception of the supreme *desiderata*. Being the masterpieces of the old diplomacy as practised by its proficient, they show its incapacity and unsuitability to the needs of to-day and to-morrow. I should not have attempted to retell their story, if I did not believe that they had present significance, to be ignored at our peril.

The first great settlement of European affairs was the Peace of Westphalia; the foundation of the European system which subsisted for at least a century and a-half; the first of the great constructive political treaties of the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries. Other treaties—such as those of the Pyrenees, Ryswick, Nymeguen, Utrecht, and Aix-la-Chapelle—were diplomatically important. So, too, were the arrangements under the treaty of Campo Formio. But the first of the modern political settlements—in the sense of arrangements which recast boundaries and redistribute territory—and modify the political condition of a large part of Europe and the relations of several States to each other—is that of 1815, as expressed in the Final Act of the Congress of Vienna; a document, or series of documents, of wide scope, remodelling a large part of Europe, and changing the sovereignty of colonies; the most comprehensive settlement, the treaties of Munster and Osnabruck excepted, to which European statesmen have ever set their hands. No fewer than seven States were parties to the treaties. Thirty-six sovereign States of Germany were represented. "Altogether there were present 216 *chefs de mission*."\* Besides the General Act,

\* Satow, II., 77, quoting Sorel, *L'Europe et la Révolution*, VIII., 382. At the Congress of Vienna the representatives of the Powers signed 100 protocols and seven treaties. Gents to Nesselrode, *Lettres de Nesselrode*, V, 238.

consisting of more than a hundred articles, there were a number of conventions between individual groups of States. The Congress had also not merely to determine large political issues but to settle intricate questions of title, succession, and claims for indemnity. No one can study the Final Act or read the Declaration—the work of the Congress's scribe and apologist, Gentz—in which its achievements are reviewed, without acknowledging the vastness of the work and the difficulties overcome.

The scope of the labours of the Congress was comprehensive; the principles upon which it proceeded were narrow. It was a diplomatic settlement, made chiefly in the interests of Austria, Prussia, and Russia—names which stood for dynasties and the interests of small groups of favoured individuals in each of these countries. It was a "Cabinet settlement" by diplomatists working in secret, undisturbed by and indifferent or hostile to popular opinion. The settlement gave to Europe, its apologists say, thirty years of repose. But it was a drugged rather than a healthy repose, a sleep from which there was a rude awakening in the next generation. Even Castlereagh, reactionary though he was, was not sanguine as to its duration. As early as 1818 he noted the fact that there was "a great fermentation in all orders of the State." The Allied sovereigns sought to preserve peace not by removing the causes of unrest, but by putting out of sight forces which accumulating became irresistible. True, the Allies recognised the neutrality of Switzerland. But that was long before virtually done by the Peace of Westphalia. And notwithstanding their recognition of Swiss independence, they violated that neutrality when it suited them to do so. In their dread of the power of France and for military reasons they yoked together Holland and Belgium, a short-lived combination never to the liking of the latter.

The only permanent elements in the work of the Congress were provisions which most of the representatives thought of little value and were reluctant to adopt. I mean the declaration as to the Slave Trade and the agreement as to the navigation of international rivers. At Vienna the internationalising of the great rivers was initiated; and the principle then proclaimed has, to some extent, been followed throughout the world. (Articles 108 to 117 of the General Act.) But even these provisions were for a time somewhat shadowy benefits. The Powers concerned did not carry them out fully in practice. It is still not true that the navigation of the Rhine and Elbe is *entièrement libre*.

At Vienna and Paris began, on the initiative of the English Government, international action against the Slave Trade. The Continental Powers did little to further it. They approved of the principle, but it was left to England to see it through. They were very cool on the subject. They did not wish to "precipitate the abolition of this form of commerce" or to "attack for the advantage of negroes the sacred right of property." The avowed object of the Allies was to put an end to the misfortunes of Europe and to establish order.\* There was no looking behind

\* See preambles to treaties of Chaumont and Paris.



Governments and their wishes to the lot of the people. There was no perception of anything beyond and above territory, population, and military power. From first to last the proceedings were anti-democratic—I might say, anti-national. The labours of the great Powers were concerned with a division of spoil chiefly at the expense of France. Here is how the proceedings struck a shrewd observer overlooking the negotiators at their work: "Vous serez effrayé, lorsque vous verrez les deux conventions pour les articles non exécutés du traité de Paris, où Humboldt d'un côté, et Castlereagh de l'autre, ont épuisé tout ce que l'on imagine de conditions dures, de précautions et de chicane, pour extorquer à ce malheureux gouvernement jusqu'à la dernière réparation du dernier grief que Bonaparte avait fourni à l'Europe."\*

Gentz, a bystander—and looking, so to speak, over the shoulders of the players at the diplomatic card table—was struck not only by the rapacity but by the collective folly of all concerned. Writing at the close of 1814—and there is no reason to think that his opinion changed a year later—he says, "L'aspect des affaires publiques est lugubre; mais il ne l'est pas, comme autrefois, par le poids imposant et écrasant suspendu sur nos têtes, mais par la médiocrité et l'ineptie de presque tous les acteurs."† Castle-reagh, whose straightforward honesty stands out from a record of intrigue, was startled at the predatory spirit of some of his colleagues; they were engaged in "a lawless scramble for power."‡

The men who did the work of the Congress at Paris and Vienna—about a dozen in all—included consummate masters of diplomacy, as then understood, such as Talleyrand and Wessenberg. There were not wanting statesmen of wide culture and outlook, men such as Humboldt, who might have planned worthily and wisely if they had cared to be more than the advocates of their sovereigns. The Emperor Alexander stands out as an interesting and enigmatical figure, a mixture of egotism, benevolence, vanity, mysticism, cunning, and impulses of generosity, now aspiring to be a St. Louis, and now a passive instrument to be played upon by Madam Krudener and other semi-charlatans. With far-reaching schemes of benevolence, some of which he had broached to Pitt, he meant well if the world went as he wished it. But he, the Christian Emperor with genuine desire to make it better, became at Verona and Laybach, when he heard of revolts, a despot not much unlike his brutal successor. With all his genuine ebullitions of chivalry, he was not above sharp practices. He was false to his Polish subjects and to his allies; he broke the promise which he had given to the former to restore their kingdom, and he backed out of the engagement into which he had entered with Austria and Prussia to divide among them the Duchy of Warsaw.§ Though able and honest representatives of their country's interests, the English diplomatists were shortsighted and wavering. In their dread of the power of France, they were too subservient to Prussia. There was

\* Gentz to Nesselrode, *Lettres de Nesselrode*, V., November 22nd, 1815.

† Tagebücher, I., 352.

‡ Wellington, *Correspondence*, IX., 330.

§ Wellington, *Correspondence*, IX., 332.

no consultation of the people's wishes. The supreme endeavour was to construct military States powerful against each other, and particularly against France.\*

Historians of all shades of opinion have condemned the settlement as conceived in a narrow spirit, and as an example of crude egotism. Treitschke is as emphatic as democratic historians. It was, as he says, an "unhappy peace"; unhappy in a different sense from that of the eulogist of Prussia.† The settlement was a bad settlement. It would have been worse had Prussia had her own way. She insisted that France was a conquered country, though her conquerors entered her as "Allies"; that she must be treated as such, and must be mulcted in an indemnity and deprived of territory; that the States of Germany which had assisted Napoleon must be punished; that there must be large cessions to Prussia of territory by her neighbour, Saxony. To what lengths the Prussian leaders were prepared to go, the memoirs of Gneisenau, who was at the head of Blücher's staff, show. If they had had their way, the "despicable adventurer" would have been shot out of hand. Saxony would have ceased to exist, Belgium would have been a Prussian province, and France would in 1815 have been deprived of Alsace and Lorraine and enfeebled for ever. In their exasperation at not getting enough, the men who execrated Napoleon as a criminal were apparently ready to use him as an instrument for the aggrandisement of Prussia—to stir up civil war in France, to set up two kingdoms therein, a Bourbon and a Napoleonic.‡

To sum up the characteristics and results of the settlement of 1815. Unequalled diplomatic ability, great labour devoted to the study of details, produced a "settlement" which stands out as a warning. It did not provide for growth; the arrangements which were to be perpetual were made regardless of the wishes of the people concerned and with a view to insure military equilibrium and to curb France, always the potential enemy. The Final Act of 1815 is the perfect and classical example of a diplomatic settlement.

During the forty years between the first and second arrangement, European foreign affairs were virtually directed by a dozen to a score of men. It has generally been so; probably in the eighteenth century the real rulers were not more than a dozen. The aim of the leading Austrian and Russian statesmen, such as Metternich and his successor Buol, Hübnér and Nesselrode, was to maintain the arrangement of 1815, except when it stood in their way, as was the case with the provisions relating to Poland, which were quickly torn up. What was to happen, they asked, if men cast off these agreements. Once break away from them, "Nous voilà arrivés au Mexique."§ With many differences as to matters of detail, English

\* See Hardenberg's plan "pour l'arrangement futur de l'Europe," Wellington, *Correspondence*, IX., 303.

† "The Congress of Vienna was exclusively an affair of the Princes and Government; they only decreed, applied and confirmed it, and only their interests and wishes had voice or hearing in its deliberations. It was a typical realisation and expression of the old diplomacy which yet continues to be that of Europe to-day, more than a century later."

‡ See the astonishing letter of February 18th, 1815, by Gneisenau to Clausewitz, *Life*, by Pertz, IV., 323.

§ Hübnér, *Souvenirs*, I., 43.

statesmen, such as Wellington, Lord Aberdeen, and Lord Russell also desired to preserve that settlement. But through the foreign policy of the various English Governments ran a strain of sympathy (not always very effective or consistent) with free institutions. Justice is not done to Canning, Palmerston, and Russell until we know how they were detested by the representatives of Austria and Russian autocracy and by a doctrinaire such as Guizot.

The second settlement, that of 1856, was marred by some of the defects of the first. It also was a diplomatic settlement. The war against Russia had been begun with no very clear common aims. There was widespread distrust or fear of Russia in the minds even of men of acuteness and perception; a dread that she would one day dominate Europe; a belief that, as the failure of Napoleon showed, she was unassailable; that her Government had a traditional policy of ambition; and that, if unchecked, she must one day reach and occupy Constantinople. Even sober-minded men talked wildly of the "Calmuck overrunning Europe."\* England drifted into war with no distinct idea of what the issues were and with imperfect appreciation of its difficulties; the chief force driving her along being vague, indefinite fears of an ever-advancing Russia, threatening Western Europe and one day British India. The Emperor of the French had taken up arms for reasons largely personal and dynastic. He became war-weary long before military operations were decisive. He wanted to end a war never very popular in France. Begun rashly, the war was terminated hurriedly. The Emperor Napoleon had soon other thoughts than the design of crushing Russia. Whatever was the original object in view—whether it was the crushing of Russia, the strengthening of the Ottoman Empire, the improving the lot of the Christian population, or the resuscitation of Poland—the final arrangement was a failure which well-nigh broke the "great Elchi's" heart.† "I would rather have cut off my right hand than signed that treaty," said the fanatic supporter of the Ottoman Empire. That Empire was not preserved; the seeds of disintegration were sown; the protectorate of Russia was assailed; but the Christian subjects of the Porte were as defenceless as before. There was again a merely diplomatic settlement. The representatives of the great Powers talked of "systems," and were thinking mainly of military strength. There were provisions for the neutralisation of the Black Sea and the demolition of fortresses. As compared with the proceedings at Paris and Vienna, there was an improvement. There was not the same indecent scramble for territory. There was a genuine desire to help the cruelly treated Christian subjects of Turkey. The spirit of humanity was forcing its way into foreign politics. But no effective provision was made for the performance of the pledges which Turkey had given for the better treatment of her Christian subjects. There was a readiness to accept promises of reform which were never kept, or seriously endeavoured to be kept. Looking back, we now see how much the Treaty of Paris helped

\* The prudent, cool-headed De Tocqueville shared this belief.

† *Lane-Poole's Life*, II., 439.

to postpone the break up of Turkish rule and the birth of young nationalities which, but for the Crimean war, might long ago have come into existence and sown their wild oats. The settlement, not very glorious for the Allies, was humiliating to Russia. It imposed upon her restrictions as to the Black Sea which were in a few years removed. So far as the settlement checked Russian advance into Europe, it turned her energies towards Asia. The Conference did not settle—it did not even really touch—the Polish question; Lord Clarendon, at the instance of Count Orloff, did not bring it up at the Congress; and, in a few years (1862) broke out an insurrection which was cruelly repressed.\*

Cavour, with the approval of England and France, pressed the Conference to deal with the Italian question. But it declined to act, with the war of 1859 as the result. Metternich was right; the settlement of 1815 established, in a sense, "*ordre dans choses*." It was replaced by "*un désordre sans issue que les hasards*."† Every party to the treaties was disappointed, and every diplomatist of insight saw that by providing no outlet for national passions and aspirations they could be only short-lived. The treaties of 1856 formed a purely diplomatic settlement dealing with questions of "interests," "systems," and military frontiers. "That peace," said Beust, pronouncing an opinion universally ratified, "will be regarded in the annals of diplomacy as a masterly example of how to reverse the effects of a war and obtain in the future the very opposite of what a treaty is intended to secure." (Beust, *Mem.* i, 143.)

The only permanent element was the adoption, without discussion and with imperfect appreciation of the results, of certain rules of maritime law. England consented to give up the principle for which she had battled for centuries, that free ships do not make free goods. It was, I believe, an advance. But there was a certain levity in the manner in which the concession was made, neither Parliament nor the country being consulted.

The third settlement was that of Berlin in 1878. The treaties of 1856 had borne their fruits. The promises of the Ottoman Government to do right by its Christian subjects had been again and again violated, how cruelly the protests of Mr. Gladstone and the Andrassy Note had shown to the world; and another war broke out to redress wrongs which diplomacy had left untouched. I do not know whether the Congress of Berlin was, as Dr. Rose has described it, "an august comedy," a comedy composed and rehearsed in London by Lord Salisbury and Count Schouvaloff, the chief points settled before all the diplomatists met. The secret Anglo-Turkish convention of June 4th and the Anglo-Austrian convention of June 6th had removed difficulties; perhaps the menacing gestures of Lord Beaconsfield were somewhat make-believe and theatrical. It may be true, as Mr. Marriott urges, that the settlement of 1878 was better than that of San Stefano, which was "hasty and premature," though, if operative, it would have had the priceless advantage of hastening the exit of the Turk from Europe. But the final arrangement was mainly political, conceived

\* See *Earl Russell's Speeches and Despatches*, II., 235.

† IX., 169.

less with a view to the welfare of the people concerned than to military and dynastic reasons. There was no close study of the ethnography of the Balkan peninsula and the national aspirations of its varied inhabitants. Many of the diplomatists knew as to the natural divisions only what Kiepert's Atlas told them. The frontier of the Balkans was chosen chiefly with an eye to defence. The Ottoman Empire must be retained as part of the political system of Europe, whether or not that was for the benefit of the people concerned. All present were thinking mainly of manpower, frontiers, sources of taxation and prestige. It was the old story: the so-called statesmen could think only in terms of military power and territorial extension. Mr. Marriott is justified in saying, "In order that Austria and Hungary might keep a road open to the East . . . the whole world must groan in pity and suffering."

The treaty satisfied no one. The various nationalities which Lord Beaconsfield described as "the rebellious tributary principalities,"\* were profoundly aggrieved. The delegates of Servia and Montenegro were not permitted to be present, and as to the representatives of Greece and Rumania, they were "entendus, mais pas écoutés." Turkey, too, suffered at the hands of her so-called protectors as well as her adversaries. M. Debidour is warranted in saying that the treaty of Berlin was rather calculated to embroil all the great Powers and several of the smaller than to assure general peace. Not one of the parties interested left the Congress without discontent, anxiety, and some new germ of hatred and conflict. Turkey might be the least satisfied; but the Christian nationalities of the Balkans "*toutes se trouvaient lésées, toutes protestaient contre la traité de Berlin.*"† The ink was scarcely dry when the arrangements then made to conciliate the Christian subjects of the Porte while maintaining a strong Turkey fell to pieces. One article after another was torn up. The States which were to be in tutelage shook off the yoke which the Concert of Europe would impose. What for more than forty years has been the history of the Balkan States than a reversal of the policy of the treaty of Berlin? Still at Berlin—and it was a new departure—there was the semblance of consulting the wishes of the people: there was some faint recognition of the principle of Nationality.

Such is a picture, incomplete and on a small scale, of three settlements of Europe, each of them showing a fallacious conception dominant; each a failure to rise to the height of a great opportunity; each concerned with "interests" and "systems" not identical with, often adverse to, the welfare and wishes of the people affected; each showing international politics moving along lines which domestic politics have abandoned wherever democratic institutions exist. All that was done harmonised perhaps with the spirit of the Governments of Prussia and Russia, and in 1815 and 1856, perhaps, too, with that of the British and French Governments of those days. They are in sharp discord with the characteristics to-day of our institutions, and those of France, the United States, Italy, and Russia.

\* Speech, July 18th, 1878.

† *Histoire Diplomatique de l'Europe*, I., 1.

I have used the word "settlements," probably an apt description of the conception of their authors who wished for and contemplated finality. There can be in one sense no European settlement. Growth there must be; and if that does not come peaceably it will come by war, the equivalent between nations of revolution at home. Communities cannot remain immobile. Frontiers become unsuitable. Fresh aspirations are being formed. Groups hitherto content or silent while ruled by others feel themselves to have become Nationalities. By settlements should be meant facilities for pacific growth. How often might they, if such they had been, have averted catastrophes. Had Cavour been able, as he earnestly pressed, to lay fully before the Conference of Paris the Italian question and to obtain a decision respecting it; had the Polish question not been excluded from it, might not the war of 1859 and the insurrection of 1862 have been avoided? If the Powers which effected the settlement of 1856 had been free to reconsider and revise their work from time to time there might have been no war of 1878, and the Balkan States might by this time have acquired stability.

The story of the three settlements is one of failure, which will be repeated at the next Congress, unless the mistakes which I have described are shunned—unless future settlements are based upon "the principle that Governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that no right anywhere exists to hand people about from sovereignty to sovereignty" ;\* unless provision is made for changes from time to time in order to give effect to that principle; unless the settlement is not merely the balance of power in a new form, but an arrangement for the peaceful development of free peoples. But more is needed than sound principles and good intentions. Failure will be repeated if we enter into the Congress as little prepared as we entered into the war—if all the many difficult questions certain to arise are not first thought out down to points of detail. No lesson is more clearly taught by the history of the three settlements than that the diplomatists who are prepared with well-considered solutions, who initiate and not merely criticise, are most likely to have their own way.

JOHN MACDONELL.

\* President Wilson, Message to Senate, January 22nd, 1917.

# THE FUTURE OF THE GERMAN COLONIES.

## I. THE CASE FOR RETENTION.

**I**F a sound and durable peace could be brought about *now* by a concession of the point that some of Germany's colonies in Africa should be restored to her, as against concessions on her part in the direction of France and Belgium, and withdrawal from the other occupied territories conquered by Germany and Austria, the temptation not to oppose the re-entry of Germany into Africa would be very strong among those who, like myself, realise what this war is costing the British Empire, and how much we have to gain from the restoration of Peace. I write, "some of Germany's colonies," and mean at the utmost German East Africa and the Cameroons. The surrender of German South-West Africa is impossible unless the British Empire and its Allies are so completely defeated that to save their home-lands they must consent to a "German" peace. The restoration of German South-West Africa to Germany would mean that before long Trans-Zambesian Africa would either leave the British Empire in order to reconquer South-West Africa, or that Germany, through that re-entry, would eventually subdue Trans-Zambesian Africa. Similarly, after all that has happened, I could almost imagine that Australia and New Zealand, if asked to withdraw from Northern Papua and Samoa so that the German flag might be re-hoisted, would prefer to proclaim their independence and hold on to those positions, which, if they value their growing nationhood, must never again become the *points d'appui* of a masterful European State. Japan and China would never consent to the return of the Germans to Kiao Chao.

We are left, therefore, for consideration with only three former German "colonies"—I am obliged to use the term mockingly, because they were not colonies in the sense that North America, Australia, New Zealand, Cape Colony, and Natal have been to us: should we restore German East Africa, which we have nearly conquered, Togoland, and the Cameroons, which the French and ourselves completely conquered some time ago?

Only if this becomes a drawn battle, and if to save our homeland from bankruptcy or starvation, we have to yield to conditions making peace a mere truce, a suspension of arms for a period during which both sides in this gigantic struggle, or at any rate the British Empire and Germany, are gathering up fresh strength and resources before again flying at each other's throats.

Why? Because German statesmen have told us quite plainly that if and when they are back again in Africa they will so reorganise their African possessions as to make them the means of splitting up the British and French Empires. We have found Cameroons, South-West Africa, and notably East Africa, extremely difficult to subdue, as it is; though to a great extent Germany forced this war on the world, before she was at all ready to meet its immediate effects in her oversea possessions. Give Germany another ten years of control and development, and she would make her hold over East and West Africa unshakable: unless we in that time shot ahead of her in warlike inventions, in

co-ordinated determination, singleness of purpose, and utter unscrupulousness, so far as the indigenous natives were concerned.

The "native" aspect of the Colonial problem is the most important from the ethical point of view. In scarcely any of her oversea possessions did Germany enter as ruler and possessor by native consent or invitation, as in most cases we did. Germany either made no treaties at all, or her agents concluded them with some minor chieftain who had no authority over the lands he signed away. With or without formalities, Germany installed herself wherever she could do so without infringing the claims of a European Power. The natives in most cases objected. They were taught a sharp lesson with machine-guns and artillery, and accepted German rule. But if they could be consulted, a majority among them would shout full-throatedly against the return of the German. Yet in Africa there would be a minority of greater or less proportion that would consent once more to Germanification, especially in German East Africa; because Germany has gradually come round to the Arab point of view, and has virtually re-established the negro in serfdom to the Arab or to the Arabised negroid. And Germany has her supporters amongst the Negro tribes, especially the more warlike. The elemental Negro is extraordinarily worshipful of efficiency, and above all efficiency in war. That is why there have been so many Negro Napoleons, and why thousands of Negro warriors have fought to the death to support some bloody tyranny, like that of the Kings of Dahomé and Ashanti, of the Khalifa and the Mullah, of Chaka, and the Mwata Yanvo. The German may not be liked as much as the Frenchman, the Britisher, the Portuguese is liked, but he is respected.

Still, his return to the Africa he has conquered and over-ridden would be heralded and followed by devastating warfare. We all know the fate of the Ova-herero in South-West Africa, and the way the Hottentots were treated. In the Cameroons the German attitude towards the indigenous tribes—provided they were not Muhammadan and strong enough to be brought into partnership as tyrants—was most reprehensible. I am reminded of this by passages in a Swedish book, shortly to be published, written by Messrs. Waldau and Knutsson. The people of Togoland, of the Western and Southern Cameroons, of many parts of East Africa, would fight as long as they were able before they re-admitted the Germans as rulers; though I doubt not Germany would ultimately prevail, would make a desert and call it peace. But the tribes she had enlisted on her side would be formed into a powerful black army, which, as General Smuts has surmised, would soon after devote itself to the conquest of other African States.

So here we are faced by this terrible dilemma: we seem unable to conquer Germany and her Allies to a sufficient degree to force her into the surrender of her oversea possessions and her Spheres of Influence; yet she forewarns us that if we leave her in possession, or if we restore her to possession, she intends as soon as possible once more to make use of her Colonial Empire for the undoing of the British Empire and the French dominions, and the establishment of a tyrannical control over weak and backward peoples. A terrible dilemma from which we might escape by the



sacrifice of certain inept and paralysing personalities in high places, by a stricter control over Alcohol, and most surely of all by an alliance, offensive and defensive, between Intelligence and Labour. But in these I have named three sacrifices our Bureaucracy would never make, three miracles unlikely of achievement. The treatment of the findings of the Mesopotamia Commission by Mr. Balfour, the indifference of Labour to the Board of Education's needless abstraction of the People's Palace of Art, the shelving of reform in the education of our governing classes, the grudging permission of H.M. Stationery Department for the future publication of the Kew Bulletin, "provided scientific details are as much as possible left out," the manner in which we did *not* fight malaria among our troops in East Africa, or intemperance and venereal diseases amongst them at home, the escape of the *Goeben* and *Breslau* from our Mediterranean Fleet in 1914, and the "pleasant" manner in which our Admiralty treated this, which was one of the most disastrous derelictions from duty that have occurred in the war; the twelve months during which Lord Kitchener was retained at the War Office after showing himself most clearly the wrong man for strategy and organisation; the Viscounty given to Mr. Harcourt after the Ceylon riots and the disastrous opening of the East African campaign; the covering up of other wrong selections or Ministerial or departmental mistakes and delays by Garters and knighthoods, peerages and pensions; other appointments to distinguished sinecures of men who have failed us; the suppression of all honest and informative criticism: none of these portents are very encouraging to those optimists who still hope that we may muddle through on the incomparable bravery of our soldiers, sailors, and airmen, and find ourselves on the Rhine and in a position with America, France, Italy, and Japan to force Germany and Austria into a peace which shall leave at our disposal the German Colonies and Spheres of Influence.

*If—if*—Providence once more intervened and gave us Nelsons and Wellingtons, Pitts, St. Vincents, Cannings; *if* we succeeded in forcing the Germans to leave France and Belgium, and to sue for terms of peace; then, indeed, I think, from the consideration of the backward peoples' welfare and of our own safety, of France's safety, Italy's, America's, Japan's, we ought to leave Germany with no territory, beyond the limits of Central Europe, over which she might exercise a sway that tended once again towards the mania of world-domination. But supposing we cannot go so far as this: that we make Germany very desirous of peace, but yet not ready to conclude it on a basis of bankruptcy, and consequently willing to fight on in the hope of exhausting the Alliance first. . . . ? How would such a plan of negotiation as this present itself to the High Finance of the Allies? To fix a certain fair monetary value for the redemption of the German colonies and (if it be not then in French occupation) of Alsace-Lorraine, or of such portions of Alsace and Lorraine as France wanted back? To offer—it may be—to relieve Germany of the duty of indemnifying an evacuated Belgium, to buy Austria out of the Trentino and Trieste?

There are numerous readers of this Review whom such a proposal will horrify. But if to escape bankruptcy and utter ruin Germany

and Austria accepted such a proposal (subsidiary ones for Palestine and Mesopotamia might be made to Turkey) if this shortened the war by a year, six months, or two years, would it not be worth while? Would not six months of our Imperial war expenditure and of France's go far enough to buy Germany out of her Colonies and out of Alsace-Lorraine? These lands detached from Germany might be allotted to the Western Allies, and those who appropriated the ceded regions might take over the purchase price as part of the local and of the national debt. After all, the Romans bought off the Barbarians when it was not easy or opportune to conquer them. And after the British Empire, America, and France were once freed from the German menace, if they did not *then* organise, arrange, co-operate to be for ever freed from it by national education and training, national discipline, by justice and freedom, by commercial expansion, by honesty of Government, why *then* they would deserve to be Germanised.

Germany, however, might say: "I cannot sell my colonies; I cannot surrender what you cannot take from me in Europe *unless* I am guaranteed free markets throughout the world where the flags of enemy nations now fly, both in my former possessions and in those previously belonging to my enemies. Otherwise, if you are going to discriminate against me in your customs and taxes, I am done for, and prefer to fight on till you accept *my* peace and restore my oversea dominions. It was to secure these world-wide markets that I went to war."

If, therefore, we were making peace on this "ransom" plan, we should have not only to pay an indemnity for the German and Austrian lands we took away, but we should have to promise that German and Austro-Hungarian, Bulgarian and Turkish commerce should be under no disabilities in our markets, should be treated on the same footing as British, French, or American industries and goods. A bitter pill to swallow and digest for the Tariff Reformer and the Chamberlainite, but not so bitter as a German peace followed by our Imperial bankruptcy.

So my propositions come to these paragraphs when they are summed up:—

(1) Either the British and American Governments must, during the next twelve months, by one device and another, by new or better administration, generalship, admiralship, and air-mastery, turn Germany out of Belgium and North-Eastern France; either Italy must take Trieste, and Great Britain expel the Turks from Syria and Palestine, and away altogether from Arabia and Persia; either Russia must recover her sanity and cohesion and play her full part to achieve what we may not be able to do in conquering Turkey or Hungary; either in one way or another Germany must be forced to sue for peace on any terms, and be so driven back from British Channel, North Sea, Adriatic, and Black Sea, that she becomes powerless to affect us seriously by sea or air; either she must have no lands in France or Belgium with which to bargain for consideration, *or* we must reflect whether we cannot come to terms with her on the basis of paying for what we cannot easily acquire by war on sea, air, and land.

(2) If this proposition were put forward of ransoming the terri-

territories we desire to see abstracted from Germany, Germany might reject it, or might fix the ransom, the indemnity so high that it were less costly to Britain and the British Empire, the United States, France, Italy, and Japan to continue the war than to pay for a secure peace. It is conceivable that we may decide to reorganise our Army Council, to shelve some of our Admirals, to change one or two generals, compulsorily retire a number of departmental incompetents, renew our House of Commons, and bring new and really liberal-minded, modernly-educated men into the Cabinet. We may win the war, in spite of all the mistakes and miscalculations we have made. And if this came about and Germany had refused our offer of monetary compensation for the territories we claimed as a guarantee of future peace, then, indeed, she would deserve no mercy. Then, indeed, we should leave no German Empire to play its due part in the comity of nations; then, indeed, we should be justified in putting the Paris Agreement into execution to exclude German commerce and industry from our markets and our territories.

(3) If, however, some sense penetrated to the mind of Germany, if she transferred her former overseas possessions and concessions to these Powers that provided the Indemnity which might save her from complete bankruptcy, such Powers could assume the place of Germany in proportion to the amount of ransom they had contributed, and concurrently with some charter of liberty or statement of rights for the indigenous inhabitants the ceded lands might be debited with a share of the ransom money which freed them from German control.

(4) If the war were quickly concluded under these conditions; if France entered into Alsace-Lorraine; if Belgium and Luxembourg were evacuated, Serbia, Rumania, and Montenegro restored to their *status quo ante bellum*; if Italy were granted the Trentino, Trieste, and Valona; if the Germans came to terms with Russia regarding the Straits and Poland regarding her independence; then no ban must be put on German commerce or German citizens in the countries now at war with Germany. Thus though East Africa, Cameroons, Northern Papua, and Samoa ceased to be under the German flag, Germany might trade as freely with these countries as before the war, never—so long, that is, as she was at peace with the world—to be put under any disability which did not equally apply to other nations.

By an arrangement of this kind we should be saved the danger of a German overseas empire being re-established to recommence another war for world-dominion. Free Trade in all colonial markets and in raw produce countries would prevent any selfish use being made of colonial dominions. Germany would be saved from national bankruptcy . . . we also.

Should we hereafter—if Germany cut short the war by accepting this compromise—forget and forgive? By no means. By no means if we follow any sane ideal of justice in human relations. I cannot come to any other conclusion than that she has sinned beyond pardon. No menace to her interests serious and sudden enough took place in the summer of 1914 to justify her attack on France and Belgium; and had she not delivered that attack our

participation in the war could not have been involved. She might, at any rate, have invited an international negotiation over the Serbian question, and only when it had been shown that Serbia was being prompted by Russia to oppose all legitimate Austro-German railway communication with Salonika would Germany have been entitled to attack France and Russia. I do not think the British public would have supported any ministry that wanted to declare war on Germany over Balkan disputes only, nor would France have supported overweening Russian ambitions in that direction. At any rate, if such a brief conference showed Sir Edward Grey to be intriguing to tip the Balkan scales in favour of Russian predominance, Germany would have gained a first-rate excuse for precipitating war.

As it was, Germany went to war without such an excuse and with the nakedly-displayed intention of seizing the French Colonies; and she conducted the war subsequently with such innumerable and needless barbarities and abominations that I cannot see how we can ever forgive her. But if we cannot succeed in reducing her to impotence by direct attack and by blockade, we might possibly shorten the war and gain substantial guarantees for the future maintenance of peace by paying for them in the way proposed.

After that, the healing of the quarrel can only be left to time. It may be that the German people will attain to real liberty under a more democratic form of government, and that when the Censorship is lifted, they will realise the true history of this war and the true extent of their own wrong-doing. America made amends publicly for the blot on her escutcheon; Great Britain atoned by an indemnity for the winked-at encouragement of the South in the war to maintain Slavery. Russia has been trying of late to atone for many decades of misgovernment in Poland and Finland. The English and Scottish peoples are earnestly seeking to do justice to Ireland. Perchance a reformed Germany may seek to regain the good opinion of the British Empire and the United States by spontaneously striving to make some national amends to cruelly-injured Belgium, France, and Serbia. When that day comes it may not matter so much after all who has "colonies" and who has not; for the world may be settling down into a confederation of large and small States peopled by white, black, brown, and yellow peoples, whose liberty and happiness does not depend on the paleness of their skins but on their degree of education and industry.

Perhaps, also, by that time we in the British Empire may have realised the causes—the sole cause—of our delayed victory in the present struggle—the defective education not merely of our masses but most strikingly of our governing classes. We may have ceased to employ statesmen who publicly proclaim they know no geography, generals who think the difference between *Culex* and *Anopheles* a matter of needless fiddle-faddle, and a vast number of minor and major bureaucrats who not only refuse to face the Truth themselves but whose efforts are ceaselessly directed to keeping it from the public eye in the Press.

H. H. JOHNSTON.

## THE FUTURE OF THE GERMAN COLONIES.

### II. THE CASE FOR CONDITIONAL RETURN.

**O**F the various questions which will form part of the peace settlement, that of the disposal of Germany's Colonial Empire is pre-eminently one in regard to which Great Britain may be able to claim, even if she should not be invited by the Allies to exercise, a free hand. One reason for this is the fact that most of the Allies have little direct interest in Germany's colonies, but perhaps a stronger one is the fact that the task of subduing them and supplanting German by British sovereignty therein, has been carried out in so large a degree by the adjacent self-governing British Commonwealths and colonies themselves, aided by Indian troops, and has been a part of their particular service and responsibility to the Empire in the war.

In considering the future of the German colonies we shall from first to last do well to keep the claims of sentiment well under control, and to consider what is our true and permanent interest. Above all, it will be wise to bear in mind the disparity in the imperial possessions of the two countries, and to look at the question, as far as is meet and just, from the enemy's standpoint as well as our own. Bismarck used to say that whenever he was engaged in negotiations with either opponents or friends he never asked why the other side wanted this thing or that: it was sufficient for him that they did want it; and if he was able to give way he did so for the sake of prudence. That was why, in his diplomacy, Bismarck so seldom failed: he got the things which were essential to him by conceding, as far as he was able, those which appeared to be essential to the other side. Nor should we allow ourselves to forget that in entering the war, this country gave to the world a deliberate pledge that the war should not for us be one of territorial aggrandisement. To follow an indiscriminate policy of conquest in Africa would be faithlessness to our professions, and bring upon the national name lasting reproach.

It is to the interest of Great Britain more than of any other country that Germany should be encouraged, and even assisted, to colonise, and to acquire a rightful "place in the sun." I have preached upon that text for twenty years, and to-day I am as convinced as ever, in spite of the war—and even because of it—that for the British nation this is a policy of prudence and safety as well as of equity. Sir Walter Besant says in one of his novels that there can be no more uncomfortable feeling than that of the man who is eating a good dinner while he knows that the table of his next-door neighbour is bare. Whether we are conscious or not of any moral twinges on the subject of empire, there can be no doubt that one of the reasons why Great Britain and Germany are at cross-purposes to-day is that the German Empire is becoming too small for the activities and ambitions of its people. We are apt to forget that though in British statesmanship it is accounted almost a sin to look far ahead, Germany is always speculating upon, and trying to provide for, the situations which may arise in the remote future. She is not satisfied

that there is no overcrowding at home to-day, and may be none a decade, or even a generation, hence; she is thinking of the needs of her people in space, markets, and raw materials for their industries a century hence, knowing that the world is already almost parcelled out, and that this is her last chance of sharing even in the fragments that remain. Who with the British instinct of fairness can help sympathising with a great nation which, owing to political disunion and impotence, missed the great opportunities of expansion which came to other and smaller peoples in the past?

Two very instructive tables are appended, and they will repay careful study, the more because I am not aware that the facts which they bring out have been presented in this way before. The first of the tables shows the area and home population of the European countries with the largest colonial empires, together with the relative density of population, and the present rate of natural increase of population, in every case. The second and more significant table shows for the same countries the extent of their colonial empire and its ratio to home population worked out in two ways. Spain is omitted from the comparison because her colonies to-day represent the diminishing remnant of a great empire which has gradually dwindled until it is now smaller than that of Denmark.

#### POPULATION AND EMPIRE.

##### (1) Area, Population, and density of Population.

State (and year of Census).	Area in square miles.	Population.	Mean rate of natural increase of pop. per 1,000 inhabitants, 1908-12.	No. of inhabitants to the square mile.
United Kingdom (1911) ...	121,633	45,371,000	10'6	373*
France (1911) ...	207,054	39,602,000	0'8	190
Germany (1910) ...	208,780	64,926,000	13'1	310
Denmark (1911) ...	15,582	2,775,000	14'5	178
Holland (1914) ...	12,582	6,340,000	14'8	504
Portugal (1911) ...	35,490	5,958,000	13'2	153
Belgium (1910) ...	11,373	7,424,000	8'1	652

##### (2) Colonial Empire and Ratio to Home Population.

State.	Area in square miles.	Estimated population.	No. of home inhabitants per square mile.	No. of sq. miles to 1,000 inhabitants.
United Kingdom ...	13,032,200	388,408,000	3'5	287
France† ...	4,539,000	40,986,000	8'7	115
Germany‡ ...	1,032,000	11,692,000	62'9	16
Denmark ...	86,600	127,000	32	31
Holland ...	735,000	48,000,000	8'6	116
Portugal ...	802,950	9,145,000	7'4	135
Belgium ...	909,700	15,000,000	8'2	123

These tables show at a glance how the shoe pinches in Germany. Of the seven major and minor colonial States of Europe Germany has—

##### (a) the largest home population;

\* England and Wales, 618; Scotland, 160; Ireland, 135.

† Including Sahara, 1½ million square miles, and excluding Morocco, 219,000 square miles.

‡ Including Congo territory ceded by France in 1911.

- (b) the fourth highest density of home population ;
- (c) the fourth highest rate of natural increase of population ;
- (d) the largest number of home inhabitants to every square mile of colonial territory, and conversely,
- (e) the smallest ratio of colonial empire to home population.

Let it be remembered also that this disparity is steadily increasing to Germany's disadvantage. Before the war France, with only three-fifths of Germany's population, with little more than half her density of population, and a birth-rate which barely counter-balanced a too-excessive death-rate, had a colonial empire seven times larger in area and three times larger in population than that of her eastern neighbour. Great as this disproportion was before the war, it will be still more marked in future. For Germany it will be a comparatively easy matter to make good the loss of life which she has suffered during the last three years, terrible though it will be. Placing the loss at a million and a-half men it represents, on the pre-war rate of increase, less than two years' excess of births over deaths, though, owing to the sacrifice of so large a part of the nation's virile manhood, the time taken to restore the full wastage of war will be far longer.

For France, however, in the absence of a quite unexpected increase in her rate of natality, which for many years has left her population almost stationary, it is to be feared that her loss of manpower owing to the war will be irreparable and permanent. The following figures, showing the natural growth of population in Germany, France, and the United Kingdom during the years 1910 to 1913 put the matter in a tangible form :—

Year.		Germany.		France.		United Kingdom.
1910	...	897,100	...	71,400	...	492,600
1911	...	739,900	...	34,900	...	432,700
1912	...	839,900	...	57,900	...	465,000
1913	...	833,800	...	41,900	...	445,300

The truth is that France has never had a surplus population wherewith to colonise: she has not population sufficient for her own needs at home. Strictly speaking, France does not colonise at all, but only governs her over-sea dominions in the old Roman way. Germany has had such a surplus population in the past and will have it again, and, after a time, in an increasing degree. It is a significant fact that while, since 1871, the density of population has increased in France from 174 to only 190 inhabitants to the square mile, it has increased in Germany from 110 to 310.

The increasing development of Germany on industrial lines will further strengthen the demand for outlets. Such a development is not to the mind of the agrarians, whose efforts have for over a generation been concentrated upon the endeavour to prevent Germany from ceasing to be an agricultural State. The same aim will be followed in the future with the old perseverance, but without any hope of further success. However the great land-owners of Prussia, Mecklenburg, and other States may try, it will be impossible to apply the agrarian brake to their country's indus-

trial progress in future. If Germany is to recuperate, and eventually to retrieve her old prosperity, as she assuredly will do, and in a far shorter time than most advocates of economic boycotts and similar retaliatory devices appear to think, it will be by the multiplication and intensified development of all her sources of wealth.

We must be prepared, therefore, for a great stimulus to production and manufacture in every direction. For a long time the neglected needs of her own population and that of her allies will keep her mines and forges and factories busily employed, but in the end there will be increased pressure in foreign markets, and once again British traders must be prepared for painful surprises. Then, if not quieted beforehand, the old cry for a foothold in territories which would serve at once as markets for German merchandise and as sources of raw materials for industrial use, like vegetable oils and cotton, would be raised with greater urgency than ever before. As to the latter of these purposes it is perhaps not generally known how entirely dependent Germany is upon the tropical colonies of Great Britain, France, and Belgium for such articles as palm kernels, rape-seed, cotton seed, earth-nuts, copra, and linseed, in spite of all her efforts to increase the supplies from her own colonies.

But the future needs of population and trade are not the only, and for many Germans not the strongest, argument for colonies. Behind the colonial movement is a strong and sincere desire that Germany shall cease to be dependent in an ever-increasing degree upon other countries for house room for her emigrant population. It is no answer to this argument to say that the colonies of other countries are open to Germans so long as they are willing to go to them and will behave themselves. It is natural that Germany should desire territories to which she can send her sons and daughters with the knowledge that they will be able to remain German instead of becoming the subjects of foreign States, where their wealth will be part of Germany's wealth, and their national spirit, traditions, and customs be fostered in an atmosphere entirely favourable.

It would be a great mistake to belittle German national sentiment on the colonial movement. I have followed this movement closely since its beginnings early in the 'eighties. Germany's colonial empire may be said to have been built up, if not in a day, at least almost in a single year, for all her large protectorates were acquired between the summer of 1884 and the later months of 1885. I was an eye-witness of the jubilation which greeted at that time the founding of what was regarded as a Greater Germany across the seas, and its many exuberant public manifestations—some fantastic and extravagant, though excusable in a young nation—were to me a singular revelation of the sentimental side of the German character, as it existed in those days. Since then the colonial movement has passed through many phases. A time of enthusiasm and inordinate expectations was soon succeeded by one of depression, when it was seen that all that glittered was not gold, and the brilliant results which it was unreasonably hoped would fall like ripe fruit from a prolific tree failed to appear at once. Bad adminis-



tration, due partly to inexperience and to the want of clear ideas as to what colonisation meant and implied, but also to the despatch to the protectorates of inefficient, unsuitable, and often evil-living men, brought reproach and discredit upon a venture which had been entered upon with high hopes and good intentions. Short-sightedness, stupidity, and cruelty combined fostered disaffection amongst the native populations, and this led in some of the colonies to a succession of big and little wars, in which stern punishment was meted to the natives with no sense of proportion. In South-West Africa the climax of a long series of punitive expeditions was the war of extermination waged against the Hereros from 1904 forward—a huge blunder from which that colony is still suffering.

With the reorganisation of the colonial service and the cleansing of the administration, a humaner spirit has entered into the relationships between the officials and the native populations. Much has also been done for the development of the natural resources of the African colonies by the building of railways and other measures. In these ways, and by the training of the natives to regular habits of industry, by the establishment of experimental farms, schools, hospitals, and the introduction of improved sanitation, &c., the material and moral welfare of the subject populations has been promoted; and the colonies, though with several exceptions not yet financially independent, were before the war on the way to that desirable condition.

Above all, the colonial movement has been re-established in national esteem and confidence. One by one the parties which originally either opposed it or held towards it an attitude of suspicion and indifference have come into line upon the main principle, that colonies are indispensable to Germany's future, as an outlet for population, as a source of raw materials and a market for the products of her ever-expanding industries. The Radicals, who twenty years ago were ready to sell the colonies to the highest or any bidder, would not now part with them for money or love; even the Socialists no longer scoff at colonial policy as something artificial and irrational, and in the present war are as warmly opposed to the cession of Togo or the "German East" as to that of Alsace-Lorraine. There is no longer in the colonial movement any trace of the old, almost childlike, credulity, but its place has been taken by a disposition to treat the colonies seriously, and on the whole by a greater readiness to recognise the moral obligations which empire carries with it. Thirty years ago the Germans played with their colonies as with toys; to-day their attitude towards them is that of sober men. It should be remembered also that the colonies have cost the mother country dearly both in treasure and in life, for each one has proved a veritable graveyard of soldiers, officials, and traders. Hence the nation's instincts of piety and gratitude are bound up, in a large degree, with these territories, whose history forms a considerable part of the history of the new Empire. It would be a grave political blunder to wound unduly the feelings of a whole nation in a matter which for it is one of honour, reputation, and pride.

Let me repeat that it is to the interest of the British Empire in

particular that Germany should be given all reasonable scope for colonial expansion, both now and in the future, since by endeavouring to limit her needlessly we should increase the difficulties of our own position abroad. The law of territorial constriction is one with that of physical constriction in general, and it was once formulated by Count Beust, the Austrian foreign minister, *à propos* of the attempt to bind Russia by the Pontus clauses of the Treaty of Paris of 1856, in the words "Toute compression excessive a pour effet de provoquer l'expansion dans une autre direction." Let us try to confine Germany to Europe as we did thirty years ago, to our lasting harm, and we should increase Germany's pressure upon her neighbours, keep alive and accentuate her old restlessness, and justify again the accusation of selfishness made by Bismarck in 1885 against Great Britain as a country which was not satisfied with owning so large a part of the earth's surface, but grudged other nations a share in her leavings. Conversely, by assisting Germany to realise all rightful imperialistic aspirations we should by so much relieve pressure at home, and so promote the harmony and tranquillity of Europe in the new order of things to be created.

To withhold colonies from Germany, great as our resentment against her may be, would be a petty act of retaliation which might be pregnant with large and disastrous results. It would be to tell her that henceforth she cannot be allowed to colonise except by permission of Great Britain. That would be a declaration of war against German national aspirations. Are we prepared to face the consequences, and is the gain to be derived from such an attitude worth the risk? On the other hand, a policy of conciliation upon this question would justify itself abundantly; the history of the relationships of the British race to other nations has proved this a hundred times in the past, and will prove it a hundred times in the future. There is no reason in the world why, in addition to the hostility and resentment of the enemy nations which we shall share in common with our Allies over the general issues of the war, we should go out of our way to earn an extra portion on our own account over the colonial question. Whether they like it or not, Great Britain and Germany will again be neighbours in the future, and our action at the end of the war will decide whether they shall be tolerably good neighbours or intolerably bad ones. If, on the colonial question, we meet Germany in a conciliatory spirit and do it handsomely, as only a strong, dignified, and generous nation can, we shall do more to counteract and discredit the malarious propagandism of Pan-Germanism than all the criminations and recriminations in the world, and we may perhaps succeed in dislodging from the German mind generally—it would be well worth our while—that disposition to regard the British Empire as a proper object of envy and covetousness which has done so much to poison the political life of Germany and to divert the nation's attention from sober and legitimate imperialistic enterprises.

The question whether Germany shall have her colonies back or not upon conditions is essentially one between that country and our own, and we, and not the Allies, shall have to bear the sole responsibility—not formally, it may be, but in reality—for whatever

decision is arrived at. Let the Continental Powers be considered one by one, and it will be seen that not one of them has a vital interest, or any interest at all, in thwarting Germany's colonial aspirations, and that there is only one upon whose co-operation Great Britain would be able to rely in an undertaking of such doubtful wisdom. Why should we take upon ourselves so great and needless a responsibility?

Let us weigh well the fact that if, justifying herself by the fact of possession, and relying upon her existing invulnerable naval power, Great Britain should refuse to return to Germany any of her captured colonies on any terms whatever, the day will come when we shall have to fight for the possession of these territories, and perhaps much else. We might have allies in that struggle or we might not, for alliances are proverbially unstable, but it would be unsafe to count upon them. The British democracy, which can never be made to fight against its will, might once more rally to the cause of Empire with the noble fidelity which marks it to-day in a struggle in which Empire is only one amongst other issues. But, as Russia is reminding us at the present time, democracies do not love foreign adventures, and they will love them less than ever in the future. Even assuming, however, that the Empire again stood together as one man, the risks and sacrifices that would be involved in a conflict of the kind would be utterly out of proportion to the advantage, if it be one at all, of making an inappreciable addition to our vast dominions.

It would be premature to suggest exactly which of Germany's former territories should be restored to her—the restoration of "German South West" is, of course, unthinkable—and on what conditions the rest should remain in other hands, but the necessary adjustments should be made a subject of negotiation, and the idea of exchanges and compensations should be kept steadily in view. In such exchanges it would probably be found expedient to invite France, Belgium, and Portugal to co-operate, if thereby a larger and more comprehensive agreement could be facilitated. Whether in the case of the colonies returned Germany should in every case be required to refund the whole costs of the military expeditions undertaken by the British Empire and the Allies is a fair question for discussion. Such a demand appears reasonable, and compliance with it would make it easier to meet German views.

At the same time Germany should not be allowed to re-enter into possession of any part of her colonial heritage except under certain conditions. One danger in particular must be guarded against. We must take care that the native populations shall not suffer because of actual or suspected faithlessness to their former masters during the war. To compensate Germany in different territories, to give her new colonies for old, were it practicable, would of course be the surest way of making such reprisals impossible, but in so far as this cannot be done we must exact guarantees and adopt safeguards as effective as they can be made.

One of the best safeguards possible would be to make the return to Germany of any of her colonies dependent upon the abandonment

of her present system of semi-absolute government, and its replacement by a parliamentary *régime*, under which the Imperial Diet would control and bear responsibility for the rule of the subject races. Only when Germany has been modernised, by throwing off the last traces of political mediævalism, will the democracies of the New World, as of the Old, have any real satisfaction in welcoming her as a comrade and a partner in the mission of civilisation. The Allied Governments would be wise if they gave Germany immediate notice that this would be an essential condition of the return to her of any colonial empire whatever. The Imperial Government might fume, but I believe that the German nation as a whole would welcome such a condition.

There is also a genuine danger that Germany may in the future regard her colonies as mere recruiting grounds for soldiers, with a view less perhaps to warfare in tropical regions than to the creation of reserves of troops for use against her enemies in Europe in future campaigns. The value of native troops in struggles between white nations is one of the lessons of the war which both Great Britain and France have been at pains to bring home to the minds of the German military authorities. It is obvious that this is a form of warfare in which all colonial Powers will be able to engage according to their resources of native man-power, and the prospect of its being developed on a larger and more systematic scale in the future than in the past is one that suggests grave reflections from the standpoint of political expediency, and still more from that of civilisation and morality. It is deplorable enough that civilised nations should still know no better way of showing their superiority to the untutored savage than by hacking each other to pieces. The idea of training native populations for extensive and systematic participation in future wars, over questions in which they have no interest and which they cannot by any possibility understand, is so abhorrent in itself, and so incompatible with any moral or rational conception of colonisation, that it should be regarded as one of the first and most important duties of the International Congress whose duty it will be to lay the foundations of the world's future relationships to assert the principle that in wars between white nations their colonies shall not be implicated, either directly by becoming themselves arenas of hostile operations, or indirectly by supplying levies of fighting men to serve as food for cannon elsewhere.\* The Congo Act of February 26th, 1885, provides a precedent for such action, for article II., cap. iii., of that treaty embodies a provision the observance of which might have kept large territories and populations of the African continent out of the present war. It would be a great victory for civilisation if that provision were made the basis of a larger and more definite agreement, applying to all States in respect of the indigenes of all their colonial possessions, and if, in addition, the free trade zone defined by the Congo Act were extended so as to include the whole of tropical Africa, from coast to coast.

WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON.

\* This paragraph was written before General Smuts had made his statesmanlike and heart-stirring speech on the subject, voicing the sentiment of moral people in all countries.

## SPAIN IN THE WORLD'S DEBATE.

SOME water has run even under Spanish bridges since Shakespeare wrote of "tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate." In the very year preceding the outbreak of European war, Spain, following the lead of her progressive and energetic king, had seemed finally to cast aside her attitude of isolation and to throw in her lot with that of France and England. The reign of King Alfonso XIII. had been a slow and painful but continuous movement towards recovery from the fatal year of 1898. Recovery for Spain, deprived of her colonies but possessing great resources and energies, meant development of those resources and a unifying process. The progress of the various regions had become marked, and the connecting link between these regions was the Monarchy. But when the war broke out, Spain had not achieved her unity nor was there any great body of public opinion representative of the whole country. The fall of Señor Maura's Government in 1909, after the execution of Ferrer, was brought about by humanitarian, if ignorant, demonstrations in Paris and London, more than by any demonstrations in Spain. This fact explains much, for it means that an act like the sinking of the *Lusitania* will evoke individual condemnation, but not a great wave of public opinion throughout Spain. The geography of the country makes against unity. Trains cannot circulate rapidly over mountain ranges; the Madrid newspapers only reach Barcelona or Valencia on the following day; even the system of weights and measures is not the same throughout the country. Each region has thus succeeded in retaining its characteristics and language, and the regionalist revival during the last half-century has been especially marked in Spain. In the North the Basques preserve their native songs and legends, with their prehistoric language and traditions; the Asturians have their *bable*; Galicia has a whole literature, partly in prose, but especially in verse, in which such names as those of Rosalía de Castro and Don Eduardo Pondal deserve, if they do not possess, a European celebrity. The language spoken and written by the Sevilian also is almost as different from Castilian as is Neapolitan from Italian. On the east coast—Alicante, Almería, and especially Valencia—commercial progress of late years has been as considerable as has been industrial progress in Bilbao and the North-West, and both commercial and industrial progress in Catalonia. Here, too, the development has not been exclusively material. The Catalan literature is richer and more vigorous than that of Galicia, and Jacinto Verdaguer and Victor Balaguer in poetry, and in prose Angel Guimerà and Santiago Rusiñol, are but four out of a galaxy of writers, none of whom have attained the real greatness of Verdaguer or Rosalía de Castro, but many of whom are thoroughly worth reading. And Valencia, the Oriental city of soft light, painted by Sorolla, the most prominent of a whole school of Valencian painters, as Mariano Benlliure is chief among her sculptors, and described so powerfully in the novels of Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, has been sung in Valencian or Limousin by Teodor Llorente, a poet who ranks with the greatest poets of Catalonia and

Galicia, and lives also in the work, likewise written in Valencian, of a number of playwrights some fifty years ago, as Francisco Palanca and Eduardo Escalante. All this is interesting, delightful, and valuable, and cannot for a moment be suspected of injuring the interests of Spain as a whole. Yet it must be admitted that the progress has been too exclusively limited to a few great towns—Bilbao, Valencia, Barcelona. There are regions and villages in Catalonia as backward as any in Spain. The peasant of the soil has not gained anything; his lot has not improved. During these years of progress peasant emigration from Spain went up by leaps and bounds. Catalonia has much to do in her own house before she can speak of setting that of Spain in order. It is impossible for a foreigner not to sympathise with the active, progressive Catalans. He finds himself more at home in the streets of Barcelona, where people walk fast, swinging their arms, and faces have a look of purpose. "But," the Castilian will say, "you have made a huge city, and of course you must hurry to go from one part of it to another. I live in my small town, quietly and well." In fact, the two peoples cannot understand one another, and this is the more regrettable because both have great virtues, and there are arts and crafts in Castile which might well put to shame those of many regions which call themselves more civilised. The Catalan question is thus mainly due to difference of temperament. The phantom of separatism is a political weapon. It may be used by the Catalans to extract concessions from the Government or it may be used by the Government to keep the rest of Spain quiet. But it has no real, certainly no wide basis in reality. As Don Francisco Cambó, leader of the Catalan Regionalists, wrote in a letter recently published, "Catalonia is not and cannot be separatist. Material separation would mean the death of Catalonia." But Catalonia likes to represent herself as the living flower on the dead stalk of Castile. Yet, it may well be asked, if each region has been so successful in flowering, what quarrel have they with the poor stalk which has allowed them thus to flourish? Is their outcry all an altruistic desire that Castile should share their advantages? In the same letter Señor Cambó writes: "Catalonia has succeeded in imposing the will of its citizens and doing away with the electoral farce, from which springs all the corruption of Spanish public life. But it would be mad egoism for Catalonia to be content to enjoy alone the advantages which she can thus obtain, forcing the Government to bestow concessions in her exclusive interest while the corruption and abuses of the old political system continued in the rest of Spain." This is the less candid because Catalonia is not popular in the rest of Spain, and would not be accepted as political redeemer. It is perhaps a pity that this should be so, and the Catalans' reputation of revolutionaries is certainly as little deserved as that of separatists. A small body of revolutionaries, mainly international and consisting of professional bomb-throwers and syndicalist strikers, has succeeded from time to time in terrorising Barcelona, as other great cities; but the Conservative forces in Barcelona are strong, and, in fact, predominate, and the Catalan party, which recognises this and takes as its watchword not a

visionary progress, much less what may be called retrogression through revolution, but order and respect for the law, will have won the day. Spain is the land of political formulæ. The new formula adopted by the coast population is "Desire for renovation." It is felt that the political life and administration of the country are corrupt and false, an oppressive load round the necks of the people. As to the parliamentary representative system, it is no doubt a sorry affair, but the very fact that there is real representation in Catalonia proves that the Madrid Government will not and cannot prevent the expression of public opinion where it exists. The country is suffering from a surfeit of politics, and what is the remedy advocated by the Republicans and other revolutionaries? More politics. The politicians in power, they say, attend exclusively to their own interests and, as a Republican ingenuously wrote a few days ago, it is unfair that the Conservatives and Liberals should be the only parties which enjoy these opportunities. Yet if the politicians are such harpies, it should be remembered that a plague of locusts is never effectively combated by bringing up a fresh swarm of locusts. It is easy to understand the Republican point of view. A political leader who has collected round him a body of partisans can only reward and satisfy their devotion by obtaining office for himself and them. But if we consider not personal interests but the interests of the country, and if the parliamentary system is to be retained, it is scarcely doubtful that public opinion and aspirations can find a voice adequately in the two traditional parties, Liberal and Conservative. It is necessary to strengthen the Liberal party; its weakness and divisions are responsible for much in the present political unrest. Four politicians at least, Señor Garcia Prieto, Marqués de Alhucemas, the Conde de Romanones, and Don Santiago Alba contend for the leadership of this party, while Señor Azcárate and Don Melquíades Alvarez have recently seceded from it to return to the Republicans.

Without asking anyone to renounce his opinions and ideals, it would be an interesting experiment were Republicans and Carlists, Socialists and Revolutionaries, to proclaim a truce for ten years, that is to say, to give the present system ten years in which to effect reforms, to carry out "the revolution from above" (in Señor Maura's phrase), without being hampered by the shadow of any revolutionary movement. At all events, if politicians really care for the interests of Spain, they will make politics more a question of principles and less a matter of personal groups. If democracy means agitation in the name of the people, let political groups and parties prosper and multiply; if it means government in the interests of the real people, it is highly probable that this will best be attained by the dull and orderly succession of two great parties, representing the two main currents of opinion. What is quite certain is that there is no widespread anti-dynastic feeling in the country. The King is personally extremely popular, nor are the evils from which Spain suffers laid generally at the door of the Monarchy, and much less attributed to King Alfonso XIII. The King, has said the Conservative Premier, Don Eduardo Dato,

stimulates progress in Spain. The Monarchy, says the Liberal Conde de Romanones, is the basis of all progress in Spain. What has been interpreted abroad as an anti-dynastic revolution tones down in Spain to a desire for reform. Besides the political system, the administration of the country is unsatisfactory. Taxes and public works alike are farmed out in such a way that the State receive but little of what the people pay, and the workmen little of the sums expended by the State. Here, again, the remedy is not a political revolution, but the education of the individual to understand that the State is not an abstraction, a wonderful purse which one may beg from or rob at will, but that the State is the people, and that the interests of State and people are necessarily one. Certainly as public opinion develops in Spain it will be strongly behind the Government which diminishes the number of officials, pays them better, and punishes with a swift and relentless hand any official, high or low, convicted of defrauding the State by any of the hundred means at his disposal, such as collusion in contraband or in evasion of taxes. It was against routine, bureaucracy and corruption that the army protested on June 1 and the "seditious" members of Parliament on July 19. Both movements occurred at Barcelona, that is, in the region of Spain where public opinion is most keenly awake. No doubt it was right to protest, but the protest made, by all means the present system should be given ten years' grace, as suggested above, in which to effect reforms, and not ten years of grudging grace, but of hearty co-operation in the work of reform. All that the friends of Spain can pray for is that heaven may keep her from embarking on a period of political upheaval and constitution-mongering from which the country and the people will gain absolutely nothing, from which the country and the people will suffer abundantly. Perhaps it will be gathered from what has been said above that Spain has plenty to occupy her thoughts and energies without wishing to intervene in the war. The plain, bald fact is that there are individuals, but no strong party, in favour of intervention. That a very strong element favours the Allies is another matter, and an undoubted fact. The *rapprochement* of 1907 and 1913 between Great Britain, France and Spain suits Spanish interests, politically and commercially, and remains in force. So much is this the case that, at first, it is not easy to see with what object German intrigue and German gold are employing themselves in Spain, since by no possible twisting of facts can the interests of Spain and Germany be made to coincide. And since Germany has nothing to offer Spain, now and after the war, only the prospect of an invasion of shoddy German wares to take the place of those solid and excellent articles which prove that Spain is one of the few countries where the workman still takes a pride in his handiwork, it is obvious that every German action and intrigue in Spain must be directed against the interests of Spain. For instance, an agreement such as that negotiated by the Marqués de Cortina, by which Spain would obtain the coal she needs in return for supplying minerals and some of her cargo-boats now lying idle, would suit the interests of Spain and of the Allies. Is she to renounce



this and similar advantages merely to please Germany, from whom she can expect nothing? No doubt Germany, now almost friendless in the Old World and the New, clings pathetically to the last vestiges of friendly feeling in Spain. "If we sink your steamers it is with no unfriendly motive," she says to Spain, with tears in her eyes. And if she can represent the Allies as revolutionaries and paint Great Britain as the promoter of sedition, she argues very plausibly that the strong Conservative elements in Spain will more than ever hold aloof from the struggle. But even British diplomatists are not madmen. They know that the result of a successful revolution in Spain would be chaos, a chaos from which the Allies could receive no kind of advantage. The Germans realise this too, and the inference is obvious. Clandestine sheets have even been distributed in the name of Great Britain and France inciting to revolutionary acts. But intrigues of this kind usually end by reacting against their authors. Meanwhile the advocacy of revolution in Spain by special correspondents sent by Lisbon Republican newspapers has, no doubt, given much satisfaction to Germany. The simple question which Spanish statesmen have to ask themselves is as follows: Germany naturally pulls for German interests, and the Allies pull for those of the Allies. On which side do the interests of Spain lie? The answer is obvious, and, accordingly, while Spain will maintain her neutrality, it is certain to become more and more friendly towards the Allies and more and more marked with distrust of Germany. Not only are the Allies the only possible customers of Spain at the present time, but in the future her interests demand that her Allies should be France, her neighbour to the North, and Great Britain, her sea neighbour. Unless, of course, she thinks that Germany is going to destroy the British fleet and become the great sea-power. But even so, Spain is not a country which veers and shuffles at the biddings of self-interest. She will remain true to her quasi-Allies, as they were before the war, viz., Great Britain and France. Of that there can be no manner of doubt. The only danger to Spain at present would be if Germany were to persuade her that her neutrality demanded the sacrifice of Spanish interests to please Germany. A chivalrous country such as Spain might make this mistake, which a cynical country like Germany would receive with satisfied amusement. And, of course, Germany will continue to pose as the friend of law and order, and to represent the Allies as revolutionaries, whereas revolution in Spain is the very last thing which the Allies desire, or which any responsible person among the Allies would encourage. The necessary reform and cleansing of the public administration in Spain must be gradual. The talk of Europeanising Spain should be received with considerable distrust; before endorsing this formula one would like to be certain that Europe has not as much to learn from as to teach the Castilian and the noble peasants of the other districts of Spain in the art of living. Probably, if Spanish politicians require a formula the best that they could devise would be "the old forms in a new spirit." The spirit of the individual must change. He must learn to trust his own powers, to have pride in his country, and

believe in its future sufficiently to employ his capital in Spanish industrial, commercial, and agricultural enterprises, and to live on his estate instead of frequenting foreign watering-places. But the Government will have to encourage all such individual initiative by providing a fairer, less oppressive and cumbrous taxation, by seeing to it that the laws do not remain a dead letter, and that justice and public office are not bought and sold. Spain suffers like other countries from the war, but the Spanish people is strangely ignorant of conditions in other countries if it does not realise how much better off it is than other countries. The very fact that it has an abundance of cheap and excellent white bread should keep it contented. But since man cannot live by bread alone the politicians go racing round the country in the search for a formula. They have no programme which the two traditional parties are not able and willing to adopt, and frequently they stand in great danger of having to confess nakedly that their object is to drive out those now in power in order to secure the sweets of office for themselves. But the long-suffering Spanish people may be excused for failing to understand how it will benefit by the change. The choice for Spain thus seems to be between an ancient and somewhat rusty machine, which still moves forward, and is capable, given sincerity and goodwill on the part of all those concerned, of increasing its speed, and chaos, a machinery from which all the screws and hinges have been loosened or removed. It is surely not too much to expect that a nation of vital energy and vigorous individuality such as the Spanish will have the strength of character not to go harking after foreign inventions and revolutionary formulæ, but to lay aside the tempting revolutionary tinsel and devote themselves quietly to furbishing up and improving the existing machinery. A denationalised Spain would lose her soul and gain nothing, she would even lose that respect in which throughout her history she has been held. The progress of each individual—and it is abundantly clear that the development of the individual in Spain, although it may still be an uphill business, is not any more impossible than has been the progress of the various regions—will help to vivify and reform the Spanish State, and the knowledge of this will gradually extend to the State that pride which the vast majority of Spaniards, whatever they may say, now have in the Monarchy.

A. F. BELL.

## MOROCCO IN WAR-TIME.

**P**UBLIC attention has been so engrossed by what has been passing in the principal theatres of the war that many events of considerable importance that have taken place elsewhere have been almost overlooked. The admirable attitude of loyalty adopted by the Moslem Colonies and Protectorates of England and France have been fully acknowledged and fully appreciated, but many of the actual services which their populations have rendered, not only on the front but also in their home countries, have to a large extent escaped notice.

General as is the spirit of loyalty shown by the Moslem subjects of the two Great Powers in whose dominions so many Islamic peoples reside, perhaps the most remarkable of all has been the attitude of the people of Morocco toward France. The untamed nature of the Moors; the political state of the country; the fact that the Protectorate was in its very infancy when war broke out; the rumoured fanaticism of the tribes; the vast extent of German intrigue, these and many other factors might have rendered more than probable an outburst that France, engaged at home in a life and death struggle, might have found the greatest difficulty—perhaps an impossibility—to stifle. Nothing of the sort has occurred.

In order to appreciate the situation of Morocco as it was in August, 1914, a few words are necessary as to what had passed previous to that date. It must not be forgotten that until the beginning of this twentieth century, Morocco remained an unknown, and practically unexplored country. It had previously always been the object of the European Powers to conceal this unfortunate Sultanate from the public gaze, and to let it drag on its unhappy existence of misery, corruption, and want. The respective Governments of Europe described the process as "the maintaining of the integrity of Morocco." But even before the first "arrangements" between England and France in 1904, the north-west corner of Africa had begun to attract attention. The rotten fabric was giving way, and the Powers realised it. Such money as they lent to the Sultan merely rendered their hold over the country stronger, and hurried on the death agony of its independence. It was all for the best, for Morocco's state was such as to render it not only a danger, but a disgrace to the world. A series of international "arrangements" followed, including those of the Conference of Algeciras of 1906. There is no need to refer to them here, for they formed only the steps that led to the situation which was existing in Morocco when war broke out.

In 1914 France was already in possession of the greater part of her wealthy zone, which consists of the entire southern portion of the country. Spain, on the contrary, was struggling, very inadequately and very hopelessly, to increase the sphere of her occupation of the north, which, by the same series of treaties, had fallen under her domination and protection. In spite of an army of nearly 80,000 troops, she had been able to occupy only the fringe of her share of the country—and even to-day has made but

little and unsatisfactory progress. The third division of Morocco, Tangier, with its minute hinterland, was on the point of being blessed—and ruined—by the introduction of a "status of internationalisation," so complicated, so expensive, and so hopeless that financial, political, and moral bankruptcy would have immediately ensued. Without revenues, with only a scanty and poor district included in its zone, this piteous little international State, where everything is yet to be done, was expected to be self-supporting. The form of Government chosen, where almost every functionary was to be of a different nationality and speak a different language, gave the impression that, for some inexplicable reason, the Powers of Europe had taken the Tower of Babel as their model. In any case, the edifice they desired to construct would have been destined to a similar fate. Happily the war put an end to this folly, and the position of Tangier will be reconsidered, and, it is hoped, in a very different spirit, after the conclusion of hostilities.

The real Morocco may be said to begin and end with the French Protectorate. The rest is chaos and ruin. The Spanish zone, with less than a fringe occupied, is under the dictatorship of Raisuli, the famous ex-brigand. He governs natives and Spaniards alike. He collects, and keeps for himself, all the revenues of the tribes, and, in addition, demands and receives money from Spain for the upkeep of his native troops, who owe allegiance to him and to him only. But the Spanish zone is only interesting from the influence that has been exerted from it over the neighbouring French Protectorate—and this influence can be readily understood when it is called to mind that Spain in Europe being neutral, Spain in Morocco remained neutral too. She therefore allowed as many Germans as liked to come into her zone, and as the Spanish Army is, and always has been, distinctly pro-German in its sentiments, the band of German intriguers was received with cordiality. With perfect freedom of action, they immediately set to work to stir up rebellion in the French Protectorate.

Morocco has often been in strangely anomalous positions, but never in such an anomalous one as this. The Sultan is still technically Sultan of the entire country, and is represented in the Spanish sphere of influence by a Khalifa—his cousin. But the Sultan was a belligerent in the French Protectorate—his troops were fighting at the front—a neutral in the Spanish zone, and a sort of vague international-belligerent-neutral in the Tangier zone, whence the Germans had been expelled at the outbreak of war.

From Tetuan and Larache, the latter only a few miles from the borders of the two spheres, the Germans, unhindered and often assisted, carried on an impassioned campaign against the French. As to the attitude adopted by certain of the Spanish authorities, it is best to keep silence here, for two reasons. First, because after the war the Spanish Government, whose good faith is not disputed, will be fully informed of events and incidents of which they are ignorant, or which they have ignored; and secondly, because the very difficult position in which the Spanish Government found itself then, and finds itself to-day, should at least command pity and commiseration.

It is perhaps fairer to describe the attitude of the Spanish authorities in Morocco rather as anti-French than as pro-German, for local jealousy had much to do with the question. They had seen the prosperity and success of France in the neighbouring zone, due to unceasing energy, wise finance, and general capability—and they had always under their own eyes their own hopeless failure. One has no right to demand friendly feelings from a people who cannot and do not want to appreciate, and they had perfect liberty to be masters of their own sentiments. That these were pro-German has only wrought more harm to their own cause in Morocco than they would have benefited that of France had they been pro-Ally. Spanish influence has counted for very little, but the rebellion which their friends and guests the Germans tried to stir up in the French Protectorate has only resulted in the increase of anarchy in the Spanish zone. It is difficult to set your neighbour's house on fire, particularly if it joins your own, without risking burning that too.

The state of affairs in the French zone was very different. To begin with, it contains all that is best in Morocco in the way of towns, agricultural wealth, which is immense, and population. In extent it is great, and full of untouched wealth. With the exception of a small, but rich agricultural district near Alcazar, in the Spanish zone, it contains the entire grain growing lands of Morocco, the full value of which is now beginning to be appreciated. But rich soil is not sufficient to bring prosperity; it requires energy and method to work it, and means of communication to render its produce available. The French have clearly realised this; but the Spaniards have done nothing, and their rich patch of land near Alcazar is probably a little less prosperous than formerly, owing to the trade of the neighbouring port of Larache having diminished from the harbour facilities which the French have introduced in their zone. With admirable energy the French have opened up their territory. Month by month the length of constructed roads is added to—there are some 1,500 kilometres of roads already—railways are being extended, ports improved, and harbours built. Hundreds of millions of francs have been invested in public works, and France will reap the benefit tenfold. Already the opening up of communications between the inlands and the coast has allowed Morocco during the war to pour its agricultural wealth into France. The soil is of the richest, the rainfall generally sufficient, and there are numerous rivers destined to spread their waters over vast extents of ground when the great irrigation schemes, which are now being studied, are introduced. The whole plain of Marakesh can be irrigated at all times of the year by the rivers of melting snow that pour down from the Atlas Mountains, while further north, the Um er-Rebia and the Sebou will suffice for hundreds of square miles of irrigation.

The population of the French Protectorate is essentially agricultural, and by far the greater part of the land is owned by the natives, who wisely largely refuse to sell, even at the tempting prices of to-day. The Moor of the cultivated districts is industrious, thrifty, and, with the exception of certain mountain tribes, by nature

peaceful and peace-loving. Long deprived of good government, they have been for centuries squeezed, persecuted, and imprisoned by the most unscrupulous and corrupt of taskmasters—their own Sultans and authorities. To-day they fully appreciate the inestimable benefits of security of life and property. The population, always large, is increasing not so much from the cessation of tribal warfare as from the improved conditions of life, and from the steps that have been taken by the French to ameliorate the general health by sanitation in the towns and by the founding of dispensaries and hospitals everywhere.

It was only in 1912 that the French Protectorate over Morocco was proclaimed, after the advance of the French troops to the northern capital, Fez, where Mulai Hafid, the Sultan, who had recently usurped the throne of his brother, was closely besieged by the tribes. The city relieved, negotiations were at once set on foot to bring the Sultan and his Makhzen (Government) to a just realisation of the true state of affairs, and to make them understand that France, with Europe behind her, would not permit the existing state of anarchy and barbarism to continue. The treaty of Protectorate was signed in April (1912), and a few days later a massacre of the French officers commanding the Moorish Army took place. Several French civilians were also murdered. It was then that the French Government took a happy decision, and one of the greatest importance. They sent as Resident-General of the Protectorate General Lyautey. He already knew the Moorish people and appreciated their good qualities. His period of command on the Algero-Moroccan frontier had been a political and personal success. His special mission to the tribes after the bombardment of Casablanca had increased his reputation for unravelling the chaotic situations which were of such constant occurrence at that time. Everywhere he had been he had gained the confidence of the people.

General Lyautey's task in 1912 was no easy one. With great delicacy and tact he restored calm in Fez. Mulai Hafid abdicated the throne, and a younger half-brother, Mulai Yusef, the reigning sovereign, took his place. From 1912 till the outbreak of war in August, 1914, Morocco underwent great changes. Everything had to be done. Not only had an entirely new organisation to be formed, but the corrupt and irresponsible organisation already existing had to be got rid of, and this without giving offence to the religious or traditional sentiments of the people. The Sultanate of Morocco is in the hands of descendants of the Prophet, and is a throne of much religious significance. The Sultan is recognised as Khalifa, or representative of Islam. How delicate a task, in these circumstances, was the reconstruction of a Government can easily be appreciated. Yet out of the corruption that existed, out of chaos and anarchy, arose law, order, and peace. Religious sentiments were strictly respected; tradition was revived rather than suppressed, and the astonished native saw—not as he had imagined would be the case, the installation of a Government foreign in race and alien in religion—but the restoration of what had been best in the past history of his own country. The revenues of the mosques were reorganised, collected, and properly spent. Native colleges,

long since closed, were reopened. Schools sprang up on every side, where an education strictly suitable to the class represented was obtained. The great local feasts were encouraged, with their picturesque "fantasias" and junketings. The Moors were given amusement as well as work, and they flocked in unaccustomed numbers to the annual rejoicings that take place on the anniversaries of saints and holy men. Their prosperity increased. New roads stretching far into the interior facilitated the carriage of grain to the coast for export. Taxes were regular and modest. Security of life and property removed their perpetual fears of other days. They had no longer to sit up of a night, rifle in hand, to protect their cattle from marauders, or to pass their days in terror of arrest, imprisonment, and the confiscation of all they possessed. Trade increased; their welfare and their manner of life improved, and materially they benefited in every way.

There were districts as yet unoccupied by the Protectorate forces, where the struggle still continued. Columns of troops were employed to protect the submitted tribes from their rebellious brothers of the mountains, who lost no opportunity to swoop down and pillage as in the old days. A Protectorate entails "protection," and the importance of being able to preserve the friendly tribesmen from their own unsubmitted people was essential and recognised. Force was employed only where necessary, and in those cases where negotiation was impossible. General Lyautey's policy was to have the force ready to hand, to make it very apparent, but never to use it unnecessarily. Success everywhere accompanied the Protectorate troops. When necessity demanded, they struck hard, generally once—and then negotiations in a spirit of conciliation were opened. In parts the French were welcomed, in others tolerated; but an understanding was in nearly every case arrived at and maintained. So successful has been this policy, which has been maintained since the war broke out, that in the greater part of the French Protectorate the presence of troops is absolutely unnecessary, and one can travel for hundreds of miles without seeing more than a handful of soldiers. The whole Protectorate forces form the cordon that holds the still unsubmitted tribesmen in check, on the far-away outskirts of the occupied territory. Two years (1912-1914) was a short period in which to prepare the most aloof of Islamic peoples to withstand the shock of war, and the temptations of revolt. Yet Morocco has remained loyal.

Above I have pointed out the bright side of the picture: the eminently successful French policy, the prosperity of the country, and the peace which ensued. All that stood France in very good stead. It was the factor that saved the situation. Yet August, 1914, was a critical month in Morocco. All outward appearances foretold a continuation of calm, but how deep, or how shallow, were these outward appearances? No one could say. The great majority of the Moors had accepted the French Protectorate and realised its benefits; but there is no people serving under a foreign domination, more especially when that domination is alien in religion, that does not turn its thoughts to revolt, should the temptation be too strong. No matter what benefits may accrue from it, foreign control is, to

say the least, irksome, and at such crises human nature is apt to be influenced less by clear reasoning, less by commonsense or by an appreciation of its own welfare than by a blind sentiment which often fails to foresee—and is content to leave to chance—the future. Most oriental revolutions have been undertaken rather to get rid of what existed than in the spirit of a desire for prearranged amelioration. Mulai Abdul Aziz, the Sultan, was deposed by his people under his brother, Mulai Hafid, because he was too gentle and too extravagant to reign. Four years later Mulai Hafid was forced to abdicate because he was too harsh and too grasping. But in August, 1914, it was no case of choosing between two brothers of their own Royal Family. Morocco, emerging from chaos, was called upon to decide between the continuance of a foreign and religiously alien domination and a possible—to them probable—restoration of their country's integrity under a Sultan of their own race and a Government of their own religion. Had the question been confined to the districts already occupied and pacified by the French, no doubts as to the loyalty of the people would have existed; but there were still large and inaccessible districts of Morocco—forests, and snow-clad mountains and deserts—where the tribes were unsubmitted and hostile. These tribe lands—and the Spanish zone in the north—had become the refuge of all the agitators, whence the cry of a "holy war" was sounded far and near. The outbreak of war increased the German intrigue tenfold. Money was poured into those regions; Turkish agents were despatched to assist in the dissemination of lies, and in the flooding of the districts with anti-French literature. The tribes were already well armed—Morocco has always been the paradise of the contrabandist—and further supplies of rifles and ammunition were speedily forthcoming, smuggled in through the Spanish zone, or landed in the extreme south by boats from the Canary Islands. That the French and Protectorate forces that were in Morocco in August, 1914, were amply sufficient to have faced this new danger, there is no doubt; but the greater part of the troops, and of their artillery, were wanted in France, and that at once. Just at the moment when it seemed suicidal to withdraw one man from Morocco, General Lyautey was called upon to denude the country of troops.

It is not surprising that, under these circumstances, the French Government decided to withdraw all its garrisons, and all civilians, from the interior of Morocco, and to hold only the towns on the Atlantic coast. No other policy seemed possible, and orders to this effect were telegraphed to the Resident-General.

These orders to abandon the interior were never carried out. General Lyautey took upon himself the responsibility to refuse to obey them, and a wise Government accepted his determination.

Let us consider for a moment what obedience to these orders would have entailed. First, the political effects would have been disastrous. The prestige of France in Morocco would have been lost, probably for ever. Secondly, the withdrawal of troops and civilians from the interior—and Europeans of all nationalities would have had to retire with them—would have let loose every passion



of the more lawless of the population, for no self-respecting tribesmen could look on at such an exhibition of weakness and acknowledgment of failure, without seizing the occasion to pillage and murder. Colonists in outlying districts would have been massacred, and all European property in the interior would have been destroyed, for the Sultan and Government, tainted with French protection, would have had to leave too, abandoning the entire country to anarchy, to the fanatic, and to the barbarian. Probably the better class and richer Moors would have suffered a like fate, for the mob would have been intent upon indiscriminating havoc and pillage. It is not only in countries like Morocco that the withdrawal of every semblance and form of Government would lead to similar results! The retreating columns, hindered by the presence of women and children, would have been hampered all along the roads, and have suffered heavily. The disastrous effects of this retreat would have been felt not only in Algeria and Tunis, but also in Egypt. Nothing but the most critical situation in France could have led the Government to envisage such a policy. Yet it was perhaps all they could do. It was better to risk losing Morocco than to lose France, and every available soldier and gun were desperately needed.

General Lyautey never hesitated. He began at once to ship troops and artillery to France, as requested, but his orders to such garrisons as he was able to leave in the interior were these: "Stand fast. Not an inch of ground must be ceded." He took upon himself a vast responsibility. Time and subsequent events have proved that he was justified in doing so, for he saved France in Morocco.

A man of the world, an aristocrat in the best sense of that often misapplied term, an indefatigable worker, just, reasonable, and full of kindness, General Lyautey's character is one that has appealed direct to the heart of the native of Morocco. His personal influence is immense. He admires and likes the Moors, and, above all, is possessed of that charm which so facilitates dealings with oriental peoples. Under his *régime* there has been a renaissance in Morocco of all that is best in Islam—of Moorish education and of Moorish art. The people have seen their ruined mosques and colleges reverently restored to their pristine beauty. Fez is not becoming an Europeanised town, but is being brought to a semblance of what it was at its best—a beautiful, mysterious, oriental city. Nothing is being changed, except in accordance with Moslem art, and Fez is to-day practically the only Eastern city in the world which has never been defaced by Western improvements.

But General Lyautey's first duties in August, 1914, were naturally to guarantee the protection of the Europeans in the interior, and to continue with seriously diminished forces to keep the outer tribes in check. The whole military system of the country had to be reorganised, for a long time must elapse before territorial troops could be expected to take the place of the regular forces sent to France. With an admirable celerity, mobile columns were organised, with instructions to be always patrolling. The distances these columns covered, and cover to-day in their long and tedious duties, are almost incredible. By a system of the co-ordination of

movements and dates, the columns met from time to time, only to disperse again in different directions. The enemy was given no chance to collect in force. Wherever a hostile group was reported, a column arrived and dispersed it—often inflicting serious losses.

Once the organisation of the protecting circle of troops was accomplished, and the programme of their never-ceasing movements regulated, General Lyautey turned his attention to the occupied districts of the country. His idea was that there must be no sign of the weakening of the French position, and no sign that the critical period at home could lessen French effort in Morocco. With his mobile columns his work was but half accomplished. It must also be brought home to the peaceful inhabitants that France was capable of continuing her work for their welfare and prosperity, as well as of protecting herself in Europe. Enjoying the confidence of his Government, the Resident-General obtained almost all he asked for in the way of finances. He realised that peace could only be preserved if Morocco continued on its road of prosperity. He organised vast and useful public works; the construction of roads was hurried on. Nothing was abandoned; everywhere new works were undertaken. The Moor who had expected to see a relaxation of France's effort in the country saw, on the contrary, an augmentation. The labourer found work at good wages. The money he earned was spent in the little native shops. The native shopkeepers refurnished their stores from the wholesale merchant, and every class benefited. The extension of roads, the improvement of the ports, and the building of bridges facilitated transport and trade, and that part of Morocco that France had pacified continued its existence in a state of increased prosperity. Nor were public works the only appeal that the Resident-General made, for in 1915, under every disadvantage that war and a shortage of shipping occasioned, the Protectorate Government held a most successful exhibition in Casablanca, where whole streets of pavilions exhibited the products of the country and the manufactures of France, and where the native was initiated into the exhilarating mysteries of "Alpine railways" and side shows.

Meanwhile the German agents, safely installed in the friendly Spanish zone, were carrying on an impassioned campaign against the French, and moving heaven and earth to raise a revolution. For years past Germany had been trying to combat French influence in Morocco, and, since the declaration of the Protectorate, to undermine her influence by a campaign of intrigue and abuse. So sudden was the outbreak of war, that some of these agents fell into the hands of the French authorities. They were tried, found guilty, and shot. Letters and incriminating documents were discovered that proved that the Germans had prepared a revolt which was to include a massacre of the French. How far the German Legation was guilty will probably never be known; but there was a group, directed from Berlin, who for years past had been preparing the coup that was to accompany a declaration of war upon France. The programme included the proclamation of a new Sultan, and a cession of Morocco to Germany.

German intrigue, like German diplomacy, failed. Here, as elsewhere, they misjudged Moslem mentality and Moslem sentiments. They saw everything from the point of view of the Berlin professor. They never comprehended the mind of the Moor as he is: they merely insisted that they understood him as he ought to be—that is to say, as they imagined him to be. A German Minister in Tangier, not many years ago, once boasted to the writer that he had only to lift his little finger and all Morocco would rise against the French—and he really seemed to believe it. This bombastic conceit seems to have permeated nearly all their officials. To them it was impossible to believe that the population of Morocco would not do as they wanted—merely because they wanted it. It was sufficient reason, and to them an undeniable one. Germany suffered diplomatic defeat after diplomatic defeat in Morocco, but nothing could change the truculent self-satisfaction of her representatives, whether they were intriguers like Dr. Rosen, whose methods were subterranean and muddy, or shouters like Baron Seckendorff his successor, who beat the Prussian drum very loud, and whose voice was imitation thunder. That the German representatives often succeeded in bluffing their colleagues is true, but, as a rule, the native was more astute or more callous. Yet when war broke out the Germans held many good cards in their hands. They counted principally upon the innate and hereditary dislike of the native for the French, which, however, they quite misinterpreted. On principle no native *likes* the power that governs him, even if it be that of his own co-religionists and race. Less, naturally, does he like an alien government. We know it in Egypt, where the feeling is quite as strong as in Morocco. To some extent it is artificial and a pose; but, after all, it is not unreasonable. A generation or two is not sufficient for a people to rid itself of religious and traditional antipathy. Probably there are few Moors who would not rejoice to know that France had abandoned Morocco. A week or two later nine-tenths of them would want her back again. I remember once, far up the Nile, asking an aged Sheikh, whose confidence I had gained, his real opinion of the British occupation of Egypt. After a pause, he replied, "When I lie down to sleep I implore God that the British may have gone before morning. When I awake in the dawn I thank God that in His infinite wisdom and mercy He has not granted my prayer of overnight." He knew that, with the departure of British domination would go also his security of life and all his property, for he would fall a prey at once to the anarchy of his own people. Such, too, is the feeling in Morocco.

The loyalty of the Moslem subjects of England and France is rendered all the more admirable because of this very feeling. It is not difficult to be loyal to one's own race, one's own king, one's own government, and one's own religion. It is quite another matter to be loyal to that of others. It is a great attainment, and one deserving of our highest appreciation. Remember that our Moslem subjects, and those of France, who have fought and died, and are fighting and dying, in this war are actuated by a sentiment of abstract Right and Justice, uninfamed by the more personal sentiment of religion and race.

German intrigue in Morocco has failed and failed for ever. The blustering extravagances of the Mannesmanns—who were a prey to every native adventurer; the largess poured into undeserving hands; the promises to which the Moor was so indifferent that he never took the trouble to worry his head as to whether they would be kept or not; the clandestine midnight meetings of the German representatives and the extremely bored native authorities—the dull details of which were always known the next morning; the pompous bombast of the German consuls—all made no impression. Raisuli, still their paid agent, laughing in his sleeve both at them and at the Spaniards, enriching himself at the expense of both—such were the mistakes the Germans committed. It has been a clumsy programme, stupidly initiated, villainous in its intention, almost innocuous in its results. Germany's trump card was the dislike of the Moor for the French; and yet nearly 30,000 Moorish troops—one and all volunteers—have fought or are fighting valiantly beside those of England and France against the Germans. Their prowess is known far and wide. As I write these words I receive a copy of the French Government's *Journal Officiel*, containing a ministerial decree of May 3rd, relative to the Moroccan troops, extolling their bravery, quoting their successes, and bestowing that much-appreciated honour "la Fourragère" upon the regiment of Moroccan infantry. But that is by no means all Morocco has done. Thousands of orderly, industrious Moors are working in the munitions factories of France and in other industries, while during 1916 nearly 29,000 tons of wheat, 124,000 tons of barley, and 3,000 tons of wool have reached French ports from Morocco. In spite of the war, the extent of occupied and pacified territory in the French Protectorate has been largely increased. To-day only isolated mountain districts remain unsubmitted. France may indeed be proud of her new Protectorate and of those who have been responsible for its Government.

W. B. HARRIS.

## INDIA AFTER THE WAR.

**W**HEN the war broke upon Europe, India was in a state of considerable political unsettlement. Anarchism was troublesome, and was aggravated by the way in which the authorities were handling it. Centres of disaffection and revolutionary propaganda had been established in Europe and America, and without doubt large numbers of romantic, educated young men were being allured by the fire, and were beginning to play with it. Political dacoities were prevalent in some districts, especially in Bengal; students were showing by college strikes and disturbances, not only how serious was the antagonism between them and authority, but how unsettled the mind of young India was becoming and what emotions were possessing it.

This propaganda was confined to a few, and its chief significance was the trouble it gave, and the bad influence it had on the minds of the authorities. It was, however, an indication that something was going wrong. An antagonism was being engendered which was manifesting itself in sporadic flashes of lightning, and an uncomfortable feeling that a storm might be coming began to be prevalent.

In the field of legitimate politics great changes were also evident, and a new constitutional movement far more insistent and definite than that which had hitherto existed, and also far more powerfully supported, was showing itself. The first generation of Congress champions were dead or were old, and a new body of men were taking their place. At first there was antagonism between the two, and the Congress was split and enfeebled. But the looms of Time weave incessantly, and the old generation had to accept the new propaganda. The Surat split was healed; the Mohammedan and Hindu nationalist found a common political language and a common political platform; the demand for Home Rule was taken up; the old Congress programme asking for this change and that, was merged in a general claim for self-government. A new spirit had entered the nationalist movement, and Indian politics were undergoing a transformation similar to that which came over Irish politics when Mr. Parnell first took the helm. Hitherto, Indian pride was concerned with India's treatment in her own household; now, India was beginning to claim a treatment which would give her a worthy status in the world.

Then the war came, and the interests it created swept every other to one side for the time being. No one who had the least accurate knowledge of India doubted what it would do. It would be proud to fight in a European war side by side with European troops; to take a share in Imperial defence was an honour which appealed not only to warriors but to nationalists; it was the great opportunity which India wanted. So India went to war with pride and enthusiasm. There was general satisfaction. At home we talked of turning over a new leaf. India had revealed herself to us. But by and by came a change. India's enthusiasm was not encouraged; her recruits were not accepted; her ambulance corps was disbanded; the administration became timorous. Then ensued

an awkward time of suspicion and uncertainty. The Indian Press had broken out into raptures about what India was doing for the Empire, and had already begun to count upon reward in the form of greater political liberty; presently it began to doubt whether it was to get its reward, and blamed the Government for fainting in its good intentions. India felt a tremor of hesitation in the British hand she was grasping.

Into the midst of this suspicion and uncertainty the Mesopotamia Report fell, and instantly the system of Indian Government was struck as by a bomb. Whatever else this Report may have done, it has killed the Indian bureaucracy. It did to the prestige of the Government what the anarchists with their picric acid tried to do to the bodies of the governors. For it must be remembered that the failures revealed were far less those of individuals than those of a method of Government. There were individual failures undoubtedly, and there was bad administration. But the evil action of the individual was a dramatic illustration of the bad system itself. The circumstance and the individual were one and the same as in a Greek tragedy.

The relations between the India Office and Delhi, and between the Viceroy and his Council; the system of Indian military finance; the position of the Finance Member in the Indian mechanism of administration; above all, the rigid mentality of a Government controlled by a Civil Service, and not responsible to public opinion either in this country or in India, came toppling down when that horrible tale of inefficiency, of delay, of lack of foresight, of feebleness, and of suffering was told to the world.

The question now is, How are we to repair the ruin? What are we to put in its place? If we have any concern for the peace and prosperity of India and for the reputation of the Empire, we shall approach the problem with courage, seeking not to patch up and restore, but to build anew from the foundations in accordance with modern requirements.

A phase of Indian administration has come to an end. We have governed and we have educated. We have opened doors cautiously and allowed the Indian to enter the inner shrines of our administration; we have given him a measure of self-government and some representative authority; we have taught him the philosophy of Western liberty. But we have never loosened our grip upon him; we have never trusted him fully; we have imposed galling conditions upon his liberties; we have not succeeded in making him feel that we believed in him. Hitherto, the liberties we have granted to him have been those given to a subject people, and he has known it. We have not given him power. The Morley reforms were less the beginning of a new epoch than the ending of an old one—the last concession of an old order still in authority, to a new order growing up in the womb of a nation and which had inevitably to be brought to birth.

It is a long time ago since the Directors of the East India Company devised a system of administration which put India under the control of their clerks and which made India an asset of a trading corporation; it is a long time ago since the Government at

home saw that it had to impose responsible political obligations upon such a trading concern by subjecting it to Whitehall control. But that *régime* has never passed away. To this day it survives modified in its features, but characterised by its essential distribution of authority and its peculiar mechanism of government.

The Viceroy with his Council of Civil Servants (in the main) is the heir to the Company's Presidents, acting with a Council of the senior merchants. In the evolution of the office, it has never departed from its original type. The Secretary of State is still the President of the Board of Control advised by experts, but not subject to Parliament as other Secretaries of State are. The expenses of the India Office in London are still borne by Indian revenues as though it was an adjunct to a business concern which was being made to bear the cost of its management. Indian military finance, in spite of the grant from the Imperial Exchequer, is the finance of a military service which belongs not to an Empire but to a company which has to meet shareholders, and which engages in wars to defend and extend its factories and its revenues. No one who has studied the features of Indian administration with close care, can fail to see how those of government by a Chartered Trading Company survive in them as those of an ancestor are found in a living generation. Scratch the Indian bureaucracy and you find the John Company.

But the declared intention of the Government has always been clear. We have been governing and educating India in order to free India. We have withheld from her none of that knowledge or thought, the fruit of which is a demand for self-government. We have been pursuing a policy which inevitably leads to a movement for Home Rule of some kind, and sooner or later the result of our policy has to be accepted by us, or met with hostility involving repression. So soon as the war is over, India will ask us, in the plainest possible language, what our intentions are, and will expect an answer also in the plainest possible language; and we ought now to be considering what our reply is to be.

There will be the old conservative councillors raising the old timorous difficulties. They will remind us that "India" means a few educated professional people whose interests are not that of the masses; that the masses are content to remain as they are; that self-government is a practical impossibility because India is too big, too diverse in population, too ignorant for a democratic experiment in Home Rule; that, in spite of the Mesopotamia Report, any diminution of British authority or weakening of the Civil Service will mean inefficiency, and mayhap corruption; that British commercial interests will not tolerate Indian political ascendancy, and so on. There may be some substance in each and all of these objections, but they still leave us faced with the difficulty that our democratic reputation is at stake, that the spread of education in India is creating a new political problem in self-government, that the war weakened and the Mesopotamia blunders destroyed the old *régime*. The conservative objectors must face the facts and must recognise that the problem has grown so big within the last three years that their doubts and warnings have been dwarfed into

minor importance. They were obstacles for the removal of which prudence waited; they have now become risks which prudence must accept.

We can best begin by clearing our minds of the inheritance of the Company. India should no longer be regarded as a State to be governed as we govern a Crown Colony. Our fundamental axiom has been that the Indian cannot govern himself, and that has remained patent whether we put him on Legislative Councils or into a district as Collector. It is here that the great break with the past must be made. That does not mean evacuation, the disappearance of the British Army and the British official, the proclamation of Indian independence. But it means that whereas hitherto we have regarded India and Indians as subordinate not merely to our flag but our authority, henceforth we are to regard them as partners in the Empire governing themselves more and more with what assistance from us is necessary, and becoming more and more responsible for working out their own destiny. This change cannot be made in its fulness in a day or a year. The men fit to make it must be trained, the old machinery must work itself out, but beginnings should be made at once which will prove our sincerity to India and the world, and which will make further changes inevitable. A rule which John Stuart Mill laid down for compromise legislation should guide us in answering India's enquiry. "A legislator," he wrote, "is bound not to think solely of the present effects of his measures; he must consider what influence the acts he does now may have over those of his successors. Whatever changes he introduces should be a step in the direction in which a further advance is, or will hereafter be, desirable. His half measures should be so constructed as to recognise and embody the principles which, if no hindrance existed, would form the foundation of a complete measure." Whatever changes may be made in India must not consist of patches and darns, but must be the beginning of a new garment.

If that is to be our intention, we ought to begin with a complete reform of the India Office. This department should at once be made a charge, like the Colonial Office, on Imperial funds, the Secretary's Council should be abolished, and the Secretary made directly responsible to Parliament. For, so long as the Secretary's Council—composed mainly of retired Indian officials and of Indians cut off from the life of their country—exists, the Government of India will remain a bureaucracy, and the invigorating influence of Parliament and Indian opinion will have no effect upon it.

In India itself, the Viceroy's Council should cease to be a branch of the Civil Service, and should be more largely representative of the Legislative Council, whilst the Councils, both Imperial and Provincial, should have more power, but especially regarding finance. Power, however, cannot be given without responsibility. I can conceive no worse form of government for India than that which enables Councils to exercise authority, which enables them to say "No!" effectively, whilst executive offices are held by the nominees of the bureaucracy. The practice at present is that the heads of departments are chosen by the Executive and are respon-



community in the world that when a section is differentiated off to govern the rest, it develops precisely the prejudices, the aloofness, and the claims which in India are attributed to racial distinctions. So, we had better admit that the gulf which separates Indians from the British in India is not a difference of race, but that of governed and governors. And we justify ourselves by our efficiency. But, admitting the claim in order that we may go to the heart of the argument, efficiency is not the end of government. Efficiency belongs to the mechanical and material aspects of a state, and if into the ends of government enter any consideration of liberty and self-expression, a high efficiency may have to be sacrificed and a lower one substituted in order to reach the further goal. I know that in numerous secret documents there are records of how unsatisfactory Indian officials have been; I know that in the privacy of secretariats tales are told of Indian failures in many departments and responsibilities. I have never been very much impressed by these. You cannot proclaim by every attitude, and during every hour of the day, that a man is inferior, and find in the end that you are wrong. Your proclamations secure their own truth. Whatever we have taught the Indian it has not been self-reliance, courage, force of character. So I am willing to believe these reports if I am compelled to do so, but I reject emphatically the conclusion drawn from them. If we were to continue to rule India as we are now doing for a hundred decades, these tales would not diminish but increase with time. Moreover, when we go into details, we find that only at a few points—important maybe, but yet few—is there any risk. The judiciary will not suffer, as from top to bottom it is already predominately Indian. All the subordinate services are now Indian. The local administrative bodies are Indian, though most of them are under the tutelage of a District officer. Indians occupy positions of great responsibility in the Imperial Civil Service, and everyone admits that more openings must be made for them there, and more departments handed over to their control. The Indians on the Legislative Councils are men of influence and ability, and their speeches show no mean grasp of affairs. They vary, as legislators in every country vary. Upon both the Secretary of State's and the Viceroy's Councils the Indian members are quite as good as the average British members. The political sagacity and backbone shown by the Indian leaders during the South African trouble left nothing to be desired. Indeed, when the whole facts and experiences are marshalled and examined, the case for the doleful prophecies of failure if India were started on the road to self-government and to full partnership in the Empire is found to rest on very slender evidence, whereas the grounds for confidence are firm and wide. A great part of the fears that are valid arise from the existing method and spirit of government.

We shall be wise if we honestly recognise the facts and admit that a break with the past has become inevitable; that we have done all we can *for* India, and that the further help we can give to her and her people must be rendered in co-operation *with* them.

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

## SEPTEMBER A CENTURY AGO.

**F**EW of us can remember a September like the present, and none of us desires to see another autumn of this bitter struggle for liberty in Europe. Things may not have moved in the West as rapidly as some lovers of the good cause had hoped, but they have moved to a harvest; there is a prospect of days when our civilisation may at last reap security and new strength from the sacrifices which have been made for the sake of freedom. If men are ever to have their wisdom judged by their hopes, it is surely at an hour like this. Hope is a form of faith, and although neither hope nor faith depends on sight, on visible results and tangible gains, nevertheless both win and are designed to win confirmation from facts; both justify themselves from those facts of achievement which they have themselves helped to create in the outer world as they have acted on their principles and trusted to their intuitions. This is the position which we occupy at the present phase of the Great War. What has been done and won in the field, particularly during the past six months, enhances the moral confidence of those who have staked their all upon the issue. It enables them to apply Byron's lines to the immediate situation:—

" Yet, Freedom, yet thy banner, torn but flying,  
Streams like the thunderstorm against the wind;  
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,  
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind;  
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,  
Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough and little worth,  
But the sap lasts, and still the seed we find  
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North;  
So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth."

These were September lines of 1817. Byron was in a sour mood against England, partly for private reasons, partly because he shared the suspicion and resentment felt by liberal-minded men against the reactionary policy after Waterloo. The earlier part of the year had been marked by the suppression of the Habeas Corpus Act, after the famous, or infamous, Green-Bag enquiry. It refused to be seen, Byron wrote to his friend Hobhouse in sending him the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, whether England had acquired anything more than a permanent army and a suspended Habeas Corpus. Byron doubted it. Hence his rather gloomy lines. It must be allowed, however, that there was a real menace to freedom in September, 1817, a menace which was not military but political. The measures taken by the Government to suppress what was believed to be sedition seemed to endanger liberty; they were, at any rate, dictated often by fear, and fear is never more stupid and cruel than in the seat of authority. Things never went in England to the bloody extremes which stained the Bourbon restoration in France. Peterloo was bad, but it was nothing compared to the reign of terror which had lasted at Lyons all this summer, and which Marmont only succeeded in stopping early in September. Still, the position of English politics was critical

enough. Mr. Thursfield, in his sketch of Peel, declares that this period was "one of the most disastrous in the modern history of England," and, as a similar crisis may soon be upon ourselves, it is profitable to note his reasons. "The Ministry were strong in the prestige acquired by a war triumphantly waged and a peace honourably concluded, but their title on any other ground to the confidence and respect of their countrymen was slender. They could not understand that methods of government which are tolerated during a prolonged struggle for national existence, become intolerable as soon as the strain of the conflict is relaxed. They did not perceive that new ideas were striving for expression in the national life, that new classes had risen to importance in the State." In addition to this, the economic situation was pressing on the lower classes with such rigour that political disaffection seemed to many to present the one chance of securing room to breathe in England. Distress and hardship seethed into violence now and then. This was the situation which evidently was in Byron's mind as he wrote the fourth canto of *Childe Harold* in far-off Venice. We share his confidence that the cause of freedom will survive the storms of peace, for not the most pessimistic among us would contemplate the possibility that our statesmen after the war could fall as low as Eldon, Vansittart, and Sidmouth; but, meantime, we can say his lines over to ourselves, when Freedom is still menaced by a military tyranny in Europe.

Another English man of letters was in Italy. Landor, who hated political tyranny as keenly as Byron, was at Como, where Southey, the conservative poet-laureate, had just paid him a visit. Poor Southey was in low spirits. He was still mourning the death of his bright boy, Herbert, and he had been vexed by the unauthorised publication of a youthful, semi-republican poem on Wat Tyler, out of which his adversaries had ungenerously made capital in the spring of the year. As Professor Dowden argues, "there was nothing in the poem that could be remembered with shame, unless it is shameful to be generous and inexperienced at the age of twenty. But England in 1817 seemed charged with combustibles, and even so small a spark as this was not to be blown about without a care. The Prince Regent had been fired at; there were committals for treason; there were riots in Somersetshire; the swarm of Manchester Blanketeers announced a march to London; before the year was out, Brandeth and his fellows had been executed at Derby." It was decidedly awkward for the poet laureate to be quoted as a firebrand, even from a poem which he had repudiated long ago. He defended himself, and he was defended both inside and outside the House of Commons, but the incident preyed upon his mind, and he went abroad that summer for relief. We can only imagine the conversation between the two men on the banks of Lake Como, but Southey would not depart uncomfited. "That deep-mouthed Boeotian Savage Landor" had a chivalrous regard for Southey; indeed, he preferred him as a poet to Scott and even to Coleridge.

It was during this month, too, that Coleridge came into indirect touch with things Italian, when he struck up a friendship on the sea-shore at Littlehampton with an English clergyman who turned

out to be a translator of Dante. The Rev. H. F. Cary had published his version of the *Divina Commedia* three years before, in complete form, but it had not won its way to the general public. It was a good hour for him when he met Coleridge, for the poet recommended the book in his lectures next winter, and Cary's fame was established. A third edition was required by the year 1831. So Coleridge was able to do more for Cary than another friend of the translator had been able to do ten years earlier. When Scott visited Miss Seward at Lichfield, in May, 1807, she showed him the passage in Dante where Michael Scott is mentioned; and the version used was Cary's, for although the second and third parts were not issued till 1814, the *Inferno* had appeared in 1806. But Scott did not appreciate Dante. He told Miss Seward that the plan of the *Divina Commedia* seemed to him unhappy, and "the personal malignity and strange mode of revenge presumptuous and uninteresting." No one who thought thus of Dante would kindle over a translator of Dante, and Cary had to wait for the more sympathetic Coleridge.

Eighteen hundred and seventeen was, for Coleridge himself, a year of prose rather than of poetry. Perhaps it was during September that he wrote his lines on *The Knight's Tomb*, the last three of which were to be misquoted admiringly in *Ivanhoe* three years later:—

"The Knight's bones are dust,  
And his good sword rust;  
His soul is with the saints, I trust."

Scott said he borrowed the verses "from a contemporary poet who has written but too little," and this made Coleridge sure who was the author of the Waverley novels. But during this very month a shrewd American at Abbotsford was already satisfying his mind on the same point. Washington Irving arrived at Scott's house on August 30th, and he spent the first few days of September there, noting the originals of Edie Ochiltree and Dominie Sampson, and feeling that "many of the rich antiquarian humours of Monkbarons were taken from" his host's own "richly compounded character." Lockhart has quoted amply from Irving's charming account of his visit, but there is one incident which is worth mentioning, in the light of to-day. Scott showed his friend the tower of Bemerside, the baronial residence of the Haigs, or De Hagas, one of the oldest families on the border, and pointed to it as a proof that Thomas the Rhymer had been a true prophet when he sang:—

"Betide, betide, whate'er betide,  
Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside."

The Haigs, said Scott, had retained their ancient stronghold through all the vicissitudes of the centuries. "Prophecies, however," Irving reflected, "often insure their own fulfilment. It is very probable that the prediction of Thomas the Rhymer has linked the Haigs to their tower, as their rock of safety, and has induced them to cling to it, almost superstitiously, through hardships and inconveniences that would otherwise have caused its abandonment." Irving's record of these September days at Abbotsford is a model

of reminiscences; it is vivid and personal, and yet it does not violate the sanctities of private life. One of the things which astonished him was that Scott could give so much leisure to his visitors when he was writing his novels. Rob Roy was in hand, and yet Scott "scarce ever balked a party of pleasure or a sporting excursion, and rarely pleaded his own concerns as an excuse for rejecting those of others."

We left Coleridge and Cary at Littlehampton on the English Channel. In the first week of the month two ladies there received a letter from Oxford, written by their friend, John Keats. For Keats was having a golden month at Magdalen Hall with his friend, Benjamin Bailey. The two youths rowed on the river, walked, and talked to their hearts' content through what Keats called "the finest part of the year." September in Oxford is a pageant even for people who are not poetic. How it charmed Keats we may gather from his letters. If September was the finest month in the year, he was ready to give the same superlative to Oxford among the cities of the earth. He had been only one week in the place when he wrote to his sister that "this Oxford I have no doubt is the finest city in the world. It is full of old Gothic buildings—spires, towers, quadrangles, cloisters, groves, &c., and is surrounded with more clear streams than ever I saw together. I take a walk by the side of one of them every evening, and, thank God, we have not had a drop of rain these many days." The stream must have been the Cherwell, for Magdalen Hall stood close to Magdalen College. Keats was just in time to have the privilege of staying there; two and a-half years later it was practically destroyed by fire, owing to the carelessness of an undergraduate. Neither Bailey nor he was idle during this September. The one was studying for holy orders; Bailey became a curate, and afterwards Archdeacon of Colombo. And his friend wrote verse steadily. It is to these three weeks at Oxford in the September of 1817 that we owe the third book of *Endymion*, though there is not any local colour in it. Indeed, how could there be? Keats and Endymion were at the bottom of the sea, for the time being.

As he boated on the Isis and its tributaries, Keats found time to read some poetry as well as compose verses. Wordsworth was one of his chosen poets, but 1817 was a scanty year at Rydal Mount. If Keats had only known it, another poet was boating and writing "lower down the Thames." Shelley spent all this month at Great Marlow, partly to be near his friend Peacock, who was idling and composing there. Shelley, with characteristic generosity, was helping him financially; but his goodness extended beyond fellow-authors. The wretched lace workers of the district appealed to his compassion. His exertions on behalf of the poor at his gates are a shining page in his life. He gave more than money. He visited the sick in their homes, and it was his efforts to relieve the starving and diseased at Marlow which helped to bring on the break-down of his health that drove him next spring to Italy. His poems show that social sympathy did not dry up his mind. He was finishing *The Revolt of Islam*, for example, as he floated under the beechgroves of Bisham, or as he wandered over the countryside, and

as he spent himself to succour his humble neighbours. "The changes produced by peace following a long war, and a bad harvest," says his wife, "brought with them the most heart-rending evils to the poor. Shelley afforded what alleviation he could. . . . I mention these things—for this minute and active sympathy with his fellow-creatures gives a thousandfold interest to his speculations, and stamps with reality his pleadings for the human race." The record of his output for the year is rich, even apart from *The Revolt of Islam*, and we may assume that his experiences among the poor at Marlow underlay the lines:—

"Dark is the realm of grief; but human things  
Those may not know who cannot weep for them."

Another fragment from the same period comes home to ourselves across the century with poignant force:—

"The fight was o'er: the flashing through the gloom  
Which robes the cannon as he wings a tomb,  
Had ceased."

If we could say that to-day, it would be a happier autumn for us.

His infant daughter, Clara, was born on the second of the month. But his friends counted specially at this period. It is to Leigh Hunt, for example, that we are indebted for this account of his life at Marlow. "He rose early in the morning, walked and read before breakfast, took that meal sparingly, wrote and studied the greater part of the morning, walked and read again, dined on vegetables (for he took neither meat nor wine), conversed with his friends (to whom his house was ever open), again walked out, and usually finished with reading to his wife till ten o'clock, when he went to bed." He visited his friends as well, particularly Hunt at Hampstead. If we look further into London, during this September, we see two people, a brother and sister, moving to a house in Russell Street, Covent Garden, "Covent Garden, dearer to me than any gardens of Alcinoüs, where we are morally sure of the earliest peas and 'sparagus.'" Lamb was only on the outskirts of the Shelley circle, however. He agreed with his friend Hazlitt that "nobody was ever wiser or better for reading Shelley." But to mention London at all at this period is to think of Lamb, even though the main events of the month in his life were the preparations for the removal and the attempt, which he says he began on the last day of August, to "conquer that inveterate habit of smoking." He wrote, or at any rate he published, nothing in the course of 1817. Still deeper in the heart of London, Mrs. Fry was labouring in September at Newgate, to reform the women prisoners. But the crime of the city touched Lamb from a different side. No sooner had he got settled in his new quarters than he noted playfully one of the advantages of these lodgings. "Bow Street, where the thieves are examined, within a few yards of us. Mary had not been here four-and-twenty hours before she saw a thief. She sits at the window working; and, casually throwing out her eyes, she sees a concourse of people coming this way, with a constable to conduct the solemnity. These little incidents agreeably diversify a female

life." Lamb had sympathy, but it was not given to him for philanthropy. "Neglected people in every class," said De Quincey, "won the sympathy of Lamb," but they had usually to be individual cases. De Quincey was not yet on intimate terms with Lamb. He was up at Grasmere, spending the first year of his married life, and happy because he had managed to reduce his daily allowance of opium to a thousand drops. That year was the most cheerful in his life, "though, I confess, it stood as a parenthesis between years of a gloomier character." Poor De Quincey! There was a young schoolmaster at Kirkcaldy who was often to speak of him thus, with a pity and affection which mastered his contempt for the little victim of opium. But in September, 1817, neither De Quincey nor Carlyle dreamed that their paths would cross. Carlyle had come back after his summer holidays at home, saddened by the mental trouble which had seized his mother temporarily. Besides, he hated his work, and his love-affair with Margaret Gordon was weighing on his spirits. For him September of this year was as dull as it was bright for De Quincey, but the dulness was to open up and the brightness was to be overshadowed.

Carlyle was in his twenty-second year. He was to mould English prose into forms undreamt of by his contemporaries in 1817, but his work as an author lay all in front of him, unlike those whom we have mentioned in this survey, with the partial exception of Peacock. It was the same with poetry. On the fifteenth of the month, Byron wrote to Murray thus: "With regard to poetry in general, I am convinced, the more I think of it, that he [*i.e.*, Moore] and *all* of us—Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Moore, Campbell, and I—are all in the wrong, one as much as the other; that we are upon a wrong revolutionary poetical system or systems, and from which none but Rogers and Crabbe are free; and that the present and the next generations will finally be of this opinion. I am the more confirmed in this by having lately gone over some of our classics, particularly *Pope*, whom I tried in this way: I took Moore's poems and my own and some others, and went over them side by side with *Pope's*, and I was really astonished (I ought not to have been so) and mortified at the ineffable distance in point of sense, harmony, effect, and even *imagination*, passion, and *invention*, between the little Queen Anne's man and us of the Lower Empire. Depend upon it, it is all Horace then, and Claudian now, among us; and if I had to begin again, I would mould myself accordingly." Fortunately Byron had not to begin again. Pope and Crabbe have come into a new kingdom since this September musing was written, a century ago. But the rest of Byron's misgiving was gratuitous. There is room under the broad heaven for more kinds of achievement than one in poetry, and, to say nothing of himself and Keats and Wordsworth, there were two little boys that month in Camberwell and in Somersby Rectory who were to do in a fresh way for Victorian poetry what Byron thought had been done once and for all by Pope. Perhaps there are youths and schoolboys this September who are designed to disappoint any similar fears that our literature has its Augustan period behind it.

JAMES MOFFATT.

## EMERSON, CICERO, THE STOICS, AND MYSELF.

SOME months ago I chanced to take up Emerson, as I usually do when I am depressed, always like Matthew Arnold finding him an abiding refuge and friend to all those who would "live in the spirit." And, curiously enough, during my reading I was again stopped short, as so often before, by a single sentence, and one, too, which had puzzled me for thirty years, but which I had always lightly skipped over, as some far-off mystical intrusion into Emerson's sky of an alien thought, to be interpreted only in a cryptic, remote, or quasi-Pickwickian sense. The sentence runs to the effect that the only true philosophy of the world is to be found "in the figment of the Stoics." Strange! I thought to myself again, that this Pagan utterance should come from Emerson, a nineteenth century thinker, born in Christian times. I knew, of course, that Emerson had turned the Trinity upside down, as it were; that he had put the Holy Spirit—or Over-Soul, as he calls it—in the place of God the Father; that, as a Unitarian, he had abolished the Divinity of Christ; and that he had relegated God Himself, as we understand Him, to a vague historical tradition merely. In other words, he had dissolved the Deity, with His active *executive*, controlling power, His governance and initiative—and, if you will, His miracles, interpositions, and the rest—into a kind of abstract phantom; and (now that Christ the Son was eliminated) had given the World over to the *passive* member of the Trinity—the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, the Inspirer—as to some pure and beautiful, sweetly-gentle Mother and Nurse of Mankind, who was to lead us by her mild, persuasive sway, to our own salvation. But that Emerson should decline on some old Pagan Stoicism, and identify his Over-Soul with it as the summit at once of Religion and Philosophy—I could not understand!

It was soon after reading Emerson's Essay that I took up by a happy chance, Cicero's *Tusculan Disputations*, where alone the utterances of the great founders of the Stoic, Epicurean, and other schools are given in detail, the originals being long since lost. Now, in these *Tusculan Disputations* of Cicero, the point raised is:—"What is the Supreme Good of Man, and on what foundation does it rest?" After reading carefully the arguments of the different protagonists in these dialogues, I must confess that had I not known beforehand the *evolution* of these different systems of Pagan Thought from one another, I should have found myself, like Cicero, so entangled in the logical meshes of their argumentation, that I should have been obliged to give the problem up, and become, like him, an Eclectic, picking out a plum here and there perhaps for my own personal satisfaction, but, for the rest, falling back with Cicero on the doctrine that in all these "high matters," we can attain to no *certainly*, but only to a "greater or less probability." As for the Epicureans, I felt with Cicero that their doctrines were to be thrown out altogether, as a disgrace to human nature itself!

What, then, was the Stoic's Deity, or as Emerson would call it, his Over-Soul? It was not a God the Father, for in no Pagan philosophy whatever, Stoic or another, was there any God of Love.



That alone in all religions and philosophies, came in with Christianity. Nor was it a Spiritual Being as such; nor yet a purely Intelligent One (with some kind of centre somewhere, as we imagine it); but it was like the over-arching sky, a kind of abstract diffused Providence, overlooking the world as a whole, while separate from it. It had *spacial extension*, too, and was made up of sublimated matter of the nature of fire or fiery ether, of which both Intelligence and Soul were, in some obscure way, *qualities*. As such, too, it existed *in the mind of each individual man*, over-arching it, and separate from it, as a Judge and Lawgiver, but, humanly speaking, without Love; overlooking all our thoughts and actions with its warning finger, but without in any sense interfering with our own free will.

Now, all this was to the Stoics as much a truism and commonplace as it was to Emerson; and we have now to ask, how it practically affected the actions of these men? It did not make half-naked anchorites of them, as the Hindoo religion did. What it did was to make Stoics of them; that is to say, men like Brutus and Cato, Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius, who walked abroad freely, mingling in the politics and other activities of the world, while despising its vanities and ambitions, its joys and griefs and sorrows, with all the confusions and mental perturbations they brought in their train. For with the Stoics, all these things were purely and flatly indifferent, "neither good nor evil," as they said; their sole concern in such a world being to keep their own skirts pure and unspotted, and for the rest, to find in their rapt contemplation of their abstract, pure and Providential Soul (at once Universal, and private to each and every man), their harmony, their peace and rest. It was a splendid dream. But should the rough world press too hardly on them, what then? They could always walk out of it at will, and at any time—by suicide. For, in that way, as Seneca said, "the door is always open"; or as Æmilius Paulus (in other words) to the King of Macedon whom he was leading to Rome in chains: "If you cannot face it, you can end it here and now; do it if you will, and I will walk by."

How, then, does Cicero, who takes the part of "chorus" to the separate speakers in these *Tusculan Disputations*, feel in regard to this lofty, transcendental Ideal of the Stoics? He admires it from afar; but has to confess that *personally* he cannot do justice to it! Indeed, when he thinks of it, and its cold unapproachable heights, he flags and almost faints with the sense of his hopeless inability to reach it. But why? In the first place, unlike Brutus and Cato, he was not *certain* of the existence of this transcendental Over-Soul within him, and separate from him; but held it as at best only a matter of "more or less probability." Besides, in high Statesmanship, and in his whole-souled devotion to the great Roman Republic which had given to his rare abilities, as an orator, their splendid setting, he frankly admits that in the purely *human* honour which it brought him, he found every satisfaction his soul could desire in this world. And the consequence was that in his Philosophy he was obliged to fall back from this lofty, icy peak of the Stoics, to one which, if lower in its elevation, was more warm and sunny and reassuring. It was that of the Platonists and Aristotelians, whose doctrine it

substance amounted to this: that there were other things besides this Ideal Providence and Over-Soul of the Stoics that were worthy of a life's devotion; as, for example, personal honour and integrity, laudable worldly ambition, pure human love, disinterested friendship and generosity. Cicero was aware, of course, that these merely human compliances of his would seem to his Stoic friends as great a descent from their high Ideal as if he had lain down on his back in the "sty of Epicurus" himself! But he, with his Platonists and Aristotelians, still insisted that you cannot divorce these high human sentiments from your bleak and icy Over-Soul without deforming and devitalising it. You cannot, for example, divorce from it a mother's love for her children, and her grief for their loss; a patriot's sorrow for the misfortunes of his country; a high-minded man from the tears he sheds for the loss of his honour. On the contrary, these purely human sentiments—foibles you may call them—will warm and enrich your devotion to your icy Ideal, as the lower-lying forests and flowers do the Alpine peaks. They will inlay your cold, over-arching sky with patines of pure gold, which will shine like stars, and "in their motions like the angels sing."

Now, I must confess that, having read over these *Tusculan Disputations*, not in the heyday of youth when generous emotions, high ideals, and ambitions are rife, but in my cold, old age, I still agree with Cicero, and am obliged to line up beside him. But the Stoics themselves, hard pressed here, renewed their attacks on our comfortable, easy complacency; and in their way, and at the first blush, I must say, outflanked us! For, said they, if you once permit your mind to be diverted for a moment from the pure Spirit within you, and decline on merely human love, honour, integrity, ambition, friendship, and the rest (however disinterested they may be) you will let in the sea; you will not only have blurred the purity of the Over-Soul within you, but beginning with these shifting expediencies, you will soon end by obliterating it altogether. For consider it well—or have you forgotten it?—that you cannot have love without jealousy; high ambition without envy or detraction; the elevation of one man without disparagement of another; in a word, all the old, mixed confusion of the sentiments and passions from which it is the aim of Philosophy to purge and purify you, and which can only be done by ignoring and despising them all alike, and fixing your mind alone on the Over-Soul. If not, observe the consequence—that this zigzag of yours between love and hate, honour and detraction, ambition and fear (each of which necessarily involves the other somewhere in your human life) will, as it crosses and intercrosses the pure, over-arching curve of the Supreme Soul, as surely blur and obliterate it as when you obliterate a line of curve on paper by running your pencil to and fro across it. There is no natural human sentiment or passion without its opposite, as there is no natural sunlight without somewhere its shade.

What, then, were we to say to this? Poor Cicero, a year after the *Tusculan Disputations* were written, went to his death by the sword of Antony, and the problems raised in the *Disputations* remained as he had left them, until the Stoic ideal was revived again by Emerson in the nineteenth century.

under entirely new conditions. In the meantime, all these Pagan schools alike—Stoic, Platonic, Aristotelian, and Epicurean—were destined to be swallowed up, embodied, or lost, in the rising tide of Christianity; until, after the closing of the Schools of Athens by Justinian, they ceased as such altogether. The first of their doctrines to be embodied in Christianity (and one transformed by the Divine Love which Christianity gave to the Deity) was that first principle of the Stoics—namely, that the Divine Providence of the World was both *material* and had *spacial* extension. This was introduced by Tertullian (himself a converted Stoic) in the “saving efficacy” of the *material* bread and wine in the Sacrament, in the consecrated wafers and the rest. But in other matters, Tertullian, like Origen after him, deviated too far from Church tradition, and was condemned as a heretic; and although perhaps the ablest of the Early Fathers, has never been canonised as a Saint.

Shortly after this, Platonism itself was absorbed by the Early Church; and transformed (again by the doctrine of Divine Love) from the abstract, metaphysical, and *impersonal* Trinity of Neo-Platonism—the “One,” the “Logos,” and the “World-Soul”—into the *personal* Trinity of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. After this came a lull in the development of Church doctrine from Pagan sources, which continued through the whole Middle Ages, until Aquinas wove the great doctrines of Aristotle (on the Psychology of the Mind and the Physical structure of the Universe) into the fabric of Catholic Theology, and so gave that final setting to Roman Catholic doctrine which is authoritative to this hour. And now that Spiritualism, with its “spooks” and ghosts and “mediums” is overtopping, and even patronising, both Catholic and Protestant alike, where is poor, bewildered Christianity to look for salvation? And yet I feel bound in honesty to say, that for the great Christian Church, with its still mighty, imposing, and compacted organisation, to stand by and see its congregations slipping away silently one by one from its pews, its aisles, and its confessionals, and be found secretly in the parlours of soothsayers and necromancers, argues some great decadence *somewhere*. The fact is, Christians do not even seem to know that it was largely to put down these same soothsayers and necromancers who now affect to despise it, that Christianity, with its denunciations of these “principalities and powers” of St. Paul, came into the world at all.

And now we have to ask: How Emerson contrived to whitewash and revivify in the nineteenth century the Stoic doctrine of the Over-Soul, as an Entity separate and apart from the *natural human faculties*, but over-arching them, as a pure sky, in the minds of each and all of us? Cicero, as we have seen, with his tail of Platonists and Aristotelians, took the icy chill off the Stoic Ideal by warming and humanising it; the Stoics outflanked them in turn by showing that the zigzag of all human emotions whatever (where the good inevitably *necessitated* the bad) would end by obliterating both the Moral Ideal and the Over-Soul altogether. Christianity following on, swallowed up all these Pagan Philosophies in turn by embodying them, piecemeal as it were, in its Creed, along the course of the

centuries. But Emerson imagined he could see his way to reinstate the Stoic Over-Soul in its purity and as a separate entity—not as the Stoics did, by *ignoring* all human sentiments and passions alike, and stamping them out with contempt; but by leaving them alone to act and react on one another in their confused mixture; and then, by putting an electric current, as it were, from the pure Over-Soul down and through them, to draw all that was pure gold in them up to itself; and so to inlay and enrich it with all the warmth and glow which Cicero so much desiderated, precisely as in electro-plating, where the pure gold in the chemical mixture is separated out and drawn to the one end, and the poor dross and alloy is driven to the other. And all this Emerson proposed to do by his well-known Law of Compensation or Polarity, as he called it, which he drew from Modern Physical Science, where, as we know, all physical changes whatever in Matter and Motion, follow the law of action and reaction, of attraction and repulsion, of positive and negative; in a word, of Polarity and Compensation; where each and all of them check and “hold up” each other, as it were.

And this law, he declared, applied to the Human Soul as well. For the intimate presence to the Mind of the Over-Soul, acting through this Law of Polarity or Compensation (of which the Law of Right and Wrong is an example) will enable the confused mixture of the sentiments and passions to *clarify themselves* out; indeed, it will force them to do so. The high sentiments of Love, Reverence and Duty will, like pure gold, crowd around the Over-Soul, as to their Paradise and natural home; the lower and baser ones to the opposite pole, their Inferno; while the poor conscious human creature himself looks helplessly on, and sees himself, to his surprise, forced into a Heaven or Hell of his own making! And that, too, precisely and mathematically according to the nobility, purity, or baseness of every thought, motive, word or action. No humbug, pose, appearance or dodging will avail. Emerson declares that you can see and read it all, in a man’s eye, his gait, his attitude, his gesture, his manners, and his conversation; registering, as in a *moral* thermometer, his degradation or ascent in the scale of Being.

Now, what am I to say to all this? I propose (and, I trust, with all becoming modesty) to deny the existence of any Over-Soul whatever in the Mind, as a separate Spiritual entity, divorced from, or outside and apart from the *ensemble* of the merely *natural* human faculties, sentiments, passions or desires; and would venture to put in its place a simple natural *hierarchy* of these *attributes themselves*, which shall carry each its own dignity and credentials with it, as in a Court Ceremonial. This hierarchy I have elsewhere called “the Scale in the Mind,” by which I mean, that Truth, Duty, Beauty, and Love will find of themselves their place at the top; the less pure feelings of Honour, Ambition, Self-respect, and other *differentia* of these, in the middle register; and Cruelty, Greed, Lust, Animality, Revenge, and the like, at the bottom. And these ranked attributes I would refer quite frankly and simply to the *functions* of those parts of the brain and nervous system from which they proceed. For observe, that although their strength varies: first, in accordance with the indi-

vidual's general health; and, secondly, with the special stimuli and "inhibitions" to which in the jostlings of this rough and tumble world they are all alike subject—so that sometimes all rank or scale whatever is, for the time being, as absolutely lost as in a drugged, or drunk, or dreamless sleep; still, I will venture to say that in spite of this, if you cannot get your high Moral Ideal or Over-Soul out of this simple Scale in the *normal action of the Mind*, you will never get it in this world or another. But what does this wire-drawn distinction of yours mean, the reader will ask? It means what it *points to*, namely, not to a *separate* Over-Soul in the mind, but to a Supreme, Designing Intelligence (of the nature of God shall we say?) *somewhere* in the vast Universe; if not in Matter, or in the Ether, then somewhere else or beyond.

As for the second sheet-anchor of Emerson which enabled him to revivify the old Stoic attitude to life, namely, his Law of Compensation, which, it is to be observed, was a Law for Nature (not for the Over-Soul), I propose to combat it by falling back on another doctrine of mine—"the Doctrine of the Herd"—which I was the first, I believe, to introduce into Social Philosophy, some years ago, in my controversy with the Socialists in the *Fortnightly Review*. What I said, in effect, was this: that human beings are not in essential nature *separate* individuals at all, any more than cattle or a swarm of bees are; that they are a herd rather, who march through Time in families, groups, tribes or nations, and under the guidance of Leaders; even if, like Roman slaves, there are no *visible* ropes or chains bringing them together: that, in a word, they are of the nature of sheep, connected by *invisible unconscious* bonds, of the same nature as is seen in the ordinary phenomena of hypnotism; and without which bonds indeed, regulated families, tribes and nations (now under the guidance of Leaders, better or worse) would cease to exist except as the individuals of distracted anarchic crowds merely. For, consider it;—all our ambitions, passions and desires refer themselves to others *outside* of ourselves, as single bricks do to their collateral adhesions; otherwise they become a dead amorphous heap. Even Diogenes in his tub, and Thersites with his gibes, could not escape the influence of the thronging herd of human souls around them. Indeed, what are we all but congealed *echoes*, if not slaves—in Religion, of some Moses, Buddha, Mahomet, of some ex cathedra Papacy, of Luther, or Calvin, or George Fox; in Philosophy—of Plato, of Aristotle, of Bacon, of Hegel, or Herbert Spencer; in Science—of Darwin, Faraday, and the few great men in their several departments from whom (at once creative and representative) the *regulated evolution* of all civilised nations proceeds? Indeed, all Political or Social systems whatever that would treat men as if they were free and separate individual units, are illusions of the mind; and if acted on, one and all must end in Utopias and dreams.

But how does all this bear on Emerson? It will leave his Over-Soul, and his Law of Compensation as applied to Morals, wrecked on the beach, stranded on the high shore of Thought, beyond touch with the moving currents of the present intellectual world. For now that the Law of Evolution, and the doctrine of "the Herd," are here as the twin First Principles of Social Philosophy, a new

panorama opens for its study and a new approach to its methods and problems. For now we can see that there is no *general* Over-Soul for all the nations and tribes of Humanity alike, but that each *makes its own*, for the regulation of the lives of its individual members, each having its own "Code of Honour," and its own standard of "Right and Wrong." Some Polynesian tribes make murder their highest virtue—as was the case also in India with the Thugs. Where, then, is Emerson's Over-Soul, common to all men alike? Even now, in some nations of Europe, the so-called "Law of Honour" demands that a "gentleman" must, on due provocation, fight a duel, on pain of temporal, if not of eternal damnation. What common Moral Law of Compensation, then, applies here? or one which, if they neglect, will degrade these men in their own esteem, or in the scale of Being? Where will you find evidences of this degradation (as Emerson imagined he saw) either in their eye, their gait, their voice, their manners, or their general demeanour? Nowhere. On the contrary, the strut, the attitude, the domination of the eye, as these Prussian Junker heroes of the herd look over their noses at you in their pride, are all accentuated! Where again, I ask, is either the common Over-Soul or the common Law of Compensation proper to all mankind alike? It is a dream of the gentle Emerson, sitting alone in the isolation of his Concord parsonage; and, in saying so, I am doing him no injustice.

And yet, I feel I must not leave Emerson in this shabby way: he who was my great and beloved Master—the instructor of my youth, and still the inspirer of my old age—in fear lest, like Hamlet in sight of his father's ghost, "being so majestical," I might even appear to offer him "a show of violence." What in Emerson I revere is not his Over-Soul or Law of Compensation, but what one would least expect in him—his penetration into all the ways of the world and of human life; the breadth of his comprehension; and the rare serenity and beauty of his high and noble character, pure and somewhat cold as it is, like that of his great Stoic predecessors of the Ancient World. Even Carlyle, in many points his polar opposite, was obliged to confess that in his "Essays," his "English Traits," and his "Conduct of Life," Emerson alone of all his contemporaries had spoken to him a "reasonable word." To me, too, in my humble judgment, his works remain incomparable to this hour. To any or all of those of the "Epigoni" who would "damn him with faint praise," or by patronage appear to depreciate him, I would say, in the words of Cæsar in his eulogium on Pompey (in *Beaumont and Fletcher*) when the Egyptians who had killed Pompey expressed a wish to give his remains an Egyptian burial:—

"No! brood of Nilus,  
Nothing can cover his high fame but Heaven,  
No pyramids set off his memories  
But the eternal substance of his greatness  
To which I leave him."

Adieu! therefore, great and gentle spirit, while this confused twilight of existence lasts; may we meet where or when, if ever, this twilight has become day.

JOHN BEATTIE CROZIER.

## THE RUTHENIAN QUESTION IN RUSSIA.

THE news that the Ukrainians (better known abroad as the Ruthenians) have become very pressing in their demands for autonomy, seemed to many not only in England but also in Russia, like a bolt from the blue. This surprise is surely one of the most curious political phenomena of our time, for why should the surprise exist at all? Anyone who cared to interest himself in this question knew well long before the war that the Ukrainian movement was one of the strongest national movements in the world, far stronger than the Irish movement in the United Kingdom, the Bohemian in Austria or the Armenian in Turkey. Although it may not have been so noisy, insistent, or passionate as the others, it is no less intense or tragic, and its greatness may be gauged from the fact that it concerns, not a mere handful, but a population of at least thirty millions living together in a territory stretching from the confines of northern Caucasus to the Carpathian Mountains, and from the coast of the Black Sea and the Dniester and Kuban Rivers in the south to the sources of the tributaries of the Dnieper in the north.

There are many reasons for this ignorance of the Ukrainian movement. One of the principal is the fact that the Ukrainian is naturally the embodiment of patience and taciturnity. The Ukrainian peasant is certainly the least talkative man in the world. All Russian literature which deals with life in the south of Russia is full of descriptions of the patience and what it calls "the laziness" of the Little Russians.

But when at last the Ukrainians lost patience and began seriously to concern themselves with the preservation of their national existence, their activities could only be energetically developed outside Russia among that part of the nation which lived under the sceptre of the Hapsburgs—that is, in Bukovina and Galicia. In Russia not only were all their political aspirations sternly suppressed, but even their language and other national features were forbidden and were condemned to be blotted out. The Russian Government took up the position that a Ukrainian language or nationality simply did not exist. In a circular concerning the Ukrainian question, which was issued in 1863, Count Valuev, then Minister of the Interior, categorically declared: "There is not, there never was, and never will be" such a thing as a Ukrainian nationality and a Ukrainian language.

No book, newspaper, or pamphlet written in the Ukrainian language could, up till the year 1906, be printed in Russia or imported from abroad. When, in 1877, a professor in Kiev applied to the censorship for permission to publish a grammar of the Ruthenian language, he received a written answer that: "No grammar can be allowed to be printed of a language which must cease to exist."

The Russian Government met with practically no resistance in its efforts to destroy the Ukrainian movement, even from the progressists among the Great Russian branch of the nation. The Great Russians, however freedom-loving and advanced in their

opinions they may have been, thought little of the so-called nationality questions. They looked upon all these movements of small nationalities with an air of superior condescension, classing them rather as reactionary and belated and not worthy of the more advanced times. According to them, a nationality movement was bourgeois and out of touch with the socialist conceptions of modern society. Some of the Great Russians interpreted all national movements in the light of Russian experience, holding their imitators to be rapacious, tyrannical, narrow-minded, and bigoted. Hence little attention was paid to the claims of these tens of millions of their fellow-citizens who clung so despairingly to their ancient rights and liberties.

At last the day has arrived when these national claims can no longer be ignored or resisted. Mr. Kerensky, with the voice of a man who has behind him practically the whole nation, has declared the equality of brotherhood of the Ukrainian people in the great federation of future autonomous States of which Russia is to be composed. And by this declaration, he acknowledges fully the separate entity of the Ukrainians, the existence of real differences between them and the Great Russians, not only in the historical but also in the ethnographical and philological senses.

Anyone who has visited the Russian Ukrainian provinces, especially those of Poltava, Chernigov, and Kiev, after having visited central Russian provinces such as Moscow, Yaroslav, Kaluga, and others, can certainly not help being struck by the great differences in all outward signs of life. The types of the southern people, the houses of the peasantry, their costume, speech, and habits are so dissimilar to those he has seen in the north that even the least observant must notice the local national peculiarities. The traveller will at once remark that, whereas in the central parts of Russia there is some estrangement between man and nature, some reserve between the dwelling of man and its surroundings, in the Ukraine there is something of mutual understanding, of sympathy and deep-seated enjoyment. He will find a village in the Kaluga province rather desolate and bleak, no gardens to the houses, no flowers in the window-sills, and the windows themselves small and rarely opened, as if the inmates were afraid of the sun and air. In the Ukraine, on the contrary, there is hardly a village where the houses are not surrounded by trees and flowers, the windows looking gay and bright owing to the colours of their sills and shutters and their pots of flowers.

But these outward differences, which might depend only on climatic conditions, have a far deeper significance.

In the middle of last century, a celebrated Ukrainian, who was also a great Russian historian, Nikolai Kostomarov, wrote a most interesting and learned essay on the two Russian nationalities, showing the great differences that exist between the characters of the "Great" and the "Little" Russians. According to this acknowledged authority, there is in the Great Russian a greater sense of the State, of the interests of society as a whole than in the little Russian who "is more individualistic and personal." "In the nature of the Southern Russian," says Kostomarov, "there



is nothing of a violating force, nothing of a leveller; there is no politician, nothing of the cool calculator, of the determination to pursue one's purpose."

Love for personal freedom was the distinguishing feature in the character of the southern branch, and communalism the feature of the Great Russian tribe. The cardinal conception of the Southerners was that the tie between men should be founded by mutual consent and sundered on grounds of mutual disagreement. The Northerners held that once a tie was established, it should be permanent. They considered it the will of God, and therefore not liable to human criticism. In public institutions the former recognised only the spirit, the latter tried to give it substance. In politics, according to Kostomarov, the Southerners would only create voluntary communities bound by their needs and in no wise interfering with their immutable right of personal freedom. The Great Russians, on the contrary, aimed at a strong communal body on the basis of permanence and unification. The first-named reached federation, but could not realise it properly; the second attained unity and created a strong State. "The South-Russian tribe," says Kostomarov, "repeatedly showed itself incapable of a monarchical form of state. In the ancient days it was the dominating tribe in the land of Russia; but when the inevitable time arrived to perish or to unite forces, it had to yield the first place to the Great Russian tribe. In the latter, there is something colossal, creative; a spirit of the architectonic, a sense of unity; the domination of a practical sense which knows how to go through hard times; to choose the time for action, and to make use of favourable circumstances. This is lacking in our South-Russian tribe. Its love of unrestraint brought it either to a state of disintegration of communal ties, or to a whirlpool of motives which turned the historic life of the nation into a squirrel's wheel." Such are these two Russian tribes as represented in the past.

According to the same writer, the Great Russians are more materialistic, the Ukrainians more spiritual. The latter have greater poetic imagination. Their poetry is rich in beautiful images, in love of nature, in dreamy, melancholy contemplation. The south Russian poetry is inseparable from nature, which is represented as full of life and participating in man's happiness and distress. The grass, the trees, the birds, the beasts, the stars, morning and evening, spring and snow—all these breathe, think, feel in unison with man, and all resound in a charming voice of sympathy or hope or condemnation. The Great Russian poetry, on the other hand, is extremely poor in poetic images, and in its relation to nature, but is rich in depicting action and the struggle of the soul. The Great Russian being chiefly practical or materialistic, can rise to poetry only when he leaves the sphere of daily life. His poetry is therefore more in the domains of immensity or of simple play and amusement. A historical reminiscence becomes a fairy-tale, whereas the song of the southerner produces in a poetic form the very reality. The feeling of love in Great Russian songs is rarely lifted above the materialistic side. On the contrary, in the songs of the Southerners it reaches the highest

degree of spirituality, purity, nobility of motive and gracefulness of imagination. In the Great Russian songs a woman's beauty is very rarely raised above her material form: it is the form of the woman's body and her voice that charm and captivate. The south Russian woman, on the contrary, almost lacks bodily form—she is a spiritual creation. It is her purity, her spirituality, that attract and captivate the poet.

In religion the same differences can be noticed between a nature disposed to contemplation, to union with nature, to a mystical conception of life, and a nature corresponding more to the material and external side of life. The Ukrainian, being a more spiritual and mystically-disposed character, is stronger in his religious feelings and not so liable to religious indifference as the Great Russian who, if educated, easily becomes atheistic.

There is also a great difference in the sects which are concerned more with formalities and rites on the Great Russian side and more with the spirit of the teaching among the Ukrainians. The religious toleration of the Ukrainian also contrasts very favourably with the spirit of intolerance prevailing among the Great Russians.

The Great Russians have a much higher conception of duty than the Ukrainians. Having deeper communal inclinations, they hold national as well as family ties in greater respect, though they may have little love for superiors or parents. The Ukrainian, on the other hand, being more inclined to personal freedom, has little respect for anything that tends to restrict him. He is therefore a very quarrelsome being as a member of a family, and not a staunch friend of a State where he does not possess full freedom.

Such, in brief outlines, according to Kostomarov, are the chief characteristics of the two great divisions of the Russian race.

It is not my intention to give a detailed account of the political relations between the two branches. The seniority of this or that branch, the origin of the Ukrainian language, whether the real Russians are in the south or in the centre, have occupied too much space in Russian literature to be reproduced here. Suffice it to say that, after becoming separated somewhere in the thirteenth century, the two branches united in the seventeenth century, and a treaty of union was signed by the Kossak hetman Bogdan Khmel'nitsky in 1654. It was then that the name Little Russia was first officially mentioned and the word Ukraine came to be adopted. The people themselves prefer the latter designation, which had already been used in part of their territory during their Polish Lithuanian connections. It means "the frontier province."

This act of union was a voluntary agreement with Russia, concluded purposely for the sake of protection against Polish invasions. It was, according to the act, merely a personal union of the Ukraine with Moscow under the Czar. The Ukraine reserved to itself complete autonomy; it could elect its own hetman, who was even entitled to carry on independent negotiations with foreign countries. It could have its own army. But no sooner was the treaty signed than the Moscow Government began a policy of centralisation and restriction. In spite of all the protests and remonstrances of hetmans and other authorities, the Moscow Government went on relentlessly,

abolishing all traces of autonomy. Peter the Great abolished the office of hetman, and Catharine II. destroyed the last remnant of autonomy by introducing the same serfdom of the peasantry as existed in the rest of Russia, and dispersing the "Zaporozh Sietch," which was the last home of Ukrainian liberty. Then followed restrictions on the language and on other manifestations of social life, till the Revolution of 1905 brought the first real relief.

It was in 1906, the first year of Russian constitutional life, that the question of Ukrainian autonomy was openly raised by the Ukrainians at meetings and in the Press. Till then the possibility of an autonomous, independent Ukraine in federation with Russia had only found clandestine expression in small and secret circles, first in the Society of the "United Slavs," which formed a group of the Decembrists in 1825, and then in the so-called "Brotherhood of Cyril and Methodius" in 1847. According to the scheme of this Brotherhood, the Ukrainian nation was to enter the federation as a member with equal rights. Each member must form a "separate republic," and these free republics were to elect periodically a head of the federation. The aim of the Brotherhood, however, was not merely political regeneration, but also the realisation of a higher ideal, "the extirpation of slavery and of the humiliation of the lower classes." Both attempts ended badly. The Societies were suppressed, and their members punished by death and penal servitude as in the case of the Decembrists, and by exile and other severe measures in the case of the Brotherhood, which consisted almost entirely of a few young students, and was of a purely academic character.

In 1906 the case was quite different. In June of that year, in the *Ukrainsky Vastnik*, a weekly paper issued in Kiev, Professor Hrushevsky, the eminent leader and fighter for Ukrainian regeneration, printed the article "Our Demands," in which the claim for a large share of autonomy, almost equal to complete independence, was voiced in no unmistakable manner. "True to the behests of the Ukrainian cause which puts forward the principle of federation as the basis of future political and national relations, which has been its unalterable aim since the days of the so-called Cyril and Methodian Brotherhood, we recognise the form of a federation as the most perfect way to combine the union of the State with the interests of a free and unimpeded development of national life. The territory which contains the greater part of the Ukrainian population must be separated, its administration put into the hands of a Ukrainian legislature elected on the basis of universal, equal, direct, and secret suffrage."

He ended his article by declaring that a Russian federation on the basis of free and autonomous nations "must be realised without delay." This desire, however, took more than ten years to materialise, and it is only now that, having lost all patience (which means very much with the Ukrainians) they have taken the matter into their own hands and proclaimed themselves autonomous, refusing to wait any longer for the initiative of the Russian Government. The first "honorary president" of the Ukrainian "Rada" (Assembly) has been elected—Professor Hrushevsky.

One may object to the manner and the time in which the Ukrainians have proclaimed their autonomy. They might have waited another few months till the meeting of the Constituent Assembly, when they could have reached an agreement with the Great Russian people concerning the frontiers of autonomous Ukraine. Even their historians and political leaders are far from unanimous as to which parts of the country may rightly be included in their boundaries. But there can be no doubt that the moral and economic effect of autonomy on the life of the people in Ukraine will be of enormous value. Having been deprived for so many decades, and even centuries, of a national language and national schools, the Ukrainians became almost an illiterate nation. The financial burdens of the Russian Empire fell most heavily on this part, which is most blessed with natural riches. "Under the old *régime*," wrote Hrushevsky in the article already quoted, "the Ukrainian country served as a big source of the State budget, but remained itself forsaken, and nothing was done to raise the social life, the economic position, the health, and the education of its people." And when one remembers that no more than two centuries, or even a century and a-half ago, this same country was the most enlightened, the richest in schools, literature, and social life, one cannot help feeling that there is some excuse even for the impatience of the "Rada" now ruling in Kiev.

SEMEN RAPOPORT.

## WITH THE HOPPERS.

LONG, narrow, green alleys roofed and walled by the broad-leaved hop-bines through which the September sunshine filters in soft warmth. The bins—canvas troughs with trestle ends—are ranged regularly four in an alley. It is at these bins that we stand, or on whose wooden stretchers we sit, tearing down the bines and stripping them of their dry, papery cones in quick progression. After every four bines the bin is shifted, my mate and I taking the handles at either end. It is a place of peace, this hop-field, and the work is peaceful, too, with its absence of responsibility, its mechanical monotony, yet of an interest sufficient to shut out warring thought. "Surely this could be done by a machine—in America, perhaps?" I hazard to my partner, and learn later that the surmise is correct. Doubtless thus the work is done ten times as quickly, ten times as well, and without wasting the complexity of the human mind on elemental labour. Yet when we have relegated all mechanical work to machinery, will the stress of life still be endurable, I sometimes wonder. How will the Poor Stupids then get employment? Where shall we find this healing peace of brainless drudgery?

"Come 'ere, or I'll knock in yer b——y faice!" The quiet is rudely shattered by the elderly, red-faced woman with black ringlets, thus calling to one of her numerous progeny. The words, though forcible, probably mean little more than the "Come, darling, or mother will be vexed," of another class. Maternal solicitude is indeed obvious, when Teddy, aged three, and playing with the bin-man's implement, is exhorted, with unconscious humour, to "Drop that knife, or I'll cut yer inter bleedin' bits!" It is this present participle variant of the sanguinary epithet, I notice, that dominates the hop-field, the weightier form being considered conventional and *démodé*. But, indeed, are not all expletives a mere question of fashion, or perhaps rather of class? In itself, what is there so terrible in the people's adjective, this thin red line dividing swear from slang? The "rotten" of our smartest set is in itself more suggestively unpleasant and is used as untruly and monotonously. In essence all these tag words are identical—a sign of mental indolence and limited vocabulary. It is to the frequency and not to the force of the hop-garden's epithet that I most object. "How doth the little busy b—— improve each shining phrase!" I misquote, wearily.

Once, indeed, a gentle member of our party excited us by the report of a rare oburgation—it only existed confined between Smollett's covers she had hitherto thought. But alas! all our persuasion would not prevail on her to repeat it, although we racked our brains in unedifying quotation. And, another time, I myself thrilled with discovery at a shout of "Chuck us yer 'ead!"—but the head to which reference was made was merely that of the hop! As the bines are pulled down, these "heads" are often left hanging on the upper wire, and it is one of the binman's most arduous duties to cut down and allocate them to their rightful

owners. For when the hops are good, the heads, still more thickly covered, are coveted as yielding a quicker return. But the heads of poor hops are frowned upon, for amid the tangled branching mass, the small mildewed fruit is even harder to strip.

My knowledge of the 'oppers' parlance would have been greater, but for the efforts of Mr. Molley, our best of binmen. He was a young soldier lent from Maidstone, whose khaki looked singularly out of place on this peaceful, albeit "bloody" field. I was obviously immune, but Mr. Molley rightly considered my bin-mate as far too young and dimpled to be listening to such vermeil speech. Indeed, I think, in secret, he agreed with that refined member of our party, who was heard to urge plaintively, that "such language ought not to be allowed in the open air," meaning perhaps that some appointed edifice should be reserved for the pursuance of profanity. Such a ruling was, however, outside the power even of the mighty binman, backed by the Pickers' printed card, which forbids "abusive, improper, or immoral language under penalty of a shilling forfeit or immediate discharge." So the harassed Molley had to be content with manoeuvring our bin into some remote and quiet alley whenever the lines of advancing pickers became too ruddily audible.

What, however, rules and binmen could not do, the native courtesy of the 'oppers often effected, and my experience of their common speech was thus still further limited. For, except in frequent moments of excitement, the pickers themselves altered their phraseology for our unaccustomed ears. "Aren't the hops very poor this year?" I observed one day to the young woman in a red satin blouse who was picking in the next alley. She stared at me in silence and smoothed her hair—a sleek coiffure parted at the side and held by a small round slide is the present mode, happily replacing the many years' dominance of the frizzled "bang." Though uncomprehending, my neighbour did not look unfriendly. "Rotten 'ops?" I paraphrased. Her face brightened. "Yer right there; but 'opping's good for the 'ealth, they say." The conversation continued, but with a certain reserve, until the faster rate of picking moved away my bin. Later, as I passed, I happened to hear her opinion—unbowdlerised. "Pawcel o' blarsted muck, these b—— 'ops, blimey if they ain't."

All the hop-pickers did not of course express themselves in such a strenuous fashion. A noted exception was the genteel lady who told us that "Me 'usband 'ud 'alf skin me if 'ee knew I was with the 'oppers—sich an orful low lot." And then there were the "home people," as the villagers were called, forming about a third of the total number, with a vocabulary noticeably different, although the yearly hop-picking invasion tends to unify it. Lastly there were ourselves, a band of twenty-three. "Directly we heard ye speak we knew ye were ladies—not Londoners," as one of the countrywomen told me.

On the whole I think the authorities gave our band fair treatment, and by "fair" I mean no better than that of other pickers. It is true that we had the village school and institute to house us, while the "Londoners" lived in tents and barns and huts, some

obviously of fowl-house origin; but this was doubtless due to their unit being the family, while we were monocellular. Again, we had sacks of straw to sleep on, instead of straw *au naturel*, but as the sacks were all too short (though said to be of regulation military length) I sometimes thought the more primitive bedding might be the more comfortable. But, indeed, after one night all such minutiae vanish. Never before had I fully realised the power of human adaptation. We all know of that young sybarite who, after a year of trench life, insisted on sleeping on the floor, because beds were "so beastly uncomfortable." In the same way, washing at a small sink in rapid rotation, doing the hair unreflected, dressing and undressing in the dark (for the absence of blinds and the lighting regulations complicated our rigours), all these became, through habit, if not preferable to our usual procedure, at least tolerable. Indeed, I for one frankly abandoned appearance and found in it a positive nerve "cure." It completes the perfect holiday.

Although in practice—like the 'oppers—I wore my oldest ordinary clothing, in theory I disapprove of it. A neat, substantial working costume is the ideal; but in England we have been too democratic thus to stamp labour. Now with the war's interpenetration of classes, with lady munition workers, car-drivers, farm-hands and chauffeurs all in appropriate apparel, 'Arriet may also condescend to dress the part. But let it be remembered that the question is primarily one of cash. To work in shabby clothes needs less outlay of capital, and also of thought, than a working costume *ad hoc*. In the end, probably, the latter is no dearer, for shabby clothes, when worked in, disintegrate with startling rapidity. There was a small boy in the hop-field whose dirty rags seemed all to depend for unity on one large white pin, and in the latter days I found myself gazing at him with an understanding sympathy. Certainly I could not flatter myself that by taking no thought, I was developing any likeness to the lilies of the field!

Indeed, in comparing myself sartorially even with the Londoners, I am doing them injustice. In the hop-garden, it is true that my shabbiness resembled theirs, but on Sundays, though not more lily-like, they blossomed out into a glory akin to Solomon's. Then you would see young women in plumed hats of many hues and long plush coats, while little girls strutted in stiff, white embroidered frocks and blameless shoes and stockings; even a rare male might be found dazzling in his "pearlies." And not only in our district, all over the countryside this flood of Sabbath finery was spread. It choked each village pub and danced outside. It sat in gossiping matronly groups, nursing its babies, on every available step. It dotted all the fields and thronged the lanes, often, alas! unsteadily, for a large, black bottle formed the hall mark of every man, woman, and child.

It was the black bottle that turned my thoughts to canteens. Why are these hop-pickers driven for refreshment to places where the object is to raise thirst and not to quench it, I wondered. Why are there no houses, public in deed as well as name, in which whole families might take their Sunday recreation? Why is it made so hard to gratify the natural craving for food and so easy to gratify

the unnatural one for alcoholic drink? I thought of the hop-pickers' daily meals and their unsatisfactory nature—each mother scurrying off to warm up the tea and open the tinned fish for the family's dinner. Their food must cost nearly as much as our own ninepence per day per head, I reflected, and included in this sum we got a grand three-course midday repast with *café noir* to follow. The secret of our princely fare lay in our culinary fairy godmother, the parent of one of our band, who had pluckily accompanied her daughter. But could not the regular hop-pickers also sport a *cordón bleu*?—it is the surest blue ribbon of teetotalism. Genius certainly does not grow on every bush, but there are plenty of women who can cook well enough when given the necessary apparatus. After the war is over, numberless army canteens will be standing idle, numberless helpers will be without work. Could not these be pressed into the service of the peace-army, that is always with us? For the whole of the summer months the workers on the land would surely form a grateful *clientèle*—the fruit-pickers, pea-pickers, hoppers, harvesters—each in their due season.

In urging the formation of such travelling canteens, I do not suggest their being treated as a charity. The one attempt of such a nature in our hop-field was certainly pure business, and lucrative at that. Every morning there would come a musical cry of "Lolly, lolly, lolly, lolly"—it has probably rung unchanged down the centuries—followed by a glad rustle and rush of children. An old woman then appeared, with a basket on her arm, surrounded by a group of tatterdemalions, who proffered coppers in grubby little hands. The stock-in-trade was small paper bags, each containing four peppermints. These bags, at a halfpenny apiece, even with sugar at its present price, must have meant considerable profit, although the old dame's trudgery had also to be reckoned. She came from Maidstone, she told me, and visited six hop-fields a day.

Even more important than a canteen would be a movable crèche—a tent or possibly a caravan would serve this purpose. I have called the hop-field peaceful, but one thing kills its peace—the almost continuous crying of little children. Yet in itself the life is such a happy one, the fragrant air, the cool, green shade, the high adventure. And happy the children would find it, were there just a little alteration, just a little more attention (though not too much), just a little more comfort and shelter. The mothers are too busy to attend—what is to become of toddlers who tumble headlong into every furrow, and are still too young to right themselves? Sometimes there is a tiny elder sister in attendance, who drags fruitlessly at the red, waving legs, and then, in her agitation, smacks them. If the infant is still too juvenile for locomotion, its lot may be less precarious, but is equally painful; to be dumped on a stubble field for hours on end is a searching experience. Sometimes a more cherished babe is laid in the bin itself. This is pleasanter, although confining, and pernickety binmen are apt to object, with a view to possible results on the hops. Moreover, in damp weather all these alternatives are ruled out. Then there is only one possibility, the baby must be strapped into a push-chair.



there to scream, or uneasily to sleep the long hours away. One such push-chaired occupant I came across, whose elder sister was trying quite vainly to drag it up the steep field home. Perspiration was streaking the little girl's face, while the sleepy, jolted infant whimpered dolefully. Investigation proved the seat of the chair to be so broken that it had become a mere outline, and in the empty rim the little one was so jammed and tethered as to be inextricable. Carrying cart and babe and all appeared to me the only solution. As I went along thus burdened, I questioned, somewhat breathlessly, the little elder sister as to her age and family. "Mother says I'm eight," was her guarded reply. "We're five boys and five girls, so that makes nine of us, counting Daisy." Her arithmetic seemed the antithesis of that of Wordsworth's little maid.

Had my dream crèche existed, there would have been no compressed baby, no tiny, unnecessary tragedy. Instead, one visioned a row of little canvas cribs with trestle ends—miniature replicas of the hop-bins—surrounding a central tent. A sudden shower—and the little canvas troughs are detached and slung within. When the rain is over a large mackintosh sheet is spread on the ground, fenced with a portable railing, and there the babies crawl happily. Toys are also in my dream, but these are of small moment; the country in itself forms an inexhaustible toy-cup-board. But the chief gain that accrues from this crèche of my imagination is a calming of maternal nerves, a soothing of temper. These hop-picking mothers, although affectionate, struck one as almost insanely irritable. But was it any wonder, I sometimes felt. For me the hop-garden was a place of rest. What would it have been had I added to the picking the charge of my entire family?

But, again, as regards the crèche, I am not appealing for charity. Each mother could pay a trifling sum per day; she could more than earn it by being thus set free. It may be asked where the necessary "minders" for the crèches are to come from? Could they not be found another year among the present volunteer lady-labourers? After the war is over, there will be no shortage of labour—rather the market will be stocked to overflowing. Those of us who have enjoyed our novel farming experiences, can hardly repeat them when they mean taking the job from a more needy fellow-creature. Let us, then, make new jobs for ourselves, organise new auxiliary farming services. We need not even do it gratuitously. The takings of the crèches would surely run to the payment of a wage as high, or rather as low, as that the farmers give for actual picking.

For this, after all, is the greatest reform needed in the hop-garden—better pay. I know that the rate varies enormously; I can only speak of the locality where I was employed. There the tally was at first six bushels to the shilling; afterwards, in consideration of the poorness of the crops, it was raised to five. Without undue boasting, I may say that I was accounted a good picker; indeed, whenever my mate and I "beat the field," we began to think that in our normal life we had missed our vocation.

Yet with it all, I averaged one and tenpence-halfpenny a day. This is in fine weather; when it is wet the hops cannot be picked, or they would spoil, and there is no pay at all. It is true that the hop harvest was very poor—the worst since '88 an old crone told me. When the hops are good, the bins fill twice as fast. The tally then is lowered, but even so it does not fall in like proportion. Under these favouring conditions, women have been known to pick twenty bushels a day, single-handed. This feat in our district meant not quite three shillings.

Three shillings as a maximum for ten hours' work, exclusive of the dinner rest—it does not seem fabulous! And yet who is to blame? It is easy to abuse the farmer, but I know that that season our employer lost money, and I should hardly imagine that he could ever be described as a wealthy man. The fact that hundreds of acres of hop-fields are yearly "grubbed up" proves that the low wages are not entirely due to conscienceless capitalism grinding the faces of the poor. If one is to complain of the farmer, it should be for lack of science, not for lack of heart, and in this he is merely living down to the British tradition. The same mental inertia that was our undoing on the earlier battle-field is our undoing on the hop-field.

The season was exceptionally bad; yet how was it that one man's set of scattered fields seemed to have escaped miraculously? "'Ee's that lucky," I was told. "'Is 'ops is allus good." It seems strange that the condemned British climate should act thus in patches. There is a Yankee tag about

"The luck that makes your store increase,  
Is mainly luck that's elbow grease."

The luck that makes your hops increase is mainly luck that's the judicious use of chemical manures. The modern man must be the master of nature, and not her slave.

But there is another cause of the hop-picker's low wage, and that is the ubiquitous middle-man. One day I was asking our kindly employer about the destination of his "pokes"; to which breweries would they be sent? Then I learnt that before reaching the brewer the hops must pass through two intermediate clinging hands. How could he make much profit himself, or pay his people higher wages, my employer grumbled, when both the factor and the merchant got as much out of it as he did, and that for ten minutes' talk instead of a year of toil? In my ignorant, feminine way I asked why the merchant and the factor got as much out of it; why, indeed, they existed at all? I am still asking.

E. AYRTON ZANGWILL.

## CHURCH AND STATE : THE ARCHBISHOPS' COMMITTEE REPORT.

**M**OST of us are now familiar with the main proposals of the Archbishops' Committee, appointed in 1913, "to enquire what changes are advisable in order to secure, in the relations of Church and State, a fuller expression of the spiritual independence of the Church as well as of the national recognition of religion." This step was taken in response to a resolution of the Representative Church Council, based on the conviction that to-day the Church of England finds herself in an unsatisfactory and intolerable position. The Church, it is maintained, as the Body of Christ owning no Head but Christ, is a self-governing society. For this end, Christ Himself has given her plenary power of "binding and loosing," i.e., full legislative and disciplinary authority in all matters spiritual. For her to allow any State-interference in her Church government is disloyal to Christ and fatal to herself. Yet to-day she is paralysed because she has weakly surrendered "this indefeasible right of self-government and self-legislation," so that she now has to act through a Parliament which has "neither the leisure, fitness, nor inclination to perform efficiently the functions of an ecclesiastical legislature." At present all Church legislation must go through both Houses of Parliament to become law. True, the Church still has the power, in Convocation, to make new canons, and uses it. By 25 Henry 8 c. 19, Convocation can still make new canons, if (1) assembled by the king's writ, (2) with the king's licence to make canons, and (3) the canons so made have royal assent. Such canons need no Parliamentary sanction, unless they deal with temporal matters. But, since Lord Hardwicke's famous judgment\* (1736): "Without the assent of Parliament the canons do not *proprio vigore* bind laymen," what is the use of making canon-law which is practically inoperative? "The whole system," says Sir L. Dibdin, "becomes lopsided and unworkable unless the laity are included"; and no Convocation-canons can bind the laity, unless they first receive the sanction of Parliament.

So, as things stand, all Church legislation must go through Parliament before it can become law. Is Parliament, it is asked, with its medley of members, many non-churchmen, many indifferent or actually hostile to the Church, the right assembly to deliberate or decide Church spiritual matters? Hence the Committee's strong plea for Church self-government and the reassertion of her inherent right to settle her own questions of doctrine, discipline, and worship on her own initiative. Of course, so long as the Church is established, absolute independence from State-control is out of the question. The Committee's aim is to minimise it. Therefore they propound a scheme whereby all Church legislation shall be formulated by a Church Council consisting of three Houses: (1) Bishops, (2) Clergy, (3) Laymen. This Council is to be given "full power to legislate on ecclesiastical affairs, even

\* As Dibdin shows, this decision only affirmed legally what had been generally accepted and acted upon (outside ecclesiastical circles) since 1603 and even before.

if this legislation involves the amendment or repeal of existing Acts of Parliament, subject to a veto of the Crown and of Parliament." In short, the Church is to frame her own laws, then submit them, not to Parliament direct, but to a Standing Committee (25) of the Privy Council, who decide if the measure can be dealt with by the Crown alone—*i.e.*, as canon-law—or must have Parliamentary sanction as well. If the latter, the Bill would then be laid *on the tables* of both Houses of Parliament for forty days, subject (not necessarily to Parliamentary discussion, but) to Parliamentary veto.

Thus the Report proposes to minimise State-interference and give the Church legislative independence, merely subject to an ultimate veto on the part of the State. Indeed, so jealous and tenacious of absolute Church self-government is the Committee that it apologises for this concession of a State veto, and on this plea: (1) it is a voluntary concession in return for vastly increased autonomy; (2) it involves no sacrifice of spiritual independence, for the Church can at any moment reassert her inherent autonomous rights at the price of disestablishment; (3) it enables the Church to keep all she now has, while it "makes Church legislation, thus State-sanctioned, doubly operative, binding those concerned both as churchmen and as citizens," *i.e.*, it gets behind Lord Hardwicke's decision and again makes new Church canon-law binding on all her members. She can now say to all churchmen: Bow to my Church-law or leave the Church.

Without being actually embodied in the Report, there are clear indications in it that it means the Church to recover her judicial as well as legislative jurisdiction, her right to wield the spiritual sword and enforce implicit obedience to her laws. The memoranda of the Bishop of Oxford (p. 248) and Dr. Frere (p. 277) insist on the reconstitution of Ecclesiastical Courts with full authority over all churchmen in matters of doctrine, discipline, and worship. Those who refuse to obey must be summarily dealt with. Obey or go! "A dissatisfied member can without difficulty surrender his membership or exchange it for membership of some other body" (p. 265).

\* \* \*

These proposals to invest the Church with such vast legislative and judicial powers, and a brand-new constitution, naturally open out very large questions; for they involve a wholesale readjustment of the relations of Church and State, while they threaten to weaken and narrow our Church. In itself, the Report is an able and statesmanlike document, but it "gives one furiously to think." Indeed, it raises questions of acute controversy, and we feel bound to express our strong conviction that—having regard to the fact that the country is at war, and the time inopportune for the full and calm consideration of a measure fraught with grave consequences to our Church and nothing short of revolutionary—the pressing of such a scheme will provoke a crisis that may lead to disruption and, almost certainly, to disestablishment. As the Report stands, the one saving clause against hasty, improper, and one-sided legislation

lies in the Standing Committee of the Privy Council. This body may prove as competent and effective a safeguard as the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the Final Court of Appeal in ecclesiastical causes, possibly the grandest Law Court of the world. None the less, we object, on principle, to any ecclesiastical legislation, affecting such extensive and *national* interests, which is not submitted to and sanctioned by Parliament direct in the usual constitutional way, without the intervention of any other body. We shall give our reasons, first on broad general lines, then on legal grounds.

(A) *The tendency of the scheme is* (1) *reactionary*, (2) *obscurantist*, (3) *narrowing*. (1) Our Church, even as our constitution, has grown with our growth and reflects our national character and development. Both in Church and State, the trend has been from absolutism to democratic freedom. Englishmen, though staunch churchmen, have in all ages withstood Papal jurisdiction, canon-law, ecclesiastical courts, as fetters to freedom and routed them all. When Royal Supremacy at length replaced Papal tyranny, it seemed at first but a change of masters; but it was really the assertion of the great truth that the Church exists for the nation and not the nation for the Church; therefore the final authority in things ecclesiastical, as well as temporal, must be the will of the nation as expressed by its representative, the constitutional King acting with the advice of his ministers. The fight for emancipation from the injustice and oppressiveness of canon-law, as administered in ecclesiastical courts which were constantly "an offence to the moral sense of the community" (p. 18), was a long struggle and as hardly won as any of our constitutional rights. "With a great price have we obtained this freedom"; yet the new scheme wants to bind all these burdens, in new form, on our shoulders again. (2) *Obscurantist*. The English Reformation was heartily welcomed and backed by the people, because its Religion of the Spirit was as a light in their darkness and exactly voiced their inmost and truest religious needs, as it does to-day; while the Reformation-Settlement, just because it is so tolerant, comprehensive, and full of compromises, exactly suits our own English character with its love of fairness. Our Reformers gave us a settlement with a hand on the pulse of the nation, and a religion disburdened of dead mediæval values and restated in the words and ideas of the best thought of their day. Our true line of life is to catch the spirit of the Reformers four hundred years ago, carry on their work on their lines by the best light God pours on us to-day, and do it as bravely. Is that going to be the spirit of the new scheme? That spirit will all hang on the majority in the Church Council; for the majority decides all issues. Now there is no blinking the fact that by far the largest, and best organised, party of our Church is that large body of Anglo-Catholics who abhor the Reformation-Settlement\*, detest the name Protestant, openly state that our Church is in schism since Reformation days† and must, *coûte que coûte*, be brought into line with

\* See C. Gore, *The Religion of the Church*, p. 119. † *Ibid.*, 43.

the One Holy Catholic Church of the Roman or Greek communion.\* All that is needed, they say, is the full assertion on our part of our seven Catholic Sacraments† and Articles of Faith as handed down in the undivided Church up to 1053 A.D.‡ Hence the Anglo-Catholic cry, in season and out of season, for the recovery of Church self-government through her bishops, Apostolic Successors, so that she may fully restore the ancient "tradition," and enforce implicit obedience to its rules on clergy and laity alike. This splendidly organised reactionary school of ecclesiastics and their lay-satellites, *officially* very large, has all but captured the Church, and is the moving spirit behind this Report with its demand to "adapt our standards of worship, faith, and discipline, to the needs of a new situation grown up within the last seventy-five years," *i.e.*, the Oxford movement. Officially, and on Church platforms, this party is very prominent; but does it really voice the religious needs, feelings, and aspirations of the main body of men and women who compose the English Church? Our empty churches prove that the overwhelming majority of the nation are weary of this Religion of Authority, with its ritual side-issues as trivial as "the tithing of mint, anise, and cummin," and passionately long for the Religion of the Spirit, with its "weightier matters of judgment, mercy, and faith." The dream of reunion with Rome is foolish. There is no road for English feet that way. It exerts less and less influence on the life and progress of the world. The Reformed Churches are our true kindred and allies; yet the bare suggestion of this "stinks in Anglo-Catholic nostrils." (3) *Narrowing*. One of the greatest assets won for our Church by the Reformation Settlement is her breadth and comprehensiveness. This enables her to gather to her bosom men of a wide variety of thought, groups of churchmen facing thought from different aspects, yet equally loyal to her leading principles; whilst securing for them a freedom of thought and utterance which broadens the outlook both of Church and nation (pp. 262-264). Give the Church self-government and you place it under the domination of the "predominant partner," with the result that this comprehensiveness goes, eventually narrowing the Church into a sect as unimportant as the United States Episcopal Church. On their own showing, Anglo-Catholics would soon give short shrift to those who did not fall into line with themselves.

(B) *The scheme cuts across the contract between Church and State*. Ours is an Established Church; as such, Church and State are partners with mutual obligations to each other. Each is tied by this bond and accepts these limitations for the sake of advantages accruing to it thereby. The State does so because it views the Church as a national asset making for the nation's moral welfare. The Church does so because of facilities and benefits which she derives from State support. The partnership has worked well (p. 28), and is far older than men fancy (p. 5 seq.). The Reformation did not create it, only cemented it closer. Thus the Establish-

\* C. Gore, *The Religion of the Church*, p. 170.

† *Ibid.*, 47.

‡ *Ibid.*, 173.

ment is of the nature of a contract whereby the State undertakes to give the Church its full support and sanction, on the definite understanding that the Church faithfully fulfils her part of the contract, *i.e.*, denies her services and ministrations to no citizens who want them, and conforms to her doctrine and constitution as by law established and as laid down in her Prayer-Book, Articles, or other her Trust Deeds. In a word, as the Established Church of the realm, she holds her privileged position for the good and by the will of the nation, and so long only as this obtains. Her constitution and formularies, therefore, so long as she remains established, cannot be altered except with the sanction of the nation, *i.e.*, through Parliamentary procedure. This safeguards the nation against improper innovations in a Church in which all Englishmen have a vested interest, a right to her services and ministrations.

The new scheme now proposes to cut clean across the contract by handing over all ecclesiastical legislation to a Church Council and a non-representative Privy Council Committee, merely giving the State a veto. As the Nation's Trustee, the State can and ought to say: No! I cannot thus waive, or even delegate, my right to legislate for the *national* Church. Either Establishment with State control, or Disestablishment with Church Independence. You cannot have it both ways. Choose which you will. Sir L. Dibdin, in this very Report (p. 292), emphasises this point and warns us beforehand.

The well-worn plea: "Parliament is unfit and too busy for Church legislation," will not stand; it is a slur and libel. Bring forward any measure making for the real welfare and efficacy of the national Church, and not running counter to "the doctrine, worship, and government of the Church as by law established," and Parliament will readily endorse it. What the House objects to is having its time taken up with "controversial and tinkering measures," on which the Church herself is far from agreed. (pp. 69 esp. 237.) And what kind of legislation would a self-governing Church give us? Take two instances at random from last year's Convocation proceedings: (1) Sixty pages of Prayer-Book alterations, some of them, *e.g.*, the Ornaments Rubric, of the most controversial character; (2) a proposal carried by a considerable majority to strike out the Prayer for the King in the Communion Service.

(C) *The Franchise Qualification for electors and representatives to Church Councils is far too narrow.* All lay-representatives in any Church Council must be communicants above twenty-one. All electors must be actual or admissible communicants, that is, baptised and confirmed Church people. Women are admissible to Parish Church Councils only! In a National Church in which all citizens have a vested interest, this franchise qualification is far too narrow and exclusive. Many unconfirmed churchmen are truly religious at heart (pp. 250, 252, 263). At the very least, all adult baptised professing churchmen should insist on their elective and representative right. The Committee constantly cast longing eyes

at the Established Church of Scotland (e.g., p. 35). Would that they took a few leaves out of its book: e.g. (1) its strong, lay, democratic element in all its councils from the outset (p. 194 sqq.); (2) its absolute and reiterated loyalty to its Reformation Creed and Settlements (p. 37, Art. VI.); (3) its *Church franchise*, "all communicants and adherents, i.e., parishioners or seatholders of full age, who claim in writing to be on the electoral roll." (p. 194.)

(D) *The powers of Parochial Councils, under the new scheme, sound imposing, but are neither new, real, nor effective.* All these powers the laity have now and always have had. What is there new in the laity's control of Church offertories or contributions? By the law of the land, the representatives of the laity, churchwardens, have a larger control of Church moneys (other than Sacramental alms) than the minister himself, and have to account for every penny to the laity in vestry. As to their power of appealing to the Bishop on the suitability of a new incumbent or the badness of an actual incumbent, whenever a new incumbent is appointed his name is posted for weeks on the church door so that parishioners may object, on valid grounds, to his appointment. Similarly, any parishioner has the legal right to make representations to the Bishop against an unsatisfactory incumbent and to protest against alterations in Church-services or ornaments. But episcopal and clerical autocracy and lay apathy make these statutes a dead letter. "Recently," writes the Dean of Canterbury, "a clergyman introduced serious alterations in the Communion Service, intensely distasteful to the parishioners. They appealed to the Bishop, and the only answer they got was a severe rebuke for the impropriety of raising controversy at this war-time!" Can we wonder, when many bishops and thousands of clergy (e.g., the thousand clergy who recently signed the memorial *re* the Reservation of the elements for purposes of adoration), hold transubstantiation views and teach a Roman "use" wholly defying the spirit and letter of our Prayer Book?

We cordially welcome the proposal that the laity should have more real power. They *are* the Church and we ministers, as Dr. Lightfoot so ably proves, "are but their delegates, servants, mouthpieces." But the recovery of laymen's natural and legal rights and powers, e.g., a real effective voice in the choice of a new incumbent; in the affairs of their Church and in the cure of souls in the parish; right of complaint and procedure, without Bishop's veto, against an erring incumbent; right of redress as regards alteration of services and ornaments, &c., can only be theirs if determined and conferred, not by Church Councils, but by direct Parliamentary legislation. This would undoubtedly redound to the welfare of the Church. What the clergy might lose in autonomy, they would more than gain in moral power and personal influence, if they would but co-operate with and trust their laity more. The present system of episcopal autocracy and the "parson's freehold" alienates the people. But Church Councils with ecclesiastical wire-pullers will not mend the situation. What



is wanted is a Royal Commission to review the present relations of Church and State, ascertain the wishes and grievances of parishioners, and formulate recommendations to be considered with the deliberation due to the importance of the national and religious interests at stake.

(E) *The Church Council proper.* This article is already too long, and we can only glance at that part of the Report dealing with the Church Council proper, with its three Houses of (1) Bishops, (2) Clergy, (3) Laymen. The House of Bishops has the *sole* right of initiating new measures "touching doctrinal formulæ or the services or ceremonies of the Church of England or the administration of the Sacraments or sacred rites thereof," and "*no proceeding of the Council shall interfere with the exercise by the episcopate of the powers and functions inherent in them.*" *L'église c'est l'évêque!* This is democratic Church self-government à la Cyprian! "A wise bishop will do nothing without the counsel of his presbyters and deacons and the consent of the people," said Cyprian in word; in fact, he listened as a Tudor king listened to his Council, and in the end decided everything for himself. "Powers or functions inherent in the bishops" gives our Apostolic Successors, with their vastly vague inherent powers of "binding and loosing," *carte blanche* to deal with Prayer-Book or Articles as the Spirit moves them. As for the method of procedure in the Council, e.g., Bills not to be read and discussed clause by clause, but merely reports, drafts, and recommendations of them as drawn up by committees; Voting to be, not by separate sessions of the various Houses, but in a session of the whole Council,—this method of procedure is wholly inadequate in legislation of such vital national importance. The public little realise what overpowering influence Bishops exercise on dependent clergy and their lay-satellites. "Voting in one session of the whole Council, and in the form of a vote by orders," would morally be "voting to order."

*Conclusion.* After three careful readings of the full Report in its 300 pages, and with every wish to be fair, the present writer cannot commend its adoption as it stands. It is a highly controversial document advocating far-reaching and revolutionary changes in our Church, and we are sure that, when the nature and effect of its proposals are realised by the main body of Englishmen, it will be widely condemned. Two convictions are more and more forced upon the thoughtful reader of its pages: (1) it is a crusade against what the Bishop of Oxford elsewhere calls "the great rebellion against church authority which is called the Reformation"; and (2) many of the ablest backers of this Report are "riding for Disestablishment" (e.g., pp. 39, 49, 278). Why not consider the precedent of the Scottish Secession in 1843? It would be more conscientious, fairer to the Church, and juster to the English people.

The Committee was appointed to secure (1) more independence for the Church, (2) greater national recognition of religion. They concentrate mind and heart on (1) (= ecclesiasticism), and leave (2) (= religion) severely alone. In so doing, they touch the surface

and fail to reach the heart of the situation, "paint the pump to purify the well." Is a change in the constitutional machinery likely to produce a change of spirit? Yet one ounce of unity of spirit (Eph. iv., 3-6) is worth a pound of unity of organisation any day. The war has transfigured England and Englishmen by uniting the nation and Empire in devotion to a great cause embodying high ideals. Is the Church of England alone incapable of this unity of spirit which it so loudly preaches? A James and a Paul, and their churches, were wider apart on what each considered "essential vital truths" than a "Catholic" is from any Protestant to-day. Yet each readily gave the other the right hand of fellowship and united to win men for Christ. What we want—and the new scheme ignores—is a resolute effort to unite all in England—be they Broad, Low, High, or Free—who make Holy Scripture their charter of doctrine, Christ their Saviour and example, and His Spirit their Guide.

J. R. COHU.

## WOMEN AS JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

**I**N the year 1909, a Royal Commission was appointed to consider and report "whether any and what steps should be taken to facilitate the selection of the most suitable *persons*"—please notice the word "*person*"—"to be Justices of the Peace irrespective of creed and political opinion." They had power to call before them all *persons* whom they judged likely to afford them useful information.

The Commission was composed exclusively of men, they had fifty-six witnesses—all men—and the Chairman, Lord James of Hereford, endeavoured to exclude the question of Women Justices altogether from consideration. Still, there is much, both in the Report and in the evidence, and in the facts that led to the Commission, to assist my contention in favour of the appointment of Women Justices.

Treating the subject chronologically, we must first consider the facts which led to the Commission.

The Justices of the Peace are, generally speaking, worthy persons, anxious to do their duty as far as they understand it.

That great lawyer, Lord Coke, tells us:—

"The jurisdiction of the Justices of the Peace is such a form of subordinate government for the tranquillity and quiet of the realm, as no part of the Christian world hath the like, if the same be duly executed."—(Coke, 4th Inst. 169.)

There is a good deal of force in the last words. For, notwithstanding Lord Coke's rhapsody, "Justices' Justice" has become a byword. The explanation of this is simple. The Bench has included the rich and not the poor; the employers and not the employed; the squires and not the agricultural labourers; and, in many cases, the Benches have been almost wholly composed of Conservatives to the exclusion of all other political parties. It is needless for me to dilate on the absence of the poor, the employees, and the agricultural labourers; I will only say a few words to show how the Benches were stuffed with Conservatives.

Lord Loreburn, then Lord Chancellor, said on June 14th, 1906:—

"I have received large numbers of representations, from all parts of England and from some parts of Scotland, to the effect that an enormous preponderance of the Justices of the Peace in many counties are of the Conservative party. Sometimes the proportion is *five to one*, sometimes *twenty-five to one*, and in one case it was *seventy to one* only a few years ago. That ought to be recognised as an unfortunate state of things by men of all opinions and parties."

But does the class or political opinion of a judge make any practical difference? Most certainly it does, even in the case of judges of the High Court, whose "personal equation" is, no doubt, somewhat modified both by legal training and by the criticism of the Bar. Here is an opinion as to a judge of the High Court, expressed by His Honor Judge Parry:—"Mr. Justice

Grantham was seen at his best on a waggon, judging a point-to-point steeplechase, and at his worst sitting in Court judging a political libel." Yet he was a most high-minded estimable man. I have no hesitation in saying that in certain kinds of cases the class prejudices or political views of Justices have a very considerable effect. Practically the classes excluded from the Bench have little confidence in the justice of their decisions in such cases. I cannot be surprised, then, if a large and deserving class of persons known as women, consider the composition of the Benches unsatisfactory. It is perhaps fortunate that the Royal Commission on the Selection of Justices of the Peace which sat in 1909, definitely declared that *some* improvement is needed.

### THE ROYAL COMMISSION.

The Royal Commission admitted that men were frequently appointed who were deficient in ability, impartial judgment, or high character (Report, p. 8). They also say that—

"It is in the public interest that justices should be men who command general confidence. And for this reason also it is desirable that the area should be wide and the choice comprehensive, so that the Bench may include men of all social classes and of all shades of creed and political opinion."

They recommend the appointment of working men as Justices, both in Counties and Boroughs (Report, p. 10).<sup>\*</sup> In conclusion, they say "We have endeavoured to show the necessity for raising the standard of character and efficiency of Justices of the Peace."<sup>†</sup>

These remarks are excellent, and, although the Report says nothing about women, it certainly says much which may well form the basis of an argument for their appointment. There are, however, two witnesses whose evidence I should like to quote, viz., Lords Dartmouth and Halsbury.

Lord Dartmouth, the Lord-Lieutenant for the County of Stafford, was asked by Mr. Arthur Henderson (Q. 1014)<sup>‡</sup> :—

"Do you see any reason why a woman should not be a suitable person to sit on suitable cases which come before the bench?"

Lord Dartmouth replied :—

"I do not think personally in recommending appointments I should consider that a lady would probably be the most suitable person to appoint."

Mr. Henderson (Q. 1015) :—

"You would not like to be asked to give your reasons why you could not appoint?"

Lord Dartmouth :—

"Not if the lady was anywhere about."

<sup>\*</sup> These considerations are again urged in the Report, p. 12.

<sup>†</sup> Report, p. 14.

<sup>‡</sup> Royal Commission on Selection of Justices of the Peace. Evidence, 1910 (Cd. 5358), p. 49.

The witness then withdrew. We see him no more. I hope there was no lady anywhere about.

When Lord Halsbury came up for examination, Mr. Henderson again introduced the subject of Women Magistrates.\* The Chairman objected that this was not within the reference to the Commission. Mr. Henderson, however, stated that, according to the terms of reference, the Commission was instructed to consider what steps could be taken to secure the appointment of suitable persons as Magistrates; and, as Lord Halsbury said he had no objection to answer the question, it was allowed. So Mr. Henderson asked (Q. 1198):—

“Do you consider women as suitable persons to sit on certain cases in connection with the magisterial bench?”

Lord Halsbury replied:—

“No, I should say I do not see any objection in certain cases. The difficulty about it is that if you appoint a justice I do not think you ought to appoint a justice who is only qualified to adjudicate in certain cases.”

There are, of course, plenty of precedents for magistrates qualified to adjudicate in some cases, but not in others; and it would certainly be an advance if women justices were appointed to sit only in cases where women were the defendants; but, if no woman is to sit on the Bench when a man is tried, it would only be fair that no man should sit when a woman is tried. So I do not propose to discuss the possibility of making women limited magistrates. Having regard to Lord Halsbury's position as Lord Chancellor, and to the fact that he is a man full of learning, experience, years, honours, and prejudices, I consider his testimony a valuable one in favour of women.

#### PRECEDENTS FOR WOMEN JUDGES.

I may be asked whether there have ever been any Women Judges, so I will therefore quote a few instances.

Deborah, a prophetess, judged Israel, and the Children of Israel came up to her for judgment.† We find in ancient Babylon a lady, Ishtar Ummu, among the judges on one occasion.‡

Professor O'Curry tells us that—

“Several women of the name of Brig are mentioned in the Ancient Laws [of Ireland] as female judges; some of them appear to have been connected with each other.”§

Coming to more recent times, we find that by the Sonna or Sunni Law, that is, by the Orthodox Law of Islam,|| “a woman may execute the office of a Judge (Kazer) in all cases of property.”

\* QQ. 1196, 1197, p. 57.

† Judges IV., 4, 5.

‡ Johns's *Babylonian and Assyrian Laws*, &c., p. 83.

§ *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish*, by Professor O'Curry, Professor of Irish History, &c., in the Catholic University of Ireland. Edited by Dr. W. K. Sullivan. Introduction, p. clxxi.

|| *The Hedaya or Guide: a Commentary on the Mussulman Laws*, translated by order of the Governor-General and Council of Bengal by Charles Hamilton (1791). Second edition by S. G. Grady, Recorder of Gravesend, 1870, pp. 341, 353.

There are instances in the Middle Ages of women presiding over Courts of Law in Europe, and at least in one case—that of Isabella of Castille—with distinguished success.\*

"I well remember," says an enthusiastic Spanish writer, "to have seen the Queen (Isabella) together with her husband sitting in judgment in the Alcazar of Madrid every Friday, dispensing justice to all such, great and small, as came to demand it. This was indeed the golden age of Justice, and since our Sainted Mistress has been taken from us, it has been more difficult, and far more costly, to transact business with a stripling of a secretary than it was with the Queen and all her ministers."† By the settlement made shortly after the accession of Isabella, it was agreed that justice should be administered by both herself and the King, conjointly when residing in the same place, and by each independently when separate.‡ In 1477 she presided in person over the administration of Justice in Seville, and "herself received such suits as were referred to her adjudication, saving the parties the usual expense and procrastination of justice."§ It seems evident that Ferdinand was on this occasion elsewhere, and that she was administering justice apart from him.

In 1253, King Henry III. appointed Queen Eleanor Lady Keeper of the Great Seal during his absence abroad, and Lord Campbell tells us|| that "she sat as judge in the Aula Regia, beginning her sittings on the morrow of the nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary in 1253." The sittings were interrupted by the birth of Princess Catherine; but after the Lady Keeper had been "Churched" she "resumed her place in the Aula Regia." It is stated that she acted personally. As, however, this lady upset London, and nearly caused a rebellion, she cannot be quoted as a satisfactory administrator.

#### ENGLAND, BRITISH EMPIRE, AND U.S.A.

In England, women have been considered capable of holding a very great variety of public offices, ranging from Queen to Constable, which latter office is, says Mr. Justice Ashhurst, "an office of trust and likewise in a degree judicial."¶ And quite recently a number of women police constables have been appointed with great success. There are several instances of women being sheriffs,\*\* and in one or two the woman-sheriff has acted personally.

I have information on good authority of the following cases in recent years where women have been entrusted with judicial functions:—

\* Matilda, Countess of Tuscany, acted as a judge towards the end of the eleventh century, and apparently with success. See the *Two First Centuries of Florentine History*, by Villari, Vol. I., pp. 87, 88.

† Prescott, *Ferdinand and Isabella*, Vol. I., cap. 6, p. 237, quoting Oviedo.

‡ Id., p. 197.

§ Id., p. 231.

|| Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, Vol. I., pp. 140, 143, 144. See also Madox, *History of the Exchequer*, Vol. I., c. 2, pp. 68, 69, 100, 102.

¶ In *Rex v. Stubbs*, 2 Durnford and East (Term Reports), p. 406.

\*\* Note to p. 397 of *Rex v. Stubbs* (*ubi sup.*), quoting Hargreave, note to Co. Lit. 326a. Chapman, *Status of Woman*, gives five cases, pp. 12, 14, 19, 33.

**AUSTRALIA.**—The first women justices in the British Empire were appointed on July 7th, 1915, in South Australia. They include Mrs. Price, widow of the first Labour Premier of that State. **U.S.A.**—Miss Helen Jaeger, of Tacoma, Washington, is the only woman police judge in the States. In 1915 Miss Reah Whitehead was elected judge in Seattle (Washington). She judges all criminal cases against women. In 1915 Miss Frances Hopkins was appointed probate judge by Governor Elliott W. Major. In 1917 the second woman J.P. in King County was appointed. In 1917 Mrs. S. W. Charles was appointed J.P. in Palo Alto, California, to fill out the term of her late husband. **NORWAY.**—Mrs. Ruth Sorenson was appointed town judge temporarily during the leave of absence of the town judge in 1913. She was the first woman judge in Norway.

Perhaps the most interesting instances of feminine judges at the present day are those found in the Children's Commonwealth at Batcombe, in Dorset, where a boy or girl decides cases of misconduct or of breaches of the laws of this little community. I am informed by Mr. Homer Lane, who superintends the Commonwealth, that a girl judge as a rule concerns herself more than a boy does with the welfare of the accused. This suggests exactly the element that is needed to-day on some of the Magisterial Benches.

#### STATISTICS OF CONVICTIONS, &C.

It may be desirable to give some statistics which will indicate part of the judicial work done by the justices. I will quote a very few, and those in round numbers.

In 1913 the number of females convicted in Courts of Summary Jurisdiction for indictable offences, tried summarily, were about 4,000, and for other offences tried summarily were nearly 50,000. Those figures do not include a large number of cases which are quasi-criminal in character, but where the procedure is by complaint, leading not to a conviction, but to the making of an order. Nor do they include cases where the Court commits for trial. The daily average of females in local prisons during the year 1913-14 was 2,200, and during 1914-15 was 2,100. The number of female prisoners received in the whole year 1913-14 into local prisons (exclusive of penal servitude and Borstal cases) was nearly 30,000. These figures again show the great importance of women justices, as the magistrates visit the prison and supervise the prison and the prison officers, and have ready access to the Home Office.

In May, 1916, the Home Secretary stated\* that enquiries had been made respecting the recent increase of crime among children and young persons under sixteen. Comparing the three months, December, 1915, to February, 1916, with the corresponding period of the year before, the total number of children charged with punishable offences in seventeen of the largest towns, had grown from 2,686 to 3,596. This was mainly caused by an increase of nearly 50 per cent. in the charges of larceny.

\* Circular of May 11th, 1916; *Justice of the Peace*, May 20th, 1916, p. 225. See also *Ib.*, p. 261.

The Home Secretary says that "experience shows that in dealing with children and young persons, a woman is often more successful than a man." He suggests that it would be better to employ more women as probation officers, and also adds that:—

"In many places women experienced in social work would, no doubt, be glad to help voluntarily if the Justices invited them to give assistance to the regular Probation Officer."

But surely women would be likely to have far more influence with their charges if they were Justices themselves, instead of being in the ambiguous position here suggested.

#### CIRCULARS OF HOME SECRETARIES.

In 1910, the Home Secretary\* desired to emphasise the importance of personal interest on the part of the Justices in probation work. Undoubtedly this personal interest on the part of the Justices would be more usual, as well as more efficacious, if some of them were women.

In 1909 the Home Secretary said it was very desirable that when a girl appeared as a witness in certain cases, she should not be examined except in the presence of a woman. "It was," he said, "in the interests of justice as well as of humanity that every possible means should be taken to lessen the strain inevitably put upon modest girls in such circumstances.†

It is, therefore, I submit, in the interests of justice as well as of humanity, that some woman should be in a position of authority—viz., on the Bench.

A strong argument in favour of Women Justices will be found from considering the earnest endeavours of the legislature and of Home Secretaries, both Liberal and Conservative, to induce all the Magisterial Benches to treat those committed to their care with kindness and consideration—viz., to avoid unnecessary imprisonment, exercising reasonable moderation as to imposing costs on poor people, and allowing them time for payment of fines. In many cases Magistrates, through obstinacy or carelessness and dislike of change, have made the merciful provisions of Parliament and suggestions of the Home Office a dead letter. The Home Secretary in 1910 said that this question of giving time to pay a fine had been the subject of repeated Circulars from the Home Office. An Act was passed as early as 1851 enabling the Justices to remit fees on account of poverty or other reasonable cause. Another Act was passed in 1879 declaring that, where a fine did not exceed 5s., the defendant *must* not be ordered to pay costs unless the Court thought fit expressly to order otherwise. In 1891 the Home Secretary found that the "express order" was made as a matter of course; and he strongly condemned this method of administering justice.‡ In 1905,§ the Home Secretary, in consequence of some cruel cases which had arisen, begged that time for

\* Circular, April 21st, 1910.

† Circular, "Juvenile Courts," March 9th, 1909.

‡ Circular, March 23rd, 1891.

§ Circular, June 14th, 1905.



payment of fines might be given, and pointed out that the Magistrates might accept payment by instalments. In 1906,\* the Home Secretary sent another circular saying that he feared that, "in spite of the evident intention of Parliament, defendants fined to an amount not exceeding 5s. are very generally, and in some Courts almost as a matter of routine, ordered to pay the costs of the prosecutor." And he added, "That in some instances the effect of this practice is to bring the administration of justice by Courts of Summary Jurisdiction into disrepute."

In 1910 Mr. Winston Churchill,† as Home Secretary, sent out a Circular giving an account of a first offender, convicted on two charges of a trivial kind, who was ordered to pay costs amounting on each charge to 10s. The fine imposed in each case was 1s. He was out of employment, and could not pay the full amount of 22s.; so he was sent to prison with an extra charge of 6s. for the two Commitment Orders, and 4s. 2d. for cost of his conveyance to prison. Such a case as this, said Mr. Churchill, was "an actual miscarriage of justice."

He said that, notwithstanding the power of the Justices to remit fees under the Act of 1851, and notwithstanding Home Office Circulars, he found that it was rare for a convicted defendant to be ordered to pay less than the full amount of costs; and that of the total number of persons fined, the proportion that went to prison in default of payment of costs increased every year.

In 1912,‡ the Home Secretary stated that "many minor offenders are still committed to prison for offences for which imprisonment appears to be an inappropriate and sometimes a harmful form of punishment, and he fears that Courts of Summary Jurisdiction do not always fully realise the wide powers given them by Statute to deal with minor offenders without having recourse to imprisonment." He also had reason to fear that in many cases when a fine was the appropriate punishment, sufficient time was not allowed to the defendant to pay it.

Even as lately as 1915, the Home Secretary§ said, in a circular, that he had reason to believe that the addition of costs "has in many cases led to minor offenders being liable to pecuniary penalties which are not only beyond their means to pay, *but are also quite out of proportion to the offences of which they have been convicted.*" He then drew attention to the observations made in the Circular of 1912, "as to the evil of committal of defendants to prison for offences for which a pecuniary penalty is a more appropriate punishment."

In 1916 the Home Secretary said that in some Courts very few children and young persons seemed to be dealt with under the provisions of the Probation Act.

Stating the facts plainly, thousands of persons have been sent to prison during the last few years unnecessarily, and therefore unjustly, by the Justices, in the teeth of Home Office warnings. Another Act has been passed to try and render Justices' justice more rational; but good legislation will *never* cure the evils of

\* December 31st.

† Circular, October 3rd, 1910.

‡ Circular, October 3rd, 1912.

§ March 11th, 1915.

Justices' justice without a great improvement in the character and efficiency of the administrators.

The girl-judges of Batcombe teach us to hope that a great improvement might be made, and many persons saved from prison, if we had women as well as men placed on the Commission of the Peace.

At the present moment we have in the Criminal Law Amendment Bill an additional reason for asking for Women Justices. It is not necessary here to discuss the Bill. I would only state that under the present law, the number of persons tried for prostitution in 1913 in Courts of Primary Jurisdiction was over 10,000; and the number convicted for that offence in that year was 8,500. The number received as prisoners on such conviction during the year 1914-15 was 6,800. I am not opposed to the Bill, but think that when we have specially drastic legislation for a large and peculiarly helpless class of women, it is truly most needful to secure that the Administration should be careful and efficient.\*

#### CONCLUSION.

Magistrates have too often forgotten that reform, not punishment, should be their chief object, and that preventive jurisdiction is as valuable as preventive medicine. The chief cause of crime, exceeding all the other causes put together, is drink, and to a great extent the Justices have misused their powers and neglected their opportunities of reducing this evil. A lesser mischief, but still a considerable cause of crime, is the "Cinema" house, and the oversight of these in the hands of the Justices has been in many cases little better than a sham. If we are to have in England after the war a better and happier country, where young people will be led out of temptation and delivered from evil, it is necessary, as the Royal Commission said, to raise "the standard of character and efficiency of the Justices." I know no better method of doing this, at the present time, than by appointing competent capable women on the Commission of the Peace.

J. THEODORE DODD.

\* As illustration of the importance of having Justices on the Bench who will protect women from conviction without sufficient evidence, see the *Justice of the Peace*, May 20th, 1916, p. 228.

## THE AMERICAN AVIATION PROGRAMME.

**T**HE large total of 640,000,000 dollars provided for the construction of aeroplanes and the training of the necessary pilots, observers, mechanics, &c., shows that, though the American aviation services have to be created from top-to-bottom, the determination of our new Allies to carry out their huge programme is most serious. They have already set to work with a will to execute it. And, it is important to note, it has been stated on reliable authority that the machines are to be of the most approved British and French types. The Americans have had enough common sense to recognise that the avions built, thus far, by their constructors are not fit for war-purposes. They have consequently invited the British and French aviation authorities to assist them, not only by furnishing them with the plans and specifications of their machines, but by instructing them in all matters concerning the organisation of their aviation services.

When, immediately after the declaration of war by the United States, it was announced that America would construct an immense aerial fleet, Orville Wright said: "I do not believe the war can be ended by any other method with so little loss of life and property." He was probably right, and though the number of aeroplanes to be built is only 22,000 instead of the 100,000 first spoken of, his assertion loses none of its weight. Every day the war has lasted has served to demonstrate to the British and French the indispensable character of the avion in modern warfare, and the decision now taken by the Americans to send a formidable aerial force to Europe, can but act as an additional stimulus to them to make yet more strenuous efforts to secure that mastery in the air which is an all-important factor of superiority on the earth. The Entente Powers will therefore continue to increase and strengthen their aerial forces which, with the addition of the avions the Americans will furnish, should insure the retention of that superiority in the air which has been already wrested from the Germans. The Germans, however, in the hope of regaining it, have, it is affirmed, abandoned altogether the building of Zeppelins, and converted Friedrichshafen into a great aeroplane factory. But in spite of all the efforts the Germans may make to augment their aerial fleet, our superiority should be rendered sufficiently complete to blind the enemy's artillery, and at the same time keep the eyes of the British, French, and American commanders wide open: that is to say, the aerial forces of the Entente Powers should be strong enough to beat back, capture, or destroy every hostile aeroplane seeking to penetrate over their lines, to reconnoitre and discover the positions of batteries, fortified places, troops, &c., and to make incursion over the territory occupied by the foe to learn his military secrets a comparatively easy matter.

To reconnoitre and direct the fire of artillery are two indispensable services rendered by aeroplanes, but they have made their action felt in many other ways. They have bombarded with good effect munitions depôts and factories, fortified places, camps, &c. They

have flown far over the enemy's territory, and it is only natural to anticipate that, with the addition of the American aerial contingent, and the ever-increasing importance of the British and French aerial forces, those journeys will ere long be effected with still larger fleets. The assistance in aerial warfare the Americans can render the Entente Powers is therefore most valuable, and their intention to do their utmost to give it is unquestionable. The voting of the big aviation grant is no bluff, but the task they have undertaken will probably prove more difficult to perform than they imagine even now. Admitting that it is possible for them, with their powerful industrial organisations, to construct the 22,000 aeroplanes, as they hope to do, by the end of June, 1918, in spite of the inevitable delays resulting from the modifications which future experience in the war will render advisable and even indispensable, and that the necessary motors suitable for the various types of avions can be provided within the time-limit, there still remains the difficult and delicate task of training the great number of pilots who will be required. The aerodromes for their instruction have to be created, the machines on which the pupils will have to practice flight do not yet exist in anything like sufficient numbers, and the professors have to be found. The "output" of pilots, if that expression be permissible in speaking of such brave men, would have to be 100 per week to provide 5,200 pilots in twelve months. If the Americans succeed in making that number of really skilled pilots within that period of a year, the result will be most brilliant, especially as in the first months they cannot terminate the training of one single man.

The French employ a method of selection from among the volunteers for service as pilots in the aviation corps. It was invented by Doctors Camus and Nepper. It consists in tests of the applicant's physical aptitudes. With the aid of ingenious instruments the candidate's nervous reactions are mechanically inscribed. In war the safety of the pilot and the success of his mission must often depend on rapidity of action. A fraction of a second between the perception of a sound, the instant when an object is perceived or a shock felt, and the requisite action to avert the danger is often of vital importance. Doctors Camus and Nepper have succeeded in measuring that lapse of time which, for military aviators, should be but a small fraction of a second. The same doctors, knowing that a military aviator has not only to pilot his machine safely, but also to fight, have invented an apparatus to ascertain his emotional reactions. The instrument inscribes the applicant's sang-froid, or his lack of that quality. The application of those tests has proved very useful for the elimination of candidates physically unfit for service in the aviation corps as pilots. Doctors Camus and Nepper do not pretend that every man who undergoes the tests successfully will make a good military aviation pilot, but they contend that those men who fail to pass are physically unfit for such service. By adopting this or some similar test, the Americans would avoid great loss of time in the training of aviation pupils who, after considerable training, might be found physically incapable of performing the work required of them. There is, however, a physical

aptitude indispensable for a good military aviation pilot to test which no apparatus has yet been invented. It is the ability to ascend to a high altitude without feeling emotion calculated to diminish the pilot's capacities. It is not a question of the strength or weakness of the heart, which can, of course, be easily ascertained. At the beginning of the war the military aviators rarely ascended higher than 600 or 1,000 metres (1,968 or 3,280 feet). At the present time battles in the air are frequently fought at altitudes varying between 3,000 and 4,000 metres (9,840 and 13,120 feet). Many aviators who are in possession of all their faculties while flying at the height of 1,000 or even 2,000 metres (3,280 or 6,560 feet) cannot ascend to a greater altitude without losing their self-possession.

That being said, it is useful to indicate what the huge American Aviation Programme really means. "The Man-in-the-street" seems to imagine that immense fleets of thousands of American aeroplanes will soon be seen flying over Germany, bombarding the Krupp factory at Essen, Berlin, and the other capitals of the German States. Undoubtedly such expeditions will be undertaken by the Entente Allies with more important aerial forces, and more frequently than heretofore; but it must be remembered that the Americans cannot, even with the complete execution of their aviation programme, ever have at the same time anything approaching 22,000 avions in service. Though money has been spent lavishly on the creation and organisation of the British and French aviation services, it is not divulging any secret to say that the two nations have never had so many avions fit for military and naval operations in their possession. The average length of life of a military aeroplane in active service is not more than four months; therefore, to maintain a fleet of 22,000 avions at the front, the construction of 66,000 a year would be necessary. As the American grant provides for the building of only 22,000 within the next twelve months, and as the machines will be put into service gradually, it must be taken for granted that the very largest number which can be in service at the same time will be between 7,000 and 10,000. And it does not at all follow that all those machines will be available all together for reconnoitring, bombarding, &c. On the contrary, each pilot should have at his disposal two avions. If he has only one, half his time and probably more will be spent in doing nothing during the repair of his avion or its motor. Consequently, it would seem a liberal estimate to reckon that the construction of 22,000 aeroplanes could at no moment of the year furnish an aerial reconnoitring and fighting force of more than 5,000, especially as in both the British and French aviation services two aeroplanes per pilot are not considered sufficient. Under these circumstances it is agreeable to note the declarations of General Squiers in charge of the execution of the American aviation programme. He says it is no secret that the 640,000,000 dollars voted for the creation of the American aviation services "is only the forerunner of another grant equally big." It is certain that to maintain even 5,000 avions working at the front it will be necessary for the Americans to build at least three times that

number per annum. That will no doubt be attempted, and perhaps achieved. At any rate, General Squiers's conception of the mission confided to him would lead the world to think so. He says: "The conception I have of my duty is not only to launch an attack by way of the air, but to create a veritable 'inundation of aeroplanes.' We intend to furnish the 'cavalry of the sky,' which will contribute to the final victory." On his side Mr. Howard Coffin, President of the American Aviation Commission, knows very well "the building of aeroplanes is not like shaking leaves from a tree." Referring to the training of the necessary number of pilots, he adds: "Already three of our twenty-four great training-grounds for aviators are ready, and on those grounds training has begun. . . . My fellow-countrymen have given us money and men; let our Allies give us confidence and credit."

The addition of 5,000 American aviators to the ever-increasingly large number of military and naval aeroplanes possessed by Great Britain and France would constitute an extremely valuable reinforcement of the Entente Powers' aerial forces, though it would not have that overwhelmingly powerful character which too many people appear to imagine. The Germans are thoroughly alive to the vital importance of aeroplanes in the present conflict, and in presence of the strenuous efforts they are making to regain supremacy in the air by the construction of such powerful aerial craft as the Gotha, propelled by two 250 h.-p. engines, and armed with four *mitrailleuses*, nothing could indicate more clearly the immense services the Americans can render their Allies than the following extract from a German official document, found in possession of a prisoner. It is the general report of the battle of the Somme, drawn up by the Staff of General von Bellow, Commander of the First German Army, which had to bear the brunt of the battle and which suffered such severe losses:—

"Our aviators were very seldom able to execute long-distance reconnoitring expeditions. Our artillery aviators were driven back as soon as they attempted to cross the enemy's lines to regulate the fire of our batteries. Reconnoitring by photography did not furnish the indications demanded of it. The consequence was that, often at decisive moments, our infantry could not obtain support from our artillery, either by counter-action against the enemy's artillery, or by an annihilating fire on the hostile infantry awaiting the word of command to attack. Our artillery suffered serious losses in its *personnel* and material from the enemy's artillery, of which the fire was regulated by perfect aerial observations, without ours being able to engage in the struggle. During the attacks our infantry and artillery were, moreover, exposed to the attacks of the hostile aviators, and the moral effect resulting from it was undeniable. One of the causes of that inferiority was the limited number of our aviators, which was in the proportion of one to ten. Moreover, they could not be effectually supported by our anti-aircraft guns, of which the small number was diminished by the great losses in material caused by the Anglo-French artillery fire, and by the wearing out of the tubes, resulting from abnormal service. And we possessed no telephonic aerial defence, so that the arrival of the enemy's aviators

was always announced too late. Lastly, our fighting aerial squadrons were stationed too far in the rear, and some of them were provided with C machines, which are, so to say, unfit for aerial battle."

This long general report of the great battle concludes with the well-founded assertion: "Nothing but the presence, in useful time, of a great aerial force can insure success."

That the Germans have profited by the lesson thus taught them in 1916 is demonstrated by the now frequent use of groups of fighting avions, superior both in numbers and armament to those formerly employed, to support the attacking waves of infantry by flying low and firing on their enemies. Without neglecting the primary duties of the aerial services, those of reconnoitring and regulating the fire of artillery, our enemies are every day extending more and more the employment of aeroplanes in conjunction with the other arms. To counter such combined attacks, and to organise similar combined action against the foe, all the aid the Americans can furnish will not be more than will be required, because the sooner the Germans are thoroughly mastered in the air, the sooner the land forces of the Entente Powers will be able to impose their mastery over them on the earth.

The struggle for that mastery between the Entente Powers and the Central Empires will therefore increase in intensity. The genius of inventors in both groups of nations, will continue to be enlisted to produce more and more powerful machines of various types, each better adapted to the services it is intended to render than the aeroplanes employed to-day. It is consequently not only a question of quantity but one of quality. A great deal has been said about the advisability of unifying the aeroplanes in use in the armies of the Entente Powers, in order that the spare parts of one machine may serve for another. Something has been done in that way; but the spare parts of a big, bombarding aeroplane cannot be made to fit a swift, fighting one. However, with the object of obtaining as great uniformity as possible, the Americans have adopted the metric system of weights and measures for the building of their air-craft and their motors, all of which—that is to say, both the flying apparatuses and the engines, are to be copies of the most approved types in use in the British and French armies.

The aeroplane and the submarine are the two new factors revolutionising warfare on land and sea. In this connection it is interesting and important to note that if the submarine is powerless against the seaplane, the seaplane can be employed with good effect against the submarine. It can discover the whereabouts of the submarine much more easily than any surface craft. Flying at the height of 100 or 200 metres (328 or 656 feet) it can, in a fairly calm sea, descry the vessel even when it is navigating at a considerable depth, and failing favourable weather, it can detect the wake the submarine leaves on the surface of the water. It can swoop down on the enemy and attack it with bombs regulated to explode at a given depth. If the submarine is navigating on the surface, its destruction by the hydroplane is all the less difficult. In any case, having discovered the presence of a submarine, the hydro-

plane can promptly warn the merchant-vessels in the vicinity to be on their guard, and, if necessary, to alter their course.

No one need feel disappointment because the Americans cannot hope to maintain in actual active service in Europe an aerial fleet of more than 5,000 aeroplanes during the coming year. That number, or even half of it, with the increased power of the British and French aviation corps, would almost certainly place the enemy's aerial forces in a position of marked inferiority. It would be something like a miracle if the Germans could keep pace with Great Britain, France, and the United States in building aircraft and training pilots, especially as the wastage of their machines, and the casualties among their pilots have for many months been greater than the losses suffered by the Entente Powers. It is therefore not unreasonable to expect that the arrival of the American aeroplanes on the Western front will result in the three great Allies obtaining a sufficiently complete mastery in the air to enable them most materially to hasten a decisive victory.

Formidable battles between fleets of avions will nevertheless have to be fought, but the bombardment of the enemy's camps, &c., in the rear of the fighting lines, will be effected on a much larger scale than heretofore. The wrecking of munitions factories, far in the interior of Germany, by means of bombs dropped by imposing fleets of avions, will make the Germans feel that, if their territory is not yet invaded by land forces, war is carried into it in a very effectual manner. That warfare, directed against places of military importance, will inevitably result in the unintentional killing and wounding of non-combatants. There is, however, something so repugnant to the vast majority of the Anglo-Saxon race in the idea of wreaking vengeance on unarmed, defenceless people, even for the most heinous crimes committed by other persons, though those persons belong to the same race and nation, that it is unlikely that reprisals for the German aeroplane and Zeppelin raids over England and France will be sanctioned. Moreover, apart from sentiment, the fact remains that the explosives can be more usefully employed in wrecking war-material factories, railway lines, bridges, naval arsenals, shipping, U boats in port, &c., than in killing women, children, and old men. And in addition to the services the Allies' avions will render by aerial bombardments, and by participation in battles on the earth with their *mitrailleuses*, it may be possible for the seaplanes to attack, cripple, and perhaps wreck German war-vessels in port, or even at sea.

T. F. FARMAN.



## THE PRUSSIAN GUARDSMAN: A REMINISCENCE.

OF all the fine regiments of the Berlin garrison which, in pre-war days, massed twice yearly, once in spring and once in autumn, on the Tempelhof Parade Ground to be reviewed by the Supreme War Lord, the 2nd Regiment of Foot Guards were the unchallenged favourites of the Berlin crowd. The "Maikäfer," or "Cockchafers," as the Fusiliers of the Guard are commonly known, and the Alexander Regiment of Guards were, like the 2nd Regiment of Foot Guards, also stationed in Berlin, with barracks in the centre of the city. But though they, too, were favourites in the eyes of the masses, it was to the 2nd Regiment of Foot Guards that the heart of every good Berliner went out. During the century or so in which the 2nd Regiment of Foot Guards have been quartered in their dismal-looking barracks in the Friedrich-Strasse, it has been the ambition of every young Berliner of inches to serve in their ranks, and to walk out with a private of the Second "Jarde-Regiment," as the Berliner says, conferred indisputable *chic* upon the housemaids of the city.

I write of the German Army as I knew it eight years ago. Since then, its ranks have been ravaged by the war, and all kinds of barriers of caste and race have broken down. In the days of which I speak, there were many regiments more gaily appressed, many wealthier, than the 2nd Regiment of Foot Guards, but none more exclusive. In "crack" regiments like the Garde du Corps (who wear the silver helmet with the Prussian Eagle and the silver cuirass), and the First Regiment of Foot Guards (who wear the tall, sugar-loaf caps of the Frederician era), candidates for commissions had to show so many quarterings on their coats-of-arms. In these corps, however, birth had to be backed by money, for regimental life was very expensive, what with high living and high play in the Casino, and horse-racing and pretty ladies outside.

In the 2nd Regiment of Foot Guards, however, birth was the sole qualification. Wealth counted not at all save for the very modest allowance (slightly higher in the Guards, I believe) which every Prussian officer must dispose of in addition to his pay. The entry into the regiment was practically restricted to the members of the families of the old Prussian military aristocracy. The Prussian aristocracy is, for the most part, sadly impoverished, and, consequently, the greater number of these scions of ancient houses, bearing names great in Prussia's military history, who flocked to the regiment, were, though proud as Lucifer, as poor as church mice. Even the most poverty-stricken of the great Prussian families would make every sacrifice to enable the sons to follow a military career in the Guards, preferably in the 2nd Regiment of Foot Guards, and it was by no means unusual for the whole available income of the family to be placed at the disposal of an only son for this purpose, whilst the mother kept a boarding-house and the daughters found miserably-paid but, by their rigid standards of conduct, permissibly genteel employment as companions or governesses. Many and many a time such devotion was but ill-

returned, and a pistol shot or a hasty flight to the United States shattered all the hopes built up on the young man's career.

The barracks of the 2nd Regiment of Foot Guards lie, as already mentioned, in the Friedrich-Strasse, in the northern part of that busy thoroughfare, on the right-hand side, a few hundred yards past the crossing of Unter den Linden. Thus the Regiment has always spent its life in the very heart of the commercial quarter of the city, within earshot of the great Continental expresses thundering into the Friedrich-Strasse railway terminus, its bugle-calls mingling with the traffic unceasingly flowing from north to south and from south to north under the grimy windows of the barrack-rooms. For a hundred years odd, the Regiment has lived under the very eye of the Berlin populace, and it is attached to the rugged hearts of this uncouth, ill-mannered people by a thousand home memories.

Those barracks were a most forbidding-looking pile. When I lived in Berlin, I used to pass them a dozen times a week, and I never saw the stained stucco front or the grotesque eagle sprawling on the wall above the gateway without thinking what scenes of barbaric cruelty those weather-beaten walls must have witnessed. For some of the worst cases of the ill-treatment of soldiers—what the Germans call, characteristically, *Soldatenschinden* (soldier-flaying)—have occurred in the regiments of the Prussian Guard. As a matter of policy, there are many Polish recruits in the Berlin Guard regiments, and more than one of these proud, unbending spirits has been broken for ever in the dismal barracks of the 2nd Regiment of Foot Guards.

Once, and once only, it was vouchsafed to me to cross the threshold of these grim barracks. That happened in this wise. There were many charming American girls studying music in Berlin, under Josef Joachim, Leopold Godowski, or Xaver Scharwenka. I often went to American "teas" where I invariably found a good sprinkling of Guards' officers, most of whom, I suspected, were on the look-out for a rich American bride to extricate them from the financial embarrassment which is the chronic state of the Prussian officer. In point of fact, one or two of these immaculately-turned-out young men tried to "pump" me as to the probable dowry of one or other of our delightful hostesses, with that amazing *naïveté* which is such an engaging characteristic of the Prussian, both in peace and war.

Among the most indefatigable of these dowry-hunters—or *Dollar-jäger*, as the Germans call them—was a young lieutenant of the 2nd Regiment of Foot Guards, whom I will call von X—. A scion of an old Prussian military family, his father a General of Infantry and a famous Guardsman, veteran of the wars of '64, '66, and '70, his aunt the Lady Superior of a highly aristocratic Deaconesses' Foundation, young von X— had everything necessary to carve out for himself a distinguished career in the Prussian State, save only money. He was lamentably hard-up. He was almost habitually "broke." His habits were expensive, his ambition unlimited, his opinion of himself and of his appearance prodigious. To put it vulgarly, he had the taste for champagne and the money for beer. A wealthy marriage was the only means

he saw to secure for his talents that wider field of action which he felt they deserved.

He said as much to me on various occasions when, walking home from a tea or a dance, we would stop at a *café* and drink a glass of beer together. I honestly believe that his sole interest in me was that I was an Englishman, and that my conversation gave him the opportunity he was continually seeking to improve his English, which was of rather an elementary nature. (The Germans have always preferred our language to our company.) For my part, I took a genuine pleasure in this Prussian Guardsman's society. He interested me enormously as a type, and, to be quite fair, for all his blatant self-conceit and ingrained cynicism, he was an attractive personality and a most amusing fellow.

In appearance he was quite the German "flapper's" *beau idéal* of a Prussian officer. Mainly owing to the Crown Prince's extraordinary figure, slimness was then the *grand chic* of the Prussian lieutenant, and von X—, tall and thin and corsetted in a marvellously small-waisted military frock-coat, looked for all the world like Mrs. Asquith's definition of Sarah Bernhardt: "Two profiles gummed together." His face was perfectly expressionless, like the face of a wooden soldier, and the eye-glass which he always wore, without a cord, firmly screwed into his right eye, went a long way towards heightening that impression.

He was as full of angles as a Cubist man. When he bowed over a lady's hand, he bent in two at the waist, exactly like a pocket-rule. He was marvellously adept at all the angular acrobatics which politeness demands from the Prussian officer in society, in making his entry into a *salon*, in whirling young ladies through a valse and in taking his leave. A Prussian teacher of deportment would have wept tears of ecstasy to have seen von X— approach his hostess, handling a helmet, a sword, and a bouquet, and bow from the middle, kiss the lady's hand, and present his offering all in one motion.

The spike on his helmet was of inordinate length. (He explained to the writer that a long spike on one's *pickelhaube* was extremely smart—the longer, the smarter); his white gloves were always spotless, and if one officer in the German Army wore (contrary to the dress regulations) a higher collar to his full-dress tunic than that insufferable boulder, the Crown Prince, it was von X—. But, against the white background of Berlin in her winter dress, von X—, in his long-spiked *pickelhaube* and grey military overcoat with its deep collar of brown fur, made an undeniably debonair figure. On the other hand, in plain clothes, which he used to don when he went on the *Bummel* in the evenings—that is to say, when he made the round of Berlin's night restaurants and ball-houses—he made a highly ludicrous appearance. Even the most cosmopolitan German's taste in masculine fashions is, to say the least of it, bizarre, and as for von X—, in mufti he looked like nothing on earth except, perhaps, a German barber out for a Bank Holiday. But, on reflection, I do not think that even the great sartorial artistes of Savile Row and Cork Street could have done much with that lanky, angular figure.

More than once I met him, arrayed in what the Germans call "ein smoking" and the British a dinner jacket, with a white waistcoat, and an inordinately high collar lacerating his full throat, very merry with wine, at the *Moulin Rouge* or the *Arcadia*, which were then Berlin's most fashionable night resorts. Here, too, one would meet that popinjay princeling, William of Wied, dancing the two-step gaily with the *demi-monde*, with no thoughts of the tottering throne of Albania which later he was destined to occupy for a brief, inglorious reign; Prince Joachim Albrecht, also, Captain of the Garde du Corps, first cousin to the All Highest, who subsequently espoused one of the frailest (and fattest) of the denizens of these halls of mirth, and was banished from Court in consequence. Of all the gay throng, von X—— was the most indefatigably, the most inexhaustibly festive, and after drinking and dancing all night, he would fare back to barracks in a taxi to change into uniform and take breakfast roll-call, on a raw winter's morning, as orderly officer of the day.

One morning, going along Unter den Linden to the Hotel Bristol, where I had a man from the Embassy and two girls lunching with me, I ran across von X—— taking the air as immaculate as ever. I asked him to join us at luncheon, for I had a notion that my guests, especially the ladies, would be diverted by this very typical Prussian. Von X—— accepted the invitation, and was a great success. He kept us all amused during lunch, and when the party broke up, he went away, apparently convinced—even more so than usual on such occasions—that he had produced a profound impression on the *Engländer*, as, in truth, he had, but not quite in the way he thought.

The result of this luncheon was that I received an invitation from von X—— to dine with him at the mess of the 2nd Regiment of Foot Guards in their barracks in the Friedrich-Strasse. He wrote me a very cordial note, mentioning that it was Guest Night, and expressing the hope that I would come.

Now there had been a great deal of agitation in the German Press about the alleged high cost of living in the "crack" regiments of the German Army. The German *bourgeoisie* professed to be scandalised at the rumours that only French champagne, and not the "good German" home-made article, was served in the Guards' messes at Berlin and Potsdam, and there was a well-worn anecdote in circulation to the effect that the Kaiser, who was represented always as discouraging extravagant messing, had been served with French champagne out of bottles bearing the labels of a German brand when lunching with the Hussars of the Guard at Potsdam.

In accepting von X——'s invitation to dine, therefore, I anticipated taking part in some such bacchanalian revels as we have read about in German military novels of "Jena or Sedan" type. I confess I looked forward to the experience with mixed feelings, for I knew von X——'s drinking capacity to be unlimited.

The hour of dinner was set for 7.30, and on the appointed evening, about five minutes before that time, I presented myself before the big, mud-splashed wooden doors of the barracks in the Friedrich-

Strasse. The sergeant of the guard, a most villainous-looking man, with a pair of moustaches like a couple of birds' nests stuck on his face, directed me to the Casino, or Officers' Club, where the mess is always situated. An orderly, with very large hands encased in very white cotton gloves, added my hat and coat to various piles of great-coats, helmets, and swords piled up in a kind of lobby. Then another orderly, large-handed and white-gloved even as the first, ushered me into the ante-room where von X——, posted near the door, was watching for my arrival.

The ante-room, the walls of which were covered with photographs, surmounted by pictures of various German Imperialities and Royalties, was crowded with officers. There was only one other civilian present—an artist I discovered him to be afterwards. Muttering a hasty word of greeting, von X—— pounced upon me and ran me across the room up to an elderly officer—he was the second in command of the regiment, as the Colonel was away—and introduced me with his best pocket-rule bow. The senior officer promptly pocket-ruled back and snapped out his name, then grasping my hand exclaimed that he was delighted, and went on with his conversation with a portly Uhlan major.

After that followed that extraordinary ceremonial of introductions, with which every visitor to Germany is probably familiar. Every man in the ante-room precipitated himself at me in turn, clicked his heels, pocket-ruled, barked out his name and regiment, pocket-ruled again, and was off with a jingle of spurs. Fortunately I had lived long enough in Germany to "know my drill," as we say in the army, and I sang out my name and bowed with the best of them until everyone there had done his duty by me. Then dinner was announced by a stentorian-voiced mess steward, the orderly officer of the day sprang to hold the door, the second in command led the way, and we all trooped in to dinner.

The mess was a large, bare room with high windows and long tables arranged round three sides of a square. In the centre of the room a dozen mess waiters or so, in the dark blue tunics with the red and white gorget-patches of the Guards (*Gardelitsen*) and white cotton gloves, were drawn up in line, and the regimental band greeted the entry of the officers and their guests with a blare of brass and roll of drums.

Von X—— seated me at his right hand, at the long table along the left wall, facing the centre of the room. On my right was one of von X——'s brother-officers, a certain von P——, with whom I was acquainted, and during the meal the two lieutenants looked after me very politely, and kept me continually engaged in conversation. Both talked, or thought they could talk, English, and, though I could honestly say that my German was better than their English, we spoke in my native language.

Hanging on the wall from a flag-staff was a silken flag in the black and white colours of Prussia. I asked von X—— about it.

"Ach! she has a history, this flag," he replied. "When the regiment came back from the war in 1870, the—the—*Dienst-mädchen*—how do you say it?—the servant-maids of Berlin, who

have many loves among our men, made a—a gathering of money and presented this flag to us. And there she hangs ever since!"

To my great surprise, the dinner was extremely simple. A little soup, some plain boiled fish, a slice of roast veal, chicken and salad, and chocolate cake, composed the *menu*, with a *petit vin de Moselle*, and, at dessert, a couple of glasses of extremely obvious German champagne to wash it down. It was the kind of meal you get at the *table d'hôte* of any middle-class German hotel, and not nearly so ambitious as the *menu* served at any British mess before the war.

There was no display of regimental plate, either. There was a little silver, and the table was nicely decorated with flowers. The German Army has no mess uniform, and all the men were wearing their military frock-coats and long trousers strapped over their boots and spurs. The other civilian, the artist, who came in a frock-coat, was probably more correctly attired in the circumstances than I who was wearing a dinner jacket; but I noticed that he had paid tribute to the solemnity of the occasion by donning a white evening dress tie!

I was greatly diverted, at intervals during dinner, by the formal German rite of "taking wine," a ceremony which survives in England only in the old writers and in certain College Halls and at the Inns of Court. ("Mr. Pickwick, sir, a glass of wine with you!" "My dear sir! with all my heart!" etc.) But in the German Army messes the procedure is even more elaborate. From the centre table, where the senior officers were seated, a voice would ring out: "Herr von X——!" My host would look towards the sound and see a major or a captain with glass upraised, whereupon von X—— would spring to his feet, lift his glass smartly with elbow well raised, drain his glass to the dregs, raise it again, and resume his seat, with all the precision of a movement of drill. I was terrified lest I should be called upon to go through this curious performance; but mercifully I was spared, and von X—— and von P—— merely clinked glasses with me where we sat.

At dessert I noticed an orderly crossing the room very solemnly with a large iced cake, on the top of which a circle of coloured candles was burning. He deposited this offering in front of a *Fähnrich* or Ensign, seated at the lower end of our table, who had been imbibing innumerable glasses of *Sekt* (German champagne), and was somewhat hilarious in consequence.

"Young von Z—— has to-day a birthday," remarked von P——, noticing my enquiring glance, "that is his birthday cake—you see, there are eighteen candles upon it, one for each of his years. This is our German custom. Have you, perhaps, know it?" I thought it would be impolite to say that it was a custom reserved for children in England, so I said I had never heard of it. The Ensign slashed up the cake with uncertain hand, and the portions were formally circulated round the table.

There were no speeches, and I cannot recollect whether we drank the Imperial toast; but I fancy that we did not. Anyhow, at the end of dinner, the second in command gave a sign, and everybody rose to his feet, whereupon he led the way out into the

ante-room, where coffee and smokes were waiting. Here von X— suddenly pocket-ruled again in front of me and, grasping my hand, exclaimed: "Mahlzeit!"—an abbreviation for the expression "Gesegnete Mahlzeit!" ("Blessed be the meal!")—which is the customary formula exchanged between host and guest in Germany after dinner. Von P— followed suit; but they did not catch me napping. Again I "knew my drill."

St. Privat is the principal battle-honour of the 2nd Regiment of Foot Guards, and the majority of photographs and pictures hanging in the ante-room were, as von X— told me, in doing the honours of the place, connected with that bloody fight—sketches and photographs of different aspects of the battlefield and portraits of officers who were killed in action upon that day. There were also various French trophies captured by the regiment, hung on the walls or disposed in cases.

While I was looking at these regimental souvenirs, the white-gloved orderlies served beer and sandwiches, and a group of officers got round a green table and started to play cards. What the game was I do not know, probably baccarat or banker, for the 2nd Foot Guards, though their messing might be plainer than some, were second to none in the high play which is the rule in all German Guard regiments. But, except for the card-players, the party broke up early, and it was only ten o'clock when von X— bade me good-bye at the barrack gate under the eye of the muffled sentry, rigid at the Present.

\* \* \*

That was eight years ago. Out in France, I have often wondered whether I should come across von X— or any of the merry band with whom I dined that night. Very few of the regiment can have survived the two merciless hammerings the 2nd Foot Guards received, once from the British Guards at the First Battle of Ypres, and again from the French at Perthes, where the regiment was decimated. Von P—, I know, met his death at the hands of Chunchuses in a filibustering expedition into Manchuria organised by the German Legation at Peking. After I left Berlin, von X—'s career was shipwrecked in the witness-box during the hearing of a Berlin *cause célèbre*, the evidence in which involved him in highly shady dealings with a notorious family of Jewish *parvenus* who had social aspirations. I never heard that he had left the Guards, but at least his transfer to a line regiment on the frontier (a customary disciplinary measure in such cases) must have been inevitable. Still, much is overlooked in war-time, and I should not be surprised if, one day, I met von X—, eye-glass, *pickelhaube* and all, on the field of battle.

LEANDER.

## LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

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## THE RETURN OF THE PLAYERS.\*

THE great actor has his spiritual vision ever fixed on that vanishing point where the real and the ideal mingle, where the play is reality, where reality is the play. There is a point on the sky-line, as one gazes out into the autumn sea calm and rich in its wonderful distances, where the sea and sky so intertwine that not the acutest vision can say, This is the water of the earth, that is the air of heaven. To the true actor the great play, the wonderful comedy, the soul-filling tragedy, is not make-believe at all, but shows us in eternal reality the unchangeable things in human nature. So great is the true actor that for a moment, for a passing hour, he can import this kind of eternity into plays that, as they left the playwright's hands, were poor make-believes. He can make, as the inspired violinist can make from a wretched instrument, his own conceptions rise out of the base material. All art, indeed, is like that. It expresses the eternal from the temporal, and gives it shapes and sounds and colours that are not the servants of time and will survive it. And sometimes the individual human soul rises to these eternal ideals and becomes one with them, brave with the bravery of gods who do not die. When the great actor simulates such a soul, such a lover, such a hero, such a heroine, the vision is bent on the sky-line of human things, where the æther of God and the foam of earth are one, and the actor is one with Prospero, with Henry V., with Wolsey, Othello, with Imogen, or Juliet, Ophelia, Desdemona, Perdita. Now in the Great War, actors have faced reality in its most tremendous outward form, and have faced it with the courage of their comrades drawn from all ranks of life. But to them perhaps it has had significances not granted, it may be happily, to all: the moral significance of a titanic tragedy such as they had dreamed upon in the story of Œdipus, the story of Lear; the dreadful fact of evil on a fearful scale operating and using ignorant men for its instrument, and calling up, as this war has called up, the organised forces of Righteousness to strike down for ever, if it may be so, the Evil which is threatening the very structure of organised human life.

\* Reference may be made to previous sketches, *The September Players*, September, 1914, and September, 1915, in this Supplement.



Yet to the actor the tragedy is present eternally, for the instruments of Evil are not always evil, nor the instruments that are working the purpose of Righteousness always good. So there is Tragedy, and to the actor-soldier it is staged amid the roar of the guns and the woe of desolated hearths. It was with some such thoughts that a few of the September Players found their way home, to the little bay of the sea where the mysterious trees and the shining sands make a stage on which the September moon, coming up in saffron glory from the purpling tides, gives such a light as shines through the mystic imaginings of Homer and Dante, Æschylus and Shakespeare.

It would be fruitless to tell the story of these men and women in the two years that had passed since last they trod these sands, for they had but done what so many thousands of their fellow subjects had done—fought and nursed, and acted the parts that every man and woman who loves righteousness and their land yearn to act. Fate gave them leave together, and how better could they use such leave than for a passing hour to come back to this haunted place, not from the crowded town this time but from the scenes of action? They were unexpected, but the rumour ran round that they were come, and once again in the dusk boats pulled round to the little bay and folk wondered what they would see as the rising moon, mingling her rays sea-born with the last red lights of sunset that gleamed sleepily through the forest trees, rang up the curtain of the yellow sands. A scene as unexpected as it was real in the ultimate sense met the eyes of the old people in the boat who knew that their soldier-actor son had, in the mercy of Providence, come back to them for a breathing spell again. In the full moonlight they saw the great scene of Othello staged. The old people waited as they heard a deep voice say, "Fetch Desdemona hither!" and then there came a voice, familiar in its rich cadences but with a deeper reality than they had ever known before, beginning:—

"So justly to your grave ears I'll present  
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,  
And she in mine."

"Say it, Othello":—

"Her father loved me; oft invited me;  
Still questioned me the story of my life,  
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes  
That I have passed."

"That I have passed." And they knew that he had passed through them indeed: had lain for dead upon the stricken field. Yet he was spared, and they knew it all from the words that had been written for him more than three centuries before:—

"I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;  
Wherein I spoke . . .

The actor's voice trembled, hesitated for the flashing of a moonbeam as an eternity of life and death crowded through his consciousness:—

"Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field;  
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;  
Of . . .

Again the voice tremored with just the flicker of an aspen leaf, for he was telling his own tale:—

"Of being taken by the insolent foe  
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,  
And portance in my travel's history."

So the familiar cadences ran. What wonder—

"These things to hear  
Would Desdemona seriously incline."

The old people knew Desdemona, that gracious lady, and, as they listened in the dusk to the story, who could doubt that it was the true story told by the greatest story-teller of all time, of the wooing of her:—

"My story being done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.  
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;  
She wished she had not heard it; yet she wish'd  
That heaven had made her such a man."

If truth be told, her own heroism in far fields of nursing had been not less than his in battle:—

"She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd;  
And I loved her that she did pity them.  
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd:  
Here comes the lady; let her witness it."

And then she was there, but in this scene, for reasons that Shakespeare understood, no Iago stood with her. She faced the good Brabantio her father, the mild and magnificent Duke of Venice his lord, the war-worn splendid soldier of fortune Othello her lord; and on them all the mellow moonlight fell with the tiny murmur, musical as the dream-twitter of birds in the night, of the turn of the full scarcely rippled tide kissing the golden sands. As she stood there, she was Shakespeare's ideal woman—so tender, so brave, so holy; no need to-night for the Devil to stand by her and create the measure of infinite contrast between Good and Evil. Shakespeare, as he brooded on the scene of his invention, understood and bade Iago not touch with unhallowed foot those sacred sands. Iago was oversea in Belgium, and there the players had left him. And then she spoke of her divided duty to her father, the lord of duty, and to her husband, the lord of love. Must he to the wars forthwith? He has no doubt. Again the soldier's voice sounds down the sands:—

"The tyrant custom, most grave senators,  
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war  
My thrice-driven bed of down."

But what of her; who shall care for her in his absence conducting "these present wars against the Ottomites"; who shall give her fit disposition? She answers for herself, facing the arbiters of her fate, and prays the gracious Duke to assist her "simpleness." She fain would go with great Othello. Her voice pierced the listeners' hearts as she pleaded:—

"That I did love the Moor to live with him,  
My downright violence and storm of fortunes  
May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdu'd  
Even to the very quality of my lord;  
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;  
And to his honours and his valiant parts,  
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate,  
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,  
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,  
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,  
And I a heavy interim shall support  
By his dear absence. Let me go with him."

All hearers knew that as she spoke she was speaking for the womanhood of England, of Greater Britain, for mothers, wives, sisters—for all the great company of fearless women who in spiritual fashion have given up all, that they may be knit in that great community of prayer and effort by which they do "go with him": with "him," the soldier from town and fell, moorland and stream, from the Canadian plains, the South African veldt, the Australian Bush, the New Zealand terraced glories, with the soldier, with every soul who has gone forth with "natural and prompt alacrity" for the hardness of the struggle to "these present wars against the Ottomites." But do the soldiers approve of this new warlike use of womanhood? Let Othello answer:—

"Your voices, lords: beseech you, let her will  
Have a free way."

Look upon the scene: did we doubt the capacity of womanhood to supplement the labours of men we should doubt it no longer as the eager face of Desdemona, the illuminated face of Othello, turn to the doubting brow of Brabantio, the calm untroubled face of the Great Duke. Senators may doubt, but the State has no doubt. Woman is free at last to choose:—

"Be it as you shall privately determine  
Either for her stay or going."

And as the Duke ends, he and the Senators have vanished in the shadows. The man and wife are near the shadows, too, but still they linger in the moonlight hand in hand. The man must go; the wife must follow in his steps a world apart. The last golden hour is fleeing: "Come, Desdemona . . . we must obey the time." The sands are empty, but they hear her singing through the woods, "Willow, willow, willow," and then again, to a glad note, "Turn you where your lady is." And then, by a sort of woodland magic, they hear her close at hand, speaking to Othello, in the words of another play, of this their golden hour:—

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!  
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears : soft stillness, and the night,  
Become the touches of sweet harmony."

The rest is silence, save for the soughing of the tide, and, after a little, the plashing of the oars as the spectators row to meet the players on leave and the waters run like molten silver from their oars. Othello and Desdemona! Who shall separate them? The discord of the tragedy is solved in that higher unity which the Greek dramatists never knew. The tragedy of their deaths was redeemed by their sure and certain reunion in a sinless world; for when all was done he died "upon a kiss." The players who had seen Evil face to face, "more fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea," doubted not the eternal unity of love, and, as they cast Iago out of the moonlit play, so they knew that Iago would be cast out of the tragedy of Desdemona—that is, of Europe.

J. E. G. DE M.

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## REVIEWS.

### THE IDEA OF GOD.\*

This volume is indispensable to all students of the philosophy of Theism, and, indeed, to all who are concerned with the larger problems of metaphysics. In his Gifford Lectures, Professor Seth Pringle-Pattison has greatly added to his previous services to philosophical thought by presenting a positive doctrine of God and of His relations to the universe, which is built up by means of searching, though sympathetic, criticism of modern thinkers, from Hume and Kant to Bradley, Bergson, Ward, and Bosanquet. In discharging this great task, Professor Pringle-Pattison shows to full advantage the remarkable lucidity, the extensive culture, the comprehensive insight, and, not least of all, the balanced judgment we have learned to expect of him.

It is impossible to do justice to the scope of these Lectures in a brief notice. The outstanding features may, however, be summed up as follows. Professor Pringle-Pattison shows how important a service to philosophy has been rendered by biological thought during the last generation, especially in destroying the inadequate view which made mathematics and physics the standard of all knowledge, thereby encouraging attempts to reduce all phenomena to physical terms, and to remove entirely from the sphere of knowledge all that is essential to the higher life of man. Man is organic to the universe, and the universe to man. The perversities of Agnosticism spring from the immense mistake of supposing that consciousness, complete in itself, is introduced, *ab extra*, into and confronted by a world that is complete without it. On the contrary,

\* *The Idea of God in the Light of Recent Philosophy.* The Gifford Lectures for 1912 and 1913, by Professor A. Seth Pringle-Pattison, LL.D., D.C.L. (Clarendon Press, price 12s. 6d. net.)

both are given in mutual relations, out of which each is unthinkable. Hence the values that are essential to the life of the spirit are a revelation of the nature and structure of reality. The universe cannot be reduced to terms of matter and motion, but presents to us various degrees and orders of reality, only through the frank acceptance and careful investigation of which can its nature be discovered. In particular, it is impossible either to negate the finite in order to magnify the absolute, or to deny the latter in order to make room for the former. Both are revealed to us in consciousness, and the reconciliation is to be found in treating self-communication as essential to the eternal and perfect nature of God. The "open secret of the universe" is "a God who lives in the perpetual giving of Himself, who shares the life of His finite creatures, bearing in and with them the whole burden of their finitude, their sinful wanderings and sorrows, and the suffering without which they cannot be made perfect."

J. S. L.

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## THE ELEMENTS OF JURISPRUDENCE.\*

It is thirty-seven years since Sir Erskine Holland issued his work on Jurisprudence with the definite purpose, successfully accomplished, of supplying to the English reader a systematic treatise upon legal ideas. In 1880, as Sir Erskine pointed out, English legal thinkers were at last feeling their way with some certitude in the direction of the classification of legal ideas. Probably Sir William Blackstone, more than a century earlier, had started the movement with his Vinerian lectures at Oxford; but, at any rate, the attacks levelled with singular injustice and brutality at Blackstone by Bentham and Austin—even by Maine—were signs of an awakening, if not always a very convincing interest, in the theory of law, and this was accelerated by the marked revival of interest throughout the nineteenth century in the history and classification of Roman law. It was certainly significant that Mr. Muirhead's remarkable history of Roman Private Law was published only six years after Sir Erskine's work. That work has now passed into its twelfth edition, after having run the gauntlet of the admiring criticism of two generations of lawyers and jurists, and it is to-day—despite the publication of other works, such as Mr. Salmon's, of first-rate importance—still the leading work in any language on the subject of the theory of law. In the present edition, "the author has aimed at producing a text which may be regarded as practically final, although future issues of the work may be illustrated by annotations chronicling the movement of legislation and case-law, British and foreign."

Presumably, however, Sir Erskine does not regard attempts to reopen the vexed questions as to the sources of law, or, to be more exact, the fountains of law, as unreasonable. At the very time

\* *The Elements of Jurisprudence*, by Thomas Erskine Holland, K.C., Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. (Oxford: At the Clarendon Printing Press. Price 10s. 6d. net.)

when, so to speak, the author has closed his book, investigations into the nature of matter and into the customs of palæolithic tribes are beginning to throw new light on baffling questions of sanction that may transform the bases of legal science. To this great jurist the term Law, when "used to denote the method of the phenomena of the universe," is something essentially different to Law when used "to express a rule of human action." This is, of course, entirely true so long as we can say that the term Law is used in connection with the physical sciences as a "mere metaphor." It was not true so long as men considered physical order as the result of a direct order issued by a divine law-giver. It would not be true if we could say that phenomena, such as gravity, are due to an inherent quality in the ultimate bases of matter of the same unvariable nature as an inherent quality implicit in consciousness that takes the ultimate form of the law of nature as understood by the Roman jurists. In other words, it may be that there is an essential orderliness in consciousness not different in kind to the essential orderliness in matter. We are not asserting that this is so, but the accumulation of our knowledge, both of matter and of the forms of consciousness, makes the proposition arguable—indeed, makes it arguable that there is an ultimate orderliness in the direction of preservation of type common both to matter and consciousness. If it were so, Sir Erskine might have to re-cast the earlier chapters of his book. But, as our knowledge stands to-day, we may well limit the term Law in Jurisprudence to "the abstract idea of rules of conduct," while law proper must not be confused with "laws of God, laws of nature, and laws of morality." Sir Erskine makes us see how narrow the line is between rules of conduct that come within these confines and rules of conduct that are imposed by "determinate authority." Indeed, he is really faced by a difficulty at this point which is insoluble if the confines of the science of jurisprudence are not strictly drawn. Sir Erskine apparently draws them with sufficient strictness: "All legal right and wrong had its origin after human society was put in motion and began to reflect and act. To talk of law and right as applied to mankind at a supposed period antecedent to society beginning to think and act is a contradiction in terms." That is certain enough; human laws are laws of a society. But when did society begin to think and act?

The Australian evidence recently accumulated sets the mind violently at work on this subject, and makes the difficulties on the subject of customary law, which are here attacked with courage and effect, more stern than ever. It is useful to face this question once more. Sir Erskine Holland declares that in the science of Jurisprudence "a law . . . is enforced by a sovereign political authority." Without this rule it is impossible to build up a watertight science. Yet customary law, which forms an immense tract of the area covered by Jurisprudence, apparently is not only not enforced by such an authority, but is often not enforced by any determinate authority at all. Sir Erskine boldly faces the case. He admits (*pace* Austin) that "the custom was law before it received the stamp of judicial authentication." He agrees that a

legislature often "abrogates customs, partially or wholesale." This fact is the strongest proof that the custom is a law. The custom, as is here very pertinently pointed out, is in a similar position so far as meaning goes as an Act of Parliament. But the difficulty is overcome by presuming "the existence of an express or tacit law of the State giving to such customs the effect of laws." Yet it might be argued that this does not overcome the difficulty or is, at any rate, a mere convention of the Science of Jurisprudence to bring Customs within the Science. There may well be a period in the history of an organised society when the custom is not enforced by any determinate authority, and when it is impossible to presume a tacit law that gives a resultant force to the custom. Savigny would certainly not have admitted (as Sir Erskine acknowledges) this presumption, and it is perhaps not altogether impertinent to suggest that, in later developments of Jurisprudence, we shall see rather a return to Blackstone than to Austin. The whole subject of Jurisprudence has a curious fascination for the human mind, and certainly this remarkable book should find many students who are not lawyers, especially in days when the question of international relations, public and private, have a growing significance for the whole community. Here he or she will read in perfect and noble clarity of expression the latest and the deepest thought on private and public law and that most difficult of all subjects—international law. The question of Sanction in International Law is now of the first importance, and it is for this reason, among others, that we venture to draw attention once again to the subject of the bases of law.

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### WAR SPEECHES.\*

The Clarendon Press has published many important contributions to the literature of the war, but it is not improbable that Dr. Ginsburg's collection of war speeches by Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Lloyd George, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, Lord Kitchener, The Hon. James M. Beck, President Wilson, Sir Robert Borden, General Smuts, and Lord Robert Cecil will prove the most valued of these. Dr. Ginsburg, in his "foreword," draws attention to some salient points that illustrate the speeches. Thus Signor Giolitti, in December, 1914, showed that as early as August, 1913, Austria proposed to Italy to attack Serbia, and tried to make the attack the business of the Triple Alliance. There is a mass of evidence to prove the deliberate nature of the German onslaught and the German belief that in three months Russia, France, Holland, and Belgium would be vassal States, and all would be ready for the attack on England. Thus battleship-building in Germany slowed down in 1912; ships laid down in that year would be of no use in the war; before the murder of the Austrian Duke in June, 1914, a rendezvous had been fixed in the Atlantic for the German fleet to meet German colliers. The

\* *War Speeches, 1914—1917.* Collected by Benedict W. Ginsburg, M.A., LL.D. (Camb.). With a Foreword. (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

order was found on the German cruiser that was at Cape Town at the outbreak of war. On the subject of international law and the duty to observe it, we may note General von Moltke's statement: "We must put on one side all commonplaces as to the responsibility of the aggressor." In his speech of January, 1915, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg admits "the scrap of paper" phrase. He admits that he regarded the treaty guaranteeing Belgium as a "scrap of paper" compared with the results that would follow the entry of England into the war. But, curiously enough, he did not seem to realise that it was the treatment of the treaty as a negligible scrap of paper that brought Great Britain into the war. Yet Sir Edward Goschen plainly told him on August 4th, 1914, "That solemn compact had to be kept, or what confidence could anyone have in engagements given by Great Britain in the future?" When Germany violated Belgium, she did more than lose the Gambit—what will be known as the Hohenzollern Gambit—in her second move. She destroyed for all time confidence in engagements entered into by her. All the flutter of German speeches that has gone on now for months since she realised that her protests, her protestations of her love of peace, had ceased to have any meaning for foreign diplomatists or foreign democracies, is aimed at the growingly difficult task of persuading the German people that German statesmanship has been honest, and that the Empire of 1870 is being slowly consumed at a martyr's stake without any fault on the part of a peace-loving autocrat, and of the simple-minded ministers who help him in his task of managing a household of seventy million children and slaves. There must be many thousands of people in Germany who are incapable of being deceived any longer. They would, no doubt, have tolerated deceit if the war had been successful. General von Moltke has assured us that "Success alone justifies war." But, as things are, a conversion of the whole people to sanity is to be hoped for. We can conceive of no better means than a German version of this book of speeches—a book that shows the implacable determination of England and her Dominions and her Allies to have done once and for all with Hohenzollernism.

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## ULSTER AND BALLIOL.\*

The occasional verses of a literary man are always illuminating, and this is specially true of Mr. Boas, whose vast knowledge of Elizabethan literature has given him standards of poetry not open to all of us. In this volume we have gathered together verses written at Balliol more than thirty years ago, which secured the not-easily-won approval of Jowett—verses written in relation to his native Ulster at various dates from 1892 down to the days of the Great War—and these melodies, with others of various interest, are bound together in some charming dedicatory lines showing us:—

\* *Songs of Ulster and Balliol.* By Frederick S. Boas. (Constable, price 2s. net.)



"Where Isis and where Cherwell lave  
The daisy-dappled midland leas;  
Or where into the northern seas  
The Lagan rolls her turbid wave."

We only wish that the volume had been delayed long enough to include the impassioned poem entitled "The Orange and the Green," in which Mr. Boas recently expressed his idealism and hope for his Ulster and his Ireland welded into an indissoluble whole by the fiery furnace of a righteous war.

It is delightful to be taken back to the Balliol of the days of Jowett's prime, to the dreamy calling and cawing of the Balliol rooks that have seen the coming and going of so many generations:—

"And we that are heirs to their paths and places,  
To the alleys dim and the sunlit towers,  
With our hearts on fire, and our eager faces,  
Still hasting along with the hasting hours;  
O rooks, I pray you, come, tell me true:  
Was it better the old? is it better the new?"

Since those lines were written a still later generation has arisen, and the sons of the men with the "eager faces" have passed into the field of war, fighting as Oxford men have ever fought for a cause that is won because Materialists had thought it lost: Balliol and Belgium!

"For the House of Balliol is builded ever  
By all the labours of all her sons;  
And the great deed wrought, and the grand endeavour  
Will be hers as long as the Isis runs,  
And the rooks still caw from the garden-tree,  
With their old monotonous minstrelsy."

An intermediate note is given us in the ode of 1903 on "the inauguration of a college organ" ready to make immortal harmonies. The spiritual aspect of all art shines out in these five lines. And the same note is to be found in the Ulster poems, whether Mr. Boas is passionately calling in 1892 for the maintenance of the Union or, ten years later, is paying tribute to the memory of Lord Dufferin, Vice-Admiral of Ulster, or, in the same year, is carrying us to "the wastes and wilds of Arranmore," or, in 1914, shows the Ulster men turning "their backs on the Province," and striking the common foe; or again, in 1916, bids us see them on the Somme:—

"From Antrim glens and hills of Down,  
And moaning Northern Sea,  
From mill and mart and thronging town,  
Stroke Ulster's chivalry."

With Ireland united in a spiritual struggle for freedom, Mr. Boas feels, and feels rightly, that we can "abide the end" without fear. From the old days he looks forward:—

" Yet of those vanished days no hour  
Was big as this with mortal fate—  
While tense and breathless we await  
The death-grip with the felon Power.

" Which shall determine whether men  
Shall henceforth walk fraternal, free,  
Or if their code and rule shall be  
Those of the jungle and the den.

" Abide the end!—in faith secure  
That Sanctities as old as Time  
Have strength exhaustless and sublime  
To wrestle, vanquish, and endure."

It is on this deep truth that Mr. Boas bases the unity of Ireland and of the Empire.

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## RUSSIAN POETS AND POËMS.\*

Madame Jarintzov is to be congratulated on her book of Russian poets and poems. The English prose is excellent; the book is redolent of high spirits, and, as it moves on through the lives and works of the nine Russian poets whom the author regards as "classical," her pen reflects in a wonderful way the mood, the art, almost we should suppose the very cadence of poet after poet. To be quite frank, we should have preferred prose to verse translations, as it is practically impossible to reproduce the essential characteristic of a tongue so remote from English as Russian in what we may call parallel verse. It is an old controversy as to the method of translation of Greek and Latin classics into English, but (despite views to the contrary) we are certain that no one but a great poet should attempt to translate a great poem into verse. The innumerable failures of great English scholars of quite respectable literary attainments to turn the classics into English verse are a warning for all time. Madame Jarintzov makes her translations with wonderful freedom of pen, and does her work at least as well as any English translator; but, to be critical, her poems are too often not poems at all; the aroma is gone, even if the form is retained, and the lines are not really alive. The exception to the rule is to be found in some pure narrative translations such as Pushkin's fairy-tale, "Tsar Sultan," where we get a run of verse recalling Browning's freedom and speed:—

"Hail, you waves!  
You who visit rocks and caves,  
You go gadding where you want to  
Shape the flints when rolling on to  
Sloping beaches of the land,  
Ships on you can glide or stand!"

\* *Russian Poets and Poems*, "Classics" and "Moderns," with an Introduction on Russian Versification. By Madame N. Jarintzov. With a Preface by Jane Harrison, Staff Lecturer at Newnham College. Vol. I., "Classics." (Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. 10s. 6d. net.)

But this criticism makes it remarkable that Madame Jarintzov should have succeeded, despite the imperfection of the medium, in indicating the immense range of Russian poetry, not only as shown in those great poets, Pushkin and L'ermontov, the sun and moon of Russian poetry, but in writers of a different range of transcendental thought. Of Pushkin (1799-1837) she writes:—"He was a singer of *this* world, reflecting it with an almost photographic exactness. Yet it was "reality turned into a pearl of creation," as Gogol put it: this is the best characteristic of Pushkin's poetry that has ever been pronounced. None of the volumes of research work written about it since have ever approached the exactness of Gogol's definition." Of L'ermontov (1814-1841) she writes with truth:—"An intimate knowledge of L'ermontov's poetry does fill one's heart with a delightfully uncanny feeling; you begin to love it unaccountably from those very days when his verse is introduced to you as an ordinary subject of your class of literature." Merejkovski, in 1909, issued a volume on L'ermontov, which brings out the extraordinary mysticism and sense of eternal reality that inspired him and shines through his works. Only twenty-six when he was (most unfairly) killed in a duel, he yet had had time to reveal a mind and a soul that rank with the greatest in pure literature. His serene outlook, his unwavering faith in a spirit life quite uninterrupted by what we call death, is something unfamiliar in our generation. It made him many enemies; but looked at in the perspective of a century, this contemporary of Shelley, Byron, and Keats has and can have no enemies, since his is a philosophy of eternal life and of freedom. He had a most penetrating vision of human nature. He, as Dostoyevski after him, saw the human soul naked. The lines on the dead Tamara show this:—

" Her soul was one of those to whom  
Life is one long and cruel torment;  
On earth they never reach their bloom:  
For God has given them heart-strings woven  
On brightest ether's finest loom,  
For them the earth is not created,  
And they were never meant for earth."

These lines contain a fine image finely rendered, "Heart-strings woven on brightest ether's finest loom." Madame Jarintzov has a wonderful power of translation, and nowhere in this book does it appear to better effect than in the prose-translation of the poem by N. A. N'ekrasov (the poet of the people, 1821-1877), describing the self-sacrifice of Princess Volkonskaya in joining her husband, the Decembrist, in Siberia. It is written in English prose with extraordinary vigour, and we hope that in dealing with the modern Russian poets in her second volume, Madame Jarintzov will use the prose form. Her ideal is to preserve "*the spirit, the atmosphere, the colour, and the nature of sound* of each selected poem." This can be done in prose; it has been done in poetry by some great poet, but the probabilities of a successful poetical translation are very remote. This is particularly true of literature of the fable form.

Here we have some of Ivan Krylov's (1768-1844) famous fables, and they lend themselves well to prose translation and ill to verse translation. In another way this is true of Jukovski the romanticist (1783-1852), of whom Madame Jarintzov writes charmingly, and incidentally gives English a new word when she writes "The *Skylark* has irresistibly suggested itself to me for translating as a contrastive little thing to Wordsworth's and Shelley's poems." "Contrastive" is a useful addition to the language, and is perhaps an example of the capacity for growth that Russian and English alike possess.

### SHORTER REVIEWS.

Mr. Charles W. Tomkinson in "State Help for Agriculture" (T. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d. net), a work written on active service, asks (in the chapter entitled "Suggested Remedies") for "a Committee of the most up-to-date and successful farmers, with not more than a fourth of the total consisting of politicians and barristers to advise them on the legal and political aspects; the landlords should be represented, but by those only who have managed farms successfully on commercial lines." He adds rather dryly, "no other industry calls in amateurs as counsellors, if it is not doing well; rather does it seek to discover its prosperous competitors' methods." But it must be remembered that there is a good deal of superstition and amateurish outlook in agriculture even to-day. Mr. Tomkinson is opposed to the policy of protection. It would lead to the formation of habits, "the very reverse of what are required to make farming throughout the length and breadth of the land a thoroughly strenuous, business-like, up-to-date occupation, though it would very considerably add to the home supply of grain and other forms of farm produce. But this can be done in other ways without the disadvantages of protection. As a matter of insurance it would be cheaper for the Government to "buy and hold permanently twenty-five million quarters of wheat, which with the amount grown at home and the miller's stock of imported, would be about one year's consumption." But it is said that this does nothing for agriculture. Mr. Tomkinson suggests a system of State provision of capital at the disposal of landlords and tenants alike repayable in about fifty-two years. He advocates widespread cottage building with Government money so as to check the migration to the towns. The loss in money would be counterbalanced by many gains. But there must also be a minimum wage. The State should encourage a system of bank loans to farmers by guaranteeing half the loss. Certainly unassisted private enterprise has partially, at any rate, failed. Let the State and the farmer combine!

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We must draw attention to Mr. William Temple's new work "Mens Creatrix: An Essay" (Macmillan, 7s. 6d. net), which was planned as long ago as 1908, and was written in intervals at Repton, Oxford, and London. "I have been eager to finish it, partly as a tribute to an old ambition, partly as a stimulus, if it may be so, to some real philosopher to do more adequately what I am only able to sketch out." It is, he explains, "likely to be my only extensive essay in the sphere which I once hoped would be mine." In the Prologue we are told that "the aim of this book is to indicate a real unity between faith and knowledge as something to which we can even

now in part attain. We shall watch the Creative Mind of Man as it builds its Palace of Knowledge, its Palace of Art, its Palace of Civilisation, its Palace of Spiritual Life. And we shall find that each edifice is incomplete in a manner that threatens its security: Then we shall see that the Creative Mind of God, in whose image Man was made, has offered the Revelation of Itself to be the foundation of all that the Human Mind can wish to build. Here is the security we seek; here and nowhere else. 'Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ.' Yet even at the last the security is of Faith and not of Knowledge; it is not won by intellectual grasp, but by personal loyalty; and its test is not in logic only, but in life." We have quoted Mr. Temple's own summary of his theme, as it would be hard to better it. In the first part of the book he deals with Knowledge, and we are not prepared here to discuss his view of Knowledge, Mind, and a Rational Universe, except to say that the function of an Infinite Mind set out on page 90 is hardly satisfactory. There may be progress without realisation in experience. This was, in fact, the very case of Christ. The clue to the relationship of the Mind of God to the Mind of Man is the fact of progress through Free Will on the part of each. Parts II., III., and IV. deal respectively with Art, Conduct, and Religion, while Part IV. is entitled God's Act, the Intervention of the Creator." "The creative mind in man never attains its goal until the Creative Mind of God, in whose image it was made, reveals its own nature, and completes man's work."

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We must record the publication by the University of Minnesota (1 dollar: No. 4, in "Studies of Language and Literature"), of Dr. Paul Edward Kretzmann's monograph on "the liturgical element in the earliest forms of the mediæval drama, with special reference to the English and German plays." Much work is now being done in England on what is really the folk-lore element in these plays, an element that takes us back to prehistoric faiths. Here we have the other aspect of the problem: the introduction of the purely mediæval religious element into early drama. Dr. Kretzmann points out that research hitherto has not gone further than to show the liturgical element in dramas dealing with Easter, Christmas, and Epiphany. The Old Testament and Passion plays, and the plays dealing with the Prophets, have received some treatment; "but in no case have the various steps of the growth and development of the plays from liturgy to mystery plays been shown with the full quota of citations from the plays in the several languages." Dr. Kretzmann deals with "the liturgical plays of the Church services, the semi-liturgical plays separated from the regular Church services, the semi-vernacular plays which had left the Church in most cases, and added extra-ecclesiastical features, and the vernacular single or cycle plays," and shows that they were of very slow growth, with additions from the liturgy, or from legends *apocrypha patristic*, or homilectic sources. He also shows the *responses*, *antiphons*, and *versicles* (as well as the *sequences*) as sources. Dr. Kretzmann holds that the liturgical element was "predominant in the earliest forms of the mediæval drama," and that the influence of responses, antiphons, and versicles was much greater than is generally recognised. We are glad that Dr. Kretzmann has examined the Cornish plays, for they are of singular importance in an enquiry of this sort, both from their original features and from the tongue (now almost extinct) in which they are written. We suppose that Dr. Kretzmann has examined all the early school plays.

Mr. Lowes Dickinson's new book, "The Choice Before Us" (Allen & Unwin), is a sequel to his earlier work on "The European Anarchy." The preface briefly but clearly indicates the standpoint of the author and the purpose of the volume. "I agree with the general view that after the invasion of Belgium it would have been neither wise nor right for us to abstain. But the immediate origin of the war cannot be dissociated from all the deeper causes which have led to war in the past and may lead to wars in the future, and it is these with which I deal. I argue that war proceeds from wrong ideas and wrong policies; that in these ideas and policies all nations have been implicated; and that this war will have been fought in vain unless it leads to a change of attitude in all Governments and all peoples. This change, I agree, is most required in Germany, and may be most difficult to effect there. Militarism is at once a state of mind and a military and political system; and it is more perfectly developed in Germany than anywhere else. But in other countries, too, it is partially a fact and potentially a danger. And I argue that nothing but a complete and radical reform in international relations can prevent the danger from becoming a reality. For the main cause of militarism is the menace of war." This line of thought and argument is worked out with the author's customary skill. Part I. is devoted to Militarism and its causes, Part II. to Internationalism and its possibilities. The first half of the book, which bristles with apt quotations, makes sinister reading, and prepares the reader for a sympathetic consideration of the proposals of the second. A good many chapters deal with topics which have been discussed a hundred times during the great struggle; but they are precisely the topics which challenge the world in its misery and demand the unceasing effort of its best creative and critical minds. The book was written before the Russian Revolution and the entry of the United States into the war, two events which a postscript describes as "enhancing, beyond all reckoning, the good prospects of civilisation. The outlook for a new international organisation, based on a new will for creative peace, has never been so bright." Let us hope that he is right.

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The League of Nations Society has issued a pamphlet (1, Central Buildings, Westminster, S.W. 1, price 6d.), which protests against the suggestion that the idea of a League of Nations "represents nothing more than the Utopian aspirations of a handful of cranks." The leading statesmen of the world are in favour of joint action, as the quotations in the appendix to this publication show, though it seems very curious to include Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg among those who are desirous of freedom for small nations and joint action for the preservation of peace. The statement by the German ex-Chancellor quoted here as representing his views, could not really have done so, as they were uttered when terrible iniquities were being perpetrated by his command or that of the Emperor in the overrun lands. The pamphlet has some important articles. Mr. G. P. Gooch writes on "The Concert of Europe and the Balance of Power." Dr. T. J. Lawrence, one of our leading English jurists, contributes a paper on the development of international arbitration. Among other articles is one by Mrs. Creighton on "The Women's Movement and the League," in which she says: "The vast majority of women are ready to do all in their power to prevent war in the future, even though they may be convinced that this is impossible, and there are a very great number of women of all ages, and especially of young women, who are gaining some idea of what world citizenship

means, without on that account loving their own country any the less." But we may point out that this desirable tendency has without doubt been checked by the knowledge of the ill-treatment of English prisoners in Germany. German women could do much to ameliorate the sad lot of the prisoner of war.

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Mr. K. G. Ossiannilsson, in "Who is right in the World-War?" (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., 2s. 6d. net), gives a refreshingly frank opinion to his fellow countrymen, the Swedes, on the subject of the war. The upper classes in Sweden have been pro-German throughout the war, though strict neutrality has been observed. They have declared that Germany is right, whatever that may mean, and apparently saw nothing wrong in the destruction of that Belgium the integrity of which Prussia had guaranteed. Mr. Ossiannilsson has no delusions. In his book (clearly translated by Miss W. F. Harvey) he declares: "*Germany is wrong—let that be said straight out and emphatically.*" He relentlessly traces out Germany's record. "Every attempt at excuse or justification for William the Second's attack on Belgium, France, Russia, Serbia, and Montenegro must be fruitless. Every claim that England voluntarily and without a struggle, should hand over to Germany Belgium's, France's, and her own colonies is a trifle childish and exceedingly impertinent." He goes on to paint the conduct of Germany from 1904, and the position of Germany in July, 1914. It is absurd to talk of an injured Germany. No one was in a position to injure her. It took two years of titanic effort to withstand her long calculated assaults, before it was possible at last to proceed to fetter the criminal. That is how we see it; and this Swedish observer sees it at least as clearly. He has no illusions. He paints the criminal Power as it is and as it has been. He asks why Sweden should take part, "with our worst rival as against England and France, our friends for ages past? At all events, we are unfortunate." It is pleasanter to recall the part played by the Great Gustavus Adolphus against Tilly, the Hindenburg of the seventeenth century. The hatred of England by the Germans in recent years has been terrible. "In the course of a tour in Germany in 1910, I myself had the opportunity of studying this absolutely unwarranted and passionate hatred of individuals towards England. . . . England's whole foreign policy in 1912-1914 was concentrated feverishly on negotiating peace." England struck in 1914, "in order to get a respite of her own execution." Mr. Ossiannilsson defends our blockade. Moreover, "it was Sweden's duty, *as well as Sweden's* right, to enter a solemn and formal protest at the continued offences against Belgium and the disarmed Belgians. Will not Sweden wake up soon . . . shall our people, when the war ends in the only way it can and ought to end, be the only nation that took the side of wrong, and opposed right for the sake of gain? Shall our people—like another Pilate—merely try to wash their hands, and ask, what is right?" The author is very severe on his fellow countrymen; it is not for us to say anything. We realise the difficulties from which Sweden has suffered, and we should wish her to understand the difficulties from which civilisation would suffer if Prussianism had its way.

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Miss Winifred Stephens, who is already favourably known by her writings on French history and literature, has found an attractive and congenial theme in the life of her friend, Madame Adam, *La Grande Française* (Madame Adam, Chapman & Hall). Nothing of greater

interest or value has been added in recent years to the long list of French memoirs than the *Souvenirs* of the celebrated woman whose Salon began under the Empire, and who is still, at the age of eighty, active in mind and body. But those seven delightful volumes are little known in England, and their narrative ends in 1880; and there is thus ample justification for the well-written work of moderate size which Miss Stephens' practised hand has produced. "As the mistress of a leading political salon, as the founder and editor for twenty years of an influential fortnightly magazine, 'La Nouvelle Revue,' as for many years the intimate friend of Gambetta, of Thiers, of other French Ministers, of the representatives of foreign Powers and of such eminent French writers as George Sand, Flaubert, Victor Hugo, Alphonse Daudet, Pierre Loti, Paul Bourget, and Maurice Barrès, she has not only kept her finger on the pulse of her great nation, but she has to some extent modulated its heart-beats." Brought up as a Republican and Freethinker, she made her name in 1858, at the age of twenty-two, by a book written in answer to Proudhon (absurdly described as "the J. A. Hobson of that day"). Her youth, beauty, and charm quickly made her a welcome guest in the political and literary circles of Paris, and in the later years of the Empire she married the well-known politician, Edmond Adam, and founded a salon of her own. The brightest star was Gambetta, at first a raw young lawyer of genius, then the soul of the National Defence in the *Année Terrible*, and from the death of Thiers incontestably the first man in France. The most interesting pages in this biography, as in the *Souvenirs*, are devoted to the personality and opinions of this marvellous being. After ten years of friendship and common labours for the Republic the two friends drifted apart, the statesman reluctantly abandoning the Revanche, which for his friend was the Alpha and Omega of politics. "You follow the dictates of your heart," said Gambetta, "I of my reason. We must each go our road." Two years later he was dead, while Madame Adam founded a review to support her opinions. "She had always been emphatic," writes her biographer. "She was born to be as fervent a hater as she was an ardent lover. In every cause she espouses she holds the position of *à l'outrance*." This is not the highest type of mind, and not the most attractive sort of character; and it was natural that she drifted into association with the Chauvinists, reactionary "Nationalists," and anti-Dreyfusards for whom English lovers of France have little liking.

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## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Mr. W. L. Hichens (the Chairman of Messrs. Cammell, Laird & Co. Ltd.) early in the year made some remarkable statements as to the relations of education and industry, showing the need of a sound, non-technical base to all training. Now he has written an introduction to Mr. George Edson Toogood's book on "The Principles of Industrial Administration" (A. Brown & Sons Ltd., 5, Farringdon Avenue, E.C. 4, price 1s. net), in which he declares that "the underlying causes of our present industrial discontents are well known. They are engendered by the mutual jealousies and suspicions incident to class warfare: they are the logical outcome of the fact that modern society has organised itself into a number of separate groups, the primary object of each being to look after its own interests." Mr. Hichens and Mr. Toogood alike condemn the sectional thought responsible for this. Mr. Hichens



declares that we must break loose and realise that industry is national service. Indeed, we can and must with Mr. Toogood "say definitely and finally that no industrial policy can guide us in the future which does not include ethical science as its predominant factor." We must have (and if education reform is really based on religion we shall have) "a close correlation of ethics, psychology, and economics." We hope that this little book will be widely read by leaders of labour and captains of industry, and the members of local education authorities. We feel sure that Mr. Fisher has already studied it.

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That learned Irish scholar and preacher, Dr. J. Paterson-Smyth, formerly Professor of Pastoral Theology in the University of Dublin, has brought together an interesting series of addresses. He tells us (writing at Easter from St. George's, Montreal) that "during several years past, for some months each year, I have treated my Sunday morning congregation as a great Bible class, taking them straight through the whole Bible in broad outline. This book, 'The Story of St. Paul's Life and Letters' (Sampson Low, 3s. 6d. net) is the substance of one of these lecture series." These sermons are vivid, and bring St. Paul before us in all the moving scenes of his wonderful life from the earliest days. Somehow, writes Dr. Paterson, "I always think of him as a motherless boy. Perhaps that accounts for the touching little reference in the close of one of his letters, 'Salute Rufus and his mother, who was also a mother to me'; that kindly old lady who took his mother's place for him."

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The Rev. John Neville Figgis, in "The Will to Freedom, or the Gospel of Nietzsche and the Gospel of Christ" (Longmans, 6s. net), publishes his Bross lectures delivered in Lake Forest College, Illinois, in May, 1915. This is the sixth volume of lectures issued under this foundation which was designed in 1879, formed in 1890, and began to work in 1900, since when Dr. Orr, Dr. Thorburn, Dr. Patton, Dr. Marcus Dods, Mr. J. Arthur Thomson, Dr. F. J. Bliss, Professor Royce, and Dr. Figgis have delivered lectures on the inter-relation of human knowledge and the Christian religion. The Bross Foundation is a memorial to Nathaniel Bross, who died in 1856, raised by his father, William Bross, some time Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois. In these lectures Dr. Figgis traces the gospel of Nietzsche, and shows its danger and its entire misrepresentation of Christianity which the German treats as merely an altruistic faith. Dr. Figgis tightly points out that it teaches us to love our neighbour as *ourselves*.

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We must draw attention to an interesting pamphlet reprinted from the *Journal of Mental Science* for October, 1916, on "Unfitness to Plead in Criminal Trials," by M. Hamblin Smith, M.A., M.D., the medical officer in H.M. Prison, Portland. How are we to test the fitness of a person to plead to an indictment charging him or her with a criminal offence? When is a person so "insane on arraignment" as to make trial impossible? However guilty a person may appear to be of a particular offence, he is not guilty till he is tried, and he cannot be tried if he is unfit to plead. Formerly if a person simply refused to plead (guilty or not guilty) there could be no conviction and no forfeiture of goods. This was such an obvious way of escape that it was dealt with by the process of *peine forte et dure*; the prisoner was pressed in a curious instrument till he pleaded or died. There is a specimen of the

instrument in Colchester Castle. The last man to be pressed was in 1726; after two hours the man pleaded "not guilty," was tried, convicted, and hanged. The law was not altered until 1772, and since 1827 if a prisoner refuses to plead, the plea of not guilty is entered, and the trial proceeds. This form of muteness has, therefore, gone, but a man may be mute by the visitation of God, and if so, the questions arise, is he fit to plead, is he sane? A man must be sane to be tried, but if he is insane the fact can be recorded and the prisoner detained during the pleasure of the Crown. Hadfield's case gave rise to this statutory rule in 1800. To be tried a prisoner must make a "proper defence," that is to say, he must understand that he is on his trial, and the difference between a plea of guilty and not guilty. But can this be so in cases of undeveloped insanity, e.g., early general paralysis or commencing senile dementia, and also in some case of paranoia and some cases of epilepsy? There must, Dr. Hamblin Smith suggests, be memory of the crime. We doubt this. Memory of the crime might be lost, and yet trial would go on if the man is in a position at the time of the trial to plead. Dr. Hamblin Smith suggests that the principles as to pleading in cases of "certifiable insanity" might include many cases of "mental deficiency." It is said that it would not be so great in the case of deaf mutes who are illiterate and ignorant of sign-language. These cannot plead. The proper rule is that if you can communicate rationally with any defendant he should plead, not otherwise.

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"A Diary of the Great War" (John Lane), by an anonymous author, is a very close parody of the famous diary of Samuel Pepys, and shows a considerable facility in the casting of the events of the Great War into the coarse mould supplied by a great diarist who reflected the morals and manners of political society in his age with extraordinary truth. But, after all, our age, with all its faults, is not that of Pepys, and the very exactitude with which the Pepysian manner and coarseness are parodied is really the condemnation of a book which purports to deal historically with what is probably the greatest of human tragedies. No doubt the foibles and errors of politicians, and the corruption of some contractors, and the selfishness of a small section of English society lend themselves to the sort of treatment that fills this book, and no doubt it is this fact that has enabled the book to reach a third edition. But we are tempted to protest against the use of such an awful occasion as a war in which Great Britain and her Allies are fighting at fearful cost of priceless lives the battle of righteousness as the theme of a book redolent with grossness and curious humour. There is a lighter side to the war, as the admirable pages of *Punch* have shown; but it is not this lighter side that is to be seen in this rather tiresome book.

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Mr. H. R. Hodges, in "Economic Conditions, 1815 and 1914" (George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 2s. 6d. net), prints the essay that won the Paul Philip Reitlinger prize in the University of London in 1915. He shows us many of the economic changes that a century has brought about in the facilities for the mobility of labour, for the securing of education, in the curiously changing ratio of growth of population, the rapid development of the process of urbanisation (to-day 78 per cent. of our people live under urban and 22 per cent. under rural conditions), in local government, in finance local and national, in national occupations, and in remuneration. It is a very useful and carefully compiled book, and may be bought for permanent use. We agree that the

evidence does not support revolutionary changes, but shows that the people are strong enough to improve their own conditions. As a nation we are idle, but we have initiative, and "the true greatness of the English nation will be achieved in the 'English' way."

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We must note the publication of the translations in musical English verse by Dr. G. N. Steinhart, the teacher of Russian language and literature under the Leeds Educational Committee, of three of the poems of Michael L'ermontoff (Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d. net), with an accented Russian text. The introduction and notes and glossary will prove useful, as will the short life of the Russian Shelley. We think, on the whole, that a prose translation is the better course for English students, but possibly an imitation of the flow of the Russian verse may be helpful. The poems given are the two short poems, "The Prophet" and "The Angel," and the long poem, "The Fugitive," telling of the return of a fugitive Circassian during the Russian wars, a fugitive who is rejected by all as one who has not fought for liberty and vengeance to the end. It is powerful, but, perhaps, more characteristic poems than any of these three might have been found.

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Suitable historical books for young children under, say eleven, are rare. It is desirable to give these little people some idea of history as a whole, for the child's outlook is wide; and yet so illustrated that it is essentially personal and human, for the child's outlook is personal. Miss Nannie Niemeyer's volume, entitled "Stories for the History-Hour from Augustus to Rolf" (George G. Harrap & Company, price 3s. net), is just this type of book. We see the great statesmen, saints, thinkers, commanders, scholars, age after age painting in the background of history: Augustus, Trajan, Alaric, Clovis, Charlemagne; Paul, Pliny, Columba, Alcuin, and so forth. Early Paris is shadowed forth for us in the story of Geneviève. We wish London had been shown as in the person of Boadicea. So we are carried from 50 B.C. to A.D. 900. The history story-teller may use this material with effect, but we can assure Miss Niemeyer that young people can revel in the book itself, which touches imagination and heart as well as mind, and is based on the best authorities.

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Readers of "The Unity of Western Civilisation," published a year ago, will welcome its sequel, "Progress of History" (Milford, 8s. 6d. net). The second set of lectures delivered at the Woodbrooke Settlement continue the work of describing the "permanent unifying factors which hold our Western civilisation together in spite of such catastrophic divisions as the present war." Once again the editor, Mr. Marvin, opens the discussion with a chapter on the idea of progress, while the three following chapters sketch pre-historic times, Hellenism, and the Middle Ages. Perhaps the most remarkable address in the volume is Baron von Hügel's learned and profound survey of Progress in Religion, which nobody else in England could have written. Mr. Zimmering's lectures on Government and on Industry display the wide knowledge of independent thought which we have come to expect from him. The work closes with chapters on art, science, and philosophy by Mr. Clutton Brock, Mr. Marvin, and Professor Smith. This suggestive book deserves careful study, and opens out lines of thought and research which readers may follow up for themselves.

The Regulations issued by the Government restricting the supply of paper make it necessary slightly to reduce the number of pages in the "Contemporary Review." By closer printing the Editors intend to provide precisely the same amount of matter as in the past.

Readers are requested to place their orders with a bookseller or newsagent, as otherwise it is impossible to guarantee a sufficient supply.

## THE EDUCATION BILL, 1917.

**M**R. FISHER has introduced a very important measure, and it contains so many good points that it should be heartily supported. At the same time it is well to subject it to some examination for its omissions, its changes, which are open to criticism, and the heavy burden of cost which it involves, and which will by no means be covered by the increased grants.

The bill introduces a new style of drafting in that it contains many passages of a hortatory character, which are not operative as enactments, but may give an opening to judicial construction which may affect the interpretation of words that would otherwise be limited to their natural meaning. Thus in § 1 (i) the opening words are: "With a view to the establishment of a national system of public education, available for all persons capable of profiting thereby." Counties and county boroughs are to frame schemes and submit them to the Board of Education. These schemes are to involve co-operation by the lesser education authorities under Part III. of the Education Act, 1902, and the principal authorities will report on the co-operation they may expect as the result of that consultation. § 2 defines the duty of these lesser authorities for the purposes of Part III. of the Education Act, 1902, and in (a) sets forth their increased obligations in their own schools; but in (b) requires them to make adequate and suitable arrangements for co-operating with the major authorities in matters of common interest, and particularly in respect of (i) the preparation of children for further education in schools other than elementary, and their transference at suitable ages to such schools, and (ii) the supply and training of teachers, and to submit their schemes to the Board of Education.

These provisions are very vague and may subject the lesser authorities to serious interference and to increased cost, especially as under § 29 the Board of Education take power to transfer all or any of the powers of a Part III. authority to the county. It is true that this transference, if opposed by the lesser authority, requires confirmation by Parliament. But the procedure apparently will be similar to that now taken for the confirmation of provisional orders, and with the weight of the Board of Education brought to bear, the rights of lesser authorities will be very inadequately protected. While it may be desirable to adjust some of the relations between lesser authorities and the county, there should be much fuller safeguards for the rights of the smaller authorities, which in matters

appertaining to elementary education are much more in touch with the parents whose children have to be educated. It will be noted that though special purposes are indicated in (i) and (ii), yet all matters which can be construed as of common interest are subject to interference. Thus it might be that the county authority might object to the development of advanced instruction for older children as involving undue competition with their own secondary school. But it is unnecessary to speculate on possible points of contact and of conflict. The objection taken is to the fact that the rights of Part III. authorities will become precarious and be held at the mercy of other authorities which have shown a disposition unfriendly to these minor bodies, and that their supersession will lead to an extension of bureaucracy and to the widening of the gap between those who use the schools and those who control them.

As a further illustration of the superseding of self-government by external control, it may be noted that any scheme when submitted to the Board of Education may be altered as they think fit; and again, in § 5, the Board of Education can even provide for provincial associations for an area wider than a county or county borough, and this power of creating authorities which shall be superior to the existing counties can be exercised by the Board of Education without even requiring Parliamentary sanction; and the Board of Education can in instituting those associations include without limit persons not chosen by the local authorities concerned. Voluntary association between local authorities is recognised already by the law, and this power of association is further encouraged by the Bill. But it is most undesirable, and affects seriously the power and tradition of local self-government to give to a Government department the power of overriding a local elected body. And, be it noted, there is no prohibition to these partially nominated bodies from incurring expense which will be charged on the localities affected, unless it is contended that § 5 (ii) prohibits them from spending money unless the function involving expense has been delegated to them by the local authority.

Local authorities have certain powers already for combining to take joint action, as the four North Wales counties have done for the management and maintenance of the North Wales Training College, and § 6 emphasises and extends this power. But § 5, as has been pointed out, is coercive and not permissive. These criticisms are directed to the somewhat bureaucratic tendency of the Bill, and its failure to appreciate that by decentralisation, stimulation of local interest, and expansion of local self-government, we are most likely to expand our educational system and increase its efficiency and popularity. But they do not touch the main object of the Bill, and could be met without affecting its value as a means of educational progress.

It is a pleasanter task to turn now to its conspicuous merits. First of all, we have an effective reaction against the fetters imposed on our popular education by the Cockerton judgment and by the Act of 1902. While elementary schools, in the words of the Act of 1870, will continue to be schools in which the principal part of the teaching is elementary, yet we have the recognition that for older

scholars, broadly speaking for those over twelve years of age, a wider scheme of instruction is necessary. We do not, indeed, have the Scotch system which stimulates the elder classes of the elementary scholars by liberal grants, either to those in supplementary classes or in higher grade schools, grants which may exceed £5 a head yearly; but at any rate advanced instruction is to be widely given for the older children, and local authorities may, if they please, retain compulsorily such children even beyond the age of fifteen.

It will be a serious problem how far these advanced classes can be developed in the small schools of our rural districts. In towns no doubt these advanced classes will be the rule for all the pupils over twelve. In districts not too sparsely peopled central schools will group two or more neighbouring schools within not more than a two-mile radius. In the scattered village schools, where the attendance is not more than 100 or 120, something may be done by visiting teachers for special subjects. But even in these cases, unless the regular staff of the school includes at least one trained, certificated assistant, not much can be done.

In addition to this higher instruction for pupils during the last two or three years of their school course § 2 (a) (i) calls for the general introduction of practical teaching. This will include (§ 44 (i)) cookery, laundry work, housewifery, dairy work, handicrafts, gardening, &c. Probably in rural schools cookery will become the almost universal subject to be taught to girls, but in towns it is to be hoped that a complete system of combined housewifery will be widely introduced. In rural districts gardening should become a popular subject, and should be associated with nature study; and manual instruction, beginning with woodwork and leading on where practicable to metal work, will also be widely taken up by the boys.

It is to be regretted that drawing is not named in § 44 among the subjects of practical teaching. Drawing should be an obligatory subject for boys and for girls, and this and needlework will teach both boys and girls, from the earliest stages of their school life, how to train the hand and eye. Nature study, taught practically, should also be a feature in the curriculum of every school, and in all schools of a reasonable size there should be a room with simple apparatus, water laid on, flat tables, &c., where the first elements of general science should be taught.

The Bill contemplates (§ 2) that this liberal teaching may be provided by central schools, central or special classes, or otherwise. The method will depend on the density of the population and the size of the schools. But there will be a wide discretion. Local authorities will have to bear in mind in rural districts the question of distance, weather, and the winter months; in such regions it will often be better to bring the teacher to the pupil than the pupil to the teacher, even at the risk of some shortcoming in the material equipment.

In developing advanced teaching local authorities come in conflict with the jealousy of head teachers, who do not like to lose their most promising pupils, and the denominational difficulty also

comes in when the denominational managers fear that their elder and abler scholars will pass under the influence of a non-denominational "atmosphere." These difficulties are partly met by § 8 (v), where the power to enforce attendance away from the school building, which already exists, for attendance at such centres as for cookery, woodwork, &c., is generalised, and the pupil may be required to attend at any class, whether in the school premises or not, for practical or other instruction.

Thus in a town rooms may be built for the education of the older children to receive "advanced instruction," and the pupils in non-provided schools may be required to attend there the requisite hours. It might well be that they might attend their own school half-time, and the other half-time receive advanced instruction in what we used to call specific subjects, such as algebra and mathematics, a foreign language, hygiene, geometrical drawing, &c. The erection of such buildings under § 28 (ii) would not be deemed the provision of a new public elementary school, and the staff would be entirely under the control of the local authority (§ 25).

In dealing with the education to be given in our elementary schools, the Bill introduces a new type of school (§ 19), called nursery schools. It is not clear whether these schools are to be "public elementary" schools or not. Clearly, they should be so. If not, they might (1) be enabled to charge fees; (2) the local authority might contribute to the erection of them by other persons; (3) they would not be subject to the conscience clause; (4) the local authority might conduct them on denominational lines, and other points might be made.

Again, it is contemplated (§ 8 (iv)) that if these schools come into existence, and there is adequate and satisfactory provision of them, the age of compulsory attendance may begin at six. It is obvious that before we entertain the idea of the establishment of this new and undefined school, we should have securities as to its character and its position as part of our elementary-school system under public management, and some information as to the requirements of staff, premises, cost, &c., and the share borne by the taxpayers, as well as the locality. There is nothing educational in the schools proposed in § 19 that could not be authorised in the code. Thus the code could provide that in infant schools, where suitable arrangements were made, children should be admitted at two years of age. The Board, on sanctioning the provision of such a school, could require to be satisfied that the conditions of the locality made such a school desirable. The regulations could further, in the planning, require adequate floor space, light, air, playground, lavatory accommodation, cots, &c. The health and physical welfare would be secured by the medical inspection, and an adequate staff would enable the children to be cared for with due regard to their individuality, and so as to avoid anything like regimental discipline.

In passing from the curriculum to the obligation to attend school the Bill makes, on the whole, a great progress. Henceforward, without exception, every child must attend school continuously up to the end of the term following his fourteenth birthday, and local

authorities can, if they please, add a year to this. But there is a slight obscurity that needs to be cleared up. At present a child is entitled to stay at the elementary school till just short of the completion of his sixteenth year, and the Board of Education may, if they see fit, extend the right of continuance in the school beyond the sixteenth birthday. Assuming that only "children" are entitled to be in a public elementary school, the definition clause § 44 (i) defines a child as up to the age when his parents cease to be under an obligation to cause him to receive efficient elementary instruction or to attend school. It would appear, then, that where the local authority limited compulsion to the age of fourteen, the child would not be entitled to remain at school beyond fourteen and the end of the current term, and where the bye-laws fixed fifteen, the time for leaving would be the end of the current term in which the child completed his fifteenth year.

The difficulty would be met if in § 2 (a) (ii) the words ran: "Children who stay at such schools beyond the age of fourteen up to the end of the term in which they complete the age of sixteen." The next important point to which we come in the Bill is the total abolition of all fees in elementary schools—§ 22 (i). The compensation offered to the managers of non-provided schools charging fees, of five years fee income is not justified. They have their power at the will of the local authority which might abolish all fees to-morrow, and in some cases they have had conceded to them the power to charge fees since the passing of the Free Education Act by the Board of Education, often on the most inadequate and fictitious grounds.

However, in order to grease the wheels the Board of Education have thought it prudent to compensate these people, nearly all in Liverpool and the immediate neighbourhood, at the expense of the local ratepayers. It is not at all clear why by § 28 (i) schools for advanced instruction not provided by the local authority should have no representative managers. If the manager question is to be touched in non-provided schools it would be better if half the foundation managers were appointed by the parents of the scholars. Passing to the power of acquiring land for the purposes of the local authority, there is no reason why in urban districts if the acquisition of a site is opposed the order should require confirmation by Parliament. There are large tracts in urban areas that are not built upon, and if in any case the Board of Education think that the interests involved are sufficiently important to justify an appeal to Parliament, it should be enacted that failure by the opponent to win his case should involve the payment of costs. It is a matter of regret that the Bill in § 32 should fall short of all recent bills, and only make it permissive to the county authority to relieve smaller districts from bearing a share in capital charges. It would have been better simply to have repealed that part of subsection (i) of § 18 of the Education Act, 1902, which enables the county to charge any part of the capital expense of a school to the locality.

Passing from elementary education, there is the important and useful provision (§ 7) abolishing the limit of a 2d. rate for education other than elementary imposed on administrative counties. A very



important and serious provision in the Bill is the enactment of compulsory attendance at free continuation schools, which will have to be held during the daytime for practically all young persons from fourteen to eighteen for 320 hours in the year. This will affect about 2,400,000 persons, and the difficulties, financial and other, will be enormous.

Perhaps the most convenient way to provide these schools will be to enact that the pupils must attend three hours a day for five days in the week. This will involve about twenty-two weeks attendance, and if the schools are worked in two sessions a year, and the classes are about twenty-five pupils, a single teacher teaching six hours a day will teach 100 pupils, which means a supply of 24,000 teachers. As the schools must be held in the daytime, this will make buildings other than the existing schools necessary, and as in many districts it will be necessary that the classes should be mixed, there will be the need for separate offices which will make many Sunday schools, parish halls, &c., unavailable. As the young people will be under instruction for four years the schools will have to be organised in at least four classes, one for each year of progress, as children of fourteen cannot well be taught with young people of seventeen. If we suppose in a district four series of pupils, two morning and two afternoon, one series in the first six months of the year, one in the second; if the school be organised with a minimum of 100 pupils, the teacher will have a class of twenty-five, which represents a child population at the elementary stage of about 250, one-tenth of whom would be at the respective ages of twelve to thirteen, thirteen to fourteen, and so on. But in rural districts this school population would represent a total population of about 1,250, covering in sparsely-peopled districts an area of from ten to twelve square miles, often in three or four parishes; and most of them at a distance of more than two miles from the central spot selected for the continuation school. Even on the assumption that there was a uniform time-table of instruction, there must be some difference in the teaching for the boys and for the girls. But, in fact, a uniform time-table of instruction would be unpopular and undesirable. The Bill itself contemplates suitable courses of instruction—not one course, and also physical training, which would have to be separate for the sexes.

In towns these continuation schools could be organised, because where there is a population of 5,000 there would be about 400 young people from fourteen to eighteen; and therefore with 100 attending at one time and four teachers, the instruction could be varied according to sex and aptitude. But of the 36,000,000 in England and Wales, there are probably at least 6,000,000 living under conditions which would make the smaller units for the higher continuation school desirable, if not necessary.

As to premises, if 2,400,000 are to be taught in relays of 600,000 at one time, if the classes are not to exceed thirty, there would be need of 20,000 class-rooms, and it is doubtful if half of these could be provided in existing premises. We are therefore face to face with the probable need of school accommodation for 300,000 in 10,000 class-rooms. When we consider the need for separate offices, cloak-

rooms, teachers' rooms, store-rooms for apparatus, bicycle sheds, &c., to say nothing of special rooms for science, drawing, physical training, &c., we are face to face with a gigantic problem. We are already short-handed for teachers in our elementary schools, and if we are to reduce the size of our classes and to improve the quality of our teachers, we must have more training accommodation. In the larger centres we must have not only class teachers, but heads, organisers, or superintendents, the more varied the teaching the greater the number of teachers required, and we may well be face to face with classes of twenty, and not of twenty-five or thirty; but smaller classes mean more class-rooms, and these would cost more to build. After considering the difficulties of staff, premises, and facilities for the pupils to come to school, we have to consider the serious dislocation of industry if 2,400,000 young people were withdrawn from work, not all at once, but as to 600,000 of them for nearly half the working day and half the year, and so that there would continuously throughout the year be a deficiency of 600,000. Whether we take agricultural labour, shop assistants, or domestic service, the difficulties would be enormous and the cost very great. Taking the teachers at an average of £100 a year, there would be about £2,400,000, excluding heads and specialist teachers; books and apparatus would cost a substantial sum. Premises for 300,000 would come to nearly £20 a place, or £6,000,000, which would mean interest and sinking fund of about £400,000 a year, and of course there would be great expense in organisation and administration. For all this no grant is provided, and for our day schools no estimate is attempted of the cost of the higher instruction and of the widespread development of the practical work. It may safely be said that the new grants, liberal as they are, have already at the suggestion of the Government been largely assigned to increased salaries for teachers, and the threatened interference of the Government in the establishment of minimum salaries may still further alienate the income of the local authorities. Meantime, nothing is done to meet the claim which has long been made and was acknowledged as a just one by the late Government that there should be a substantial grant definitely assigned to the capital charges of the Education authorities. Other claims were made by the friends of progressive education which we could hardly expect Mr. Fisher to deal with, as he desires to work on the lines of the Act of 1902, and to avoid political and denominational controversies. But they may be mentioned before ending this article:—

A statutory security for a definite and substantial grant, approximately two-thirds of the educational expenditure. Public management to be effectively secured for all schools receiving aid from the rates. The abolition of all tests for teachers in schools reckoned as suitable for all the population. Some devolution in counties so as to secure more local interest and power over the schools. Local education authorities to be elected for education, and not merged in general municipal control. These demands remain and are put on record, though it is not expected they should be embodied in this Bill.

## LABOUR UNREST.

THE state of tension and dissatisfaction among the workers, which we call "labour unrest," varies in degree and in extent from month to month and from year to year, and those who are anxious to dispel it often attach undue importance to conditions which may lead to its temporary increase or decline, but do not affect its deep underlying causes. The case is analogous to that of a family living in a damp, dark, and airless dwelling, whose members, never really well, from time to time develop some acute disease. Great efforts may be made by the health authorities to cure that disease, but what is really needed is to move the family to fresh surroundings and to provide them with adequate food, warm clothing, and the other necessities of healthy living.

In discussing labour unrest to-day, we must distinguish between its transitory and its permanent characteristics. The conditions especially affecting it at the present have been carefully explored by the Commissions of Enquiry which have recently reported, and we are familiar with their findings. Upon some of these conditions we need not here dwell, since they concern comparatively few workers. But one of the main general grievances is the fact that wages have not, in most cases, risen in proportion with the cost of living, although extraordinarily high profits are being made by some employers who, even after the Excess Profits Tax has been paid, can declare dividends out of all proportion to the pre-war rate. Workers feel that they alone suffer materially by the high prices of foodstuffs and other necessities, and by the various war measures which have been taken by the Government. They are stale and irritable (a condition not confined to them) after three years of unrelenting toil; they are bearing their full share of anxiety about their relatives at the front; yet they feel that ceaseless vigilance upon their part is necessary if they are to safeguard labour's interests in the future. Labour has been called upon to surrender the bulk of its privileges, and has loyally done so, in response to the exigencies of the war. But it is bound to ask itself whether the privileges will be permanently lost or curtailed, or restored in full measure when the war is over.

Yet even if every industrial grievance incidental to a state of war were removed to-morrow, we should only revert to the conditions in 1914, which were profoundly unsatisfactory. Not until we remove the deep underlying causes of industrial unrest can we hope for industrial peace. What are those causes? I think they may be classified under three heads: Wages, Status, and Working Conditions.

Many efforts to dissipate labour unrest have failed, through being directed solely to one aspect of the question. It is of little avail to raise wages if the condition of a factory is intolerable and the worker is a mere tool, nor is it of much use to surround a man with ideal working conditions if he is not paid a living wage.

# WAGES.

With that proviso, let us consider the first heading, and ask to what conditions wages must conform before industrial peace can be expected. It may be laid down as an axiom that no lasting peace can be achieved (nor, indeed, is peace desirable) until the wages of unskilled men of average industry and capacity are such as will enable them to live in a decent house, and to provide the necessities of physical efficiency for a normal family, while allowing a reasonable margin for contingencies and for recreation. Women engaged in what is normally regarded as men's work should be paid the same wages as men, if their output is equal to that of men in quality and quantity; but, in the case of purely women's work, the minimum for a woman of average industry and capacity should be the sum necessary to maintain her in a decent dwelling and in a state of full physical efficiency; and, again, to allow a reasonable margin for contingencies and recreation.\*

What level of wages would the adoption of the above minimum involve? In view of the abnormal conditions prevailing at the present time, and of the uncertainty as to the cost of living in the future, it will be better to discuss this question on the basis of the prices current just before the war. The figures can be modified to fit any existing level of prices, with the aid of the periodical Board of Trade returns showing the variations in the cost of living. In July, 1914, I calculated that the minimum sum on which mere physical efficiency could be maintained, for a family of five persons, was 26s., made up as follows:—

Food, allowing for a dietary sufficient in amount, but unduly rigorous as regards variety ... ..	s.	d.
Rent ... ..	15	0*
Clothing, sufficient to keep the body warm and dry, but with no margin for "Sunday clothes," or any kind of finery ...	2	3
Coal, 1½ bags (10 st.), at 1s. 8d. per bag ... ..	2	6
Insurance (compulsory levy) ... ..		4
Other necessary items ... ..		11

26 0

\* I recognise that in discussing the wages which should be paid to men and women respectively, I am entering upon a highly debatable question. I submit, however, that the principle involved in fixing *minimum* wages differs from that involved in fixing wages which are above the minimum. *Minimum* wages should be determined primarily by human needs, and to secure their adequacy, the bargaining power of the workers should be reinforced by the will of the whole nation. (Only when they are determined should the principle of free bargaining come into play as between employer and organised or unorganised labour. Since it is not possible to adjust the minimum in each case to individual needs, it must be based upon the normal needs of the class of workers concerned. It will be noted that in estimating the minimum wage for a woman, I do not allow for the maintenance of a household. I adopt this course because, though there are many exceptions, speaking generally, it is the man who supports the family, while the woman does not.

† In arriving at the figure of 15s., I have assumed the following dietary, which just provides the nutriment which physiologists consider necessary for a family of five persons:—

*Monday*—9 ozs. Oatmeal, 6 ozs. Treacle, 4 teaspoonfuls Tea, 2 lbs. White Bread, 5 ozs. Dripping, 3 Herrings, 4 ozs. Barley, 1 lb. Shin Beef, ad. Bones, 1 Turnip, 2 Carrots, 1 Onion, 2½ lbs. Potatoes, 3 ozs. Jam, 1 lb. Brown Bread, 2 ozs. Cheese, 1 oz. Cocoa, 1 qt. Skim Milk, 5 ozs. Sugar.

*Tuesday*—9 ozs. Oatmeal, 1 qt. Skim Milk, 3 lbs. White Bread, ½ lb. Dripping,

These figures are not put down haphazard, but after most careful enquiry both as to the minimum amount of nutriment on which physical efficiency can be maintained and the current cost of foodstuffs and other necessities.† They do not represent a "subsistence wage" on the one hand, or a reasonable living wage on the other. A family can "subsist" on much less, *but not in a state of physical efficiency*. The high death-rate among the poor bears eloquent testimony to the low level of vitality among them. But neither do the figures connote a reasonable living wage. They include not a farthing in the course of the whole year for anything beyond the absolute necessities of bare physical efficiency—nothing for newspapers, or stamps, or travelling, or recreation, or tobacco, or toys, or trade union subscriptions, or sick clubs.

I know that millions of people in England and Wales, in 1914, were living in families whose accumulated earnings were less than 26s., and that, nevertheless, cinemas were crowded and public-houses flourished. But there is no getting away from the fact that no mother who had to keep a family of five on 26s., paying 5s. for rent, could send her children to the penny seats at "the pictures" save by borrowing the money from what Charles Booth described as "the exchequer of the belly." I know, too, that all men have not three dependent children, although many men have more. But it may be generally said that the majority of working-class families pass through a long period of hardship and of strain after the third child is born and before the first begins to earn, and these years are critical, not only for the parents, but from the standpoint of the next generation. Again, the dietary is unduly stringent, although it postulates the presence of a housewife who thinks and dreams in terms of nutritive values. Only 5s. is allowed for rent and rates. Moreover, the sum (11d.) set down for other necessary items is open to criticism as being far too low when we consider the inevitable "wear and tear" that takes place in a household and the many contingencies that are practically certain to arise. Obviously, we cannot expect industrial peace on the strength

4 ozs. Barley, 1 Turnip, 2 Carrots,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Flour, 4 teaspoonfuls Tea,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. Brown Bread,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Treacle, 1 oz. Cocoa, 2 ozs. Cheese, 6 ozs. Sugar.

*Wednesday*—4 teaspoonfuls Tea, 2 lbs. White Bread, 7 ozs. Dripping, 9 ozs. Oatmeal, 6 ozs. Treacle, 1 lb. Liver, 1 lb. Green Peas,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. Potatoes, 1 large Onion, 1 lb. Currant Bread (3 ozs. Currants), 1 oz. Cocoa, 1 qt. Skim Milk, 2 Herrings, 1 oz. Flour, 5 ozs. Sugar, 7 ozs. Dripping.

*Thursday*—9 ozs. Oatmeal,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Treacle, 4 teaspoonfuls Tea, 2 lbs. White Bread, 5 ozs. Dripping, 1 lb. Scrap End Mutton, 3 lbs. Potatoes, 1 lb. Onions,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Rice, 2 ozs. Currants,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  qts. Skim Milk, 1 lb. Brown Bread, 2 ozs. Cheese, 1 oz. Cocoa,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Sugar.

*Friday*—4 teaspoonfuls Tea, 1 lb. White Bread, 7 ozs. Dripping, 3 Herrings,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Lentils,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Figs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Bread Crumbs, Baking Powder, Ginger, 1 lb. Currant Bread (3 ozs. Currants), 1 oz. Cocoa, 1 lb. Brown Bread, 1 lb. Tripe, 3 Onions, 5 ozs. Flour, 10 ozs. Sugar, 1 qt. Skim Milk.

*Saturday*—4 teaspoonfuls Tea, 2 lbs. White Bread,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Dripping, 3 Herrings, 1 lb. Scrap Meat,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Flour, Baking Powder, 2 lbs. Potatoes, 3 ozs. Jam, 1 oz. Cocoa,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. Brown Bread, 1 lb. Onions,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pts. Skim Milk, 6 ozs. Sugar.

*Sunday*—6 teaspoonfuls Tea, 3 lbs. Bread, 7 ozs. Dripping,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Bacon, 1 lb. Breast of Mutton,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Bread Crumbs, Herbs,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. Potatoes, 1 qt. Skim Milk, 5 ozs. Flour, 2 ozs. Cheese, 9 ozs. Sugar, 1 oz. Lard.

†The basis on which this is arrived at is explained in detail in "Poverty" (Thos. Nelson & Sons), rs. 3d., p. 117, et seq.

of such a wage basis. How much must we add to bring it up to a reasonable minimum?

*Still assuming the purchasing power of the sovereign to be that of July, 1914*, I do not think that we can add less than 9s., making the wage 35s. Say, 1s. more for rent, 2s. to give reasonable variety to the menu, 2s. extra for clothes and boots (bringing the total under this head to about £11 a year for five persons), and 4s. to cover the various items referred to above and many other expenses, such as the purchase and replacement of household furniture. Women, on the same basis, should receive not less than £1. Even on 35s. the worker could not insure himself and his family adequately against the risks of unemployment and expenses incidental to sickness or death. At present (September, 1917) the money wage would, of course, need to be much higher, probably about 57s. for men and 32s. for women. If the wages of unskilled labourers were raised, some advance would have to be made in the wages of skilled workers.

Can industry bear so large an increase in its wage bill? If it were to be suddenly and universally enforced, undoubtedly not; but experience in the industries affected by the Trade Boards shows that if some margin be allowed in the matter of time, industries can afford to pay wages far higher than the employers affected quite honestly believe it possible to pay. The best way to secure the necessary advances in wages would be to set up Trade Boards for all industries, and instruct them to bring minimum wages as soon as possible to a level which would fulfil the conditions indicated above. Doubtless, this level would be reached more rapidly in some industries than others; but in every case it should be reached with the least possible delay.

But it is certain that if workers are to be paid a much higher rate of wages, their productive power must be materially increased. I do not, indeed, consider that the earnings of capital are sacrosanct, and should not be encroached upon by any consideration of better wages for the workers. But even large reductions in profits, where competition has not reduced them to the level below which they must not fall if fresh capital is to be forthcoming, would only partially meet the case. It is clear that so substantial an addition to wages as I suggest can only be made on the strength of a larger output. Now, I think that labour can be rendered more productive in four ways.

#### HOW CAN THE PRODUCTIVITY OF LABOUR BE INCREASED?

(a) *Improved methods.* At present many British factories are run on very inefficient lines. Much of the machinery is antiquated, the works are ill-arranged, and the staff and workers are ill-trained. In such cases, even when wages are low, the profits earned are inconsiderable, and any request for higher wages is met by the argument that the industry cannot afford them. What is here needed is a critical examination of each process, to see whether the productivity of every unit of labour cannot be increased. A skilled engineer, preferably one who is acquainted with the particular industry, should be set aside for the work, or called in to undertake it. He should have no routine executive duties, but simply concern

himself with checking leakage and improving efficiency. If he is the right man there are few factories in which he will not very soon be able to effect important economies. He will (perhaps with the aid of an accountant) closely analyse the working costs, and, if possible, compare them with costs elsewhere. The splitting up of costs and their comparison with those in other factories is a wonderful means of enabling an employer to place his finger on the weak spots. It is not enough to compare the *total* working costs with those of other manufacturers—they must be split up as minutely as possible. An accountant of great experience told me that he recently came across a case where the total working costs of a group of employers engaged in making a certain article only varied by about 5 per cent., but the costs of some of the particular processes varied by as much as 60 per cent. It is these variations that we must trace if we are to find out where waste is occurring.

Only when every process in the factory has been submitted to a minute examination is an employer really in a position to say whether his industry can or cannot afford to pay higher wages.

(b) *Improved systems of payment.* Secondly, the output of the workers can be increased by offering them stronger inducements to do their best. A close study should be made of the different processes in a factory, and the employer should ask himself whether each worker is paid in the way best calculated to stimulate him, and to avoid misunderstanding and friction. For instance, is work now being paid for on day wage which could better be put on "piece"? If piecework is paid, are the workers sure that if they do their utmost the rate will not be "cut"?\* Would a system of collective or co-operative piecework be preferable to individual piecework? and so forth. I am confident that employers generally do not devote enough time to elaborating their wage systems. They do not wish to add to clerical work, and they vaguely fear the complexity of more perfect organisation, not realising that complexity may be a condition of vitality and growth.

Lack of space forbids me to discuss the question to what extent the energy of the workers can be evoked, and their initiative and resource developed on the lines of profit-sharing or co-partnership. My personal opinion, however, is that, speaking generally, under both those systems the reward offered is too precarious, and too widely separated in time from the effort put forth by the worker, to constitute a strong and permanent incentive. Moreover, it must be remembered that organised labour is solidly opposed to these methods of remuneration.

Of course, there should be no attempt to secure increased output at the cost of undue physical or nervous strain on the workers.†

\* I am aware that sometimes alterations, up or down, have to be made in piece rates, where there have been obvious mistakes in fixing them, or if the process of manufacture is altered, but in such cases changes, *if made in consultation with the workers*, can be effected without harm.

† Considerable attention has been given recently by scientists to the question of industrial fatigue. (See in this connection Goldmark's "Fatigue and Efficiency," and the report prepared for the Home Office by Professor Stanley Kent, Cd. 8056). Professor Kent points out that it is necessary not only to make sure that the individual is not consciously working beyond his strength, but that the work

This would be not only inhuman, but from the national standpoint a short-sighted policy.

(c) *Greater security against unemployment.* But if the workers are to do their best they must be assured that their energy will not lead to over-production and consequent unemployment. The belief is widely current in the ranks of labour that there is only a limited amount of work available, and that if an individual gets through his share of this in too short a time, either he himself will be unemployed, or he will "do his mate out of a job." I am confident that the tendency to restrict output is largely due to this suspicion, and all attempts materially to increase the productivity of workers will fail unless the fear of consequent unemployment can be dispelled. To a great extent, it can be dispelled by action in individual factories. If an employer wishes to set up a labour-saving machine, he should, if possible, guarantee that its introduction will not lead to the dismissal of any of his workers, or to a diminution of their earnings. The same policy must be adopted with regard to any speeding-up of work. This should not generally present serious difficulties, since in all large factories a constant leakage of workers is inevitable, and even if the loyal observance of the pledge involved a temporary surplus of labour, the situation would soon right itself. Moreover, increased efficiency, as a rule, comes about gradually, in connection with first one detail and then another, so that an employer is hardly likely to find himself seriously overstaffed, although his improved methods may have materially reduced the labour required in particular processes.

But it is not enough to banish the fear of unemployment due to increased productivity from the minds of the workers in a given factory. Some way must be found of dealing with the whole problem. Every economist knows that the demand for goods is not a fixed quantity, and therefore the fact that a particular article can be made by fewer men does not necessarily involve a greater volume of unemployment. If it did, the great increase in the productivity per worker within the last half century would have led to a corresponding diminution of the demand for labour, and it has done nothing of the kind. Yet there are undoubtedly cases of individual hardship, and the man who is "hit" is hardly inclined to generalise, or to say that "speeding-up" is good for labour in the long run. He only knows that he has lost his job. Now, whenever the increased output of a group of workers may spell disaster to some of its members, they will hesitate to do their best, and a vast supply of potential energy and efficiency will remain untapped. We must remember, however, that the unemployed, taking one year with another, only average 5 per cent. of the workers, and an insurance fund, equal to 5 per cent. of the national wage bill, would provide them all with unemployed benefit equal to their full wage bill. I am not advocating the creation of such a fund, but merely

demanded of him is not such as to shorten his working life. He must have sufficient leisure day by day and week by week completely to recuperate the energy and strength given out in the course of his working hours. If care is taken to ensure this, there will be no danger of a man's becoming "too old at 40." But the matter requires much more care than is now given to it, even by considerate employers.



showing that there is no insuperable financial difficulty in the solution of the unemployed problem.\* I think the remedy for the particular form of unemployment which we are here considering will be found in three directions:—

(1) Universal compulsory insurance against unemployment, with a great increase in the unemployment benefit of 7s. a week now payable in the insured trades. It would probably be advisable to allow industries to contract out of the national scheme if they could show that they were prepared to guarantee their workers terms at least as liberal as those which it provided.

(2) The determination of employers of labour to safeguard their workers as far as possible against any short time or loss of employment that might result from increased productivity.

(3) A more systematic attempt to regularise employment by the retardation or advancement of national and municipal contracts, according to the state of the labour market.

The whole subject, however, requires close examination before any adequate proposals can be submitted for dealing with it. There is scarcely any problem connected with industry which more urgently needs solution, for, as I have pointed out, it is bound up with the question of the output of the workers and that of industrial unrest. Just now, when unemployment is almost non-existent, its menace is apt to be overlooked. But this condition is only temporary, and the problem will be very real again when the war is over.

(d) *Improved personal relations.* A fourth, and fundamentally important, matter affecting the productivity of the workers is the degree to which those in authority, from the general manager down to the sub-foreman, are skilled in the difficult art of leadership. Curiously enough, this aspect of the situation is frequently ignored, even in factories which are, on the whole, well managed. But if industry is to be rendered so efficient that wages can be paid on the scale I have suggested, we must create among the workers an enthusiasm and an *esprit de corps* very far removed from the indifference and the grudging submission which often characterise them to-day.

The relation of many manufacturers to their employees is symbolised by the use of the word "hands." When a man is treated as one of a thousand "hands" he is apt to respond in the spirit of a "hand"—without interest or enthusiasm. Yet the attitude of his employer may not be due to any innate lack of humanity or sympathy. It may simply be the outcome of the rapid development of large-scale business. Gradually, and to a great extent unconsciously, the gulf between master and man has widened, until, in perhaps the majority of cases, there has ceased to be any personal relationship at all. Shop-managers and foremen have been appointed because of their technical knowledge, rather than their knowledge of men. Lacking the gift of leadership, they have sought, with perseverance worthy of a better cause, to achieve

\* I refer to the employment of efficient workers. The problem of how to deal with the inefficient or "unemployable" class is quite distinct from that which is here being discussed.

their ends by driving. But workmen, whether overtly or tacitly, refuse to be driven, and they are quite as tenacious of purpose as those who nominally control them. Not only does despotic management in a workshop fail to induce them to do their best, but the multitudinous acts of petty tyranny to which it condescends are often largely responsible for labour unrest. It is high time that we expunged the term "hands" and all that it connotes from our industrial vocabulary. A thousand "hands" are simply a thousand human beings, each with his own personality, his own peculiar temperament, each a potential fund of loyalty or hostility, and each, probably, as sensitive and as responsive as the employer himself.

A works' manager who recognises the truth of this statement will see to it that no one in his mill is placed in a position of irresponsible power that may readily be abused. Not only will he put a stop to the bullying and nagging of minor officials, but he will always try to select for posts of authority men who have the instincts of leaders. Such men will never fall into the error of over-emphasising their authority, and they will realise that a nervous worker may simply become paralysed by too much supervision. They will not pass from bench to bench with a suspicious scrutiny that is expectant of the worst. They will expect the best, and, as a rule, they will get it. Again, an ideal works' manager will remember that although he may regard his working force as a unit, its members are keenly conscious of their individualities. Each one looks out on life through his own pair of eyes, and judges of an environment by its reactions upon himself. It is small comfort to a man to be told that the average wage in his workshop is satisfactory if his own wage falls far below it; and the term "rough justice" often covers a number of petty acts of injustice, each of which, however trivial, leaves a small sore that is apt to rankle. Employers must give far more thought to the whole question of personal relationship. Hitherto they have concentrated too largely on matters of machinery and finance, probably because the great expansion of industry has arisen from the mechanical inventions of the last century and from the development of the limited liability company. They must now learn to concentrate on practical psychology. I know that when I ask for sympathetic leadership, it may be suggested that I merely want to exploit the worker's zeal and loyalty for the sake of greater profits. But the criticism would be irrelevant, as we are discussing the higher efficiency of the worker, which makes a greater output possible as one, and only one, condition of a wage level which shall be permanently higher. There are probably fewer cases than labour imagines in which wages could not only reach, but maintain a much higher level merely through the curtailment of profits.

#### THE STATUS OF THE WORKER.

I now pass to the second great underlying cause of labour unrest, the unsatisfactory status of the worker in modern industry. So long as industry was conducted in tiny units, master and man frequently

worked side by side, as they do even now in small workshops, where the work is still discussed between them in a friendly way. Although the master has the last word, the man feels that any practical suggestion he may make either concerning the work or the organisation of the workshop will be welcomed and very probably accepted. But in modern large scale industry, there is no such intercourse, and various grades of officials separate the rank-and-file workers from the managing director. Strict regulations have taken the place of the informally framed rules which governed the little workshop in the old days. There is no opportunity for the ordinary factory worker to develop initiative and resource. He must arrive at the workshop at a given moment, and if he is late he is subject to stereotyped penalties: he must remain at his work for a prescribed number of hours, during which he will be under strict surveillance by an overlooker whose instructions he must carry out at the peril of losing his job. He is always liable to be told to work overtime, or short time, or he may be dismissed without a word of regret or explanation. If he wishes to lodge some complaint he must appeal to his immediate chief, and if the appeal is fruitless he is often afraid to carry it to a "higher court" lest he should become a suspect. He is caught in the meshes of a vast organisation, and has no part in determining the conditions under which he works. Day after day, year after year, perhaps, he may be engaged on the same minute process. Very probably he has never learned to relate it to the activities of others, or to consider the function of the whole factory as an industrial organism. The chances are, indeed, that he has never been through the factory. For a long while, among the workers, there has been a dumb feeling of resentment against this state of things, but now it is becoming articulate, and the men are asking for a definite share in controlling their own working lives. The request is not unreasonable. Indeed, it reflects little credit on the judgment of employers that they never dreamed of offering labour what it is now demanding, until the demand arose. If industrial unrest is to cease the status of the worker must be raised, and he must be regarded, not as a paid automaton, to carry out unquestioningly any orders that may be given to him, but as a co-operator who brings his labour to the common business of production, just as other individuals bring their capital and managerial capacity. He does not ask for the relaxation of discipline. No one knows better than the worker that an efficient workshop is the practical negation of anarchy. But he does ask to be allowed a fair share in framing the regulations which determine the conditions under which he shall work. But how is this to be accomplished? The answer may probably vary in different shops and different industries, and must always be a matter for very careful consideration. Broadly, however, what is suggested is that the workers shall, through, or in co-operation with their trade organisation, appoint representatives to Works Councils which shall decide, in conjunction with the management, questions affecting working conditions. In practice it will doubtless be found that the number of matters which may safely be relegated to such bodies will at first differ from trade to trade, since obviously some

classes of workers are much better fitted than others for shouldering responsibility. But a successful Works Council should give to the worker a measure of power which, though at first it may be somewhat strictly limited, is perfectly real, and capable of expansion. In one factory with which I am familiar the following questions have been laid down as suitable for discussion at Council meetings, although no strict limit has been imposed, and it is expected that the list will be added to if experience shows the wisdom of such a course:—

1. The criticism of any piece wages not thought to be fair or adequate, and the consideration of suggestions for adjustment.
2. The consideration of conditions and hours of work.
3. The consideration of organisation and production.
4. Rules and discipline.

All important decisions are liable to veto by the Trade Union on the one hand, and the Board of Directors on the other. But as the management and the workers are equally represented on the Councils, and no one has a casting vote, it is pretty certain that any decision arrived at will be fully threshed out, and no such decision would be lightly vetoed either by the Trade Union or the Directors. In a large works it would be necessary to have departmental, and possibly sectional councils, as well as those representing the works as a whole. The Councils might very usefully act as a Court of Appeal in connection with cases of dismissal. If it took over this function, workers would cease to dread arbitrary dismissal by some short-tempered foreman.

In an Interim Report recently published, a Sub-Committee of the Reconstruction Committee has advocated the introduction of councils of this kind, and also the establishment of district and national industrial committees. Both in America and on the Continent of Europe proposals of a similar character are being made at the present time, and there is little doubt that experiments in the democratisation of management will take place on a large scale in the near future. Already the building trade is seriously considering the establishment of an industrial parliament, and there is a prospect of a similar development in the pottery industry.

If employers really wish for industrial harmony, it is of the utmost importance that they should welcome this movement and do all they can to render it successful. No doubt some critics will argue that industry can only prosper on a basis of autocratic management. There may be some truth in that statement where workers are extremely ignorant, but it is certainly not true when we consider the educated British worker; and any measure of truth it once contained is rapidly declining. After all, the growing labour unrest of recent years can hardly be regarded as a tribute to autocracy! The fact is that we have never realised all that the workers have to give. If only we could measure the intelligence and energy which remain latent in them because we fail to call it forth, we should hear little about the success of our present methods; and we should be much more ready to try new ones.

It may be urged that the scheme of joint management which

I have outlined only differs superficially from the control which trade unions exercise over industry, but I maintain that it is substantially different. The trade union operates from outside the factory, and seldom takes action, save to make a complaint or put forward a demand. But in a Works' Council the workers are definitely invited to share with the management in the industrial control of the factory. They are consulted as to how defects may be remedied and organisation improved, and are asked to accept and exercise responsibility in connection with day-to-day management and discipline. But if Works Councils are to succeed there must be more mutual confidence between workers and employers. Both must avoid "secret diplomacy." If employers want workers to believe that they cannot pay higher wages, they should be willing to show their working costs and their profits.

But will the development of Works' Councils weaken the trade union movement? I think the answer is that it will not weaken it, though it may eventually somewhat alter its form. It will relieve trade union officials of an enormous amount of detailed work, since undoubtedly a multitude of small grievances, which now form the basis of their complaints, will be cleared up and settled out of hand in the Council meetings. But there are many questions which will still be determined by the trade union, on the one hand, and the employers, on the other.

#### CONDITIONS OF WORK.

Up to this point we have dealt with wages and the status of the workers, and we now pass to conditions of work which must be placed on a satisfactory basis before we can hope for industrial peace. In a large measure, these will adjust themselves if Works' Councils are established, and conducted in the right spirit by management and workers, and I do not propose to deal with the question at any length. Undoubtedly, however, much industrial unrest to-day is the outcome of the conditions under which men and women are obliged to work. Many factories are dirty, rooms are dark and ill-ventilated, too hot in summer and too cold in winter, no adequate provision is made for the comfort of the workers, and no adequate attention is paid to their health. Canteens, where a nourishing mid-day meal can be obtained at a reasonable price, and eaten in rest and comfort, are exceptional. Generally speaking, the working day is too long, and yet, at times of pressure, employees are expected to work overtime, sometimes for week after week, and even for month after month. All these conditions should be remedied, not only in the interests of the workers, but in those of the industry, for no one can do his best when working for too many hours and in a vitiated atmosphere. In point of fact, we can see to-day that the result of an excessive number of working hours is very often sheer waste. The workers suffer, but there is no increased output. Indeed, in many cases, I have no doubt that the output is diminished. It is small wonder if a man constantly working a little beyond his strength grows irritable, nervy, and unreasonable; and if we want to relieve the

general tension which his attitude helps to create we must give him more rest, and not rest merely, but contentment, and real pleasure in his work. Much more might be said on this subject, but perhaps it will suffice to lay down the general principle that no one should ask employees to work under conditions which he would not tolerate for his own children.

In concluding these notes I am conscious that the proposals I have made will appear extravagant to some employers, and inadequate to some workers. As regards the former, I believe that in the future the workers will claim a larger share of the product of industry, and that much higher powers of organisation and of leadership will be demanded of employers of labour. I doubt whether there will be a place in industry for the employer whose failure to pay an adequate wage is due to his lack of these qualities, or to the lack of the capital which he needs to equip his workshops adequately. Doubtless this will lead to individual cases of hardship, but that fact must not be allowed to retard reforms which will benefit the mass of the workers. As regards the latter, I know there are those who would go much further than I have done. They do not desire peace under the present industrial system. Some would nationalise all industry, others would establish it on a syndicalist basis. What its ultimate basis may be I am not here considering, but I am convinced that if the proposals outlined above were carried out in the spirit as well as in the letter, we should have travelled far towards industrial peace, without preventing the evolution of industry on whatever lines experience may prove to be in the highest national interest.

B. S. ROWNTREE.

## THE WORLD FAMINE INTO WHICH WE ARE HURRYING.

**I**F ever there was a time when it behoved our rulers and governors to pause, and think, it is this present hour. Sooner or later the appalling calamity that is now oppressing nearly the whole civilised world will come to an end, and all the belligerent countries will have to face the very serious difficulties of peace. Large parts of Europe and Asia will be cold and hungry, and near starvation. The problem, however long it may be deferred, will come upon the statesmen with startling suddenness. Many of their fine-spun imaginations will disappear into thin air. They will, for instance, with regard to imports and exports, find it quite impracticable simply to leave trade to the unrestricted and unguided enterprises of merchants and shipowners eager only to make profits. The Central Powers will certainly not be able to carry out their rumoured project of buying up all the available raw materials that neutral countries have to dispose of. It will be found equally impracticable to put in operation the policy understood to be outlined in the vague resolutions of the Paris Economic Conference of the Allied Governments, to which the United States have never acceded, of a hostile boycott of the Central Powers. At the close of the war what the various governments will be faced with will not be opportunities of enriching themselves at the cost of their enemies, but the imminent danger of famine, in one country or another; with a calamitous general deficiency of some of the principal foodstuffs, such as cereals and meat, threatening, quite possibly, extensive local starvation; with huge deficiencies in most countries in such materials as the metallic ores, coal, timber, hides, oil, wool, rubber, potash, &c., without which civil employment of the demobilised millions cannot be resumed, and with such a scarcity of merchant shipping and railway wagons, and such a dilapidation of all the ways of land transport as seriously to aggravate all the shortages of commodities. In some parts of Europe and Asia, it is scarcely too much to say, society may be not far from dissolution from sheer want. What the diplomatists must necessarily settle, actually as part of the very negotiations for peace, is how this quite imminent peril of widespread unemployment and starvation can be averted. In this sense the general revictualling of Europe will be as urgent as was the revictualling of Paris, which had to be made part of the terms of armistice in 1871.

We may take it for granted that, in the stress of such urgent need, the Government of every nation, whatever its political or economic theories, will be driven to maintain, at any rate for some time after peace, the controls which it has had to exercise during war; that it will refuse, whatever may be the relative price-levels, to permit the export of any of the commodities within its dominions (including its colonial possessions) of which it has not a supply sufficient for the needs of its own people; and that it will not allow its merchant shipping to go off to earn high freights in conveying goods elsewhere, without first ensuring a sufficient supply of the

imports that its own citizens require. On the other hand, each country will be under the most urgent need of developing as much export trade as possible, in order both to find prompt employment for its disbanded soldiers and to be able to pay for the imports it imperatively requires. It will, accordingly, be absolutely dependent on other countries for the raw materials that it needs for its manufactures. No country will be able to leave these operations to the "Law of Supply and Demand," or the enlightened attempts of profit-seeking merchants to move things from where they are cheapest to where they will sell at the highest prices. For the world famine will be even more of a money famine than a food famine. Whole classes of people in every country, it may even be the whole populations of some countries, will, if concerted arrangements to prevent unemployment are not made, find themselves, hungry as they are, without what the economists call an "effective demand." They will have no money to buy the food and materials that they need, or to pay the freight for bringing them; and without food and materials they will be unable to produce that which would enable them to buy. Simple reliance on the "Law of Supply and Demand," and "Freedom of Trade," in the unparalleled world shortage into which we are steering would result (as it did in Ireland in 1847, and in many other cases) in foodstuffs being exported from lands where people are dying of starvation, because they have no means of paying the high prices that the foodstuffs are fetching elsewhere; that is to say, in the rich persons, the rich classes, the rich countries being able to satisfy all their needs, and the poor getting absolutely nothing. In the interests not only of Humanity, but also of the continued prosperity of the rest of the world, this crushing of the poor into starvation must not be allowed. And in the present state of Europe the poor will not allow it. They would rise in revolt and upset any Government.

However reluctant the statesmen may be to grapple with this problem, they will be compelled, in the interest of the whole world, as well as of their own country, imperatively to do so; and they need to do so pretty promptly. Peace, when it comes, will come like a thief in the night; and famine will be very near at hand to some, at least, of the European populations. Let us face the situation as it is revealing itself. Apart from what we might, as cosmopolitan idealists desire, we shall be compelled to take into account the obstinate determination of peoples, like governments, to maintain what they conceive to be their national interests. No nation will forego, for the sake of the others, any part of what it is within its power to keep for the maintenance of its own people.

We shall need:

- (1) To permit each nation, including all the belligerents without exception, to assure itself that the interests of its manufacturers, traders, and consumers, will be as far as possible safeguarded, alike in the supply of necessary commodities and in opportunities for the export of all they can spare;
- (2) To permit the Allied Governments to assure themselves, conformably to the Paris Economic Conference, that their joint



and several interests in their own raw materials and mutual trade, and the earliest possible satisfaction of their need of other commodities, shall be protected from any form of economic aggression at the hands of the Central Powers;

(3) To permit, as we must in all fairness say, the Central Powers equally to assure themselves that their joint and several interests in their own raw materials, and mutual trade, and the earliest possible satisfaction of their need of other commodities shall be protected from any form of economic aggression at the hands of the Allied Powers; and (as it is clear we must add)

(4) To permit, and even to encourage, each Government to adopt, within its own Empire, such measures of "preference" to its own people, and "development" of its own resources as it thinks will, whilst increasing the aggregate product that it makes for the world, without actual aggression on other countries, augment the solidarity and economic strength of its own.

One or other of these objects might, if it stood alone, conceivably be attained by separate national measures of this or that kind—by Free Trade or Protective Tariffs, by control of colonies, or by government ownership of the means of production. But if we are to secure Peace, and at the same time prevent starvation, all the objects have to be attained, and attained simultaneously, without delay, and with (a) the least possible interference with the initiative and freedom of enterprise of the individual producers; (b) the least possible increase of cost to the consumers, especially as regards foodstuffs, raw materials, and the components of other manufactures; (c) the least possible injury to any nation; and (d) if only because it would otherwise increase the difficulties of those who will have to conduct the negotiations for Peace, the least possible invidiousness against any nation.

Various policies and devices have been suggested for attaining these ends, such as (1) a system of prohibitions of exports or imports, mitigated by licences, designed to allow trade only in such commodities, and with such countries or persons, as each Government approved; (2) differential import or export duties, designed to penalise or render impossible trade in certain commodities with particular countries; (3) the establishment of great monopolies of particular trades or industries, under more or less governmental control, so as to unite all export and import trades in concentrated management. These devices have the capital drawback that they afford no guidance as to international policy, and offer no security of attaining the above-mentioned ends. They do not ensure to each country the raw materials that are essential to it. They do not save the poorest countries from starvation. Moreover, they necessarily involve, by each country in turn, action of an extremely invidious kind, which must inevitably be resented by the countries against which it is to be practised. We shall not get peace by threatening that it is to be followed by economic war.

What the situation points to is the imperative necessity of the complete abandonment, for a time, of the principle of *laissez faire*, and of the adoption of a policy of a deliberately concerted distribution of the exportable surpluses, as regards the several important

commodities in which there will be a world scarcity, by some International machinery; and for the allocation according to needs, in the same way, of the available merchant shipping that will be required, and, so far as necessary, of land transport. There will have to be, in fact, a continuation and an extension of *La Commission Internationale de Ravitaillement* that the Allied Governments have had to form for the allocation among themselves of the available Army supplies. This will need to embrace all the belligerent countries lately at war, and also all the neutrals who will be suffering from the same world-shortage. It will be driven to adopt the principle of "Priority"—that is to say, of ensuring, first, the satisfaction of the most urgent primary needs of all the several countries, before proceeding to fulfil the less urgent and secondary demands of even the richest among them. The exportable surpluses of cereals, for instance, must be distributed so that no country needing food shall, however much it may be outbid in price, go without its appropriate share. The various raw materials available for export must not be monopolised by any one country or group of countries, that might seek to steal a march on the others, whatever prices it may be prepared to offer to secure this end, but must be allotted with some regard to the urgency and the extent of the needs of all the several countries. The world will imperatively require to make its sadly shrunken merchant fleets go where they are most needed, not where they might earn most freight, or some desperately denuded lands may find themselves altogether without either supplies or the means to pay for them.

Thus, it should be an essential item in the conditions of peace that, for a period of at least one year or more—perhaps for some prescribed period open to be extended according to experience—the whole export of certain specified commodities (such as cereals, meat, metallic ores, coal, hides, oils, rubber, wool, timber, &c.) from any part of any territory of the British or any other Government to any part of any territory of a foreign Government (thus exempting from interference both coast-wise and Colonial trade as necessarily reserved by each Government), together with all the sea-going merchant shipping, of all the belligerent countries, and that of all the neutral countries to which it may be possible to extend this provision (or at least all in excess of the quota which each country needs to bring its own supplies) should be absolutely under the control of an International Commission in which all the countries would be represented. This International Commission would be charged to allocate all the supplies and their conveyance, not with a view to making the utmost profit, or indeed any profit, but in due regard to the relative urgency and degree of the needs of the respective peoples. It is interesting to notice that this International Commission for Revictualling Europe will become the first organ of the League of Nations—or what the Fabian Society calls the Supernational Authority\*—in which this war must find its end. Only in this way will the nations of Europe be saved from the very imminent peril of actual want, leading to fresh revolutionary upheavals.

\* *International Government*, by L. S. Woolf.

Within each country a like plan will have to be adopted. None of the belligerent countries, and few even of the neutrals, have found it practicable to leave trade free; all—the United States quite rapidly coming into line with the rest—have had to control strictly both production and prices, to prohibit not only importing and exporting, but even also buying and selling in a whole range of commodities, and to intervene directly to assure that each district and each section of the community did not go short. It is already plain that these controls cannot be allowed to lapse the day after Peace is declared. It would be desirable to recognise at once, and to prepare our minds for it, that the serious world-shortage in foodstuffs, raw materials, and shipping will necessarily involve the continuance, for an indefinite period during peace, of some such governmental trade as we are all now experiencing during war. It will, to begin with, necessarily be made a condition by the International Commission that will regulate foreign trade in the principal foodstuffs and raw materials, and also the merchant shipping required for their conveyance, that each Government should itself assume the responsibility for internal allocation. The International Commission will plainly not struggle to secure to any country its share of some commodity of which it is in dire need, deliberately in order that no person shall go absolutely without, unless adequate assurance can be afforded that the very precious supply thus conveyed to it shall be properly appropriated to secure that end. The world is not going to bother to send food to Armenia or Belgium, to secure timber or potash for the United Kingdom, to keep Italy or Switzerland regularly supplied with coal, to provide Poland with wool, and Norway with petroleum, without, at the same time, getting an assurance that these things are not to be permitted to be bought up solely by the rich, to the exclusion of the poor and needy. The several Governments will, therefore, have to make themselves responsible for the importing and the deliberately concerted allocation of the supplies thus allotted to them. They will be glad to assume this responsibility, whatever the preconceptions of their statesmen, merely in order to prevent prices from soaring sky high, with the inevitably resulting social upheavals. Thus, the Government has already made itself the sole importer of cereals into the British Isles, a colossal business; already it controls every flour mill in the United Kingdom and determines exactly what kind of flour is to be made, and at what price it is to be sold; and it has definitely fixed the retail price of bread (henceforth not to be raised whatever may be the price of wheat in Chicago) at ninepence per quarter loaf. It has had to take this action, involving financial dealings to the extent, literally, of more than a hundred million pounds annually, in order to prevent grave Labour unrest. Similarly, the Government doles out the wool to the manufacturer, and licenses the use of timber and steel, strictly according to what it thinks the genuine urgency of the private need and the public interest that is served by the proposed use. Immediately after the war, the Government will begin—doubtless acting through the municipalities and other local authorities to whom it will lend the capital, and make a considerable free subvention—the construction

of anything between half a million and one million new cottages for the wage-earners in town and country, to the extent possibly of a couple of hundred million pounds or more, in order to remedy, whilst the demobilisation of the five million soldiers is taking place, the present appalling shortage in working-class dwellings. At the same time it will be necessary to restore the sadly dilapidated railways and roads to their former efficient state, to do a large amount of rebuilding and re-equipping of factories, and to make good deficiencies of schools and other public buildings. There will clearly be an extraordinary shortage of bricks and building stone, timber, cement, builders' ironwork, and all house fittings, of which the prices, if let alone, would go up to fabulous heights. We may, accordingly, expect that all these supplies will continue to be strictly allocated by the Government, together with all the building trades workmen. The only building allowed will be that in which there is a public interest, such as public institutions, the means of communication, the instruments of wealth production, and the very urgent rehousing of the wage-earners. No "luxury buildings," such as palaces for the new millionaires, new hotels, or cinema speculations, will probably be permitted, however high may be the price offered, until the more urgent public needs have been satisfied. And much the same is being done, and will continue to be done, by the Governments of France and Germany, Italy and Austria, the United States and Russia, even, as regards some commodities, Holland and Switzerland. The principle on which the world must act, both internationally and within each country, is "No cake for anyone until all have bread."

The question is, how far in this direction will the governmental and international control need to extend, in order to prevent what might otherwise be only a general "going short" from degenerating into local famines. The answer to this question depends on how soon the statesmen can begin to think about it.

SIDNEY WEBB.

## THE ALBANIAN QUESTION.

**O**F the many after-war questions which will have to be solved, few are more important than the Albanian question, for few, if any, involve so many conflicting interests; and in none is there more danger that the wishes of the people may be ignored and the seeds of future trouble sown. Alsace-Lorraine, is coveted by but two Powers, and the facts connected with it have been publicly discussed for the past forty years. But Albania, or a strong position in Albania, is coveted by four Powers—Austria, Italy, Serbia, and Greece. Truly we may say five, and add Bulgaria. And the Albanians themselves greatly desire independence, and have, moreover, been promised it.

The Man-in-the-street knows nothing about Albania. He often asks if all the people really have white hair and pink eyes. Or he heard of the Balkan peoples for the first time with any interest, during the Balkan wars of 1912-13, espoused warmly the cause of either Serb, Greek, or Montenegrin, and, through his friends of the race in question, learnt to regard Albania merely as a Tom Tiddler's ground, at whose expense "victors" were to be "recompensed." The Balkan War, which began with the noble object of freeing the Balkan peoples, quickly degenerated into an attempt to dismember and destroy the oldest of them. It began with a hymn to "Liberty" and ended with a howl for "Loot." Let us strive that the present war may not end thus disgracefully, but that an Allied victory may bring the freedom and justice it promised.

The Albanians are among the very oldest inhabitants of the Balkan peninsula. Classical authors give the names of very many tribes which dwelt in those lands when history dawns. The Greeks classed them as "barbarians," and they spoke a non-Greek tongue. They were united in groups under native kings, and of these groups some of the most important were the Macedonians, the Illyrians, and the Epirotes. According to Strabo, all three spoke the same language. And it is from the Illyrians and the Epirotes that the Albanians of to-day descend. Modern Albania, in all probability, derives from the language of Alexander the Great and King Pyrrhus. Illyria and Epirus, in old days, extended from Trieste along the whole of the Adriatic coast, comprising at one time all Bosnia and the Herzegovina, a large part of modern Serbia, and all Montenegro, as well as modern Albania. And though since then Albania has been invaded and the population modified by contact with the invaders, as often as have the British Isles, yet the race remains to-day distinct, speaking a language which differs in important respects from the tongues of its Slav and Greek neighbours, having distinct traditions, and with marked physical types which we recognise at once as Albanian in a mixed Balkan crowd.

I entered South Albania for the first time in the spring of 1904. The carriage, in which we had driven nearly all night from Monastir, rattled down from the mountains. We left behind us the thickset, Slav-speaking peasants of Macedonia, and, as we came out on the Koritza plain and I saw the lean, long-necked

Albanians, with their aquiline features, swinging along with the easy stride which I knew so well in the North, I felt that I was once again in a familiar land, and that though the Northerner has been subjected to Slav influence and the Southerner to Greek, yet an Albanian is an Albanian "for a' that." Rome, Byzantium, the fleeting mediæval Empires of the Bulgar and the Serb, and the great Ottoman Empire have, in turn, risen and fallen. The Albanian has emerged from each wave of invasion, shaken off the drops, and gone his way. Many Powers have spent much effort and much money upon trying to turn the Albanian into something else. He has entered their schools, and has often learnt things that he was not intended to, but "in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations" he remains Albanian. Diplomatic "Mrs. Bonds" have toddled industriously round and round the Albanian pond with their pockets full of "onions and sage" in the shape of schools, hospitals, and charitable institutions. The Albanian wild-duck has feasted freely, but has so far resolutely refused to come and be annexed, and fill the pockets of the would-be exploiters of forests, mines, and strategical positions who greedily watch diplomatic efforts. The object of each Power was so obvious that it drew from my dear, old dragoman the shrewd remark: "Lady, these so-called Great Powers are no better than a band of brigands. By day they quarrel with one another. But when it is dark they all go out robbing together."

And still the Albanian struggles for independence, for the right to develop on his own lines, and for the freedom of his language. This has been denied him by every conqueror. The printing and teaching of Albanian was forbidden, under heavy penalties, by the Turkish Government, and was carried on only with great difficulties, under the protection of various foreign Powers, who themselves so dreaded the formation of a united and strong Albania that they each insisted in their schools upon using a different alphabet and system of orthography in order to hamper national development. In the instances where large Albanian-inhabited districts were annexed by Serbia, Montenegro, and Greece, things were even worse. Not one single Albanian school was permitted; not one single Albanian newspaper. In some instances, large masses of the population were forcibly expelled, and efforts were made to Slavise or Grecise the remainder.

Christianity arrived in Illyria as early as the first century. Scodra (Scutari), Durazzo, and Antivari were bishoprics dependent on Rome, some three centuries before the pagan Slavs poured into the Balkan peninsula in the seventh century. And ever since that great inrush has the struggle of the Albanian against Slavism gone on. During the two centuries (1180-1356) when the Serb Empire flourished, and by degrees encroached further and further on Albanian territory, the Northern Albanians strenuously resisted the efforts made to Slavise them and force them to join the Orthodox Eastern Church, and when the Serb Empire fell to pieces on the death of the great Tsar Dushan in 1356, they were among the first to break loose and begin their long struggle to regain the lands from which the Serbs had driven their forefathers. When

the Slavs of the peninsula fell under Turkish dominion after the Battle of Kosovo in 1389, the Albanians successfully resisted, and under their celebrated leader, Skenderbeg, the whole of the North, including Dibra and Ochrida, was independent till his death in 1476. Under the Turk they yet retained considerable local autonomy. In the seventeenth century Islam began to make progress among them. They grew in power, and harried their secular enemies, the Serbs, so effectually that in 1690 the bulk of the Serb population of the Kosovo and Metoya plains accepted the invitation of Austria and withdrew across the Danube, whence their ancestors had originally come. The Albanians then rapidly resettled the district, and reoccupied the lands of their Illyrian forefathers in great numbers as far north as Nish and eastward towards Monastir.

Then in the eighteenth century they began their struggle for complete independence. Ali Pasha (born 1740) subdued the local Albanian Pashas and Beys, and ruled over all South Albania as far as Parga, holding his own successfully against the Turks. He had representatives in foreign lands, and entered into negotiations with England. And in the North there arose to power the Bushatlis, hereditary Pashas of Scutari. Mehmed Bushatli extended his Pashalik to Ochrida. His son, Kara Mahmoud, became so independent that the Sultan sent a large army against him, which he routed completely on the plain of Kosovo. Had he and Ali joined forces they could have freed all Albania from the Turks. But Ali could bear no rival, and hoped to extend his rule northward. He, therefore, sent troops to assist the Sultan, which shared in the Turkish defeat. No reconciliation was then possible between Ali and the Bushatlis. Albania was torn in half by its two Pashas. Ali was attacked and overwhelmed in his old age by a large Turkish force, and he and his sons were beheaded in 1822.

South Albania then fell completely under the Turks, who, the better to check the development of national feeling, permitted, and even encouraged, Greek propaganda. The Greek language, then, was spoken, it would appear, only by Greek immigrants. Edward Brerewood, writing in 1625, says of the Greek language: "But at this day the Greek tongue is very much decayed, not only as touching the largeness and vulgarnesse of it, but also in elegance of language. For as touching the former, the *Natural languages of the Countries* have usurped upon it so that the parts in which Greek is spoken at this day are, in a few words, but these. First, Greece itself—excepting Epirus and the west part of Macedon . . . likewise in the isles west of Candie and along the coast of Epirus and Corfu." This shows clearly the thoroughly non-Greek character of Epirus—the coast places being merely Greek trading centres. Just as Greece has tried to acquire wide tracts of Slavonic lands by classing all members of the Orthodox Church as "Greek," so has she striven to lay claim to South Albania. Rome, with equal justice, might claim all English and French Catholics as Italians. Kara Mahmoud meanwhile further extended his power, and might have shaken off Turkish rule in

time. But he was killed by the Montenegrins in 1799, who thus rendered a great service to their secular foe, the Sultan.

About this time the Toptani Beys of Kroya took Tirana, and began to gain power in Central Albania. Mustafa Pasha Bushatli, Kara Mahmoud's nephew, made a bid for independence by marching against the Turks at the moment when Diebitch was leading a Russian Army to Constantinople. Unluckily for him, the Russians unexpectedly made peace, leaving the Turks free to send a punitive expedition, under Reshid Pasha, to Scutari. Mustafa was forced to capitulate. He and his family were exiled to Asia, and the dynasty was extinct in Scutari. Reshid's Army then over-ran all North Albania, attacking Djakova, Ipek, and Pristina, and killing or exiling the local chiefs. Albania, both North and South, was now hard hit, and the Porte further weakened it in 1865 by dividing it into vilayets (Scutari, Janina, Kosovo, and part of Monastir), and appointing Turkish governors in the larger towns, and garrisons, too, in some of them. Meanwhile, helped by more than one great Power, Serbia and Greece had obtained recognition and autonomy. Albania did much to aid the Greeks, but no Power assisted her to rise in her turn.

After the Russo-Turkish War of 1877, when Turkish territory was being divided among the Balkan peoples, the Albanians saw, with dismay, much of their best land torn from them and given to the Greeks, Serbs, and Montenegrins. They resisted fiercely, saved some of it, and formed the Albanian League. Its centres were at Prizren and Argyrocastro, and its objects the defence of Albanian rights.

As Lord Goschen, then H.B.M. Ambassador at Constantinople, put it in a despatch to Earl Granville: "As ancient and distinct a race as any by whom they are surrounded, they have seen the nationality of these neighbour races taken under the protection of various European Powers and gratified in their aspirations. . . . Meanwhile, they see that they have not received similar treatment. . . . Exchanges of territory are proposed, difficulties arise, but it is still at the expense of the Albanians, and Albanians are handed over to Greeks and Slavs without reference to the principles of nationality."

Great Britain then (1880) strove to create a strong Albania (Kosovo, Scutari, Janina and part of Monastir vilayets), which should eventually become independent. Lord Goschen and Lord E. Fitzmaurice, both foreseeing the importance of the Albanian question, worked hard for this end. Had they succeeded, many recent complications and much misery would have been obviated. But the Powers who met in council were not unanimous, and all that was done was to recommend certain reforms to the Turks, who responded by arresting the heads of the Albanian League, and executing or exiling them. Albanians were forcibly expelled in thousands from the districts given to Serbia and Montenegro, and the hatred between the races was still further embittered. The Albanian League was shattered, but its spirit lived. Albanian papers were published in London, Brussels, and Bucarest, and smuggled into the country, though the possession of one rendered



a man liable to fifteen years' imprisonment. Albanian gospels, circulated by the British and Foreign Bible Society, were used as reading-books by Christians and Moslems alike. Christians and Moslems, too, took advantage of the Austrian and Italian and American Mission Schools. Koritza, in the south, and Scutari, in the north, were centres of patriotic movements.

No subject race hailed with greater joy the promises of the Young Turks than did the Albanians. National equality and freedom of the Press were at last accorded them. Fifty-eight schools, sixty-six national clubs, four printing presses, and eleven Albanian newspapers were promptly started. The girls' school at Koritza, called "The Beacon Light," was overcrowded with pupils. People sang "Liria, liria!" ("Freedom, freedom!"), and dreamed of Utopia. But free Albania was the last thing the Turks wanted. They fell upon the national enterprises, closed schools and printing presses, and exiled or imprisoned editors and teachers. The result was a series of Albanian insurrections, which began in 1910, and were at first suppressed by the Turks with much severity. Large tracts of land were devastated. This only aroused fury, and, finally, the Albanians of Kosovo vilayet forced their way to Uskub and compelled the Turkish Authorities to listen to them. It was the beginning of the end. The other Balkan States, seeing the Turk yield, thought the time for attacking him had come and, uniting for once in their history, fell upon him. Montenegro fired the first shot without declaring war. Followed the Balkan wars of 1912-13.

The Albanians, as a whole, remained neutral, except when attacked, and expected their neutrality to be respected. Those who were in the Turkish Army, notably Essad Pasha and his men, sided with the Turk. The surrounding tribesmen, who wished to have no truck with the Young Turks, fell upon Essad as he was on his way to Scutari, and tried to drive him back. Unluckily for them, he fought his way through, and, on the death of the Turkish General, Hussein Riza (in which popular opinion believed him to be implicated), he took over the command of the town. Then, though the ships of all the Powers were off the coast and another day would have saved the town, he handed it over to the Montenegrins, who, in return for this favour, supplied him with arms and ammunition and food, and let him march his force to Tirana, of which town his family, the Toptanis, are hereditary Beys. Albania then asked and obtained recognition of the Powers, but was again most unjustly shorn of some of its best land, largely by the influence of Tsarist Russia, which aimed at Balkan Power. While the Powers were discussing whom to name as Prince of Albania, admirable order was kept by the local authorities. One of my most interesting journeys was a ride at that time through the length and breadth of the land. One thing only was feared, and that was Essad Pasha and his armed force. It was currently believed that he was in treaty with one or more of Albania's foes, and that, in return for relinquishing part of the land, he would obtain recognition and a small principality of his own. And to this all Albania was, and is, opposed. From Scutari to Koritza all longed for the

foreign prince, who had been promised them, as for a Messiah. I was begged to sit on the doorstep of Prince Arthur of Connaught, and not to leave till he had promised to accept the throne. My protests, that I could not hope to influence His Royal Highness were met with: "God will help you to do what is right."

And in response to all these hopes, to their eternal shame, the Powers sent them the Prince of Wied—a wholly incompetent person and a coward to boot. Had he had the sense to establish himself at Scutari, where General G. F. Phillips, at the head of the international forces, had done very much to win the esteem and confidence of the population, even he might have done well. Wied, however, would take no advice. He fell into the hands of Essad, and, under his guidance, went to Durazzo, where he tried ridiculously to make a little German Court, and kept an excellent *chef-de-cuisine*.

Durazzo at once became a seething mass of intrigue between the representatives of rival Powers, into the sordid details of which it is perhaps not yet advisable to enter. The Albanians of the South, who expected that the Prince would come to Koritza and, by claiming the territory as part of his realm, make them safe against Greek intrigue, were bitterly disappointed. He made no move. The recently published White Book, showing King Constantine's complete complicity with Germany, make it only too probable that the Greek invasion of South Albania and its accompanying atrocities, which took place in the early summer of 1914, were all part of the German plan to obtain control over the Balkan peninsula. It is, indeed, reported that when Wied finally left Durazzo in a hurry, German instructions were found in his desk, promising him additional territory in the North, at the expense of Serbia, if he took no action in the South. The whole of the west of the peninsula would thus have come under German control. King Constantine at the time loudly denied all responsibility for the attack on South Albania. But plenty of witnesses, including myself, saw his khaki-clad soldiers—and we all know now what his word is worth. His explanation, that if soldiers were there they were deserters over whom he had no control, was ludicrous, unless we may believe that, for the first time in history, a quantity of artillery deserted also.

France and Italy have now reclaimed those districts for Albania, France has declared Koritza an Albanian republic and has again hoisted the Albanian flag there. The reason why Albania's foes are so anxious to deprive her of Koritza is that there are large deposits of brown coal and copper in the neighbourhood. And they hope by depriving the Albanians of all their cultivable land and mineral resources to make independent existence impossible for them.

Albania's future must be now considered. It has been amply proved that a mixed Commission of control is useless, as the Commissioners work each for his own country and not for Albania. Greece and Bulgaria, when first liberated, were given strong Protectors, and financed till able to stand alone. Albania should receive similar protection. And of the many Powers, Italy seems

the best qualified for the post. It is very much to her interest to have a strong Albania and a friendly one on the Adriatic coast. Albania has traded amicably with Italy since the early days of the Venetian Republic, and, as we have seen, Venice and Albania together resisted the Turkish invasion.

Another proven point is that Albania's worst troubles have been caused by her rival Beys. Old Prenk Bib Doda, head of the Mirdites, remarked cheerily one day to the Prince of Wied: "If you want to make a united Albania, you must hang Ismail Kémal, Essad Pasha, and me—don't forget me!" It is not necessary to take such drastic measures, but nations on all sides are throwing off their hereditary despots, and the Albanians are well aware that the Beys, who have torn Albania to pieces in the past, must not be allowed to do so in the future. There is not one hereditary Bey whom the nation as a whole would now accept as ruler. They ask for a foreign Prince, but a better one this time—and protection.

Italy, if she will see that Albania's frontiers are so rectified that all Albanian districts are included within it, and will say, "Hands off!" to would-be intruders, would give such satisfaction to the whole nation that no objection is likely to be made to her holding Valona with a small garrison. But it must be clearly understood that no attempts at Italianising are made and that Albania is free to develop on her own lines and save her own soul. Such an arrangement would make for future peace. Albania divided between the Serbs and Greeks would be only a future Poland and a source of great weakness to those who annexed her. The Albanians are second to none in the Balkans for energy and intelligence, apt both at trade and handicraft. Other Balkan peoples have been given their chance. The Albanian has struggled for freedom as much as any of them. Let us hope that his day, too, will now dawn.

M. E. DURHAM.

## THE WAR AND LIQUOR RESTRICTION IN THE UNITED STATES.

**A** WAR on the scale of the present one changes the whole fabric of our life, and too often the dislocation, in fields which during previous lapses from peace have been slightly if at all affected, is accompanied by no compensating benefits. Fortunately, however, there are exceptions, and not the least of these is the general restriction of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. Such a policy was first resorted to simply as a measure to increase military and industrial efficiency, and later, when the question of food became of paramount importance, the consideration of turning as much of the available supply as possible to the best purposes determined the extent of the restriction. Only slightly, I take it, has the other question, so much discussed in the United States—that of legislation attempting to compel morality, of making people temperate by laws—figured in the course followed by European governments. Yet when the American Congress determined to prohibit the manufacture of distilled spirits for the duration of the war, and authorised the President to restrict the manufacture of fermented liquors when, in his opinion, the food situation made this necessary, the moral phase of the question was not overlooked. It was possible constitutionally for the federal government as one of the measures necessary for a successful prosecution of the war, to attempt, until peace is restored, a reform which hitherto under the American system has been almost wholly a State affair, and this would give a tremendous impetus to the already powerful movement for an amendment to the national constitution making the whole country absolutely "dry." Hence, the war measure was supported by the organisations which have conducted a prohibition propaganda, and it was assured of success through the fact, demonstrated by European experience, that it would increase the efficiency of the fighting forces and serve as a powerful instrument of food conservation. The action of Congress was forced, furthermore, by a mobilisation of public opinion, irrespective of party—very unusual in American politics. Yet to legislate ruthlessly on an industry which gave employment to half a million men and was to contribute half a billion dollars in war taxes, took a great deal of courage; it was symptomatic of something more than a mere triumph of the prohibition interests or fear of a food deficiency. Essentially, I think, the policy of liquor restriction in the United States for the period of the war is conclusive evidence that the American Congress is willing to disregard all traditions as to the proper agencies to exert control, to stretch its legislative competence to the breaking point, and to venture economic dislocation and unpopularity, if it seems that thereby a successful outcome of the struggle will be nearer and more certain. Nevertheless, it may be worth while to attempt a discussion of the distinctively American aspects of the problem.

Every State has in the past felt called upon to regulate the traffic in intoxicating liquors, but most of the European restrictions have been designed to raise a revenue from the manufacture and sale

(in addition to preventing such a low price that purchase would be too easy), supervising the conditions under which the intoxicants are distributed, and discouraging the use of distilled spirits instead of beer and light wines. In the United States, on the contrary, there has been a widespread and very successful attempt to prevent the use of ardent spirits on moral grounds, to enforce absolute prohibition, and to restrain personal liberty when its exercise was not licence and when it did not harm the individual or his fellows. Early laws were of a particularly stringent character, but they were soon repealed, and the trend of subsequent prohibition enactments in the accomplishment of their ultimate purpose—the non-use of intoxicants—has been from indirect methods to direct control. Thus, after moral suasion had proved inadequate to cope with the evils of intemperance, the New England States attempted licence laws, and the manufacture and sale of intoxicants came fully under the legislative ban in 1850, when the Maine law was adopted. The point of control was gradually shifted from the consumer to the seller, and a campaign for personal abstinence gave way to a policy of legislative restriction. A number of the States followed the example of Maine, but few of them have maintained the prohibition principle without inconsistency up to the present time. Laws were either repealed or not enforced, and three substitutes were tried: For lawful sale licenses so high were demanded as to furnish a great measure of Governmental control; the dispensary system was attempted in South Carolina and other southern districts, but such a State monopoly was not very successful; and, thirdly, the principle of local self-government was recognised as entitling the people of a given community to decide for themselves the question of restriction. This was called "local option."

Such expedients, however, did not satisfy those who desired absolute prohibition. Arguing first for local option on the ground that it was merely local self-government with no moral principle involved, they made extensive gains in the amount of territory free from licensed saloons, and then with this support they shifted their ground entirely and embarked upon campaigns of State-wide prohibition. Finally, with the assistance of a very powerful organisation known as the Anti-Saloon League—"The Church in action against the Saloon"—twenty-three States of the American Union have adopted absolute prohibition, others contemplate it at definite dates, and in all the remaining ones the sale of liquor has been more or less restricted. Further gains are sure to come, partly in response to public sentiment, but largely because the Anti-Saloon League is to-day one of the most powerful forces in American politics. Members of Congress who fail to vote as it dictates are threatened with defeat; the threats are often successful. President Wilson was forced to request this organisation to be satisfied, for the time being, with the restriction of distilled liquors alone, when its desire was for total prohibition, and but for the ensuing patriotic acquiescence, decision on the whole food question would have been indefinitely delayed. But it is as an organisation in State politics that the League exercises its greatest influence. Many of the commonwealths are under the absolute dominance—I do not exaggerate—of the "legislative superintendents," often clergymen,

of "The Church in action against the Saloon." Governors and other state officials cannot be elected unless they are satisfactory to the League's leaders, and the ultimate object of the organisation is, of course, the enforcement of absolute prohibition throughout the whole territory of the United States.

Pending the realisation of this purpose, recent enactments in the States have been characterised by far greater stringency than the earlier inhibitions. The point of control seems to have been shifted back to the consumer. In order to make absolutely effective the prohibition against manufacture and sale, legislatures have provided that the possession, irrespective of intent, of more than specified quantities of intoxicants shall be *prima facie* evidence of intent to sell, and not content with that, the League has secured regulations forbidding the possession of any liquors at all. They have been put in the same class with counterfeit money. Nevertheless, in spite of these enactments, in spite of the impressive figures which are so often quoted as showing that 80 per cent. of the area of the United States is "dry"—i.e., without saloons; that 60 per cent. of the people live in prohibition districts, and that the Army and Navy and the national capital are under restrictions as to ardent spirits, the consumption of intoxicating liquors in the United States has shown a steady increase in the prohibition States as well as in the "wet" ones. This is in large part attributable to the fact that in the United States there is a dual form of government, and that while prohibitory legislation is within the exclusive power of the States (Congress may legislate only for the territories, the military establishment, &c.), the federal Constitution, through delegating to Congress certain powers secure against State encroachment, has made it impossible, without great difficulty, for the local jurisdictions to have completely effective regulations.

To Congress was given the exclusive right to regulate inter-State commerce, and when, nearly thirty years ago, the Supreme Court of the United States, reversing a previous decision, held that although a State could bar the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, it was powerless to prevent the importation because this would encroach upon the jurisdiction of Congress to regulate interstate commerce, local enactments were made partly nugatory. Individual consumption was but slightly reduced since liquors shipped into any State could not be interfered with until they reached the consignee. The non-delegability of legislative authority is a valid maxim of American constitutional jurisprudence, and made the problem difficult to solve. Twice—through legislation in 1890 and 1913—Congress attempted to give the States relief; but not until January of this year did a decision of the United States Supreme Court determine that Congress had by statute sufficiently relinquished its authority over liquors in interstate transit to enable the commonwealths to prevent importations even when for personal use. This seemed to solve the problem, but Congress, partly in an endeavour to offset the movement for a constitutional amendment, was willing to go further, and passed a law, making it a crime to send intoxicating liquors into any State where the sale and manufacture had been forbidden. Thus, the territory of the twenty-three jurisdictions which have adopted prohibition is made entirely

arid, and the law applies to portions of other States as well. The exceptions—shipments for medicinal, sacramental, and mechanical purposes—are not sufficient to permit any extensive violations.

Coincident with this extension of restrictive enactments by the States and pseudo-enabling legislation by Congress, has gone, as I have said, a campaign for an amendment to the federal Constitution absolutely prohibiting the importation, manufacture, and sale of intoxicating liquors. Manufacturing and inter-state sales cannot be controlled by Congress. Hence national prohibition must be effected through a constitutional amendment authorising Congress to legislate, or itself forbidding manufacture, &c., and giving Congress the power to pass enforcement legislation. Beginning in 1876, an attempt has regularly been made at each session of Congress to have submitted an amendment of the latter character which, when ratified by three-fourths of the States, would become part of the Constitution. The mere submission of such an amendment would be an immense gain, and final approval would be practically inevitable. To be sure, the process of amending the American Constitution is difficult. Professor Dicey declared that it took the Civil War to rouse the sovereign of the United States from his slumbers; President Wilson in his book on *Congressional Government*, written thirty years ago, said that "no impulse short of self-preservation; no force less than the force of revolution, can nowadays be expected to move the cumbrous machinery" of amendment. Since then the Constitution has received two additions—providing for a federal income-tax and the popular election of Senators—and while it is rarely that two-thirds of Congress and three-fourths of the States agree upon a political principle, prohibition is gradually being adopted by more commonwealths, and since there is no time-limit within which ratification must take place and approval once given cannot be withdrawn while unfavourable action may be rescinded, it is probable that ultimately, were an amendment to be submitted, prohibition would be in the fundamental law. Then it would be absolutely removed from change, since thirteen States, which might be the smallest—one more than one-fourth of the members of the Union, with possibly only one-tenth of the population—could always prevent the repeal of the amendment. And, more than that, the question of liquor restriction would be taken out of the hands of legislative bodies which, experience has shown, are liable to change their minds. Moral standards would be imposed upon the country for all time.

It would be interesting to pause further to discuss this question of an amendment from the standpoint of American constitutional law, the advisability of substituting national for State control, and of putting a moral standard in the Constitution, to say nothing of its permanent enactment, through an amending process which, as the summary statement I have made shows, is not altogether equitable. So also it would be of interest to consider the opportunism of those agitators who not so long since argued for local option and congressional legislation to permit the States to enforce their laws unchecked by the protection afforded by the commerce clause of the federal Constitution. Then the inherent right of local self-government was the principle insisted upon;

now, communities which have adopted prohibition must aid in the enlightenment of other sections, and a policy must be adopted for all time, with no regard for the fact that many of the world's keenest thinkers on the question of temperance do not believe that the ultimate solution of the problem lies in absolute prohibition. But, like so many issues which before August, 1914, seemed important, these considerations have become almost academic. The vital thing is that qualified prohibition will obtain in the United States for the duration of the war.

Further production of distilled spirits will be forbidden, and if it seems advisable the President may commandeer the existing supplies in order to secure, through redistillation, alcohol for industrial purposes. It is estimated that if this is not done, the whisky already manufactured will last for a year and a-half, but through the difficulty of securing it and higher prices, consumption among the working classes will be materially lessened. For the time being, at least, the manufacture of fermented liquors will be permitted, with discretion vested in the President to extend the ban to these when, in his opinion, it becomes necessary. That all restrictions must be lifted as soon as the food emergency is relieved results from the fact that for congressional action in time of peace a constitutional amendment would be necessary; and it is only as a war measure, necessary and proper for carrying into effect the power of Congress to raise and support armies and to declare war, that prohibition can be sustained. Congress had already forbidden the sale of any intoxicants to men in uniform and had established "dry" zones around the military camps; but other points of control have hitherto included only taxation and interstate commerce. Prohibition must be justified as a war measure pure and simple; and, while it will probably be sustained by the courts, its constitutionality is not free from doubt.

I have already said that complete prohibition for the period of the war was vigorously supported by the Anti-Saloon League, which had many followers in Congress. Three years ago, a resolution to submit a constitutional amendment for prohibition to the States received a majority, but not the necessary two-thirds in the House of Representatives. Here was an opportunity to give the movement a tremendous impetus through the use of the war powers of Congress.\* But of far greater importance was the widespread sentiment for prohibition among many leaders of public opinion in the United States who believed that during the war personal liberty should give way to public safety, although in time of peace they would hotly oppose such action by the federal government instead of the States. Eminent business men, irrespective of party affiliations; university presidents and professors from all the leading institutions of learning; lawyers and doctors of

\*The United States Senate has already passed by a two-thirds vote a resolution proposing a prohibition amendment. No action by the House of Representatives is expected before the session of Congress which begins in December. The action of the Senate shows a great change in sentiment although the resolution provides that the amendment, in order to be valid, must be ratified within six years of the date of submission. This is an entirely novel provision, and it is possible, if not probable, that if the amendment is adopted by the House of Representatives, the thirty-seven States necessary for ratification will not be secured within the time specified, and the amendment will thus fail.



national fame—hardly any proposal urged upon the American Congress had so many distinguished sponsors. Three professors in the department of political economy at Harvard, and Irving Fisher, Professor of Political Economy in Yale University, together with two Harvard physiologists, guaranteed the alarming statistics which showed great quantities of foodstuffs wasted in liquor manufacture. These figures were not the misleading ones so frequently used by the prohibition propagandists, but they were carefully worked out by trained economists, and served, perhaps more than any other single factor, to convince Congress that restriction must be resorted to. There was no compelling fear that were prohibition not enacted, the question of the food supply available in the United States would be appreciably more acute; the congressional action was based upon the principle that obligations to the Entente Allies demanded the passage of any measure that carried the possibility of making their task easier.

Professor Fisher's figures showed that, according to the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for the year ending June 30th, 1916, the following materials were used for the production of distilled spirit in the United States:—

Corn (bushels)	...	...	...	32,069,542
Rye (bushels)	...	...	...	3,116,612
Malt (bushels)	...	...	...	4,480,588
Wheat (bushels)	...	...	...	3,373
Barley (bushels)	...	...	...	148
Oats (bushels)	...	...	...	9,807
Other materials (bushels)	...	...	...	68,822
Molasses (gallons)	...	...	...	152,142,232

These amounts of corn, rye, molasses, and malt alone, reduced to pounds, give a total of 3,603,911,916, and this is almost doubled by the quantities of food used in the manufacture of fermented liquors. Figures as to these have only recently become available through the records of the Department of Agriculture, and for the year ending June 30th, 1916, were as follows:—

Malt (bushels)	...	...	...	57,683,970
Hops (pounds)	...	...	...	37,451,610
Rice (pounds)	...	...	...	141,249,292
Corn or cerealine (pounds)	...	...	...	650,745,703
Grape sugar or maltose (pounds)	...	...	...	54,934,621
Glucose or syrup (gallons)	...	...	...	2,742,854
Grits (pounds)	...	...	...	109,371,482
Other materials (bushels)	...	...	...	72,355
Other materials (gallons)	...	...	...	19,112
Other materials (pounds)	...	...	...	24,756,974

In terms of pounds, the estimated total of these items is over 3,004,754,590, and combined figures for the distilled spirits and fermented liquors show a grand total of 6,608,666,506 pounds. "In time of food shortage when the conservation of foodstuffs is an important public question," remarked the committee of economists whose figures I have reproduced, "the more than six and one-half billion pounds of food materials which are used in these industries form an item which is worth considering." Professor Fisher and

two Harvard physiologists went on to estimate in a separate statement that probably as much as one-sixth of the total was necessary for the production of denatured alcohol, and concluded: "At a fair estimate of its calorific or fuel value the remaining five-sixths would supply the energy requirement of seven million men for a year," or as Professor Fisher separately worked it out, eleven million loaves of bread a day. These are truly staggering totals.

It was at once objected on the part of the distillers and brewers that their grains were used to fatten cattle. This is true, but the increase of food value thus secured in the meat and milk is exceedingly small, and counting the protein value of beer as well, the gain through prohibiting manufacture would be over eight million loaves of bread (i.e., their equivalent in grains other than wheat) a day. Beer protein, moreover, cannot be secured without alcohol poison, even in small quantities, and so, after many attacks upon his figures by the liquor manufacturers, Professor Fisher was still of the opinion that "from the standpoint of saving grain for export, the estimate of eleven million loaves of bread a day, or a pound loaf for every English and French soldier is substantially correct."

Now, this calculation may be exaggerated, but another and perhaps a fairer one is even more illuminating. According to the claims of the distillers and brewers themselves, made, to be sure, when they desired to protect their industries against unfavourable legislation by showing that they consumed the total crops of several States, and represented millions of dollars in investments, over one hundred and fifty million bushels of barley, rye, corn, and wheat are used annually in the manufacture of distilled and fermented liquors. The figures are as follows:—

	Fermented.	Distilled.	Total (in bushels).*
Barley ...	96,803,882 ...	6,057,646 ...	102,861,528
Corn ...	22,655,260 ...	22,087,756 ...	44,743,016
Wheat ...	1,046,557 ...	2,837 ...	1,049,394
Rye ...	— ...	7,262,580 ...	7,262,580

In comparison with the totals of production in the United States, these amounts are almost insignificant. Thus, less than 2 per cent. of the corn crop—the normal yield of which is approximately 2,750,000,000 bushels goes into the manufacture of liquors. The quantity of wheat is negligible, although something more than half the total production of barley and one-sixth of the rye are consumed in intoxicants. The important thing, however, is the margin between world production and needs, not the proportion of the total crops in the United States. From the American representative to the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome come the most reliable estimates, and these are to the effect that, exclusive of amounts available for the Central Powers, the world will be short

\* These amounts were represented by dollars in the official figures issued by the distillers and brewers, and have been changed into bushels, on the basis of the average market price, by Professor Eugene Davenport, Dean of the College of Agriculture, University of Illinois, U.S.A. A comparison of this table with those given above will show great variances. The figures of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue as to the amount of barley used in the manufacture of distilled liquors are obviously wrong. The fact should not be lost sight of that the above enumeration covers only four grains, while many more items are included in the tables used by Professor Fisher.

130,000,000 bushels of grain. This margin is of fundamental importance. In normal times, it is responsible for high prices, scarcity, and perhaps distress; during the present war, and with the submarine menace as yet not adequately checked, the margin means danger. The whole deficiency is covered by the amounts consumed in the manufacture of liquors.

These figures served, more than any other factor, to convince Congress that some restriction must be resorted to for the duration of the war. Legislative bodies in the United States have been surfeited with statistics attempting to show the amount of degradation, vice, poverty, and inefficiency which result from the use of liquors and the saving which would result to the Government were a policy of prohibition to be inaugurated.\* But the data set forth in the figures which I have quoted referred only to the vital question of food. America realises that it must export huge quantities for its own soldiers in France as well as for those of the Allied nations. The rigorous embargo on shipments to neutrals near Germany and the extremely radical measures of price fixing and Government control already resorted to are sufficient evidence that the importance of the food question is adequately realised. In part this policy is attributable to the fact that prices in the United States have been steadily mounting, and the people are reluctant to approve huge exports when they have to pay high prices themselves. Through an embargo large quantities of foodstuffs will be released and prices may be lowered. Prohibition of the manufacture of liquors offered another method of reaching this desirable end, but of chief importance was the fact that it will contribute to a more successful prosecution of the war.

Looked at simply from the standpoint of food-saving, it would seem to have been the better wisdom to restrict fermented rather than distilled liquors. Of course, military and industrial efficiency will be increased by the action which Congress has already taken: higher prices, the probable commandeering of some of the existing supply, and the fact that it is a crime, under federal law, to ship any liquors at all into twenty-three States, will be adequate to reduce consumption very materially. But the saving in food, while very considerable, will not be as great as it would have been had fermented liquors alone come under the legislative ban. Nevertheless there were certain important objections to taking, at this time, such a radical step as the total abolition of all manufacture.

In the first place, it would have meant that the passage of the Food Control Bill, on which the prohibition provision was tacked, would have been even more delayed, and its success seriously imperilled. President Wilson was anxious that it should become law by July 1st; a month later, the two houses of Congress were

\* Professor Irving Fisher said that the \$250,000,000 received as revenue from alcoholic liquors in 1916 was really "paid by the consumer, who pays in addition \$2,000,000,000 for the liquors themselves), which the Government does not get, and which is worse than wasted. The nation loses annually \$2,000,000,000 worth of energy in the production of liquors. Under prohibition, this expenditure would be transferred to channels truly productive, the Government could still get its \$250,000,000, and the people would have \$2,000,000,000 more in their pockets, in additional food, munitions, clothing, &c." The statement went on to consider the gain in industrial efficiency and the saving in the cost of jails, almshouses, asylums, and the reduction of the death rate.

still fighting over their differences, and the measure was not passed until the middle of August. Certain Senators announced their intention of opposing the passage of any law which put the ban upon fermented liquors, and under the Senate's rules, which permit freedom of debate—perhaps it had better be called unrestrained garrulity—it is difficult, if not well-nigh impossible, to force closure in order to pass a radical measure. On this ground alone President Wilson asked the Anti-Saloon League to call off its forces and permit the passage of a measure which restricted only the manufacture of distilled spirits.

"I regard the immediate passage of the Bill," he said, "as of vital consequence to the safety and defence of the nation. Time is of the essence; and yet it has become evident that heated and protracted debate will delay the passage of the Bill indefinitely if the provisions affecting the manufacture of beer and wines are retained and insisted upon. In these circumstances I have not hesitated to say to members of the Senate who have been kind enough to consult me that it would undoubtedly be in the public interest in this very critical matter if the friends of these provisions should consent to their elimination from the present measure."

This request was acceded to, and the Anti-Saloon League replied "that as patriotic Americans, determined to uphold you as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy in the present war, we will not for our constituents offer any obstruction to the prompt passage of the Food Control Bill."

A total restrictive policy, in the second place, could not be carried through without considerable economic dislocation. It is claimed by the liquor interests that in one way or another direct employment is given to 500,000 men. One hundred thousand, it is estimated, are actually employed in the manufacture. The prohibition of distilled spirits and the gradual restriction of fermented liquors would enable readjustments to take place with many less hardships; but with war industries assuming huge proportions, with more than a million men to be taken during the next year for the military and naval services, and with this total to be increased annually by perhaps a third in order to fill gaps due to casualties—now, above all others, is the time to adopt a restrictive policy. The effect on men is not so serious as mere numbers indicate. More important, perhaps, is the fact that there are many ancillary effects, on bottle manufacturers and barrel makers, &c., and there is the question whether banks which have loaned money to brewers and distillers will not be injured. Large sums received in taxes by States, counties, and municipalities would be lost—with federal expenditures running into the billions, federal revenues from liquors are negligible—and for this reason also it would probably be better to have the question of fermented liquors dealt with gradually through presidential proclamation.

Finally, it seemed the wisest course, on account of the psychological element, not to prohibit the manufacture and consumption of fermented liquors. There is no really national drink in the United States, but millions of workmen insist on having their beer. Absolute prohibition would undoubtedly cause discontent among these great masses of population. As Senator Lodge declared, in

the senatorial debate on prohibition, "there are hundreds of thousands of people in this country to-day, particularly among the labour unions, whom I am beginning to hear from very strongly—who drink a glass of beer and think it is, as it is, an innocent drink. Suddenly we enter the field and stop all that. Some we drive back to drinking whisky, and probably very bad whisky made in illicit stills; others we shall anger and annoy. They build our ships; they weave our clothes; they make our shoes and munitions. They will help largely to fill our armies. Is it wise to anger and chill them needlessly? They will say, 'You abolish the poor man's harmless drink and leave to the rich their imported liquors and stored-up wines.' It is not well to kindle such resentments in time of war."

Senator Lodge's fears, while exaggerated, probably have a large measure of substance. There has been no great outcry or labour discontent in those States which have adopted prohibition, but here action was taken by local governments and frequently there was a referendum vote. Prohibition for the period of the war would be by the fiat of Congress, and although the United States has thrown itself whole-heartedly into the struggle, although every available resource will be tapped, even exhausted, in order to reach a victorious end, the war is not a popular one. The seeds of the pro-German propaganda lie deep; and particularly among those portions of the population with not sufficiently alert intellects to inform themselves on the issues of the conflict, as well as among the foreign born immigrants, there is the danger that discontent and resentment will be present. Sacrifices must not be made too great, and while many labour organisations petitioned Congress to bar the manufacture of all kinds of liquors, it was undoubtedly wiser, on psychological grounds, to embark upon a policy of gradual restriction. England entered this war more unanimously, more eagerly than did the United States; yet she has had her troubles with the working classes over restrictions on the manufacture of beer.

With President Wilson, therefore, will lie the decision as to when the foodstuff problem has become so acute as to justify him, by executive order, in reducing the amounts of grains used in the production of fermented liquors. He has had, during his four years and a-half of office, many difficult decisions to make, and he has never hesitated, but has acted, secure in the confidence that time would justify the wisdom of his course. The breaking off of diplomatic relations with Germany, the declaration of war, the principle of compulsory service—in each case the President took the initial action. Enormous powers have been granted to him by Congress; he guides the fortunes of war, and peace will depend upon his approval. He has boldly launched a policy of governmental interference with industry on a scale that before the war would have been deemed absolutely fatal, and he will carry it through. The Allied nations need not fear that, if the problem of food makes the restriction of the manufacture of fermented liquors advisable, President Wilson will not take the necessary steps.

LINDSAY ROGERS.

## THE VATICAN AND THE GERMANIC POWERS.

**N**O one would dispute that by virtue of his exalted office Benedict XV. is pre-eminently qualified to take the initiative in the interests of peace. In modern as well as in mediæval times the Papacy has often discharged its Christian mission of conciliation. Even in recent history there have been many instances where the Papacy has been called upon to compose the differences of political sects and the disputes of nations. In the 'eighties, Leo XIII. acted as arbiter in the dispute between Spain and Germany about the Caroline Islands. The same Pope intervened to end the civil dissensions which were distracting the French Royalists and the Republicans, and he gave his blessing to the French democracy. The same Pope again came forward as the peacemaker in the conflict between capital and labour. In each case the pontifical intervention was timely. In each case it was acclaimed by all parties. In each case it produced beneficent results. It is not too much to say that the Catholic Socialist movement which has extended to every country is to be attributed largely to the impulse given by the noble Encyclical of Leo XIII. on the "Conditions of Labour."

Unfortunately, it cannot be said that the recent intervention of Benedict XV. in the cause of peace has met with anything like the same reception as the intervention of his predecessors. The German rulers may be using his initiative to-day as a serviceable political weapon. But all the statesmen of the Allies have courteously but emphatically ignored the Papal proposals. Everywhere in Allied countries the Pope has had a bad Press. Unbelievers have looked upon his message either with resentment or with indifference. Catholics have received it with painful disappointment or with considerable embarrassment. Many Catholics, indeed, would be prepared to reject it with the gesture of Dante: "*Non ragionar di lor ma guarda e passa.*"

What is the reason of this uniformly unfavourable reception? Have national egoism and political materialism proved so innocuous or so beneficial that we can afford to dismiss the advice of the highest spiritual authority on earth? Or have our war passions been so roused that the sound of the guns is everywhere stifling the still small voice of Christian charity? Or has the moral influence of the Papacy fallen so low that in this supreme crisis we are unwilling to listen to a pressing appeal? And if—as we may assume—each or any of those reasons are insufficient to explain the facts, what are the other secret reasons which may explain, even if they do not justify, the severe criticisms which have been passed on the Papal intervention?

The first impression of many outsiders is that the Papal intervention has come too late, and that his persistent and cautious silence from the outset of the war is bound to deprive his present utterances of the necessary moral authority. The time to speak was not in August, 1917. It was in August, 1914. The time to speak was when a ruthless conqueror invaded two peaceful and flourishing little States: the Catholic Kingdom of Belgium and

the Catholic Grand-Duchy of Luxemburg. The time to speak was when a brutal soldiery massacred hundreds of Catholic priests and burned hundreds of defenceless cities. The time to speak was when the same conqueror deported whole populations and tore away thousands of husbands from their wives and thousands of children from their parents, and when one bold protest from Benedict XV. might have strengthened the hands of Cardinal Mercier in his heroic resistance to the tyranny of von Bissing. The time to speak was when Count Bobrinski persecuted the Catholics of Galicia and imprisoned the venerable Archbishop of Lemberg. No one then would have questioned the Pope's right to intervene. The whole world, indeed, was anxiously turning to Rome for the one word which might have stopped the crimes and overawed the criminals. No one would have misconstrued the motives of Benedict XV. if he had recalled the victors to counsels of moderation and humanity. Nor did we expect the Pope to pronounce on the rights and wrongs of the war, even though those rights seemed absolutely clear to the conscience of the civilised world. But every Christian of every denomination expected him to pronounce on specific deeds and specific methods which no casuistry could explain away and which were simply a revival of the methods of Sargon and Nebuchadnezzar. No special pleading can convince us that the Pope did not betray his solemn and sacred trust. If any doubt subsisted on the duty which devolved on His Holiness, it would be dispelled by his own declaration to the Consistory of January 22nd, 1915. "As for proclaiming that it is permissible to anybody for whatsoever motive to act contrary to justice, it is no doubt the highest duty which devolves on the Supreme Pontiff constituted by God *as the supreme interpreter and as the avenger of eternal law.*" It is precisely because Benedict XV. has not been the "supreme interpreter and avenger of eternal law" that by his own admission he stands condemned.

If it may be said in one sense that the Papal intervention has come too late, it may also be said in another sense that it has come too soon. Neither the Allies nor the Germanic Powers are ready to listen to the peace proposals in the only spirit which would achieve the one object which His Holiness has in view—namely, a just and a lasting peace. It is certain that all the belligerents are still convinced that they are waging a war in self-defence, and that it is the other party which is guilty. Until this question of responsibility is settled, and as long as the guilty rulers are glorying in their crimes, as long as the guilty nations remain in the grip of an evil creed, until the rulers are brought to their knees and until the people are brought to their senses, any intervention, even though it originate in the Eternal City, must necessarily be futile. His Holiness might have remembered the noble answer with which Cardinal Mercier met the peace proposals of the German authorities and of the German Catholics. His Eminence would have had every practical reason for meeting the advances of the enemy, in order to ensure a more merciful treatment for his suffering flock. But Cardinal Mercier, to his eternal honour, resisted the temptation. He reminded the enemy that repentance must precede forgiveness

and reconciliation, that reparation must follow the crime, and that justice can be the only foundation of a lasting peace.

Not only have the peace proposals of the Pope been belated and premature; they have also been felt to be suspiciously partial to the German powers. It is certain that the intervention of Benedict XV. has been prompted mainly by the dictates of humanity. It is probable that he has acted entirely on his own initiative, and that if he has not consulted the ambassadors of the Allies neither has he taken counsel with the ambassadors of the Central Powers. Yet the plain fact remains that His Holiness throughout the war has been living in a Teutonic atmosphere.

He has been in more senses than one "the prisoner of the Vatican." Again and again the ecclesiastics who surround him have revealed their pro-German proclivities. It is true that no single individual act of the Pope provides us with incontrovertible proof of those pro-German tendencies. But there are a hundred incidents which must force the conviction that in matters political the Pope has ceased to be a free agent, and that the balance of his judgment has been weighted in favour of the enemy. In the words of an able writer in the *Mercure de France*, we might apply to the demonstration of the pro-German proclivities of the Vatican what Victor Cousin says of the arguments in favour of the existence of God. "Each single argument may be insufficient to convince us, but the cumulative effect of all the arguments must carry certain conviction."

It might have been worth while examining the disconcerting attitude of the Papal Nuncio to the Belgian Government, Monsignore Tanci Porcelli, who deserted his diplomatic post at Le Havre, and established himself in Brussels at the seat of the German Government—or discussing the prohibition in Rome of the Requiem service in commemoration of thirty-seven murdered Belgian priests—or the official and solemn celebration of William's birthday—or analysing the famous interview granted to the Paris journalist Latapie—or commenting on the strange letter to Cardinal Luçon, who tried in vain to call forth a Papal protest against the bombardment of Rheims. But the limitations of space only enable us to adduce two symptomatic facts which may dispense us from insisting on any of the other cumulative proofs. These two incidents will sufficiently explain our argument.

From the beginning, the Vatican has been a centre of German propaganda, and on more than one occasion it has made itself the instrument of German policy. Even since Italy joined the Allies, the Vatican has remained in close connection with the German emissaries, and especially with the leader of the Central Party, Herr Matthias Erzberger. In order fully to realise the damaging character of the intimate association of the Vatican with Erzberger, whose peace resolutions passed by the Reichstag have strangely synchronised with the peace proposals of the Pope, it may be well to quote in full the policy of the Catholic leader. "War," declared Herr Erzberger, "must be a hard and stern instrument. It must also be as ruthless as possible. This is, moreover, the more humane method. If I could find the means of destroying the whole of



London, it would be more humane than to let one single German bleed on the battlefield, inasmuch as so radical a means would bring an early peace. As for England, she spares nothing. She neither recognises the law of nations nor the international conventions which she has herself ratified. She considers them as scraps of paper which she is permitted to tear and to throw to the wind. She has incorporated troops of all races—white, yellow, red, black. She would have armed a 'spotted' race, if such a race existed: That is why Germany is authorised to use any existing military means to crush her opponent. Let us therefore go in for the most merciless submarine campaign. May those German monsters who are the masters of the abyss, paralyse night and day British trade and navigation! As soon as Germany has decreed the effective blockade of England, every English merchant ship must be inexorably sunk. And as we are the masters in the deep seas—if not on the high seas—let us firmly assert this superiority, and let our dirigibles and our aeroplanes act in concert with our submarines in order to strike, without respite, our treacherous enemy! England has captured about four hundred of our merchant ships. *Our answer shall be: for each one of those stolen ships one British town or village shall be destroyed.* Let us spread with the aid of our dirigibles, frightfulness and death amongst the British populations. All means must be permissible to us, *and even if we possessed the secret of pouring a rain of liquid fire on British soil, why should we not use it?* It is far preferable that England and her worthy allies should call us 'barbarians'; everything is better than the compassion which our enemies might feel for us, in case we were beaten."—(Article in *Der Tag*, translated in the Dutch paper, the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant*, February, 1915.)

We abstain from any commentary on this Manifesto of Herr Erzberger. And we can only submit that it is a matter deeply to be regretted that the Vatican should not at the time have protested against a programme which enlisted the support of fifty million German Catholics. And, not having protested, it is even more regrettable that the Vicar of Christ should not have repudiated all connection with the politician who made himself responsible for such abominations.

The second fact which we ought to emphasise is that the Vatican has become the hatching-place of the most sinister German plots, that the Papal palace has been used for exactly the same purposes for which Count Luxburg abused the diplomatic privileges of the Swedish Legation in the Argentine Republic. I am thinking of one particular crime which, alas! for years to come will provide excellent copy for journalists and arguments to anti-clerical writers. The present war has been fertile in trials of high treason and espionage. We have had in Russia the trial of Miassoiédov and the execution of Rasputin. We are still to have the trials of Protopopov and Sukhomlinov. We have had in Switzerland the trial of the colonels who transmitted their military secrets to the German General Staff. We have had the strange story of the Swiss Foreign Secretary Hoffman, who used the ineffable Herr Grimm as a middleman between Germany and Russia. We have had in

France the melodrama of Almeyreda. But the Roman espionage trial and the strange case of Monsignore de Gerlach will stand out as the supreme *cause célèbre* of the war.

French public opinion was considerably perplexed when in December, 1916, a German prelate, high in favour with Benedict XV., was deputed to France to bear the insignia of the Cardinalate to three newly promoted Bishops. It was not considered very tactful that for such a mission an ex-Bavarian officer should have been chosen. But the astonishment turned to consternation when, a few weeks later, it was discovered that the Papal envoy was involved in a trial of espionage and treason, which ended in his being sentenced to penal servitude for life. The criminal manoeuvres of de Gerlach and his Roman spies extend over a period of eighteen months; the trial has occupied fifty-six secret meetings of the Criminal Court, and the counts of the indictment cover sixty closely written pages. We are taken through a maze of subterranean intrigue stretching between Rome and Lucerne, between Lucerne and Vienna and Berlin, with ramifications to London, Madrid, and Petrograd. But the cardinal facts of the case and the main threads are easy to follow. Both the crime and the detection of the crime are revealed in bold outlines of classical simplicity.

Within an interval of a few weeks two Italian cruisers, the *Benedetto Brin* and the *Lionardo da Vinci* exploded in the harbour of Brindisi under mysterious circumstances. The naval authorities had no trouble in convincing themselves that this double disaster was due to crime. The difficulty was to get on the track of the criminals. A substantial reward was promised to anyone who by useful information would assist in their discovery. The naval authorities had already remarked one singular coincidence. The engineers and stokers who had escaped in the catastrophe of the *Benedetto Brin* owing to their having secured night leave, had also escaped and for the same reason in the catastrophe of the *Lionardo da Vinci*. Every movement of those sailors was subjected to close and patient supervision. The imprudence of two of them proved their undoing. Both were discovered just when they were calling in Rome on a journalist, Archita Valente. This man, who had been a failure both in the Press and on the stage, had edited before Italy entered the war one of those bogus papers, *La Vittoria*, which grow like mushrooms in every large city. This suspicious sheet was subsidised by unknown patrons, and was managed by a certain Signor Ambrogetti, the confidential agent of Monsignor de Gerlach. The two personages were arrested at the same time as the two sailors who had gone to receive the payment of their treason. The police did not dare touch the Bavarian prelate, who under the Italian Law of Guarantees, enjoyed diplomatic immunity. Before the criminal proceedings had been started, Monsignore de Gerlach and his chief accomplices were able to escape to Switzerland.

A few years ago Mr. G. K. Chesterton gave us in his *Innocence and Wisdom of Father Brown*, a new type of detective, that of the Detective Priest, whose powers of penetration are sharpened by the discipline of the confessional and by the probing of the secrets of the soul. But once more truth has proved stranger than fiction,

and even the ingenious brain of Mr. Chesterton could not have conceived a more extraordinary story than that which has just been unfolded in the Criminal Courts of Rome, and which ended in the conviction of all the culprits. Unlike Father Brown, Monsignor de Gerlach, the Austrian Roman spy ecclesiastic, was neither wise nor innocent. Nor can it even be said that he is a new type. He is a reversion to a very familiar historical character. We are brought back to the romantic days of Henry Esmond, when Father Holt moved between the mansions of the Jacobites and the Court of Saint Germain. We are brought even further back to the age of the Medici, when the Vatican was the centre of European intrigue and secret diplomacy.

There is one other ominous aspect of the peace proposals which has been entirely overlooked by British opinion. The important issue is not what effect the peace proposals may produce or may fail to produce in Allied countries. *The all-important issue is, what effect they are likely to produce in the Central Empires.* It might have been preferable to dismiss the whole painful controversy and to ignore the Papal intervention if only it could also have been ignored in Germany. But the peace proposals are not being ignored in Germany. The German rulers are making the most of a unique opportunity. The peace proposals of the Pope have placed a formidable weapon in the hands of the enemy, and he is turning it against us. The German Government are now able to say to the people: "We, the victors, have again and again made magnanimous overtures for an honourable peace, because a humane and Christian nation such as we are is, above all, anxious to put an end to the suffering of the world. But our overtures have been again and again insolently rejected by a callous enemy. And now the Supreme Pontiff, who, as the Common Father of all Catholics, is the ideal umpire, and whom, as the highest spiritual authority of Christendom, we all acknowledge as the serenely impartial and competent judge on the moral issues of the war, has also made a peace offer. His proposals substantially agree with ours. Once more the enemy has flouted those proposals of the Pope even as he has flouted ours!"

What more convincing proof could the German people want that the enemy alone is to be held responsible for the continuation of the cruel slaughter? Their duty henceforth becomes clear. Not only as loyal children of the Fatherland, but as the obedient sons of the Holy Father, they must fight to the bitter end. It seems to me that the argument of the German Government is unanswerable. The Papal document is bound to strengthen the power of German militarism. It must stiffen the resistance of the German people. Hitherto the German people only fought with the courage of despair. Henceforth they will fight with the courage of Crusaders. For the Catholics of the Central Empires the issue has now become a religious issue, an issue between the German and Austrian Catholics, following the lead of the Pope on the one hand, and on the other hand the atheist French and the heretic English.

How, then, shall we explain that the Pope should thus have placed both himself and the Allies in a false position, that he should

have become an unconscious and involuntary instrument of German and Austrian policy? Let us limit ourselves to stating one all-important fact—namely, that ever since 1887 the Vatican has been engaged in a deadly political conflict with the Governments of our Continental Allies, whilst it has been compelled by circumstance to enter into a close political alliance with the Germanic Powers. On the one hand, we see in Italy the Quirinal and the Vatican confronting each other as hostile powers, we see the Catholic population withdrawing by command of the Roman Curia from all participation in political life until the eve of the war. We see in Russia the oppression of Cæsaro-Papism, the anti-Catholic inquisition of Pobiedonostsev, the persecution of the Poles, the mass conversions of the Catholic Uniate, the imprisonment of the Archbishop of Lemberg, the unscrupulous propaganda of the Greek Orthodox Bureaucracy. We see in France the rupture of diplomatic relations, the separation of Church and State, the seizing of the Montagnini papers, the brutal expulsion of the religious orders, the spoliation of the Church, the political disfranchisement of the Catholics—in short, anti-Clericalism becoming the driving force of French politics. On the other hand, at the opposite pole we see in Germany the end of the *Kulturkampf*, the growing influence of Clericalism, the introduction of denominational schools, the Catholic Centre holding the balance of power in German politics, the co-operation between the Conservative Lutherans and the Conservative Clericals, the conversion of Germany from a Lutheran State into a Catholic State, and, to use the words of Friedrich Naumann, the transformation of the German Empire into “a more prosperous Spain.” Similarly, we see in Austria the Church steadily increasing in wealth and in influence, the constitution of an anti-Semitic party, a ruthless censorship of books, the monopoly of education by the religious orders, the crusade against the Greek Church in Bosnia and Herzegovina, the repression of Liberalism. The Habsburg Monarchy was so determined to control the policy of the Church that in the Conclave of 1903 her vote of exclusion was used to defeat the election of Cardinal Rampolla, the candidate of the Sacred College, and to secure the election of Pius X., simply because Rampolla was supposed to be Gallophile.

Could there be a more complete and a more dramatic contrast? Catholic France has become atheist and revolutionary. Lutheran Germany has become the bulwark of religion and order. At the opening of the war, neither France nor Italy nor Great Britain had any diplomatic representatives at the Vatican. Prussia, Bavaria, and Austria were represented by their ablest diplomats and assisted by an army of emissaries and publicists. Can we wonder that the Vatican should have come under German-Austrian influence? Indeed, the German Powers have been allowed to have it all their own way. The Allies have only themselves to blame. They have paid the penalty of their bigoted policy. They chose to ignore the greatest spiritual force of Christendom. The Germanic Powers utilised it for their own sinister purposes. The Pope was bound to become the most august victim of German propaganda.

In studying the growth of German Imperialism, future historians

will have to deal with the astounding paradox that both the Habsburg and the Hohenzollern have been able to enlist in the service of German and Austrian nationalism all the international forces of the world. They succeeded in enlisting the "golden" International of European dynasties, the Freemasonry of Royalty. Princes and princelings of German origin in Roumania and Greece, in Holland and in Bulgaria, have all "worked for the King of Prussia." In the same way they succeeded in enlisting the "yellow" International of high finance, and the Jews have become the master-builders of German trade and industry. In the same way they succeeded in enlisting the "red" International of Marxism, and they have captured the Kaiser-Sozialisten as they captured the Kaiserjuden. One might have expected that one international force—the most powerful of all—should have refused to be drawn into the orbit of Germanism. I refer to what has been often called the "black" International of the Catholic Church. And until recent years the German branch of the Catholic Church had maintained its independence. Indeed, throughout the Kulturkampf the German Centre Party waged a heroic war against Prussianism, and challenged the might and majesty of the German Empire. Whereas the National Liberals had become the henchmen of the Iron Chancellor, the Centre Party continued to stand for political freedom. Cardinals, statesmen, priests, and laymen preferred persecution and imprisonment to abject submission. Alone for fifteen years they fought not for German Kultur but against German Kultur. They were on the eve of achieving a decisive triumph and of reaping the reward of their labours when at the eleventh hour Bismarck found an unexpected ally and accomplice in the Vatican.

Bismarck had laid before the Reichstag his famous Septennate Law, which provided for a formidable increase of the military forces of the Empire. It was the first move in that competition of armaments which was to lead to the present catastrophe. The final decision lay with the Catholic Party. If the Catholic Party, which was a solid block of a hundred members, had stood out till the end, Bismarck's military policy was defeated, and the whole course of European history might have been different. Bismarck saw the danger. He bethought himself of an infallible means to overcome the obstacle, and he thought of the infallible Pope. He promised Leo XIII. to relax the stringent measures against the Catholic Church on condition that the Catholic Party should agree to vote the Septennate Bill. The Pope succumbed to the temptation, and concluded the ignominious and fateful bargain. He enjoined on the Catholic leaders to vote for the Bill. Windthorst, most loyal and most devout of Catholics, resented and resisted this unlawful interference of the spiritual power in a purely political matter. He even took upon himself to withhold and to ignore the first diplomatic Note of Cardinal Jacobini. The Pope expressed his discontent. Cardinal Jacobini sent a second Note. The Bishops became clamorous, and organised the "khaki" election of February, 1887. The joint power of Leo XIII. and of Bismarck proved too strong even for Windthorst. The Centre had to yield to the pressure of the clergy. The military party gained a decisive victory. *The*

*Papacy suffered an irretrievable defeat.* We are still told *ad nauseam* in historical text-books that Bismarck had to go to Canossa. Future historians will tell us, in strict accordance with the facts, that it was Leo XIII. who instead went to Friedrichsruhe.

Eighteen hundred and eighty-seven has indeed been a black year both in the history of liberty and in the history of religion. From that fateful date the German Centre Party changed its character. Hitherto it had stood for freedom, henceforth it stood for despotism. Hitherto it had been working for peace, henceforth it worked for war. Hitherto it had been kept pure in the ordeal of persecution, henceforth it became corrupted by governmental favour. Hitherto it had opposed the aggressive policy of Prussia, henceforth it became the agent of Pan-Germanism. It allied itself with the Pan-German Party in Austria. It pledged itself to the ideals of Treitschke. And the cause of religion suffered as much as the cause of peace and freedom. No doubt, Leo XIII. believed he was acting in the interests of religion. He expected that Bismarck would repeal the laws against the Church in Germany. He hoped for German intervention in favour of the restoration of temporal power. As a matter of fact, it was the Catholic religion which suffered most from the betrayal of the Vatican. In proportion as the members of the Centre Party became loyal to the Kaiser, they became disloyal to the Pope. Under the pretence of defending the cause of religion and law and order, it opened its ranks to the most uncompromising reactionaries. It had had to submit to the unlawful interference of the Pope in matters purely political; it now defied the interference of the Pope in matters purely spiritual. So far had the spirit of rebellion proceeded that on the eve of the war, Germany was threatened with a religious schism. And it was no doubt in no small degree the fear of precipitating such a schism which determined the timid policy of Benedict XV.

History once more repeats itself. After thirty years the Catholic power is now paying the supreme penalty for the great betrayal of 1887; and the efforts on behalf of peace of the present occupant of the See of Saint Peter are unavailing and futile because in the evil hour his predecessor consented to become the tool of Prussian militarism. The political motives which decided the Papal intervention in 1887 are the same motives which are deciding Papal intervention in 1917. Those who have studied the relations between the Vatican, Vienna, and Berlin since that fatal year, 1887 (a turning-point in European history) are perfectly aware that political Catholicism, or Clericalism, or Vaticanism—*i.e.*, the fusion and confusion of temporal and spiritual power—has been one of the sinister influences in the Central Empires. And that sinister influence reveals itself to-day. The Vatican wants to save the power of the Habsburg, of the Holy Apostolic Monarchy, of the one clerical Monarchy which may survive the war. It wants to strengthen the influence and retrieve the prestige of the Centre Party, who have been more directly responsible for the German and Austrian crimes than even the Junkers. The hand which signed the Papal document is the hand of Benedict XV. But the voice is the voice of Erzberger. And that is why, with all our reverence for his sacred office, one

can only view with legitimate suspicion the intervention of the Pope. One may have to consider the proposals of the German Social Democracy if their delegates appear penitent at the bar of an international jury of Socialists, because with all their weaknesses and blunders, which the writer has been the first to denounce, the Social Democrats have been, and still are, the irreconcilable opponents of Kaiserism, and because they have been, and may again become, our allies against a common foe. But we are not inclined to respond without the most careful examination to the appeals of the Vatican and of the Sacred College. For the influence of the Sacred College has proved itself a pro-German influence, and the Vatican has not repudiated its secret solidarity with the common enemy of civilisation.

## DOMESTIC POLITICS IN HUNGARY.

THE accepted formula of Hungarian politics is to argue that the whole complicated business rests on one principle, and one only—Magyar caste feeling and the marvellous Magyar caste solidarity. Yet not even Hungary can withdraw herself for ever from modern influences. One day the Magyar noble will be disgusted to find that the lip-service which he loves to render to Western progress and civilisation has been duly noted to his debit, and will realise that there are those of his own household who are uncomfortably precise in presenting for payment the huge overdue sum-total of promises lightly made. An optimistic mind might say that already this longed-for hour was dawning along the political horizon, but it is as well not to prophesy the downfall of an ancient order, which can claim origins running back into the twelfth century, and is still entrenched in tremendous reserves of pride, custom, wealth, and positive possession.

\* \* \* \* \*

The fall of Premier Count Tisza was undoubtedly an event of first-rate importance. By many it was counted to be the passing of one out of the notorious little group of autocratic politicians who are credited with having engineered the outbreak of the war. It is just questionable, however, whether the sinister rôle attributed to Tisza was not in his case a part reflection of the hatred in which he was held in his own country, whether what we might call his local reputation has not adversely affected his European standing. In any case it is clearly impossible to examine this until more evidence on the causes of the war is available. But the *domestic* causes of his fall we can realise. Nor will this be an idle task. Hungary has for many years stood apart from European politics, and has spun round (somewhat violently) on her own axis. The war has drawn her into the European maelstrom; she is too large and important a country to disappear in the turmoil without sign or sound; Hungarian policy will affect Austrian (and Balkan) policy, and Austrian policy affects German policy.

Officially, Tisza's fall on May 23rd turned on his refusal to reform the notorious Hungarian franchise in a satisfactory way. But it would be erroneous to attribute that fall to long accumulated popular resentment about the franchise. Popular resentment there was, but it would never have tumbled the all-powerful Premier in the dust by its own motion. In reality, three quite separate causes combined to bring about the fall of the Hungarian dictator. The first was, it is true, this popular feeling, but even this was only partly inspired by democratic aspirations. It was at least as much due to that natural discontent which accompanies a long and weary war, and which quite inevitably turns against any authority regnant at the moment. At the great demonstrations at Budapest on May 15th, 31st, June 9th, 22nd, 27th, the cry was for "Peace, Bread, and Rights," in that order.

The second cause of Tisza's fall, and the most immediately efficient one, was the well-directed, strenuous attack, lasting some time, made by one-half the Hungarian nobility on the other half.



An English writer has very neatly spoken of Hungarian Cabinet changes as the see-saw of the "Ins and Outs,"\* and this exactly describes what are still to a large extent the politically meaningless vicissitudes of Hungarian statesmen.

It is symptomatic of Hungarian politics that there were six distinct rumours about the cause of Tisza's fall—symptomatic, because rumour flourishes best where politics are most personal, and the very cream of personal politics may be found to-day at Budapest. Of these six rumours the two which count were (1) the major rumour that the King† was dissatisfied with Tisza's franchise proposals, and (2) that at the recent Coronation of the Emperor as King of Hungary (December 30th, 1916), Tisza had fatally offended Catholic sentiment by handling the holy crown of St. Stephen, which is of very ancient date and of extreme sanctity. This particular rumour is immediately connected with what we defined as the second cause of Tisza's fall—the furious personal jealousy of him felt by his peers. Tisza is a Calvinist, as are a good many both of the Hungarian nobility and peasants. It was therefore an outrageous insult that he should claim to be *Nador*, "Crownor," of his Apostolic‡ Majesty. There was a most violent and unseemly struggle in the House of Deputies. Tisza insisted with his usual persistence, and was elected *Nador* by 313 votes to 210 (a very full vote). The *Frankfurter Zeitung* hesitates whether to call the extraordinary obstinacy which Tisza is accustomed to display in the face of the most violent opposition "an unjustifiable feeling of strength," or rather a kind of "reckless humour" in one, who, like a gambler of the cool type, positively feels amused at the prospect of the plunge over the precipice. Tisza has much of the character of his great father, Koloman Tisza, whose peculiar combination of courage and coolness always gave him the pull over the passionate natures around him. An excellent contemporary description by an eye-witness in 1885 contrasts the handsome and romantic appearance of the typical Magyar noble, Count Julius Andrássy the elder, with the "feeble" figure of Koloman, with the extraordinarily quiet and unassuming manner, the thin grey hair, the rather sickly looking features, the tiny eyes kept half-closed. But this man of the few words and the apparently harmless sentiments could rise in the House and in his quiet, monotonous, droning voice strip naked with a merciless and penetrating logic and a delicate irony all the fine periods of his enemies; his analysis hunted for its prey as a huntsman follows the helpless bounds of an animal, and no victim ever escaped those Argus eyes.

Tisza has publicly admitted that the major rumour was the correct one, that he went because the King was dissatisfied with his reform proposals. This brings us directly to the third cause of his fall—the Royal displeasure. It is not sufficient to say that Tisza resigned; the King positively *dismissed* him. This was the first

\* In the *Nation* of June 9th.

† The Emperor Charles I. of the Austrian nations is King Charles IV. of Hungary.

‡ The title "Apostolic" conveyed to the first and greatest king, St. Stephen, by Pope Sylvester II. in 1000 A.D.

independent act of the young Monarch, until then content meekly to accept all that his powerful Hungarian imposed on him. But it was something more than that. The much-quoted words of the able *Arbeiterzeitung*, the chief Austrian Socialist paper, deserve repetition here:—"It was a fall caused by the enmity which a minister felt against the people—i.e., for a cause which has never hitherto operated in Hungary, on account of a political method which has never yet been made a reason of complaint against any Hungarian Government, a change in ways of looking at things Hungarian which deserves all attention."

Acute observers agree that the new King of Hungary is definitely playing for popularity. The feeling of affection towards the person of the Crown is in any case a most important factor in Austria-Hungary. To a certain extent it contradicts the separatist tendencies of the various nationalities. The new Emperor seems to count on this feeling as the very basis of his policy, and to do all he can to nurture it. He flatters the Hungarians by his frequent presence at Budapest. Again, such acts as the abolition of the "crucifixion" punishment in the army (March 8th), a reform, in which to his honour, be it said, he led the way in Europe, and the recent remarkable amnesty of political offenders (July 2nd), are bound to inspire a great mass feeling. He and the Empress have also taken the very keenest interest in relieving the food distress at Vienna. The question really is how far he is prepared to go in this direction. For the popularity of the Habsburg Crown depends, indeed, on the affection felt by his peoples for the person of the Monarch, but this affection appears in two rather different and even rival spheres; there is the mass feeling and there is the devotion of the bureaucracy to their traditional and Royal head. Now the Austrian bureaucracy is a force which, in spite of some virtues, has a distinct dash of vampirism about it; it feeds on the people; especially in Hungary might one divide the population into the smaller half of those who *have and govern*, and the larger half of the *have-nots* and the *governed*. Francis Joseph showed a peculiar genius for retaining the affection both of the masses and of the official world. If the new Emperor initiates a great popular movement by offering democratic reform to the governed (and it looks very like it), he does at least run the risk of raising up against himself a formidable opposition from officialdom. It will be one of the most interesting European developments to watch, this struggle of a young and popular monarch against an obstinate official world.

On this occasion we may perhaps say that the people took their Emperor into partnership and so won. This is the fundamental of Tisza's fall. But will this popular-Royal combination permanently be able to hold its own against that other century-old oligarchic-aristocratic-feudal-noble combination? This is the rub. Tisza fell: he fell, not so much because King and people wanted him to go, but because his own order turned against him. The Hungarian house was divided against itself, but it is just a very symptom of the extraordinary strength of this Hungarian nobility that it thought itself so secure as to be able to indulge in a purely private and

domestic quarrel such as it had allowed itself a hundred times before. It miscalculated for once, and the Royal-popular combination seized the opportunity.

Rumour was instantly busy with the name of Tisza's successor, and after having fluttered round five or six candidates it finally selected the name of Dr. Alexander Wekerle, and there rested. The selection is most significant. Wekerle has already twice been Premier, and once at least successfully. It was he who in 1894 steered the religious reform bills, limiting the power of the Church—e.g., on the question of marriage, with equal skill and courage through the whirlpool of Church resentment and Monarchical displeasure. The Hungarian nobles might be said to have reduced themselves to a nullity by their own quarrellings; let them give way to a man who stood for a break with received tradition and for proved efficiency.

Everybody therefore was frankly surprised when his almost certain appointment did not eventuate, and an unknown young man of thirty-six took precedence. Count Moritz Johann Maria Nicolaus Joseph Felix Ignatius Aloysius Victor Romuald Esterhazy comes, of course, of a very famous family,\* but all that was really known about him was that he had studied at Budapest and Oxford, entered the House of Delegates when twenty-five as a member of the most Conservative wing of the anti-Tisza Opposition under Count Andrassy, and had honourably distinguished himself during the war by his intimate knowledge of the demands of the munition workers (speeches of February 11th, 1916, and February 13th, 1917). Yet his call did not come by chance. If it be thought by anyone that with Tisza fell the Magyar noble system, let him deceive himself. That system did indeed receive a very considerable blow by the King's action; it has survived similar blows in the past with ease. The struggle between the King and his proud subjects is but initiated by the dismissal of Tisza. On this occasion the rivalry between nobility and Crown came to an end in a drawn battle. Andrassy, the leader of all that is typically Magyar and noble, could temporarily wreck the appointment of Wekerle, but he could not obtain the coveted Premiership for himself. So he did the next best thing. Afterwards it leaked out that Esterhazy had been "presented" to the King as candidate of Andrassy and the united Opposition, so that *if the Crown laid down the programme, yet the oligarchy presented the man.*

To understand the appointment of Esterhazy it is necessary to have some idea of the relations of Hungarian parties. Briefly, the situation had been this: there was Tisza, and there were those who went with him and those who went against him, and so *finis*: love and hate for a single man fused all political schisms. Hatred, at any rate, proved a wonderful unifier, overriding all the complexities of political divergence. As President of the House from 1900-3, Tisza made frequent use of the guards to eject members distasteful to him; thus began that furious personal enmity which caused one

\* Esterhazy of Galantha. The Catholic house of Esterhazy was founded by three brothers at the end of the sixteenth century. Count Moritz's mother was a Princess Polyxena, of the mediatised house of Schwarzenberg.

howl of condemnation through the Hungarian, Austrian, and even the German, Press, when he fell.\* To this bitterness of feeling Tisza invariably replied with the deadly operation of his "mechanical" majority. In a House of over 400 he had a three-quarters majority in the *Munkapart*, or so-called Party of National Work. The function of this party was to do what Tisza told it, and that function it fulfilled with perfect precision. The rage of the Opposition knew no bounds when they reflected that this loyal majority had been swept together by elections the most iniquitous ever known in corrupt Hungary (1910).

Broadly speaking, the anti-Tisza part of the House falls into two halves, those who do, and those who do not, accept the constitutional bargain made with Austria in 1867. Those who do accept are the Constitutional Party or the "Sixty-Seveners," headed by Andrássy the younger, son of his more famous father, who, having once been hanged in effigy as a traitor, returned to make his reconciliation with the Hapsburg Empire and to become its most famous Foreign Minister. Those who do not accept are the Independence Party or the "Forty-Eighters," who in '67 still professed to keep to the irreconcilable attitude of '48. This Independence Party itself now falls into two groups, the main group under Apponyi, and the small secession, numbering only eight deputies, under Karolyi, Batthyany, and Hollo. This interesting little secession took place in July of last year, and was caused partly by a rivalry between the two prominent men, Apponyi and Karolyi, for the leadership (never leave the personal factor out of count in Hungary), partly by a difference of attitude to the war. Karolyi was in France when the war broke out, and when he returned to Hungary he found the party of which he was president committed to the war policy on the basis of "defence." For many months he was in the disagreeable position of having to voice sentiments as president which as individual he disapproved. But eventually he and a few friends broke away. The secession took place quietly and with due decorum, but a policy of opposition was inaugurated at the two hours' secret session on the submarine question, in which it appeared that Karolyi entirely disapproved of the ruthless submarine war "on humane grounds," and declared himself "openly a determined pacifist" (February of this year). The next step was a bold peace interpellation by Hollo, on February 21st, in which he dealt with the causes of the war, nor would allow that his own side was wholly without blame. The speech was received with indignation by the House; the Apponyi Party ostentatiously left the hall, and Rakovsky afterwards told Hollo in the Lobbies that, "had he not been known, it would have been thought he had been bought." Karolyi has just renewed his peace and reform campaign with vigour, and has been obliged to defend himself in the House against the accusation of "helping the Entente."

The Apponyi group, too, is theoretically committed pretty deeply to internationalism, and has, at any rate, that much of genuine

\* See some extracts quoted in *Foreign Opinion (the Cambridge Magazine)*, June 16th, 1917.

international feeling as prompted it to pass a fairly strongly worded resolution deprecating any attempt to interfere with the Russian Revolution for reactionary interests. But Apponyi expressly approved the submarine war; and one receives the impression that his "Westernism" is very much of the usual veneer so fashionable in Hungary. Nevertheless, he is a clever and a thinking man, though it is probable that he will soon have to give way to younger men, having passed his seventieth year.

Then there is the Vazsonyi group, to which the Karolyi group has lately drawn very close. This Vazsonyi group, consisting chiefly of Vazsonyi and one other, stands for one principle—genuine democratic reform. It is too soon to prophesy what will become of this clever Jewish lawyer; he belongs rather to the future than to the past, and is supported by the Social Democrats, who, although owing to the iniquitous elections they have no seats in the House, are a great and growing force. Count Esterhazy, on taking office, visited them at their headquarters in order to see how their co-operation could be arranged in the Government programme of social reform, assuredly a very striking thing for an Hungarian Premier to do.

On these scattered groups of the Opposition was further superimposed a most distracting quarrel; this is the famous *Ausgleich* question, or rather the economic clauses of the *Ausgleich*. The economic clauses of 1867 have to be revised at intervals of ten years by the consent of both the Austrian and Hungarian Parliaments, for in these clauses the *Ausgleich* is nothing but a simple terminable contract. This period of renewal is always a most nervous time for the responsible ministers, seeing that the Parliaments are not easy to manage. Hungary shows a disposition to be greedy, and Austria to be sullen at Hungarian greed. Now, by help of the absolutist Stürgkh régime in Austria, Tisza had actually been able to arrange with Austria a provisional renewal of the *Ausgleich* for twenty years, not for the usual ten. At once the Opposition fell into distracted disagreement. The fundamental difference between the 'Sixty-Seveners and the 'Forty-Eighters appeared. Andrassy, leading the 'Sixty-Seveners, allowed it to be seen that he was not on principle opposed to a renewal, and that he could be bought off on the usual terms offered by the Austrian Government. But a regular howl of execration went up from the 'Forty-Eighters, led by Apponyi, who launched his favourite phrase, that he would not have Hungary treated "like a colony" by Austria. Foiled of their attempt to get a separate army some years ago, the 'Forty-Eighters have imported their political rancour into the complicated sphere of economic politics, raising the cry of Hungarian wealth for the Hungarians; they aim at nothing less than complete economic separation, including the conduct of separate economic negotiations with Germany. One may guess a disposition to play off German capital against Austrian and Austrian against German (Hungary is poor in capital and rich in undeveloped natural resources); the next few years are likely to be the crucial opportunity, for they will surely see great incursions and excursions of capital from one country to another.

Thus we have the curious situation : (1) that the *Ausgleich* must be settled ; (2) that anyone who tries to run through the *Ausgleich* with the Tisza majority will have to face this bitter and formidable opposition of the Independence groups ; while (3) anyone who links his fate with the Independence groups will have the huge Tisza majority against him on all other questions. It was a difficult position for a young and untried man like Esterhazy, and we need not be surprised if he broke down and had to be succeeded (August 20th) by an older, stronger personality, the imperturbable Wekerle.

What was to have been the Esterhazy programme is best given in the words of Esterhazy himself. "*The reform of the franchise is the very basis of this Government and its first task ; even the purest Conservatism cannot deny the necessity of this reform, extending to the widest circles of the population. We wish to lay the legal basis for a solid, honest, and wide suffrage ; we do not want a partial suffrage, grudgingly given ; we want to make it universal and equal through an honest and sweeping reform, including the working and fighting masses.*"\* This programme has been officially adopted by Wekerle. But there are two good reasons for drawing a distinction between the Esterhazy and the Wekerle Cabinets. First, Wekerle will attempt more obviously to conciliate the Tisza Opposition. Apparently, the Hungarian political world has the most unbounded faith in Wekerle's capacity for managing an awkward situation, and considering his past career the faith is no absurd one. What part of the suffrage programme, if any, he will throw overboard in order to annex some of Tisza's followers, no one can say ; it is just possible he will get his majority without sacrificing anything essential. But this sober, cool, and dispassionate spirit will feel no qualms at suiting a programme to the party situation, and this brings us to our second point. To Esterhazy, suffrage reform was an end in itself ; to Wekerle it is only a necessary prerequisite for putting the country in order so that it may embark on a wide and modern programme of economic development. He has himself said so with complete candour in an important interview granted to the *Neue Freie Presse* on August 25th. Suffrage reform will be "the clearing away of an obstacle," to the end that the country may "settle down politically" and obtain the "necessary preliminary conditions for an assured economic development."

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Under these influences the age-long domination of the Magyar *grand seigneur* must pass ; but it will not be speedily broken down. Some argue that until this is done Hungary cannot take her place in the European world. Almost the exact reverse might be the truth ; because Hungary has by nature a place in the European world, therefore she will at length start putting her own house in order. Hitherto she has lived in proud but unnatural isolation. In

\* Esterhazy's first speech as Premier, June 21st. It should be noted, however, that "universal" suffrage does not mean equal treatment of the submerged nationalities, even to a Count Esterhazy. In an official interview to *As Est*, he stated unhesitatingly that "democracy in Hungary cannot be other than Hungarian."

spite of the much advertised devotion of Magyar nobles to "internationalism" and English tailoring, their outlook remained profoundly untouched, profoundly traditional. Their deep conservatism, their unspoken convictions, were summed up in a religious creed of three words: *Magyar contra mundum*.

From 1849 to 1867 Hungary was stifled by being governed like a wretched little petty province through an absolutist régime from Vienna as cruel as it was foolish in its repression of legitimate political instincts. What wonder if, when the doors were opened, starving and active minds madly flung themselves with greedy immoderation on the forbidden joys of the political game or the political quarrel, that this feast, like all feasts, became maddest at the end—a wild carouse? Certainly the *débâcle* of 1905-8 was an unparalleled spectacle: certainly the oppression of the other nationalities in Hungary is a piteous sight: but the thing which strikes one about Hungarian politics is their vigour. Politics are the breath of life to the true Magyar. By this great quality we claim him for our Western world.

Yet the secret of Hungarian history lies partly in the fact that Hungary is of the East also. She is "the island of liberty," flung by the West to challenge the East; yet the fact remains that Hungary has not been able to receive Western influences with ease. Always the Western ferment seemed as though it brought something alien to the country, a corrosive, rather than a happy impulse. Thus the "reason" of the eighteenth century was forced by Joseph II. on his reluctant nobles with the most untoward results, and his great attempts at reform ended in a death-bed recantation. Thus the French Revolution grew into the 'Forty-eight movement, but brought the tragic accompaniment of unreasonableness, pride, and an Eastern oppression of others. Thus also the great suffrage movement at the turn of last century reached Hungary; in 1905 vast crowds walked miles to hear Kristoffy preach the new truth: five years later Hungary held the most scandalous elections ever known in Europe. If any optimism is now justified, it is so because of a vast change in world history, because of the Russian Revolution. Not because it is a movement on so enormous a scale, not because it overcomes forces the darkest in Europe, but simply and merely because it takes place in *East Europe* is the Russian Revolution the outstanding fact of modern times; its geographical position is its triumph. The smaller Balkan nations can receive from Russia inspirations which we offer them in vain; the same applies to Hungary.

And, by a singularly happy accident, this great fact of the Revolution coincides in time with another fact—the accession of a new Emperor in Austria. We cannot but blame Francis Joseph when we look on the stagnation of the latter part of his reign. The new Emperor's qualities are not yet fairly tried; the vagueness which is *de rigueur* in all pronouncements from a European throne may be misleading, but one cannot help thinking that this young man, Apostolic King of Hungary, Emperor of the Austrian nations, and heir of all the Habsburgs, speaks with an attractive lack of Magyar, of Austrian, and of Habsburg selfishness. He

may be "playing for" a kind of personal popularity—there are worse things for a monarch to seek. He might become, what the Hungarian nation so sadly needs, a channel through which some fresh ideas may reach it. If the partnership between the throne and the people remains a permanent fact, there will be a decided shifting of power-conditions within Hungary itself, and from this all and any consequences might flow. And here we may perhaps end with the words of the best-known English writer on Austro-Hungarian politics, Mr. Seton Watson, who said in 1911: "Reform, it is true, may be delayed a few years, but only in so far as the Government can exploit the age and physical weariness of the venerable sovereign; the injustices and inequalities which Francis Joseph has been unable to remove will yield to the hand of a successor who is at once younger and less prone to compromise."\*

LOUISE E. MATTHAEI.

\* Written as a comment on the suffrage failure of 1905-8, in *Corruption and Reform in Hungary*, p. 69.



# THE INDISSOLUBILITY OF GERMANY.

## I.

WITH the passage of time the discussion of the possible terms of peace becomes more and more necessary, for, though we are yet a long way from the consummation of such a victory as will alone make possible the acceptance by our foe of such terms as will afford some guarantee for a quasi-permanent settlement and against the renewal of the present struggle in a form yet more dangerous and hideous, it is a matter of prime importance that we should not be surprised by peace, as the greater part of the nation was by war. In the study and intelligent appreciation of foreign affairs we have a great deal of leeway to make good, and the more determined "the democracy" may be to have a considerable or preponderant voice in the terms of the final settlement, the more is it necessary that it should be well informed not only as to the essential issues involved, but as to what things are practicable and attainable, and what belong to the realm of visionary speculation. With regard to our principal enemy, there are two lines along which have been sought the terms which should be imposed upon her on the hypothesis of that complete victory, failure to attain which will be equivalent to defeat, and the substitution for peace of an armed truce. The first of these lines is to be found in the economic proposals made as the result of the meeting of the delegates in Paris. With these proposals we are not here concerned. The second line is a policy which should aim at the disintegration of the German Empire as it exists to-day as a means of securing adequate guarantees against a renewed attempt to assert German hegemony in Europe. It is in this sense, for instance, that the eminent French economist, M. Yves Guyot, has expressed himself.

One form taken by these proposals aims not so much at the undoing of the work of 1870, as at the reversal of the internal changes effected within the present confines of the German Empire as the result of the Austro-Prussian war of 1866. The territorial changes which Prussia was enabled to secure made her absolutely predominant in what remained of the Germanic Confederation. The proposal mooted, therefore, aims at the diminution of the influence of Prussia by destroying the physical basis at any rate by which it is supported, but there is not the slightest guarantee that such changes would prove lasting. Unless the Allies were prepared to make a restoration of the internal *status quo a casus belli* there would be nothing to prevent their work being undone by a series of internal revolutions, for no people would lightly acquiesce in the dictation by foreigners of its internal constitutional organisation. A more radical proposal is that we should aim at the constitution of a Roman Catholic South German Empire, under the House of Habsburg, to include, at least, Bavaria, Württemberg, and Baden, with possibly Saxony—an old ally of Austria—and Hesse. Thus the old Imperial House would find compensation in Germany for its losses elsewhere, and there would be a Catholic South German State

standing over against, and, as it is hoped, in opposition to, a Protestant North Germany under the leadership of Prussia. The consideration of this idea necessitates, first, a brief glance at the future of the Habsburg realm, with which it is intimately connected.

Four possibilities lie before Austria-Hungary. The first of these is the close economic and political agreement with Germany which is known as the idea of a "Central Europe"; the second is that of Trialism or Federalism, which is not theoretically exclusive of the first, but is so practically since the Central Europe scheme presupposes Austrian-German and Magyar predominance for its realisation; the third is the complete break-up of Austria-Hungary, involving as its corollary the probability, and practically the certainty, that the old Austrian duchies, except Carniola and Southern Styria, will enter the German Empire; the fourth is that, whether accompanied or not by a complete break-up of the Austro-Hungarian *status quo*, there shall be formed out of German Austria and Southern Germany a new German political formation.

It lies outside the scope of this article to discuss these various possibilities in any detail. The first may be dismissed at once, for it connotes a victory of the Central Empires, and the subject under consideration is the use to which should be put an Entente victory in relation to the future organisation of Germany. Those who see a future for the Dual Monarchy in either Trialism or Federalism show themselves blind both to the historic characteristics of the House of Habsburg and to the development within the last few years of political thought within the Monarchy. No ruling family has had offered to it at different times such magnificent chances as have fallen to the Habsburgs, and no ruling family has so signally failed to rise to its opportunities. The House of Austria has always lacked imagination; from the days of Maximilian to those of Francis Ferdinand it is difficult to find a prominent Habsburg gifted with this faculty. Dully oppressive and reactionary, the Habsburgs have looked upon their realms as a family estate without a conscious soul, and still less have they desired that they should have a soul to call their own. "The House of Austria" is no mere designation of the ruling family, it has been, and is, the most fundamental political reality in the region of the middle Danube. The Habsburgs have, in the second place, been marked by religious intolerance. Ultramontane *vis-à-vis* the Popes they have not been, and in some respects the Church in Austria is less free than it is in France, and still more in England—less free, but more privileged. As regards the subjects of the Monarchy, however, the Habsburgs have always been subject to ultramontane and Jesuit influence, as Bismarck noted. The day has passed when the nationalities of the Monarchy would voluntarily enter a Federal system. The Tchecks and Slovaks, the Roumanians, the Southern Slavs, have all definitely made their choice for complete freedom; their leaders have in most cases burnt their boats behind them, those of them who have escaped from the country lie, in several instances, under sentence of death *in contumaciam*. In the event of an Allied victory, they will de-

mand not autonomy but freedom. The savage reprisals which have taken place in both halves of the Monarchy have exacerbated a hatred that was already raw enough.

The position, then, is that federation is only practicable if it be enforced under adequate guarantees by the victorious Allies. But a victory sufficiently decisive to enable the Allies to enforce such a change in the internal constitution of Austria-Hungary against the will of the Habsburgs and their German and Magyar subjects would *ipso facto* be sufficiently decisive to enable them to proceed to the dismemberment of the Monarchy, and to resolve it into its component national elements, a course, it must be remembered, which would involve the creation of only one new State element in Europe, a Tchecko-Slovak Bohemia. The reasons for enforcing this last policy would take me too far afield from the subject of this article. It is, nevertheless, to be pointed out how surprising is the attitude taken up by those Liberals who have pronounced against the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary and in favour of a federal solution of its problems. For a century Austria has been the very negation of Liberal principles, her very name has been a synonym for reaction, against Austria English Liberals thundered at the time of the Italian *risorgimento*, she incurred the invective of Gladstone, who said that it was impossible to place your finger upon any spot in the map and say, "Here Austria has done good," and of Freeman who emptied on her head the vials of his indignant scorn. When we are told that Austria-Hungary is necessary as a counterpoise to Germany, we can only rub our eyes in amazement. It has been her control over the resources of her ally which has enabled Germany to hold out so long, and the knowledge of their own failures and of the success of Germany in extricating them from the consequences will be likely to make both Austrian Germans and Magyars more devoted to Germany and to her policy. More than that, if Roumania obtains the Roumanian districts of Hungary, if Galicia falls to Russia, *Italia irredentia* to Italy, and not more than Bosnia and Southern Dalmatia to Serbia, if, that is, the project of a united Southern Slav State be abandoned, then the Austrian-Magyar coalition will be more powerful than ever in the Monarchy, and Tchecko-Slovaks and Croato-Slovenes will be absolutely powerless. On the positive side, it is certain that only the erection of independent States and, in particular, of a Southern Slav kingdom, can save Europe from a renewal of the *Drang nach Osten* which was the real cause of the present war. The tenderness for Austria observable in certain quarters has no valid reason in Liberal principles, no ground in the present and future necessities of British policy, no warrant in our loyalty to our smaller Allies and the little peoples which look to us for deliverance, while every motive of self-interest and public policy urges us definitely to recast the map of Eastern Europe on that basis of nationality which alone can bring peace to those regions. Moreover, by our answer to President Wilson we stand pledged to such a policy.

The fourth possibility before the House of Austria is the formation of a Roman Catholic South German Empire and the consequent break up of the German Empire as it exists to-day, which

is the immediate subject of this article. It must be remarked at the outset that if such a project be carried out in despite of the wishes of the South Germans themselves, we shall be going back upon our principles of nationality and of the right of every people to determine its own political organisation, and we shall be giving good ground to the German accusation that under cover of fine phrases and talk of Prussian militarism we are aiming at the destruction of Germany. The Germans have no right to determine the future of others, and their power so to do must be destroyed; but they have the right to determine their own within the limits, at least, which experience has rendered necessary. The whole question turns upon the manner in which the project would be envisaged by those most nearly concerned.

In estimating this, we have an invaluable source of reference in the memoirs of Prince Hohenlohe. Member of a mediatised family, and therefore without the necessity of making a career, a Bavarian subject, minister-president during the critical years between the Austro-Prussian War of 1866, and the very eve of the Franco-Prussian War, Statthalter of Alsace-Lorraine, and Imperial Chancellor, he was qualified by position, by career, by experience, and by nationality to be a safe judge of the manner in which South and West Germans regarded the formation of the present German Empire.

Particularism has certainly been a well-known factor in German political evolution. As Prince Hohenlohe says: "Social and political uniformity is not so difficult in France or Italy, where the national character shows greater uniformity and fewer idiosyncrasies in its component parts. But in Germany the races are as distinct to-day as they were at the time of Charlemagne; the Württemberger is as much an Alleman or a Suabian, the Bavarian as unmistakably a Bojar as ever; you recognise the vivacious Frank in Central Germany, the reserved and hardworking Saxon in the population of Westphalia and Hanover. Thus what is generally known as particularism has its root deep in the national character, and is not to be torn up and thrown aside by theories."\* In another passage he says: "Anyone who considers with attention the situation in South Germany will readily recognise the fact that the danger for Germany lies in the ever-growing estrangement between South and North. The tighter the bond is drawn which unites together the States of the North German Confederation, the harder does it become for the native of South Germany to reconcile himself to the thought of a union with the North. The natural antipathy of the South German to the North German races is a fact not to be denied."†

The theme of German particularism is a common one, and if I confine myself to quotations from Prince Hohenlohe, that is due to the exceptional position, character, and antecedents of the Prince;

\* *Memoirs*, I. p. 137. Letter to Queen Victoria, under date, Munich, April 15th, 1865. (English edition.)

† Hohenlohe, *cit. supra* I., p. 321. Communication to Professor Aegidi at Bonn, under date Munich, February 28th, 1869.

von Bülow, for example, stands in quite a different category, and his writings are obviously tendencious. What, however, is often forgotten is that this particularism of the smaller States is manifested as much *inter se* as against Prussia or Austria. This fact comes out conspicuously in the history of the years 1866 to 1870—a crucial period for the three Southern States, Bavaria, Württemberg, and Baden. They formed no part of the North German Confederation, and equally, of course, lay outside the Austrian system. The attempt was made, Prince Hohenlohe, then minister-president of Bavaria, being the chief worker, to form a South German Confederation, or at the very least a close military agreement. All such attempts, however, were wrecked by the jealousy felt by the two smaller States for Bavaria. It is worth while when it is being suggested that a South German Empire should be formed to see what were the difficulties encountered by Prince Hohenlohe at a time when the *terrain* was certainly more propitious than now. In 1866 the Prince became head of the Bavarian Ministry, and, at the time of the formation of his government, he was forced to admit that a South-West Confederation was impracticable: "A South-West German Federation with a Parliamentary Constitution might possibly be secured between the States of Bavaria, Württemberg, Baden, and those parts of Hesse which are not united with North Germany, provided there were a real desire for such union in the population of the above-mentioned States. This, however, is not the case; an attempt would only serve to emphasise and increase existing disruption, and is, therefore, to be deprecated."\* A year later, in a communication to the Bavarian Legation in Vienna, he gave the reason why the policy had not been carried out: "The reason why such a federation has not been consummated has hitherto lain in the purely negative attitude taken by the governments of Württemberg, Baden, and Hesse, and in the lack of any sympathy with this idea among the people—circumstances which would have made any such attempt hopeless from the beginning."† The Prince told von Beust that the South German League found its chief stumbling block in the jealousy of Württemberg,‡ and on more than one occasion adverted to a speech of Varnbüler, which finally "banged, barred, and bolted the door" on South German union. "The Austrian Minister, Count Ingelheim, turned the conversation to-day at the Thursday diplomatic reception upon the speech of Minister von Varnbüler, and observed that it made an end of every hope of a Southern Confederation. I replied that I had read this without any sort of surprise, because I was familiar with Varnbüler's views, and I equally well knew the tendencies of the people of Württemberg, whose idea was to maintain their autonomy at any cost."§

A final quotation may be made in this connection: "The scheme of the so-called South German Confederation falls within this

\* *Op. cit.* I., p. 172. Programme for Ministry, December, 1866.

† *Op. cit.* I., p. 226. Hohenlohe to the Legation in Vienna, under date Munich, May 30th, 1867.

‡ *Op. cit.* I., pp. 363, 364.

§ *Op. cit.* I., pp. 319, 320. Munich, December 31st, 1868.

theoretical category. . . . But the question is whether our neighbours would be willing to consent to the limitation of their autonomy in favour of a Southern Confederation. This question, so far as Württemberg is concerned, was answered by the speech of the Württemberg Foreign Minister in the sitting of the Chamber on December 19th, 1868. He said: 'I ask you, gentlemen, do you wish, on behalf of Württemberg, to entrust these matters to the hands of a confederation in which you will be in a dwindling minority? Do you wish that Bavaria shall prescribe to you the management of your railways and your postal system? . . . I shall never believe it, and the whole Württemberg nation would rise against such an experiment if it had ever to bear the consequences.' If it is retorted that this was only the view of the Württemberg Minister, I would remind you that Württemberg is not an absolute monarchy governed by Freiherr von Varnbüler, but a Constitutional State in which Freiherr von Varnbüler had then the majority of the popular representation with him—and still has, so far as I know. . . . Another Württemberg Minister—von Mittnacht—said: 'A Southern Confederation . . . would prove the most effective propaganda for our rapid absorption into the Northern Confederation.' . . . The Württemberger will reluctantly renounce the independence and autonomy of his country in favour, perhaps, of a German republic or, possibly, of a combined German monarchy, but never in favour of a Southern Confederation consisting of Bavaria, Württemberg, and Baden. . . . And if the Southern Confederation meets with insuperable difficulties in Württemberg, you will admit that in Baden impossibility stares it in the face.'\*

In several of the passages cited, it will have been seen that sacrifices which would not be made for a limited confederation would be made in favour of a united Germany. Three or four more citations will bring out clearly this last point. Meanwhile it is obvious that the small States were, and are, extremely jealous of each other.

The Prince laid it down that the idea of German unity as opposed to particularist aggrandisement had its home in South and West Germany. "It is a well-known fact that in no part of Germany does the idea of German unity enjoy greater popularity than in the South-Western States. . . . In South-Western Germany it is regarded as a matter of life and death, and is the unceasing object of anxious thought to politicians and eager excitement to the masses. . . . Movements of this kind cannot be artificially produced—their roots lie deep. We believe that the true cause lies in the fact—more or less consciously recognised—that the greater portion of the German nation has no voice in determining its destinies. . . . This sense of exclusion weighs more heavily and is more bitter because South-West Germany is the true source of the race, where the strain is purest; whereas in Austria and Prussia the Teutonic element is largely mingled with the Slav. Here, too, in the South-West, lies the cradle of our greatest ruling Houses;

\* *Op. cit.* I., pp. 394, 395. Speech in Chamber of Deputies, January, 1870. See also speech in Upper House, *ibid.*

from this part of Germany more particularly came the men who have exercised the greatest influence over the intellectual development of the nation. . . . This bitterness is naturally intensified the more the people of these parts become conscious of their intellectual and material superiority, and yet find their political activity restricted to more or less local interests."\* In a letter to Queen Victoria, the Prince recurs to his theme that South-West Germany desired unity. "Examining attentively the movements that have agitated Germany during the last fifty years, we find that their true origin lies in the discontent of the population of the middle and petty States, a population of nearly nineteen million souls, at seeing themselves excluded from participation in the affairs of Europe. . . . It was to throw off this oppression that they fought in 1848 for German unity. This movement began in South-West Germany."†

Nothing that has happened since the unification of Germany invalidates the conclusion to be drawn from these extracts expressive of the feelings of the Germans during the movement for national union. On the contrary, the results of union cannot but in general have confirmed the ideas and aspirations formerly entertained. So far from Germany becoming less united in feeling, it has become more and more conscious of its solidarity. Even if the dynasties retained their former particularism, and the evidence to the contrary is overwhelming, no one can imagine for a moment that they retain anything like their former influence, rather they seek to strengthen their position by avowing an exaggerated nationalism. It is true that the hopes of internal liberty have been falsified by the political evolution of the Empire, but even here caution is necessary in estimating the position. Moreover, it is a fault of English political thought that it is too apt to measure other nations by English standards, to assume that what we desire is necessarily desired by others, and that the institutions which we prize form the goal at which others are aiming. There is a deal of pragmatism in German thought; German institutions as they stand have given efficiency, have aided material progress, and advanced the international power and prestige of the Empire. They work, and if the aim be efficiency there is a great deal to be said for them. "I had rather see England free than England sober" is said to have been a remark of Bishop Magee, and in that aphorism he voiced the general English view that liberty, democracy, and so on, are ends in themselves and not merely means to an end. It is doubtful whether the German looks at institutions in this way. He worships efficiency, social order, organisation; and political institutions are means to an end rather than an end in themselves. Over forty years of national union have knit the Germans into a solid whole, despite the local differences always to be found in large nations. All alike have shared in the benefits of union, and the belief in union has been correspondingly strengthened. It is difficult to find any reason whatsoever to be advanced in favour of the thesis that Ger-

\* Memorandum of the year 1862. Hohenlohe I., pp. 109, 110.

† Letter to Queen Victoria, Munich, May 4th, 1864.

many can be disintegrated. Those who have entertained that idea invariably hark back to the past, and it has been the object of this article to take them back to the past—the only past that counts in the argument—to find their answer.

It may be urged, again, that the considerations adduced above apply to a Bavarian hegemony but not to an Austrian. There is, however, very little reason to suppose that any German has discovered an increased admiration for Austria during the war. On the contrary, Austrian inefficiency and comparative feebleness, necessitating constant bolstering up by Germany, have become a byword; even Serbia was impervious to purely Austrian attack. The ties between Bavaria and Austria have always been close, but no other State, even if Bavaria be willing, is likely to desire a closer union with Austria save in the pan-German sense, with Austria as junior partner or vassal. If the real reason actuating those who desire to save Austria in some form, and, under the particular hypothesis we are considering, therefore to dismember Germany, be the fear that the eight millions or so of Austrian Germans who would be added to Germany if the Habsburg Monarchy be broken up would increase the power of Germany, the answer is that such an accretion of power would be infinitely less than the power gained by the control of even a curtailed Austria. If, finally, the project takes the form of a dismembered Austria, the Austrian duchies to be united to the southern States of a dismembered Germany, it still remains true that Prussia-Germany would be dominant. Moreover, a purely Austro-South German Empire would require a coast line, and immediately we enter upon that consideration we are faced by the consequent whittling away of *Italia irredenta* (Trieste, etc.) and of Jugoslavia (Carniola, etc.), and the argument revolves in a vicious circle.

Austria we ought to disrupt, we owe it to our Allies, to the subject nations groaning under the Austro-Magyar yoke. Disruption would give stability to South-Eastern Europe; being founded upon the principle of nationality, it would be permanent. If complete victory crown our arms, Austria we can disrupt. Germany, on the other hand, has national rights; if we ignore them we produce a state of unrest, and the condition would not be permanent. In short, eventually Germany we cannot disrupt; for we have seen that while particularism is a fact, it is also a particularism directed equally against the other minor States, and that its force is less, far less, than that constraining, dynamic impulse towards national unity which (with German lust of dominion) is the great cause of the present conflagration. Let us confine ourselves to an aim which is right, just, and attainable, an aim, moreover, which, realised, will give more than all that is to be sought by a transient break-up of Germany, even supposing, which is a very large supposition indeed, that such a break up should ever lie within our power to compass. There is one sure way of definitely limiting the power for ill of Germany, and that is the destruction of Austria-Hungary, and thereby of the Central European *bloc*; if we wish to strike Germany for our purposes in a vital spot, we must strike at Austria-Hungary.

A. H. E. TAYLOR.



## THE NEW SPIRIT IN AUSTRIA.

**M**R. BRAILSFORD'S article, which appeared in the August issue of *THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, is marked with undue optimism in the ability and goodwill of Austria, and this fact perhaps explains why the author should have arrived at a wrong conclusion. Mr. Brailsford thinks that "a federal Austria and a democratic Hungary" are within sight, although in another place he does not conceal his doubts as to the willingness of the Germans and Magyars to make concessions to the Slavs and Roumanians.

Mr. Brailsford rightly realises that what is at stake is really the question as to whether the resources of Austria-Hungary will continue to be at the disposal of Prussian ambitions. We contend that they always will be, so long as the Czecho-Slovaks and Yugoslavs are left racially divided and at the mercy of the Government of Vienna and Budapest. Mr. Brailsford says much about Pan Slavism, but he does not say a word about Pangermanism. He thinks that Austria had to look to Germany for support, as she was threatened by aggressive Pan Slavism—i.e., Russian Imperialism. But the very opposite is the fact. It was Prussia who started the war, and the Austrian-Germans and Magyars became, and still are, the willing and wilful partners of Prussia. Germany and Austria-Hungary were the aggressors, and not Russia or Serbia. The Austrian-Germans and Magyars became Prussia's allies, not so much because of the outside dangers of Pan Slavism, as because of their anxiety lest their hegemony should be shaken by the growing national consciousness of their own subjects, Slavs and Latins. Besides this reason there was also the common desire of the Austrian and Prussian Germans to consolidate Central Europe by conquering the Balkans, and thus opening for themselves the route to the East.

Mr. Brailsford seems to understand the dangers of Dualism, and he rightly observes that true federalism must mean the abandonment of Dualism. Yet when he comes to defining the form which, in his opinion, such federalism ought to take, he shrinks from doing so, and would apparently consent to leave Dualism—i.e., the Central Government in Austria, as "a sovereign State above the national units"; he would also save the integrity of Hungary, for he thinks that the Magyars will voluntarily "abandon their policy of assimilating weaker races." There is, of course, no sign of their readiness to do so. The fact is that all the leading Magyar politicians of to-day, to whatever party they may belong, are firmly resolved to pursue the traditional policy of ruthless Magyarisation. Mr. Brailsford states that the theory of dismemberment has "a delusive simplicity which disappears when it is put to any concrete test." This may, with much more accuracy, be said about federalism. The difficulties in the way of a true and just federalistic solution are, in fact, just as great as, if not greater than those of dismemberment. Mr. Brailsford wisely avoids sketching the form of such federal reorganisation, as it would necessarily reveal its weak spots and difficulties. For would it not leave the Poles, Ruthenes, Roumanians, and Southern Slavs again racially divided?

And then we come to the question of how to prevent Prussia from exploiting Austria's resources? Does Mr. Brailsford think that the Habsburgs and Austrian Germans will ever turn against Prussia? And even if Austria was "federalised," where is the guarantee that she would then become detached from Berlin? Is not Austria's dependence on Germany greater to-day than ever? And where is there a single sign that the Habsburgs are willing to abandon Dualism, which is the minimal demand of the Slavs? Mr. Brailsford points out that the Slavs in Austria are asking for "federalism." But what sort of federalism? They want a union of independent States of their own. The ties by which Bohemia would be attached to the other States would be so weak that Bohemia could easily acquire full independence at any time. The Slavs know that the Habsburgs, Germans, and Magyars will never consent to their proposal of "federalism," and therefore they look to the Allies for liberation. The Czechs and Southern Slavs in Austria do not ask for autonomy, but for States of their own, which means independence, whether Mr. Brailsford likes it or not. The phrase, "within a Danubian Confederation," or "under the Habsburgs," is inserted only in order to conceal the revolutionary character of these demands. The Germans are under no illusion in regard to this matter. All the Czech parties are united to-day in their demand for independence. The *Lidove Noviny* (Dr. Stransky's organ), of July 15th, writes:—

"To-day the will of the whole people is unanimous beyond doubt. The whole Czecho-Slovak nation asks for full national independence in a State of their own, rejecting every policy that would favour any compromise."

The *Narodni Listy* (Young Czech), of July 29th, writes:—

"Even the worst sceptic has in mind our boldest and highest national aim of independence, and if he disagrees with the optimist, it is only in the question of how to attain it."

Even the Socialists (though there are also pacifists among them) are to-day in complete harmony with the rest of the nation. When the Czech Socialist delegates went to Stockholm, the *Pravo Lidu* said that they would "insist there on the right of Czech workers and of the Czech nation to self-determination—i.e., on the right to the restoration of full national and political independence of Bohemia."

It will be remembered that the Czech delegates did make a declaration in Stockholm in favour of an independent Bohemia. It was so revolutionary that the Austrian Censor did not even pass it for publication in the Press. The Czech's attitude towards Austria to-day is uncompromising. They insist upon their declaration of May 30th, and refuse to enter the Cabinet. The assertion that Czernin and Clam-Martinitz are Czechs is pure invention. There is nothing Slav in them except their names. We are by no means opposed to an honest and frank discussion of the problem of Austria, but it must not be based upon prejudice or false arguments. The discontent of the Czecho-Slovaks and Yugoslavs was not

fomented by reactionary Russia. The fact is that reactionary Russia came to the assistance of the Habsburgs in 1848, and that she took very little interest in the Austrian Slavs, whose sentiments were too democratic to deserve her assistance. Even during this war the old reactionary Russian Government put obstacles in the way of the creation of a Czech Army in Russia, only because the reactionaries were secretly pro-German and pro-Austrian. Many Czech officers who have voluntarily surrendered to the Russians and were eager to fight for the Allies' cause have had therefore to join the Serbian ranks.

Mr. Brailsford says that it is only by assuming universal goodwill that the existence of two land-locked States, Bohemia and Hungary, can be made tolerable. But where is the guarantee that if Austria is preserved her Slavs will be contented and will live in goodwill with the Germans who are not likely to give way? All past history speaks against such assumption. On the other hand, democracy would develop on far more favourable lines in an independent Bohemia, for the Czech traditions are democratic, and there is also no reason why Bohemia should not come to an understanding with a democratised Hungary reduced to her proper racial boundaries. There is also no reason why federalism should be a better solution than dismemberment in the case of racial minorities. The Czechs, at least, are quite prepared to grant their German minorities full autonomy.

However, the chief objection raised by Mr. Brailsford against us is that by our selfish and extremist demands we are prolonging the war. But we by no means intend anything of the kind. If we insist upon the union and complete liberation of our oppressed fellow-countrymen, it is because we believe that our cause is identical with the cause of the Allies, of democracy and humanity, and that the liberation of the Austrian Slavs and Latins is a necessary condition for a permanent peace in Europe, and will be realised automatically with the Allies' victory. If Germany should win or succeed in concluding a compromise peace, the Austrian Slavs would not only be the first to succumb to Germanism, but the whole of humanity would be threatened by fresh wars in face of the accomplished Pan-German Central Europe. The true guarantees against the German aggression towards the East and against future wars can therefore be established only in a united and independent Poland, Bohemia, Greater Roumania, and Yugoslavia.

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## GREY AND GREYLINGS.

**D**ISRAELI described in one of his novels how two or three young men dined together and thought themselves a political party. The House of Commons career of the late fourth Earl Grey, whom it seems still more natural to call Mr. Albert Grey, extended over six years (1880-1886). The most marked feature of its opening stage was an episode, at once strikingly characteristic of the political independence that was a family heritage and that might eventually have brought him into close co-operation with Lord Randolph Churchill. He would at least have scarcely failed if his useful life had been spared to observe with more than passive interest the present revival of the Churchillian idea for superseding the competitive organisation of the "ins" and "outs" of Westminster by something of the same kind as the National Party, whose provisional committee is now sitting in King Street, St. James's. The chief planks in this platform are resistance to a sectional or sectarian policy, complete victory in the war and after, the elimination of German influence, administrative honesty, political purity, no sale of honours, unity and confidence between employer and employed, the production of England's vital needs from our own soil and factories. The various other details of the programme have for their object to provide the people with such conditions of nurture, of daily life, with such opportunities, in work and play, as may ensure a contented patriotic race. These aims are being duly billed about the country. Add to them the confederation of the British Isles with our overseas dependencies into a genuine Imperial unity; and the whole scheme proves identical with that advocated by the erstwhile fourth party leader, and at least congenial to the then Mr. Albert Grey, one-and-thirty years ago, in the interval separating Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule from his overthrow.

On March 3rd, 1886, Lord Randolph Churchill, speaking in the Manchester Free Trade Hall resuscitated what had become a political commonplace in Chatham's day, when he proposed the Union Party, whose main and leading principle was to be "union with our colonies and closer connection with our Indian Empire." That programme never had the opportunity of practical realisation; nor did its announcement bring its author fresh adherents. Theoretically, it was calculated to secure as much or as little support from the recently departed Lord Grey as the project just mentioned as having now risen from its ashes. The "cross-bench" mind, as it used to be called, was possessed by Albert Grey in exactly the same degree as it had belonged to the uncle, his immediate predecessor in the title worn by himself since 1804. On the subject of Imperial policy, it will presently be seen that the third Earl Grey, when Lord Howick, differed from the Prime Minister, his father, not less sharply than afterwards his descendant, or for that matter he himself was to do from Mr. Gladstone. The domestic history of Whiggism generally, and of the Greys in particular, yields many illustrations of the attractions possessed for Whig human nature by the pleasant

interchange of contentious chit-chat on the merest trifles, when no graver topics for controversy are forthcoming.

It was no affinity of politics or temperament that first brought Churchill and Albert Grey together in Parliament, but the *frondeur's* uncontrollable impulse to assert his idiosyncrasies against those set in authority over him. Unpremeditated at its beginnings, the concurrence of Albert Grey with Randolph Churchill first enlivened the House of Commons during the debates on Gladstone's Irish land legislation in the summer session of 1880. At that time Churchill, by two years the older of the pair, had already made some mark as Member for Woodstock, which he had represented since 1874. Grey, on the other hand, was the newly-elected Member for South Northumberland, though before actually beginning at St. Stephens his name, apart from the family connection, had figured in an interesting and unusual electoral incident arising out of his earlier attempt upon the constituency in 1878. What happened then may be permitted to recall a highly characteristic remark by the peer whose title Albert Grey lived long enough to inherit. "Members of this family," says Lord Monmouth to Coningsby in Disraeli's novel, "may think what they please, but they must act and speak as I wish." The heads of the great Whig houses have never been less exacting as regards the conduct of their junior relatives than has proved the case with their Tory rivals. The pride of Henry, second Earl Grey in his nephew's fine character and rich promise, had not prevented a calm and even a grave criticism of certain tendencies and utterances scarcely altogether to his taste in the younger man. The 1878 Northumberland election was a duel between two Northumbrian champions of historically famous name; the Liberal Grey had been opposed by the Conservative Ridley, the present Sir Edward Ridley, the judge, son of one Sir Matthew Ridley and the brother of another. Whether or not the head of the Greys resented the Conservative candidature as a trespass, he viewed the rivalry then going forward at the ballot-boxes with little satisfaction. "What," one of his territorial neighbours asked him, "did he think of the contest?" "I sincerely wish," came the peer's reply, "that they could both be beaten." As a fact, they nearly were. The polling ended in a tie, a scrutiny followed, and gave Ridley the seat.

Albert Grey's maiden speech, however, must have reassured the head of his house. The Disturbance Bill was denounced by the South Northumberland member, not only as violating sanctity of contract, the basis of civilised society, but also as contradicting the letter and spirit of the 1870 Land Act. About the same time, Earl Grey himself, in the gilded chamber dealt with Lord Granville's description of the new Gladstone proposal being necessitated by the peers having refused the clause in the 1870 Bill, allowing the judge to deal with evictions for the non-payment of rent. According to Earl Grey the Irish tenant paid only a moderate rent; he was not called on to give up any of his profits in exceptionally good years. Therefore he should not expect any relief in bad years.

Political unsociability has, at times, been not less conspicuous as a Grey tradition than general loyalty to the Grey version of plain

Whig principles. "The Grey connections in public life are apt," said Luttrell, "to be as strange as the bedfellowships of misfortune." The late Earl Grey's grandfather, the reformer, had been better known and more correctly understood by the Princess Lieven, the Russian ambassadress in London, than by any other human being. In her voluminous correspondence she circumstantially shows that soon after he had taken up suffrage extension, his interest in the subject began to pale. "How," exclaimed the Princess, "could it be otherwise, when destiny allots men their work, does she ever consult them in the matter?" The way had become blocked in every direction except in that of the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill. The measure itself, as we all knew at the time, originated with Francis Place, the Charing Cross tailor; the Greyings took it up long before Grey could be induced to touch it. They presented it at his head, as a highwayman used to do his pistol, and their chief, if he had dared, would have returned the compliment." Charles James Fox did not colour his words so highly; but he meant the same thing exactly when he said: "If you ever take Charles Grey for your leader, you will have one who will go to heel when you want and at last point you the exact way you wish." During the years that followed Lord Liverpool's death, till the end of George IV.'s reign, the second Earl Grey, chiefly through the mediation and at the house of the Tory Lord Lauderdale, was in frequent and close consultation with the Duke of Wellington. In 1830 Parnell's Civil List motion, by a majority of 29, swept the Duke out of office, and brought in the reformers. Grey himself then advocated only a moderate measure; he had no wish, as Talleyrand put it, but to act consistently with what he had told Parliament forty years before. The Greyings by their continued pressure forced him not only to upset the balance of the constitution, but to accept and pass a little series of what Eldon called "sad, bad bills directed against the Church."

Lord Byron had written:—

"Nothing is certain to the human race,  
Except the Whigs not getting into place!"

On the accession of William IV., the party had been out in the cold for, what seemed to many of them, an eternity. Over and above their natural impatience of exile, they had to bear the taunts of many among their own people. Night after night party-runners came to Brooks's reporting a slight improvement in their last division. The Whig idol, the Earl of Thanet, who died with his title in 1849, would look up quietly from his rubber at the whist table to say: "I have been with them the best part of half a century, and never seen them get a peg higher." Gradually sneers like these, reinforced by the Irish and ultra-democratic Whip, might goad the rank-and-file of the patrician connection into desperate efforts at extreme measures. They could not supply the sustained and driving power of party enthusiasm and conviction. Whatever might be the case with the Greyings, Grey himself knew well enough that the great measure would never have won its way through but for the courage inspired into the popular party by Catholic

emancipation at home, by the July Revolution of 1830, and the insurrection in Belgium abroad.

There were several points of personal similarity between Earl Grey the first and his recently-departed grandson. They especially resembled each other in that, before entering Parliament, they both educated themselves for politics, in the same way that the younger Pitt had been trained by his father, Chatham, or that the first Sir Robert Peel brought up his son to be Prime Minister. In other words, each of the two had no sooner left college than he began his education for statesmanship as an intellectual profession. Albert Grey not only read all the specified books for honours—in the Cambridge Law and History Tripos—but many others of more recent date unknown to his examiners and tutors. In the same way his grandfather, before appearing at St. Stephens in 1786, had imbibed from many powerful and well-stored minds the best that was then known about political and economic science. Hence, when, as Lord Howick, he led the Lower House in 1806, his clear and sensible views on the right of public meeting and the enlightened commercial policy of Huskisson. The second Earl, one of the managers of the Warren Hastings' impeachment, in his twenty-fifth year showed his ripeness for advanced opinions by promoting the Society of the "Friends of the People" during 1792. The third Earl began in more youthful days. Essay clubs and debating societies were among the most popular institutions of the time; while, as a Harrow boy, Albert Grey had joined with the present Bishop of Oxford, Mr. Walter Leaf, the Homeric Scholar, and Mr. G. W. F. Russell in wearing the Liberal colours during election times at Harrow.

Even in his first-half at the school of Byron and of his own uncle, Albert Grey could have told his contemporaries interesting anecdotes about the devotion to the popular cause and the militant antagonism to the privileges of their own order, sometimes explained by the youthful scions of patrician Whig houses. One such instance had happened not so very long before a date to which his own memory went back, or whose traditions had been handed down to him by elders coeval with the events themselves. The high-born recipients of pensions and State sinecures had become the objects of a popular disfavour, sometimes showing itself in violent demonstrations outside the houses of the offenders. Beneath one of these roofs a small boy, passing his holidays, horrified his family and friends by declaring that as for himself he went with the mob, and should place his own principles before those of his father, grandfather, or any other relative. A minute or two later the infant demagogue had disappeared; he was presently discerned amongst the crowd in Piccadilly in the act of throwing a stone at one of the windows because it was the house of a placeman. This is only an extreme, if in some detail a legendary instance of the persistence with which, through successive generations, the juniors of the Grey, or indeed any other Whig connection, have shown that they have a will of their own which their Whig conscience will not permit them tamely to subordinate to the preferences or even authority of their elders.

Thus in 1833, the second Earl, as Lord Howick, threw up the office of Colonial Under-Secretary in his father's government because of the delay in proceeding with slave emancipation. The same kind of independence, repeated soon afterwards, spread its contagion to other members of the great Grey clan.

After this one need not be surprised or dismiss as apocryphal the anecdotes related in the memoirs of that period, or conversationally surviving to our own day about the exceedingly controversial character of the Grey family table talk, or the glowing discussions that enlivened the chat of the home circle concerning the most familiar objects and the pettiest incidents of everyday life.

All the more important and beneficent qualities of his stock had descended to the fourth Earl. With a more gracious manner he combined his immediate predecessor's shrewd insight into the heart of current politics as well as the strong grasp of Imperial policy, in relation to our dependencies beyond the seas that made the third Earl Grey, not only one of the ablest ministers in Lord John Russell's 1846 Government, but, as several among his most impartial contemporaries considered, quite the ablest and most far-seeing among all those who up to that time had governed the Colonies. Some of these attributes descended to his nephew whose Canadian vice-royalty (1894-1911) had been prepared for by the invaluable and successful year of administrative training that opened to Rhodesia its rapid course of social and material progress. In other and purely personal respects the fourth Earl Grey presented somewhat of a contrast to the third. The latter as regarded the management of his Northumbrian estates and tenants by no means acted on the principles of the severe Whig economist. His nephew and successor on coming into the heritage found that there had been much unnecessary waste in maintaining the domestic establishment and the estate. His reforms and retrenchments were therefore more or less sweeping, and at times more or less unpopular. In the long run, however, the transparent sincerity of his motives, the practical results of his measures, the considerateness of his conduct and the grace of his manner won upon all his people, and left behind them a pleasant memory. Within broader limits, too, Albert Grey will be remembered alike from his imperial work abroad, his socio-economic labours—especially his discriminating service to the cause of co-operation—at home as a shining example of the abiding place of usefulness in our national polity for those who can combine with good brains and regular industry the name, wealth, and opportunities handed down to them from ancestors representing the patriotism, influence, and resources of the great Whig families.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.



## THE GREAT COMPANION.

### I.

**A**N earlier age was very much concerned with high speculative arguments and proofs of the existence of a Deity. To-day, these reasonings fail to interest us. We feel that even if they could establish all they set out to do, we still would be left with our vital needs unsatisfied. Granted that you could prove the existence of a Cause adequate to account for the universe of matter and of mind, or could show that the sum of things exhibits "a dramatic tendency, a clearly marked progress of events towards a mighty goal," to be explained only by the working of a master dramatist, of what avail would such achievements be to meet the demands of life or satisfy the ineradicable cravings of heart and soul? Our deepest desire is for comradeship, warmth, and blessedness, a sense of harmony with ourselves and with the universe. And the bloodless categories of philosophic thought can never give us these things. Moreover, our ambitious attempts to compass the unbounded are doomed to failure. The agnosticism of a generation ago has not passed without teaching us a much needed lesson. It has shown us how great the word "God" is. For now we know that either God is everything to us, or He is nothing. He is either the supreme basic Reality, into which all other realities run down, and in which they find a meaning, or else He is the empty figment of our imagination. Hence, we must treat with tenderness and comprehension those who, because of the very greatness of the assertion, have not the courage to say that they believe in God. Further, it has made all dogmatisms, whether in science or religion, henceforth impossible. Around and beneath us are fathomless abysses. The laws of nature are simply convenient symbols which we use to express a small portion of an inexpressible whole. Our scientific certainties are being constantly threatened with dissolution by some fresh discovery or some newer insight into the facts. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" asks an ancient sage. We, too, might ask, "Canst thou by searching find out the secret of the world or of the living self?" But agnosticism is partial; its function is preliminary and negative; it helps to clear the air, tainted with the vapours of superstition, that the fires of faith may burn more brightly.

And so, to-day, we are facing an immensely significant spiritual situation. The fact is unquestionable that men realise, as they never realised before, that without a God of some kind life is intolerable, and the world drama is no drama at all, but a meaningless series of events which only beguile us with an empty appearance of reason and purpose. The names and characteristics ascribed to God are as various as the minds which conceive them. But beneath the variety there is unity. The demand is for a Power in alliance with which man can realise himself and achieve his destiny. Here and there an individual may be found who rejects both the name and reality of God; yet even such belated spirits maintain that the attitude of soul which belief in a God implies

must remain even after the belief has vanished, if man is to attain his highest and live in conformity with his better self. Mr. H. G. Wells, unable to find a God in the calm of his own study, makes his wonderful discovery in the bloodstained trenches of France and Belgium. He is spokesman for thousands of others whose scepticism has been profoundly shaken by the tragic events of the time. Our day, to use the language of the New Testament, is one of the "days of the Son of Man"—a day of reckoning, red with judgment and terror, a day which summons all men to take counsel of their hearts, to make account of their inner resources, to get face to face with the primary meanings of things. The unexamined life is impossible at the present time to any man in whom there is still, unquenched a single spark of serious thought. Professor Gilbert Murray has recently said that "what would have been deemed, before the outbreak of the world tragedy, romance and melodrama has become the commonplace experience of multitudes of commonplace persons." The Man-in-the-street has in a moment become conscious of deep promptings, of worlds not realised. To his eye the universe has suddenly unveiled itself as something infinitely mysterious, enigmatic, and even menacing. Out of this unwonted experience many are asking to-day with poignant sincerity—Do we need God? If so, what kind of a God is it that we need?

But the man who asks this question is making a great discovery about himself. He learns that he is greater than all his thinking, that his utmost powers of reason and understanding come out of a self in whose unconscious depths there are needs, impulses, cravings, instincts that are the driving forces of his life. It is because of these needs that there wells up a yearning for satisfaction, which the world denies us. We make a claim on life which is contradicted by life as it is actually lived.

We long for a good which we do not possess. But this contradiction cannot be borne; the whole man cries out against it and gropes in the dark for some Power able to bring about a reconciliation. So much is this the case that Voltaire's oft-quoted saying that "If there were no God, it would be necessary to invent one," contains, in spite of its flippant cynicism, a profound truth. We begin thus not with high abstract ideas, from which we descend upon the concrete and living world, but with human nature as seen in ourselves and in others. And we are impelled to seek for some Reality large enough to answer the demand of our discovery. In other words, the emphasis has been transferred from abstract thought to the vital full-blooded facts of subjective experience.

## II.

"Friendship," says Aristotle, "is indispensable to life. For nobody will choose to live without friends, although he were in possession of every other good." The value of friendship lies in the need of perfect understanding which the soul craves, a sharing of its pleasures and pains, an interchange of thought and encouragement, and of moral strength. But in every human friendship there

lies implicitly a Friendship of another and a higher order. We idealise our friends, we attribute to them qualities which at best they possess only potentially, and when they fail us we weep the bitter tears of an infinite loss. If beyond and above our human friends, there is no Other, if their goodness and sympathy are the only goodness and sympathy that exist, then, indeed, we are the victims of a tragic fate. For love is ever seeking to go beyond the temporal and the visible, to mingle with the vastness of the infinite and divine. It is true that some, while rejoicing in visible friends, find it impossible to realise friendship with the Invisible. Yet from a psychological point of view there is no line of demarcation between friendship with our fellow men and friendship with God; both spring out of profound necessities of nature. My consciousness is, by its very constitution, something which implies that others have experiences in common with me, and that we can share these experiences mutually. In other words, sociality is not an accident of human nature, it is one of its structural principles. Yet this inborn instinct can atrophy by disuse. We can, as Professor Coe says, depersonalise our fellows until they seem to be little more than things. Only by loving, helping, and serving them do they become real to us as persons. It is as we thus set aside our own self-seeking aims and identify ourselves with others that we rise to the conviction that there is a common Will worthy of our utmost devotion. This common Will is God operative in us. We rise to friendship with Him through the cultivation of the impulses which urge to friendship with our fellow-men.

And yet there is an area in every life to which friends have no access. It is, from one point of view, a pathetic reflection, that every man, the humblest as well as the greatest, carries within him a world of thought and desire and emotion unshared by any other creature. Our every thought is a soliloquy. All our mental history is simply a debate in which the speakers are the solitary single self. Of its joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, how little can be communicated to another mind! Yet its experiences constitute the deepest reality of our lives. "To understand all is to forgive all," say the French; but the difficulty lies in the understanding. Unscaleable barriers divide personality from personality. Hence we mistake the motives of our fellows, and, in our blindness and ignorance, misjudge them and strike cruel blows at their happiness and peace. "No soul touches another soul except at one or two points," says F. W. Robertson, himself one of the loneliest of men, "and these chiefly external—a fearful and a lonely thought but one of the truest of life."

There are moments when the consciousness of this inner solitude comes home to even the most frivolous. Who that has stood beneath a star-strewn sky at midnight and has glanced at the myriad suns which constitute the brilliance of the milky way, has not felt affrighted, overwhelmed by the immensity of the physical universe over against the littleness and loneliness of human life? Or, turning from the outer to the inner sphere, who that has wandered even for a brief space in the corridors of memory, haunted with the ghosts of the past, the apparitions conjured up by unhappi-

ness or guilt, has not felt like some wretched prisoner condemned to solitary confinement, which turns existence into a horror, and which, if not relieved by a healing presence, may end in the madness of despair? These are the moments when the soul breaks through the conventionalities, the small and petty round of trivial thought, and stands face to face with infinite mystery, and feels like the ancient mariner:—

“ O Wedding-guest! this soul hath been  
Alone on a wide, wide sea;  
So lonely 'twas, that God himself  
Scarce seemed there to be.”

As we grow intellectually and spiritually our loneliness deepens, we yearn for some kindred spirit to look into our hearts and to read us as we are, but too often no such spirit answers the call. Some who have come to us with the promise of deliverance have failed us. They are too self-centred, too prosaic, too lacking in imaginative insight, or they have not that mystic gift before which every door of the soul flies open, and we enter into the joy of a passionate comradeship that fills life with satisfaction, brings strength to every burden, and unity to all our sundered powers. Every sincere and thoughtful spirit must long for someone with whom to open up intercourse of thought and feeling, by whom to have itself understood, to have all its inner complexities and contradictions cleared up, and all its secrets brought into the clear light of consciousness. Modern physicians tell us how the maladies of a “ shut-in personality,” hidden fears, desires, distresses, irrationalities—in brief, thoughts and wishes which the sufferer drives out of his conscious life, only to keep them alive and active in the unconscious—how these founts of mischief may be dried up by simply convincing him that he is understood, that these intimate experiences are no longer his own private possession, but are shared by another. This cleansing and healing process, so necessary to the abnormal, is not less necessary to the normal. The great and formative experiences of the spiritual life are essentially lonely—sin, sorrow, temptation, and the growth of a moral or spiritual purpose. Temptation may have its occasion, but not its cause, in an object which appeals to others as well as to oneself, yet the real force of the trial depends upon one's own character, and the special appeal which challenges one's own desires. Each man must fight his own battle; he must fight it alone. The tempter and the tempted must struggle in a wilderness where no mortal eye can mark the tragedy or the triumph. And so, too, is it with the experience of sorrow. The instinct of the newly smitten heart is to go apart in silence and retirement; in the dark hour of desolation the soul knows that it is beyond the sympathy of its fellows. “ The heart knoweth its own bitterness.” It is in moral solitude also that we dream every noble dream of being and of doing good. Our dreams seem the most shadowy of wraiths when confronted by the harsh realities of waking experience. Yet to these visions we must be loyal even if our loyalty should cause us to taste the experience of a great Christian soul of the fourth century, of whom it was

Pain takes its place as only a transient element in a larger and abiding Reality. Just as in the life of God it is always passing into joy, so in the life of the human soul its function is temporary and its goal supreme blessedness. Viewed from this standpoint, suffering ceases to be local or accidental; it takes on a "cosmic," universal significance, and by the vision of this truth we are reconciled and at rest. To know that God knows my pain, and, in some sense, feels it, is itself a relief. I am no longer in some lone desert, racked with a private distress, shut up to endure as best I can the agony which Nature or man, or my own ignorance inflicts upon me. I am in God's world, bound up in a bundle of life with One infinitely greater and stronger than I, and, therefore, Master of every evil that can befall. This conviction robs pain of half its sting. It is this truth that Augustine expresses in his prayer, "Thou didst know that I was suffering, and no man knew. Thou findest pleasure in us, and so regardest each of us as if Thou hadst him alone to care for."

There are many who, while acceding to what has just been said, are discouraged by the seeming unreality of the spiritual world, by the transcendent greatness of the universal Mind, and turn away as though such a God were too high for them, His abstractness and loftiness removing Him from warm and living contact with the soul. The idea of the Divine companionship does not find them; they cannot realise it. Now, speaking broadly, man needs the help of a mediatorial spirit whom he recognises to be perfectly loving and perfectly good. Through the contemplation of such a personality a sense of the unutterable reality of the Divine nature is born. For God's most majestic revelations shine forth in a soul consecrated to the ideal, expending itself in creative acts of self-sacrifice, possessed by the pure spirit of love. Now such a mediator is enshrined in the heart of the Christian religion. In Christ is portrayed, as nowhere else, all that the heart of man can conceive as most worthy of God. It is by fixing the attention on the historical image of Christ, by letting it work freely on heart and imagination that we gain the conviction of a living and dynamic Love at the centre of the universe. We feel instinctively that no real catastrophe can overtake us in a world where He is present, that He can hear us when we pray, and that this thought is a more powerful defence and a more urgent incentive than all the pronouncements of the logical understanding. Not by struggling and straining after an experience which baffles the most ardent pursuit, but by surrender to the mystic spell which Christ's personality forever exercises on the receptive spirit, do we enter into the secret of blessedness, the sense of fellowship with Him who, from one point of view, is our ideal Self, and yet from another, is greater than any self. He is the ever living Presence that brings serenity and peace amid life's tragic sorrows and disillusionments, and transfigures the last despairs of guilt and shame with the hope of reconciliation and victory.

SAMUEL MCCOMB.

## MEREDITH AND OUR ALLIES.

**N**O genuine reader of George Meredith can be unaware of his love for France. Appreciative references to France and her people are scattered throughout his books. Last of all his publications, and containing some of the maturest of his work, were his *Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History*. That volume contains, too, the noble poem of *France*, 1870, which, written in December, 1870, when the German army was about Paris, has the ring of the iron reality as Europe knows it to-day:

" We look for her that sunlike stood  
Upon the forehead of our day,  
An orb of nations, radiating food  
For body and for mind alway.  
Where is the shape of glad array;  
The nervous hands, the front of steel,  
The clarion tongue? Where the bold, proud face?  
We see a vacant place;  
We hear an iron heel."

Those are the opening words of the poem; its closing ones are hardly less poignant:—

" Soaring France!  
How is Humanity on trial in thee:  
How may'st thou gather humankind in fee:  
Now prove that Reason is a quenchless scroll;  
Make of calmity thine aureole,  
And bleeding, head us through the troubles of the sea."

Thus Meredith wrote in 1870; twenty-eight years later, in *Alsace-Lorraine*, we have, even more intimately, his belief:—

" On France has come the test  
Of what she holds within.  
Responsive to Life's deeper springs.  
She above the Nations blest  
In fruitful and in liveliest,  
In all that servant earth to heavenly bidding brings."

And the belief is a clearly reasoned one; for this poem contrasts these qualities of spontaneity and elasticity with "the belted overshadower," Germany, "who contracts horizons within present sight" and "adamantine makes the mind."

Yet impressive as these great Odes to France are, they have their parallels in Swinburne's work, and, in some degree, in Browning's. Where Meredith is alone is in his more incidental references. Renée we must all of us remember—"brunette of the good blood of France"—"her features had the soft irregularities which run to rarities of beauty, as the ripple rocks the light"; not so beautiful as the English Cecilia, but on which, Meredith asks, "does the eye linger longest? which draws the heart? a radiant landscape where the tall, ripe wheat flashes between shadow and shine in the stately march of summer, or the peep into dewy woodland on dark water?" Alvan, in *The Tragic Comedians*, com-

pares Clotilde with Paris—"his beloved of cities—the symbolised goddess of the lightning brain that is quick to conceive, eager to realise ideas, impassioned for her hero, but ever putting him to the proof, graceful beyond all rhyme, colloquial as never the Muse; light in light hands, yet valiant unto death for a principle; and therefore not light, anything but light in strong hands, very steadfast rather." The French people, *One of Our Conquerors* tells us, "are the most mixed of any European nation; so they are packed with contrasts: they are full of sentiment, they are sharply logical; free-thinkers, devotees; affectionate, ferocious; frivolous, tenacious; the passion of the season operating like sun or moon on these qualities; and they can reach to ideality out of sensualism. Below your level, they're above it—a paradox is at home with them." "The most mixed of any European nation," that, from Meredith, is the choicest of compliments; for he is an enthusiast in regard to international marriages. His strong belief in the fast-arriving supremacy of the United States, among English-speaking peoples, is based mainly upon their cosmopolitanism and mingling of nationalities. In *One of Our Conquerors*, too, it is that Nesta, overwhelmed by Nataly's death and her father's mental seizure, seeks harbourage in the home of Louise de Seilles—"on the borders of Dauphiné; and, with French hearts at their best in winningness around her, she learned again, as an art, the act of breathing calmly." And the phrasing of that brings us to the most intimate of all the allusions—the one where, in *A Faith Upon Trial*, Meredith is speaking of his wife, lying mortally ill:—

" Sweet was her voice with the tongue,  
The speechful tongue of her France,  
Home of her birth and her love."

Singularly international and unconfined in his view, "The world," he said, "is being visibly universalised: to deny us this larger citizenship is the worst provincialism." Among all the European nations, France held the largest place in his heart. Italy, however, came a very good second, and in America, as I have said, his interest was profound. For Russia throughout most of his life his sympathy naturally was less. Yet in regard to the Crimea even, in *Beauchamp's Career*, his view was singularly just. He paid tribute to "the dauntless Lancastrian who thundered like a tempest over a gambling tent, disregarded" (John Bright), and to the three Quakers (Robert Charlton, Henry Pease, and Joseph Sturge) who, on the eve of the war, made a pilgrimage to the Czar beseeching him to give way "for piety's sake." Yet not the most malevolent of detractors has dared ever to speak of Meredith as a pacifist. Had they done so, his vindication might safely have been left to his most intimate of friends, Admiral Maxse, the original of Beauchamp! Later in life, too, he was a warm supporter of The Society of Friends of Russian Freedom, and, in 1905, he wrote *The Crisis*—with its lately much-quoted lines:—

" Now has come  
The day when thou can'st not be dumb  
Spirit of Russia. . . . "

*Beauchamp's Career*, it may be noted in passing, well repays perusal at this moment—the Militia Bill, the invasion panic, Lord Palmerston's methods—all these things are not so far-away as when we last read of them. *Diana of the Crossways*, in a less degree, but in the same kind of way, has a new value now in respect to Ireland. Meredith's sympathies, clear enough in that book, are fully given in two articles—*A Pause in the Strife* and *Concessions to the Celt*—in the *Fortnightly Review* of 1886. In the first of these he wrote:—"Mr. Gladstone has not been defeated. The question set on fire by him will never be extinguished until the combustible matter has gone to ashes. . . . We shall be made sensible that we have an enemy in our midst, until a people, slow to think, have taken counsel of their native generosity to put trust in the most generous race on earth."

In considering tributes to Italy, our minds turn, and rightly turn, first to Swinburne. Yet Meredith, in *Vittoria*, has not only left us a portrait of Mazzini that is without equal, but he has proved his passionate sympathy with Italy's struggle in the fact of his creation of Vittoria. She, as Sandra Belloni, is his greatest of soul; close to nature, elemental; she is, from the first, in touch with poetry and passion at their source; the only question in regard to her, as Sandra, is whether she can find a vision large enough to unite her powers. In Vittoria the ideal is found: the great destiny that was foreshadowed is realised. The call to Italy's service is supreme—demanding the whole, both her Art and her personal relations. In that great scene at La Scala, she sings—the stage curtain held above her, after the Austrian officials have ordered its lowering, by a dozen noble youths of Milan:—

" Our life is but a little holding, lent  
To do a mighty labour; we are one  
With heaven and the stars when it is spent  
To serve God's aim, else die we with the sun,"

and those further words in which Meredith expresses the ideal of Italy's chief:—

" Beloved, I am quickly out of sight :  
I pray that you will love more than my dust.  
Were death defeat much weeping would be right ;  
'Tis victory when it leaves surviving trust.

" You will not find me save when you forget  
Earth's feebleness, and come to faith, my friend,  
For all Humanity doth owe a debt  
To all humanity, until the end."

Published in the *Fortnightly Review* for 1866, when Meredith was war-correspondent for the *Morning Post* in Venice, historically and emotionally *Vittoria* appears to me to intertwine with events of the present as does no other book. Where else in our literature is there a passage adequate to experiences now, as in the one-in



which Vittoria is seeking her husband after the Battle of Novara, and likelier to find him dead than alive?—

“ She read the faces of the mornings as human creatures have tried to gather the sum of their destinies off changing surfaces—fair not meaning fair, nor black black, but either the mask upon the secret of God’s terrible will; and to learn it and submit, was the spiritual burden of her motherhood, that the child leaping with her heart might live. Not to hope blindly, in the exceeding anxiousness of her passionate love, nor blindly to fear; not to let her soul fly out among the twisting chances; not to sap her great maternal duty by affecting false stoical serenity: to nurse her soul’s strength, and suckle her womanly weakness with the tears that are poison when repressed; to be at peace with a disastrous world for the sake of the dependent life unborn; by such pure efforts she clung to God. Soft dreams of sacred tenderness, tragic images, wild pity, were like phantoms encircling her, plucking at her as she went, but they were beneath her feet, and she kept them from lodging between her breasts. The thought that her husband, though he should have perished, was not a life lost if their child lived, sustained her powerfully. It seemed to whisper at times almost as if it were Carlo’s ghost breathing in her ears: ‘ On thee.’ On her the further devolved; and she trod down hope, lest it should build her up and bring a shock to surprise her fortitude: she put back alarm. The mountains and the valleys scarce had names to her understanding; they were but the scene where the will of her Maker was at work. Rarely has a soul been so subjected by its own force.”

“ Not to let her soul fly out among the twisting chances,” to Meredith that achievement appeared the end and aim of earth’s teaching. Not to abate by one atom our capacities for desire, yet to control them, instead of being dragged in the wake—such was, such would be to-day, his Reading of Life, even though it involve for us, as it did for Vittoria, that we tread down our Hopes as we put back our Fears.

M. STURGE GRETTON.

## TRENCH LIFE IN THE CRIMEA.

TO those who like myself have closed the eightieth year of a life of long foreign residence and Imperial service, the daily Roll of Honour naturally recalls memories of our soldier brothers and sons in earlier wars. Chiefly from letters written to our parents by my brother, Captain Thomas Bruce, telling of trench life in the Crimea, I have constructed a brief narrative of his service. The soul of our race is one and the same for ever.

After leaving Rugby, where he gained distinction as a football player, he entered the Army as Ensign in the 21st Regiment of Foot, at that time styled Royal North British Fusiliers, now the Royal Scots Fusiliers. His commission, obtained by purchase, was dated August 1st, 1854. In a letter dated November 6th of that year from Birr Barracks, King's County, Ireland, he states that orders had been received there for all young officers to be ready to go to the Crimea at a moment's notice. He adds that this might mean that "we may go this winter, or not, perhaps, till next spring." The letter describes a life of social gaiety in the way of dinners and balls. On February 3rd he wrote that he had received orders to proceed to Malta, and on March 20th he received his commission as Lieutenant. Writing from the Lazaretto Barracks, Malta, on March 25th, he states that he had been offered the Adjutancy of his Division, but had declined it, as it would have prevented his going to the Crimea. In a letter dated April 16th he says: "I have had to buy a second-hand coatee and wings,\* &c., as we are not allowed to wear the new tunic in the Crimea, as we should be dead shots." These were pre-khaki days. Arrived at Kamiesh Bay, four miles from Sebastopol, on May 13th, he writes:

"We hear the guns quite distinctly here, and last night the French and Russians were blazing away with shell tremendously. We expect to go and join our different regiments to-morrow morning, and I suppose my turn for the trenches will soon come." He concludes, "By the by, there is going to be an expedition against Kertch and some places on the coast this week, and it is expected there will be plenty of plunder. I hope I may be in for it."

In his first letter from the camp before Sebastopol, dated June 3rd, he writes:

"I am thriving exceedingly out here, although the heat is awful. Yesterday, the thermometer was 96 deg. in our tent, and about 115 deg. in the sun, so you can easily imagine what it is lying in the sun down in the trenches for about seventeen hours without being able to get a single spark of shade, and the place where you lie is just like a hard road. I have been so often down to the trenches that I think nothing of them now as regards the danger. Only last time Templeman and I were walking down to the advanced trench together when a bullet came between us about four inches from each of our heads. One soon gets accustomed

\* "Wings" were a form of epaulette worn at that time by all Light Infantry Regiments.

mediate fighting, and that it was likely they would stay the winter. He then described his trench work, as follows:

"The party for the trenches (the covering party, as it is called) is generally about 1,500 men—900 for the advance trenches, and 600 for the reserve (I mean only for our attack, the left). Parades at quarter to six p.m. every day. We start for the trenches at quarter past six, and get down there at about half-past seven or eight, when we relieve the party which has been on for the last twenty-four hours. Our Regiment generally goes to the 4th parallel, the most advanced of all, and stays there till four o'clock in the morning, when we are relieved by some Regiment that has been in the 2nd or 3rd parallel, and which is allowed to sleep during the night, as they are obliged to be awake all day. When we are relieved, we take their place and go to sleep as soon as possible, unless we are wanted to work at the trenches, which we often do till eight o'clock.

"I have got a small memento to give you in the shape of a small canister ball, which was fortunately a spent one, and which hit me on the leg the night we made the attack on the Redan. It bounded off a stone, and did not hurt me in the least. There was no mark on my leg, barring a black bruise, which I did not find out till I was tubbing next morning, and which has quite disappeared—in fact, it was only there three days."

In a letter of July 6th he asks for a supply of *The Times* and anything else to read, and goes on to say:

"You cannot blame me for smoking out here, as I believe it is a very good thing for keeping you well, as when it is raining hard in the trench, a pipe keeps you warm, which is a grand thing, as well as awake."

At this time he suffered severely from rheumatism, but on July 16th he wrote:

"Like a fool I went down to the trenches last night, as it was my turn, and I did not like to send anyone down instead, whereas the Doctor wished me to go on the sick list, and so get off."

In a letter of September 4th he speaks of meeting two naval officers who had been our schoolfellows with Hubert Delmé Radcliffe, Cecil Reid, and Massy Blomfield, now Admiral Sir Massy Blomfield, associated with me in the fellowship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. A letter written a week later was devoted to a description of the fall of Sebastopol:

"So at last Sebastopol has fallen into our hands by the evacuation of the Russians. Our brigade was in reserve at the storming of the Redan, and a most awful sight it was to see so many officers and men carried past us in the trench. The 23rd had three officers killed and thirteen wounded out of twenty-four, and the 90th and 97th almost as many.

"Our Regiment was in the second trench from the front of the Redan, and the Highlanders, at least the 72nd and 79th, in the trench in front. About quarter to twelve o'clock midnight

there was an awful explosion in the Redan, and the Highlanders having found out through a sapper that the Russians had bolted, marched coolly into it, and found no one but the dead and dying of both sides. . . . Our attack this time was a great failure, worse than the last. The Russians beat us back with grape and canister and musketry and pickaxes and hatchets, of which a good many were found in the town.

"The French walked into the Malakoff without any resistance, but they lost a good many in rear of it. The Russians were quite taken by surprise by our attack, and there were hardly any men in either place. The French attacked first, and the Russians bolted from the Malakoff into the Redan, and we had to fight thousands of them there.

"I went all over the Redan and Malakoff yesterday, and most wonderful places they are. Under them were bombproof rooms, capable of holding 1,000 or 2,000 men, and furnished with tables and chairs. They had also books and newspapers and all sorts of things in them—in fact, a regular barrack.

"The Russians blew up all their batteries during the course of the night, which was a welcome sight to our Brigade, as we were ordered to storm the Redan next morning after being twenty-four hours in trenches. There were twenty-two explosions in all, and the Russians have set the whole town on fire, and are at present preparing to leave the North."

Early in October he embarked on the *Hannibal* for Odessa and Kinburn. On the 19th, writing from the camp before Kinburn, he says:

"Here we are, and we have been here since Tuesday, on which day we landed. The boats could not come up to the beach on account of the surf, so we had to jump overboard and walk on shore. We met with no opposition, and are encamped about three miles from the fort, which mounts sixty-four guns, and there are two smaller forts with twenty-five and fifteen guns. The Fleet went in and bombarded the place on Thursday, and it surrendered after four hours' terrific fire, as the Fleet was only 700 yards off, and poured broadsides into the place. We took about 1,000 prisoners, with a General. On Wednesday the Russians burnt the village, and yesterday they blew up the forts of Oczakow.

"The gunboats are going up the Dnieper to destroy some more forts, and report says we are to go to Nicolayeff as soon as we get reinforcements."

After the surrender of Kinburn he returned to Sebastopol early in November, and referring to the approach of winter, remarked:

"You would hardly know the British officer as he turns out in cold or rainy weather. If wet, he turns out in a waterproof coat, cap, leggings or long boots, and is covered with mud. If cold, he wears a pea-coat or a fur one (there are all sizes, shapes, and colours here), a fur cap, long boots, pair of thick trousers (sometimes a pair of sergeant's or private's cloth), a pair of fur or other warm gloves."

It is hardly surprising to find an allusion to the curse of intemperance:

"The drunkenness which prevails out here is something most melancholy to see, and we are continually obliged to have court-martials, nearly all which sit to try men for habitual drunkenness—that is, those who have been found drunk and punished four times within a year. The fact is, the field allowance is the worst thing possible for them, as a soldier always spends his money on drink, whatever he may earn, and the more he gets, the oftener he gets drunk. If they were to give him twopence out of the sixpence daily, and keep the other fourpence till he goes home or retires from the service, it would be of some real use."

In a letter of December 7th he speaks of the severity of the weather:

"The rain here is something wonderful. It rains now night and day, and blows hurricanes all night, so that one is in continual dread of the tent-pole smashing and the tent taking to its heels. A tent or so comes down every night. On Tuesday night there was a most terrific gale. It began about eight o'clock in the evening, and lasted about twelve hours. It was in its glory about two o'clock in the morning. Five tents came down in the Regiment, and one of the Companies' cook-houses had its roof taken off. Two officers' tents came down. Most of us got up, lit our candles, dressed, and laid ourselves down on our beds again. Everyone was out at least once or twice driving down the tent-pegs. I did not get up, as I had spliced my pole and driven in larger pegs than usual, and at last managed to get some sleep. Something of this sort occurs twice or three times a week, and one has to see to one's tent-pegs every night before going to bed. We are making roads as hard as we can, but still they are not made nearly fast enough."

But in respect of the Commissariat, he adds:

"Our Commissariat is splendid this winter, although the roads are so bad. We get just the same rations as we did in the summer, with an increase of fuel and light. The French, report says, are very hard up for provisions, only getting meat twice a week, and not nearly full rations of other things. You see them here foraging about for what our men have thrown away. Two French soldiers came to my tent and asked for meat, as they were starving. I gave them some pork and biscuit, which they were excessively thankful for."

Before leaving the Crimea my brother was cheered by the information he received that at Arnot, our family estate in Kinross-shire, bells had been rung in his honour. After a time of garrison duty at Malta his regiment was ordered to the West Indies, and I cannot find any record of his correspondence with our parents during this period of his service. In August, 1863, he was expected home on leave, but the ship on which he was to sail brought us the sad news of his death. The official intimation was communicated in a letter received from Colonel Ramsay Stuart in the following generous terms:

"It becomes my painful duty to offer you my condolence and deep sympathies in announcing the death of your Son, Captain

Bruce. Much esteemed and beloved by his brother officers, his sudden removal has cast a melancholy and deep gloom over all with whom he was daily associated. No doubt before you receive this you will have had a notice from the West India Royal Mail Company.

"I had given him four months' leave to proceed home to arrange some money matters, with the view of sending him to the Dépôt on the expiration of his leave, and he left us in high spirits on the morning of the 26th ultimo in the "Trent" Steamer, apparently in excellent health; but on the afternoon of the 28th, when in the saloon, was seized with apoplexy, and is reported to me to have died the same evening. He had many acquaintances on board, from some of whom you would no doubt obtain fuller particulars.

"His burial took place the following morning at St. Thomas. An extract of this from the Register Book of All Saints' Parish I have forwarded to the Military Secretary, Horse Guards."

His tomb at St. Thomas bears the following inscription:

"Sacred to the Memory of  
CAPTAIN T. BRUCE,

21st Fusiliers,  
Who died 28 July, 1863,  
on Passage to England.

Erected by his Brother Officers  
as a Token of their Love and Esteem."

In my brother's letters he frequently alludes to the "Smalls," a term of endearment for our sisters. The "Smalls" are represented in the present war by two sons and a grandson. One son, Major-General Hugh Bruce Williams, R.E., C.B., Commandeur de l'Ordre de la Couronne, has served as Chief Staff Officer, 2nd Army, 1915-16, and Commanding 137th Infantry Brigade, 1916. In November of that year he was promoted to the Command of the 37th Division, and in February, 1917, decorated as Commandeur de la Légion d'Honneur. The other son, Major Sir James Wilkie-Dalyell, 3rd Battalion, K.O.S.B., served with the 1st Garrison Battalion, Royal Scots, in Gallipoli, and is now serving in Egypt. The grandson, Captain Edward Bruce Williams, Rifle Brigade, wounded in 1914, has served on the Staff in the Dardanelles, in Egypt, and in France. He has received the Croix de Guerre. I may be allowed to add that my own son, Captain C. M. D. Bruce, R.F.A., having fallen in action in Africa, in 1903, was honourably discharged from service in the present war.

CHARLES BRUCE.

## THE BLACK RAT.

**W**HAT animal is there more generally hated than a rat? Yet I have known rats which were personally fascinating creatures. And the black rat, formerly the common rat of England, whose place has now been taken by the common—too common—brown rat, is really, when viewed without prejudice, a very nice looking creature. It is a large eyed, large eared, elegant animal, more like a great mouse than a rat. This resemblance must have struck Limæus for he named it *Mus rattus*, or the "mouse-rat"; but it has other and greater claims to our attention than a mere graceful appearance, for its history is a strange one and of particular interest.

There are strong grounds for believing that in early historical times no rat was known in Western Europe and the British Isles; for instance, there is no word for "rat" in the Welsh language, the expression used signifying "French" or "foreign" mouse.\* But the Crusades, and the intercourse thus brought about between East and West, gave a certain inconspicuous fawn-coloured rat of the Arabian deserts a chance it did not neglect.† With the enterprise which has ever since been a feature of the species, and which has led it to voyage all over the world, this sandy-tinted rat left the rocks and stones and attached itself to human habitations. To this day such races of the black rat as live a really wild life in many parts of Southern Europe and Asia retain the fawn colouring, but a change occurred in the semi-parasitic form. We can picture this rat, by its choice of habitat no longer subject to selection by natural enemies, being free to branch out into other types of colouring, but before getting so far we must imagine it embarking on the ships of the Crusaders and of the merchants that followed in their wake, and being carried to every port in Europe. Just as at the present day it manages in the most wonderful fashion to board all sorts of vessels, so in those days it made the old wooden ships veritable strongholds, from which it issued forth to conquer new realms. It landed in the ports, it made its way into the houses, which, being principally built of wood, yielded easily to its attacks; and judging by an experience I had with black rats in a modern brick-built house, I can well understand how they would drive their tunnels through the walls from roof to basement. In my case, two females escaped from their cage in an out-house, but within a few days they had found their way indoors. They made their way even to the attics, they went up and down the chimneys, and scuttled about the rooms at night; they stole the apples that were stored for winter use, they robbed all sorts of things, and before I succeeded in recapturing them they had afforded an object-lesson in the amount of damage black rats can do in a house, and a house, I must mention, in which a brown rat is and was an unknown thing. Indeed, it was made quite obvious that the most appropriate name for the black rat is either house rat or ship rat, for that generally applied to it is not always descriptive;

\* Barrett-Hamilton's *British Mammals*, p. 579.

† *Ibid.*, p. 582.

even in Northern Europe, at the present day, many fawn coloured specimens are met with. To go back to the arrival of this rat in Europe, it must have spread at an extraordinary pace, for it was soon a universal pest, and it was then that it was first spoken of as the *black rat*. From the scanty evidence at hand, it appears that the alteration of its habits following on the adoption of a semi-parasitic life on ships, in houses, and buildings, produced a good deal of variation and a marked tendency to melanism, especially in the cooler districts of Northern Europe, so that in a comparatively short time the rats in France, Germany, and Great Britain were all black—hence the name by which this rat has become generally known.

In no sense could the arrival of this rat be considered a blessing! And when it is added that it probably imported the plague, the score against it is considerably added to. It is usually stated that the Crusaders brought home the plague with them from the East, but when it is remembered that modern research has shown that the infection is carried by means of rat-fleas, a light is shed upon the entrance of that dread disease into Europe! We now see the Continent suffering from an apparently invincible rodent, which, agile and active, passed from house to house, taking toll of all it met, and scattering disease on its way. Truly it was a disease as fatal to the rats as to mankind, but their extraordinary fecundity enabled them to despise any slight checks.

But Nemesis awaited the elegant scoundrel, and the beginning of the eighteenth century was to see it evicted from much of its territory by another invader from the East. This was our present common rat, generally called the brown rat, which is by no means a good name for it, as it is sometimes black, just as fawn specimens of the black rat are to be met with. It was a bigger, heavier, stronger, and more clumsy rat than that which it displaced, and its arrival was so far beneficial to the human race that it had not the black rat's preference for dwelling-houses, but kept to the sewers and out-buildings; as far as the will and power to rob and damage human property was concerned, however, there was not much to choose between them.

The brown rat spread through Europe and the British Isles just as the black rat had done, and wherever it appeared the former disappeared; most writers say the weaker rat was actually killed by the stronger, and though I believe it is accurate to say that the newcomer did exterminate the older one, I do not think it was in actual combat, or pitched battle, or even by taking its food, for the black rat is so much the more active of the two that it would not have the least difficulty in escaping from its foe. No; the way I account for the fate that overtook it is by assuming that the brown rat slew the weak and helpless young ones while they were still in the nests. Such acts of ruthless murder would be perfectly in keeping with the savage character of the brown rat, and also in accordance with its physical powers, which most certainly would not allow it to overtake the exceedingly agile adults. I am further confirmed in this belief by the fact that when some black rats I had for purposes of study got out of their cages, where they had not



only bred, but multiplied freely, and lived for some months in the out-buildings, no little ones were found, or any evidence that they had succeeded in rearing a family. On being-recaptured and returned to their quarters they soon had more young ones, and I am convinced some must have been born while they were at liberty, but the buildings were also haunted by many common rats, who, I have not the least doubt, took care that there were no little black rats to compete with their own progeny.

Once the brown rat got a firm foothold in Europe, the days of its weaker relative were numbered, it spread as steadily and as quickly as the other had done. Perhaps it was not such a good sailor, and that this delayed it reaching some places such as outlying islands, but it got there eventually, until at the present day the true old English rat only lingers on in one or two isolated colonies, in such places as the Orkney and Shetland Islands.

Though the original population has been thus exterminated, it must not be assumed that black rats may not still be met with. They are fairly common in some ports, but these are freshly introduced ones. The black rat is still *par excellence* the ship rat, and wherever there are many ships coming and going a few will manage to exist, but they seldom get far inland, and when one or two are reported from the interior their presence may nearly always be traced to the bales of goods in which they have travelled.

It is a curious and interesting point that in other parts of the world—in India, for example—both species of rats manage to exist side by side. It is probably due to the difference in the houses, for the black rat is essentially a house and ship rat, and the modern European stone or brick house, with its excellent basements, does not afford it many opportunities of making itself at home. In the East the houses are much better suited to it. It can live in them in peace and comfort, while its blood-thirsty relative, who, as a rule, is not so fond of human society, contents itself with the sheds and out-buildings.

There are many varieties and sub-species of the black rat. Roughly speaking, it may be said that the black coloured type is that most plentiful in Northern Europe, and the fawn coloured around the Mediterranean. Various races of different colours are found in India, where the species flourishes exceedingly; but, indeed, there are few parts of the world where it is not to be found, and there are no mammals more successful colonists than it and the brown rat, so it is only what one might expect that, under different conditions, it should show many types and races. The various types of the black rat will interbreed freely, and in ports where these rats are constantly arriving and departing, mongrels are frequently met with. The consequence is that many apparently black rats when mated together will produce families in which fawn coloured young ones occur. Two rats I had, both of which were black, had brown young ones in successive families, and when these fawn specimens were mated with ordinary dark rats, black ones, browns with white stomachs, and slatey-grey rats were produced.

My black rats, which were caught for me by a rat-catcher at

Portsmouth, were most interesting creatures. They were gentle and inoffensive, never attempted to bite unless picked up by the "scruff" of the neck, and most affectionate parents. There was nothing of the ruffianly type of the brown rat about them; indeed, as I said when describing the species at the beginning of this article, they were just like great mice. If you can imagine a large edition of the long-tailed field mouse, you will have the old English rat. They had just the same great nervous eyes, which looked like the tops of "black-headed pins," and sometimes seemed as if they would jump out of their heads; they had large, sensitive ears, and their fur was much softer and silkier than that of the common rat. Their tails, which were much longer in proportion, appeared to be a great help when jumping or climbing. Though not in any way prehensile, the tail acted when they were aloft as a most useful balancing pole. Perhaps the most fascinating thing about these rats was their fore-paws—such dainty little hands that could be used for every conceivable purpose, from washing the owner's face to holding its food. They were most particular about their toilets, and frequently washed themselves from head to foot. They always began in the same way, by licking their hands and then rubbing them over their heads; it was repeated many times and done so quickly that one could hardly follow the movements, but the process was much the same as that of a cat. After the head was finished, the back and front had to be carefully licked, and again those delicate paws were useful, holding and parting the fur while the little pink tongue did its duty. The only part which the rats seemed to neglect was the long tail, and I never saw one of them touch its tail. I have reason to believe that the brown rat also neglects this useful appendage, for if you examine the bodies of wild rats you will often find their tails coated with dirt, and a tame brown rat (just an ordinary common rat) which I had as a great pet for two years was only once seen to attempt to lick its tail, and that one washing was given it when the owner was a tiny baby—I think it was an accident!

The black rat is a smaller animal than the brown, but my old bucks were quite a good size, and much finer than their mates. They were most good-natured creatures, never quarrelling or falling out, and all ages and sexes lived together in perfect harmony. I have seen an old male, a young one, two females, and lots of little ones all curled up happily in one nest, and the old bucks never showed the least disposition to bully the younger ones, which says much for their amiability. The mothers were most affectionate and careful of their young ones. I turned one old lady and family out of their nest for the purpose of photographing them. She ran anxiously round the cage, then back to the nest-box, where she looked around for a moment before running back to the heap of black, satin-coated babies which were squirming one over the other. She picked up the top one, by the scruff of its neck as a cat does a kitten, and carried it indoors, and was back in a second for another. She had to raise her head high in the air to keep them from dragging on the ground, and to step very carefully so as not to tread upon their tails, but she managed the business

and got them all under cover. I did not disturb them again as it seemed a shame to bother her after all the trouble she had taken.

These rats had one very tiresome trait in their character, and that was that they were never happy unless gnawing at something, which generally meant they were biting a way through their cage. I nailed pieces of tin over the most vulnerable spots, but it was no use, for they only began somewhere else, and in this way they escaped more than once; but I recaptured or accounted for all that got away, even the two that got into the house. These were a dreadful nuisance, for they ran all over the place, and it made one realise what life must have been like in the old wooden houses when it was the rule, and not the exception, for each building to have a population of rats. Eventually, I caught one in a "catch 'em alive" trap on the dining-room table, and the rat passed the night in pulling up through the wires and gnawing to bits the linen cloth which was on the table. My mother, next morning, was far from enthusiastic on the subject of the old English black rat! So much was said about the mischief the two had committed, that when I had caught up number two I gave them both away, as I felt I could not risk them making a second escape, and invading the house again.

FRANCES PITT.

## LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

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## SMUGGLERS' JOY.

"I DO love October," said William Warlock. "Dont 'ee love no other month, Mr. Warlock?" said Mrs. Multon. "Iss, I do love all the months, but when I zed I did love October I did mean it did zeem to I zo zweet and beautiful. It do zeem the picture ov the year. We do goo vrom month to month, auver and auver, with zomething good in each; but when October do come in, so be it be a good October, then the picture avore un of every colour, gold and red and green and lovely brown with the apple skies, I do zay, zo many, many times to I, 'I do love October.'" It was another Saturday, and folk were to gather for a last autumn meeting before the winter fell. Somehow as Mr. Warlock grew older a sort of habit of looking for him and listening to him had grown up at the farm. His cheery optimism seemed to brighten the persistent sadness of the times. He saw with a clear mind whither things were tending, he saw in vision the New World, and the war to him was much what it would have seemed to John Bunyan. His little speech in praise of October was made as he had come in and was laying aside his basket full of herbs and was sprucing himself up. Mrs. Multon fetched for the old man a basin of warm water, and as he washed she talked. "There be number of folk coming this very evening. There be Fred Harrage; there be old Mr. Sam Miles, he be preaching to-morrow." "Be he indeed preaching; he be girt preacher be thik wold man. He do zee right through." "He be fearsome hard on zin and Fred Harrage. Then there be Humpty." "How be Humpty, good Humpty?" "Humpty be hardworked at Post Office, but he do like the work and do zing on the road." The old man and the woman looked at each other and smiled; they could see the little man on the long, winding, heather-framed roads singing like a thrush. "And then there be that great sailor-man; he be married now, and Robert's mother, 'ee allays did love she, and I daresay everybody else. And, Mr. Warlock—here be wold towel—Robert's mother did zay to me just before she did go up to lie down to rest bevore evening, she did zay, 'Ask wold William'—" "That be I," said Mr. Warlock, with a twinkle of the great blue eyes. "Ask wold William," that be 'ee; "Ask wold William to tell us the tale of

Smugglers' Joy.' Zit ye and drink this tea; it be just ready, and this bread and cream. The cream this year do zeem so good, and this hurt's jam do zeem so full o' flavour, and luk, Mr. Warlock, do 'ee just luk at the colour. 'Ask wold William' did Robert's mother zay, "Ask wold William for the zo beautiful tale of Smugglers' Joy." So Mrs. Multon ran on, with incredible speed of tongue, helping the old man adjust his coat, take off his boots, slip on great slippers, and settle into a vast, flocky, fireside chair with tea and a pile of bread and cream and whortleberry jam on his knees, while the fire crackled and the October sunset began to die. "It be," said William Warlock as he ate in supreme content, "it be a story that do beat in sort of way all other stories. I do know many, many smuggler stories, but the story of Smugglers' Joy do beat all. An' it wur all true, I have a-come to think. Robert's mother be thoughtful wold 'ooman to think of that. 'Twill be good Zaturday night."

It was a picture worthy of a great Dutch painter. The firelight illuminated the fine old head, while a great splash of colour from the sunset struck the black oak panelling or skirting to the left of his chair. So he sat planning out his story, while Mrs. Multon busied herself with household things, and stopped, again and again, in the sunlight as it streamed across the room, and chattered on: "Wold Mrs. Zippin were mixed up wi' Smugglers' Joy." "Wur it zo? No; it wur avore her time." "Iss, it wur Mrs. Zippin." "No," said a great voice, and the mighty form of Mr. Multon loomed into the kitchen. "No; it wur Mrs. Milton, wold Mrs. Zippin's mother. Mrs. Zippin she did tell me zo." And the farmer sat on the long sofa for his wife to unbuckle his gaiters. "Iss, that be zo. Mrs. Milton who did die in 1842. She did unbolt the door to the Preventive Men. Mrs. Milton did tell my vather." "We will hear all about it to-night," said Mrs. Multon, who wanted all to enjoy it together and saw that he was drowsy. William Warlock nodded his head, and even as he nodded he was asleep, and the wise farmer and his wife departed on their lawful business elsewhere, and the room was silent, save for the crackle of turf as the fire flickered its light on the old man sleeping the childlike sleep of strong, old age.

"There be no bogies in my tale," said William Warlock, laying aside his fiddle. He had been playing a sort of harvest-home melody, and the gathered company had listened with hearing eyes as they heard in the music the last load creaking home and watched the owl flitting over the stubble in search of mice, over the stubble where Ruth had gleaned till sunset. "There be no bogies in my tale." "What tale be that," said Fred Harrage with a twinkle; "be it a tale o' the Owd Men who haunt the Circle?" "It be not. It be the true tale of Great Well Farm." "Smugglers' Joy," whistled Fred. "'Tis all bogies from first to last, 'cept allays old Mrs. Milton, and she be fine witch." "It be true tale," said the old man. "I wur at Well yestreen. But there, if Fred do know all let he tell tale." "No, Mr. Warlock," said Fred; "'t be your tale." The conjurer looked round; all was

expectancy, and the sailor-man was watching the scene with a complaisant smile. "Well, 'twur like this. 'Twur in 1825, when a deep-bellied boat, a Mevagissey fishing-boat most like, put out into the Channel with a gale from the sou'-west behind her. Heavy-laden though she wur, she danced in the wind from a port near Ushant to the English Coast. Upzides with the wind, she carried every stitch of canvas that the 'ooman at the hel'm dared venture. In fact, she wur being chased by one of the swiftest of small frigates, H.M.S. *Barnacle*, a boat that could stick to anything." Alfred Worthy gave an Homeric laugh, 'twas a mild jest after his own heart. "'Twur wonnérful to see the way that young 'ooman did handle the *Lazy Lisa*, the boat that wur not capable o' dooing nothing wrong." Alfred laughed again. He was lazy, too. "I 'spect most of you older ones do know that coast. It be sheer rock from the sea, wi' a line of jagged teeth outside rock and, inside rock, nice quiet beaches, where the seal do lie in the sun and look up the cliffs at folk, and ne'er so much as blink their beseeching eyes. Well, that young 'ooman did drive the *Lazy Lisa* right at those teeth and that great wall of rock, three hundred feet high. The lieutenant in command of the *Barnacle*, he did serve as midy under Nelson at Trafalgar and did fear little, that man did curse and swear, for he guessed the Frenchy 'ooman's game wi' her load o' silk and brandy and the old Bordeaux wine. His father wur parson in those parts, and he did know the coast. The October wind did blow, and at last sun was down after flashing its light along the drefful line o' surf. You do know coast?" "We do know coast," came the answer from a dozen voices, and old Mrs. Multon, Robert's mother, hummed a little French song associated with the tale, beginning—

*"La Joye de France,  
Douce Espérance,  
Elle est si débonnaire."*

"Well, this young 'ooman she ran straight for the rocks. And then the Revenue Men in their pinnace took up the chase as the *Barnacle* sheered off the coast. Her angry signals and flares had awakened the Revenue Men. Their swivel gun came into action in the dusk, a brown thing like a girt musket that swung round and round. These men did by no means know the coast, but they could handle their boat well, and ran fearlessly in to cut off the *Lazy Lisa*. The fishing boat wur well armed with pretty little brass two-pounders, four of them, and as clean an action as ever was fought began." Alfred Worthy, on his back before the fire, turned on the sacking and sat up. His face was wreathing with pleasure. "Revenue Men ought to win that scrap," said he. "I do know 'sact spot. One or two U-boats gone by-bys there. Sort of swivel gun did for them. Handy tool." "Young French 'ooman never turned hair. She did laugh zo musical, and, wearing round, did give the London men one broadzide, and tacking again, 'twur awful dangerous work wi' that crowd of canvas, did give these same Revenue Men other broadzide. 'Twur pretty zyht, zo wold Mrs. Milton told my mother. *Lazy Lisa* wur running along in shore

not a long stone's throw from the surf. The *Kitty-Kate* (the Revenue boat) were sailing in bold as brass so as to cut *Lazy Lisa's* course, and force her to surrender or run into rocks. The wind began to drop, but the sea was like a churn, and shot after shot from the swivel gun missed the steers'ooman, though the quarters were getting closer and closer, and the girl stood out quite clear when the moon rode out o' clouds. 'Twur desperate business, but the crew made good play wi' brass guns. 'Twur fine game."

Mr. Warlock's eyes flashed, and Sam Miles, that godly minister, chuckled with delight. "Fine game it be," he said, as though it were happening then and there. Such a pair of aged reprobates well adorned an evening tale of the old smuggling days. As for Alfred Worthy, he was praying aloud to be on the Revenue pinnacle. "The game be theirn," said he, "with any luck." "The finish were unusual," said Mr. Warlock, hiding his agitation in the, for him, rare task of lighting a pipe. "The boats were an easy stone-throw apart, the Revenue sheets were ribbons, but the Revenue men had the French'ooman to a certainty ("told you zo," said Alfred), when the 'ooman went over all of a heap just as she jammed down the heavy tiller wi' all her weight. A shout from the pinnacle told the moon that the witch wur dead. But not only had the witch vanished; the *Lazy Lisa*, too, had gone like a wisp o' cloud. It wur no mistake, for the place wur zo light as day as the Revenue pinnacle within 50 yards swept on, and, saving she by a wonder from the jagged rocks, drew out to sea. She did think she had sunk smuggler with all hands."

But the *Lazy Lisa* was, in fact, at that moment riding at anchor in the quietest cove in England. She had threaded, Mr. Warlock said, the only needle's eye in the rocks. *Là Joye de France* was the only needlewoman in the channel, the only pilot, that could have threaded it. And she was as subtle as the serpent who deceived her ancestress. Her collapse was a ruse that had sent the Revenue men on their way rejoicing. As she dragged the tiller over she measured the passage to an inch. The wench who was one day to be the mother of Mrs. Zippin smacked the solid, cold wet rock as they passed through. The passage was Smugglers' Joy, but so, too, was the Breton girl who defied King George IV. and all his sailormen.

But time was the essence of the business, for if the Revenue men were deceived, that tall lieutenant who commanded the *Barnacle* was not, and the goods, the demijohns of whisky, the rolls of silk and lace, the tubs of brandy, the rolls of tobacco, the excellent cigars, the fine claret, the rich Burgundy, the little watches—yes, and the high-heeled boots—must be got to store before he could act. The crew lost not a moment. The hatches were open and the goods rolling out on to the fine sand before the Revenue boat was well clear of the crawling surf. A strange company of beasts stood on the sands looking like things of another world in the moonlight. Horses from many a farm, the squire's best carriage horses, donkeys, mules, and even dogs. Round the dogs were wrapped splendid rolls of Lyons silk, and off they went up the covered road like the wind. The most costly part of the cargo was tearing

inland without human help. Soon the kegs were swung on the beasts, and more dry goods laid on them with the carefullest of packing, and within an hour the *Lazy Lisa* lay high and dry on the sands as helpless and innocent as any other fishing boat. Up the lane went the strange procession, a sunken lane that led nowhere, that nobody used, that ran into no road, a lane marked on no map, but nevertheless well trodden. The trees arched above it like a Gothic aisle, and steadily uphill it went for three long miles till suddenly it stopped at a wall. William Warlock told the story with animation. He and Sam Miles as little boys had helped to run many a cargo up it. The two old men looked at each other and laughed. It was all so living to them, that wicked boyhood of theirs in the late 'forties. But this was before their time; they only had Mrs. Milton's word for it.

The wall, twenty feet high, that surrounded Great Well Farm, suddenly opened, and the sweating beasts poured in, were unladen, and led to stables, and the piles of goods gathered together in the midst of the great moonlit yard beside the brimming well of water that gave the farm its name. Everything seemed safe, and the red-capped French crew began dancing and singing a song in the very presence of the Breton girl:—

*“ La Joye de France,  
Douce Espérance,  
Elle est si débonnaire.  
Son cœur sans peur  
Ses yeux si bleus  
Elle est la reine de Mer.”*

Mr. Warlock concluded the tale in a few words. “It be not safe to laugh and sing too soon. The Preventive men were at the gate hammering for admission, and with them the Commander of the *Barnacle*, warrant in hand. The business had gone on too long. He wur the only man on the coast who knew the coast; he wur sure that this, like many another cargo, had got through. It wur time to stop it, and so he came ashore and headed the Preventive men. They had ridden like the wind, but wur five minutes too late. A most deep sleep fell on the farm, but at last a stupid old farmer looked out of window and grumpily asked what noise wur. “In the King's name open the gates.” In ten minutes he came to the window again. “The key be lost.” “Find it at once or we'll burn the farm about your ears.” The farmer slowly drew back, and presently the gates wur thrown open by a shivering little French girl who did bob zo deep as the Preventive men did clatter in. There wur nothing to see. The yard wur empty. “Search the barns, stables, house, everywhere.” There wur nothing, though the stables wur filled with sweating beasts. But that be no crime as Commander well knew. “Let me see Varmer Vale,” said he, and the French girl and a little sleepy maid did lead him to the varm kitchen. The varmer had just wakened, but did offer his guest some whisky. “You've beaten me,” said the Commander, as he did drink. “Nothing wrong about *this* varm, zur,” said Varmer Vale. “Horses?” “Ploughing betimes, zur, 'twill be



hard winter." Then the Breton girl did bob and laugh. "It is very wrong of you, sir," she said with a zo sweet tone, "to take my uncle for a smuggler. Will you play me one game of picquet avore you go?" He did not refuse, and she did beat him for the second time that night. And he did know it too.

"But what did become of the goods?" "That be another story," said Mr. Warlock, "but there wur left at the Rectory that night a roll o' silk for the Lieutenant's mother. Mrs. Milton told me." "The Lieutenant should have wooed the girl." "No, no," said Mr. Miles. "'Twur better as it wur. She did woo he, and she did marry he, but she did never tell he the secret of the farm." "Be 'ee sure?" said Fred, but he quailed under the eyes of the two old men.

J. E. G. DE M.

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## REVIEWS.

### AMERICA IN THE LIGHT.\*

Mr. Frederick Palmer, the famous American war correspondent declares on the title-page of this impassioned appeal to the American people that it is "a book by an American for Americans, which he hopes may explain to Britons America's spirit in this war." We are glad that such a book has come from such a pen, for while, on the one hand, Mr. Palmer is loyal and generous to the last degree in his estimate of the Allies, appreciating as he does from first-hand knowledge the heroism, humanity, and chivalry with which they have waged war for more than three years; on the other hand, he is first and foremost an American, and maintains that America in her neutrality, as in her entrance to the war, has steadily represented the great ideals for which Washington, Lincoln, Lee, and Grant in their respective spheres of action all stood. Mr. Palmer is a patriot. He has no sympathy with the type of American who write books to prove that patriotism is an evil. America is fighting for her own land, though the threat to it for the moment is remote. England and France, for which men are fighting desperately to-day, are tiny places compared with Mr. Palmer's Motherland. As an Englishman and a Frenchman spoke to him of their lands as places worth fighting for, he saw in vision

"the New England hills and the factory towns beside the winding streams; the valley of the Hudson, which you may enjoy for the taking of a train; the rich black acres of the Middle West turned under the plough; the cotton fields in bloom; the Mississippi, with the immensity of its eternal flow calling to the imagination as a unifying power to all the States and towns which it passed on its way to the Gulf; the irrigation farms in the midst of the desert; the Rockies in massive grandeur outdoing imagination; and the orange groves and all the world beyond the Rockies looking out toward the Pacific—all was America, where I was at home in the great, widespread American family. I could take up the soil of any part of it in my hand and say that it was mine."

\* *With our Faces in the Light*, by Frederick Palmer. (John Murray, 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Palmer fully realises that in this war his people are fighting for their existence, for that type of free existence which is measured by nearly a century and a-half of self-government. If Germany were victorious in this war that existence would disappear. We believe it to be true that for two years and more Great Britain was fighting the fight that was necessary to save America. On the whole, we do not think that Mr. Palmer resents the attitude here towards America's long neutrality. We fully realised the position, and it was not merely a belief that a rising of many million Germans in the States would follow a declaration of war. Many of us did think this, and they still think that if President Wilson had declared war in 1914 this was a real possibility. But the larger view that was generally held was that America, a vast continent filled with the emigrants of many races, only a proportion of whom were permanent settlers, had to realise as a unity what the war was for before she could come in. We realised how slow this must be in the face of active pro-German propaganda, a propaganda that we were far too proud to counter with the necessary perpetual publicity of our immense efforts. Many Americans complained that we did not fight the pro-Germans with their own weapons. To do so was not possible to us. We gave the American people the Report of Lord Bryce's Commission on German atrocities in Belgium and France in addition to the diplomatic documents which proved how we had fought for peace. When it came to fighting for peace with the weapons of war, we were content to leave the record in the hands of men like Mr. Palmer. We knew well enough that, sooner or later, America must come in; that her face, like the face of her statue of Liberty, like the faces of the men waiting at dawn in Flanders to sweep to the attack, would be flooded with the light of the spirit. Her tradition is the tradition of freedom: France, America, and Great Britain have one goal—the liberty of an ordered Democracy. It was inconceivable that America should be satisfied to stand by while we in the East were fighting for her spiritual life. But we realised that she must bide her time; must come in as a united nation. All through the period of neutrality the unifying process had gone on. The war was acting on the diffuse elements of the States as an electric flash acts on a mere mixture of substances. A chemical combination would come by slow natural processes, and those processes were at work in the States. But the war in two years did what might have taken two centuries. It flashed through the States and bound the various elements together into an indivisible unity. It was at last realised that German success meant the end of ordered democracy; that the General Staff at Berlin was the enemy of mankind. Then America came in.

What the policy of the German General Staff means to the world America has come to realise by the action of the U-boats. Mr. Palmer writes:—

“The submarine operates under the sea; it cannot protect a single German merchant ship on the surface. It has no headquarters. When located it cannot deliver fight even against a destroyer. No ship can report to it for examination. It is a highwayman, a guerilla, and worse. The highwayman comes

out of ambush to hold up lawful traffic for loot or to murder its guard if necessary; while the submarine kills the guard and the passengers, and, unable to use the property, destroys it. Carried to a logical conclusion, submarine warfare would mean that the sea would be without any ships except submarines. The deep would belong to human sharks. On land the same idea would mean a return to the anarchy of predatory individualism, universal assassination and destruction: to houses burned over the heads of their owners in wanton madness—a land where the scorpion and the rattlesnake ruled and the only crop was nettles. It says:—

“You shall not live and prosper. I will kill you and destroy your home. I will have no law except the law of death, unless it be my law. You cannot survive except on my terms, which are not only the surrender of national honour but of all the steps in human progress away from the beast, which Man in labour and sacrifice has crystallised in the relations of nations and individuals.”

“No German, however brave—and the tiger is brave—can have any light in his face as he sends a torpedo into a neutral ship; only the fire of hell in his soul.”

This truth we here had all realised after the German sack of the Belgian and French cities and villages. We knew that we were dealing with the devil in his worst human form. America as a nation knows it now as most of her people knew it from the first. But it was necessary that she should bring all her people to one focus of thought; that each American should realise, as Mr. Palmer says, that he has “a vested interest in the conduct of his country's affairs which he may not shirk.” That is realised from the Atlantic to the Pacific to-day, and Germany, Imperialistic Germany, may well tremble as the inevitable end draws nigh, the end that the Union of the Great Democracies is determined to secure. Mr. Wilson will not deal with Hohenzollern absolutism. If Germany desires to save something from the ruin of things she will keep this in mind.

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## BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY.\*

Two more interesting books than these on British Foreign Policy it would be hard to find. The wide knowledge of the three authors, the judicial standpoint, the desire to find without prejudice the deeper causes of the Great War that Germany has thrust upon the world, make these documents worthy of places in every historical library. No doubt students will be found who will disagree with this or that conclusion arrived at by Professor Egerton, Mr. Gooch, and Canon Masterman. Indeed, the two books in the sections respectively dealing with the nineteenth century stand, at times, widely apart. Canon Masterman holds Canning in very high

\* (1) *A Century of British Foreign Policy*, by G. P. Gooch and the Rev. Canon J. H. B. Masterman. (Council for the Study of International Relations, 1, Central Buildings, Westminster. 2s. 6d. net.)

(2) *British Foreign Policy in Europe to the End of the Nineteenth Century*, by H. E. Egerton, M.A. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

esteem. Professor Egerton holds a much lower view; regards him as showy, exuberant, and self-important: "The little finger of Wellington counted for more in the Councils of Europe than the whole presence of Canning, with his attendant figures of speech." On the other hand, both writers make much the same estimate of Palmerston: "This extraordinary, ordinary man," as Professor Egerton calls him. Again, Canon Masterman declares that neither Bismarck "nor any other European statesman, saw clearly how the annexation of Holstein would, in after years, open a new way from the North Sea to the Baltic, and give to German naval power its strongest place of refuge." But Professor Egerton quotes a Report of the Committee of the House of Representatives in Berlin which recognised in 1860 that "without these Duchies an effectual protection of the coasts of Germany and of the North Sea is impossible." The reporter of another Committee stated: "The Duchies are for Germany and Prussia a strong bulwark under all circumstances against any attack coming from the North. This, as well as their maritime position, is an advantage which Prussia can never relinquish." Here we get the very doctrine of Bismarck—the doctrine of necessity put into action in 1864, 1866, 1870, 1914. Canon Masterman is doubtful "whether British intervention would have done much to help the Danes." Queen Victoria was "the mainstay of the peace party in 1864," but Mr. Egerton points out that in 1866 she desired to interfere by force against Prussian designs on the Duchies. It is only fair to the Great Queen to put this on record at the present time. We note these points of different outlook as instances of the fact that no two historians can possibly take quite the same view of and give the same weight to evidence. But the two books are, in this respect, supplementary, and may well stand side by side, and are of the greatest joint value as important guides. The work of Mr. Gooch has been supplemented in the last few weeks so far as the history of foreign policy in the twentieth century is concerned. The book was published before the astonishing revelations of the plotting of the Kaiser and the Czar in 1904 against France and England were issued from Petrograd. It is probable that these revelations must alter the value of all estimates of the Kaiser made in their absence. Mr. Gooch feels that in 1911-12 "the Kaiser had stood out against the madness of his own war mongers," but it is plain enough now that it was not a reluctance for war that moved the Kaiser, but the sense that the Day had not come. But Mr. Gooch fully realises that Germany was playing for naval power: "Compelled to choose between a great navy and the friendship of the British Empire, the Kaiser, Bülow, and Tirpitz deliberately chose the former." Mr. Gooch's final conclusion is important in the extreme. "We may with some confidence anticipate a verdict that British policy throughout the period covered by this chapter was free from the slightest desire for territorial aggrandisement, and that the dearest wish of the British people was to maintain peace and promote goodwill among the nations of the earth." It is a judicial summary of the efforts of twenty pregnant years.

## OLD LONDON CHURCHES.\*

Mr. Wilberforce Jenkinson has done excellent work in producing this noble volume on the London Churches that existed before the cleansing fire of 1666. There are various works that give us much information on these old churches, but none, we think, treating the subject from the point of view of its literary associations. Mr. Jenkinson has searched the vast field of sixteenth and seventeenth century literature, with the object of bringing together all the allusions to these churches. He tells us in his preface that—

“Material is abundant, and obtainable by any seeker who is fairly lavish of his time—Chronicles, Annals, Memoirs, Journals, Diaries, Autobiographies, and Letters; Essays, Epigrams, and Satires; State Papers, City Records, and Church Registers; Tracts and Broad-sides; sometimes Sermons; and not least, the whole range of Poetry, including the Drama, from Surrey to Dryden and Andrew Marvell: all these are available at the Public Libraries and National Collections.”

Mr. Jenkinson has gone over the field with the care of Ruth, and the result is a book that will become a classic, from which many quotations in many sermons and essays will be given in the centuries to come. Few men can have such a wide knowledge of the Elizabethan and Caroline drama as Mr. Jenkinson. The plays have yielded, indeed, a quota that only specialists could have suspected. The plan of the work shows its almost exhaustive character. The first two sections deal with old St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey (with the associated churches). We then pass to the parish churches and churches and chapels attached to religious houses east of St. Paul's; then to similar churches and chapels north and west of St. Paul's and in the City of Westminster. We next come to the churches on the Southside of the river, and a few churches “in the near outskirts on both sides of the river.” The field is still open for those who are prepared to trace the *vestigia* in literature of the churches in the suburbs. Mr. Jenkinson deals with St. Mary, Spital (outside the Bishopsgate); St. Leonard, Shoreditch; St. Mary Matfellow (Whitechapel); St. Dunstan, Stepney; St. Pancras-in-the-Field; St. Mary, Lambeth; St. Mary Abbot, Kensington; All Saints, Fulham; Putney Church; St. Luke, Chelsea. There are thus ample fields left, from Greenwich and Deptford to Highgate. We hope that Mr. Jenkinson himself will undertake the work.

It is impossible in a brief notice to do more than indicate the author's methods. The accounts of old St. Paul's and of the Abbey are full of fascination. The wonderful height of Paul's spire, the central point of that forest of spires that made Mediæval London such a wonderful vision as it was approached from any side, struck the imagination of many writers. Robert Chester, in *Love's Martyr*, pictures it—

“built so hie

That the huge top-made steeple dares the skie.”

\* *London Churches Before the Great Fire*, by Wilberforce Jenkinson. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 68, Haymarket, S.W., 1881.)

The actual height was rather more or rather less than 500 feet. Wren's measurements yield the conclusion 489 feet, but other earlier estimates go to 534 feet. Everyone, before visiting the Abbey, should read the material gathered here. Mr. Jenkinson has given us a new tradition: we see in his pages how three centuries ago the Abbey was the national memorial of all that was notable in national life. Mr. Jenkinson says that the Elizabethan writers had "little feeling of reverent and enthusiastic admiration for our old ecclesiastical buildings," or "the poetic sense of its romantic beauty" which fills us as we wander and wonder in the Abbey. We are not sure that this is true. Shakespeare and his fellows felt that great architecture was natural, as natural as their verse and prose, and so did not go out of the way to praise it. We praise it because it is beyond our power in artistic technical achievement. To the Elizabethans the Abbey fitly framed deeds so famous as to be worthy of commemoration in immortal work. Had they not fitly framed the coronations and obsequies of kings, we should have heard of it.

It would be fascinating to go in detail into the accounts of the various churches and cross swords, or pens, with Mr. Jenkinson here or there. But space only allows a word or so about two churches. The Church of St. Peter-upon-Cornhill stands on a most mysterious spot. It has always been claimed that it is "the oldest church in London, and the original seat of the Primate of all England." It competes with St. Paul's. Each had a tablet claiming priority. "There are references to the Church in documents as early as the eleventh century, but that leaves a period of nine hundred years from the alleged foundation in the second." We cannot here pursue the question of date, though in fact existence in the eleventh century is very good evidence of existence at least three centuries earlier; but we do wish to raise a point that is left obscure by Maitland in his history of London. What is there known of the adjacent underground church described by Maitland, the church under "the corner house of the Leadenhall and Bishopsgate street"? Is it in any way associated with the claim of St. Peter's to such tremendous antiquity? The other point is as to Bow Church. The relation of this church to London education might have been treated with advantage in this book. The late rector, Mr. Wollaston Hutton, issued a valuable little book tracing the history and significance of this very famous church where the Court of Arches has sat for six centuries.

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## THE STUDENT'S PHILOSOPHER AND FRIEND.\*

The academic year is opening, and perhaps never before have there been so many opportunities in innumerable special courses and classes for the half-time student to attain some, at any rate, of

\* *The Student's Guide*, by John Adams, M.A., B.Sc., LL.D., Professor of Education in the University of London. (The University of London Press, 3s. 6d. net.)

the advantages of higher education either in general humanistic knowledge or in special types of learning. But the difficulty with work of this kind is that so many would-be students who have not had the training of a full school career do not know how to study, how to divide their time, how to apply their abilities, how to make the most out of their lectures, their books, their opportunities of observation. At this moment there steps on the scene a veritable philosopher and guide, Professor Adams, who perhaps knows more about the theory and practice of education than most professors. To many students the psychology of education is a deplorable business: a crazy philosophy built on shifting sands. But that is because it is, as a rule, built up from theory. Professor Adams builds it up from human nature as he has come to know it in and out of the class and lecture room. Sometimes outside a small house there may be observed a little broom, and under it the words "Practical Chimney-sweep." We never see the words "theoretical chimney-sweep," though no doubt there is a theory of chimney-sweeping. Education may not unfairly be compared to chimney-sweeping. Given a clean chimney all goes well. The fire draws, the oven bakes, the spit turns, the water boils, the home is happy, the world goes very well then. Given a clean education all goes well in the same way. But neither a theoretical chimney-sweeper nor a theoretical educationalist can give us the happy souls and happy homes that are the result of getting rid of the physical and mental and moral soot. Professor Adams is a practical educationalist, and he shows the student, with a twinkle of the eye and the slyest of digs in the ribs, how to take himself in hand, how to become sufficiently introspective to regard himself for the purpose of self-development as both subject and object. When a student begins to educate himself he has to be both the stern yet kindly instructor, and the willing yet stupid pupil. That in itself is a great achievement; the real goal that most adults are after all the days of their life. Professor Adams's book shows us how to do it with the minimum of waste of energy and time and the minimum of friction between the teaching self and the to-be-taught self. "You who read this book are by that very fact proved to be at least well on the way to becoming your own educator." Self-realisation should be our goal in life; the realisation of our better selves. That is the goal which Professor Adams has before him, though, like a good practical moral chimney-sweep, he appears chiefly to deal with the machinery of study, of acquiring knowledge, of overcoming by the soundest common-sense the devious devices of demoralising examiners.

"The self-realisation theory . . . implies that education is to be a process in which the possibilities of the self are to be developed. But these possibilities are for evil as well as for good. The purpose of education must be to foster the good potentialities of the self, and to stunt the evil. It may be said that to do this is to cramp the freedom of the individual soul, and it is the perception of this danger that gives to the self-expression view its power over the public mind. But those who favour self-realisation do not propose to impose upon the self from without

something entirely foreign to its nature. All that is proposed is to make of the self the best of which it is capable, by developing and fostering those qualities in it that make for good, while repressing those that make for evil."

Professor Adams rightly points out the dangers of having as a goal merely self-expression. In one sense it is only by *self-suppression* that the noblest self, the image of the highest, can emerge. We must lose our souls to gain them. But self-expression asks for perfect freedom, for no restraints. A nation that does this loses its liberty. In so far as Russia is demanding perfect freedom, freedom from discipline, freedom from basic rules, of ordered life, it is laying itself open to the complete bondage that Germany has imposed upon Belgium. As Professor Adams points out, "All the religious paradoxes, such as 'in Thy service we find perfect freedom,' are based upon a recognition of this need for voluntary subordination of our natural desires." One other warning we have that the solitary student must bear in mind. Introspection is necessary for true self-education, *but it is a dangerous thing*. "Self-examination is necessary to intelligent living, to say nothing of education. But there is the danger of living too much within ourselves." That way madness lies. We tend to become "beside ourselves," as the saying is. We must associate with books, with men, with nature, with art and beautiful things, if we are to secure that well-balanced comprehension of our relationships to God and man which is the goal of all education.

So Professor Adams bids us take ourselves in hand, and having done so on these practical and therefore essentially spiritual lines, we can make a plan of campaign for study. We can massage our memories, set to work to study and think sensibly and rationally, read wisely and well, learn the arts of using works of reference, of listening to learned but dull professors, of writing essays that are jewels of thought, not puddings of words, and also of routing examiners who (dear students all) are greatly in favour of intelligent answers, brief, to the point, well considered and well arranged. Every external student should have this book, and we commend it also to the attention of internal students who often read too little and smoke too much.

J. E. G. DE M.

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### SHORTER REVIEWS.

The publication, after sixteen years, of a second edition of Professor E. H. Parker's important work entitled "China: Her History, Diplomacy, and Commerce, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day" (John Murray, 10s. 6d. net), is a welcome fact. Since the first edition, events in the Far East have not only safeguarded British interests in that region, but have also given, despite an age of revolution, a new homogeneity to China herself. The "Eighteen Provinces," we are told in this new preface, "are not in such a very parlous condition after all, the chief reason for this modicum of happiness being that China is, as it has ever been, a nation of small owners and hardy cultivators, whose ethical teaching has for 2,000 years past inculcated



a spirit of deference and order, a right to self-protection, and a family or clanish detachment from public and political authority." Thus the Foreign Customs revenue for 1916 is the highest ever collected; the Salt Gabelle promises to rival the Customs; the Post Office is a vast paying concern; while the railways are growing with great rapidity, and are opening up for the world new great regions, whence "vast surpluses of produce" can come to the aid of a hungry world at war. British traders are awakening, but *they must as a body* revise their trade methods at once, "especially in the direction of advertising, preparing intelligible price-lists, visiting likely customers on the spot, granting less rigid terms of credit, shaking off compradoric strangulation, treating the native trader more courteously and indulgently, and so on." The young British trader must be taught "practical Chinese, so that important agents, buyers, and exporters may move freely off beaten racks and visit native exporters, importers, producers, and consumers at any likely spot in the interior, making their own transport, *likin*, and credit arrangements." The student of China will turn to the last chapter tracing "the rise of the Chinese Republic." This new edition ought to do much to make the English commercial world and the English Universities realise the importance of China in the coming age when all the produce of the world needs to be made available for the use of all.

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The Archbishop of Canterbury, the President of the Charity, has contributed a Foreword to the volume entitled "The Magdalen Hospital: The Story of a Great Charity" (S.P.C.K., 7s. 6d. net), by the Rev. H. F. B. Compston, M.A., Assistant Professor of Hebrew at King's College, London. The Archbishop declares that this institution "occupies a unique place in English history, although happily there is not anything unique nowadays in the endeavour which the Magdalen Hospital makes in face of a gigantic evil. The story Mr. Compston tells gives abundant evidence of the change for the better in public opinion regarding this crying wrong and its remedy. It shows, too, the growth of a sounder judgment as to the methods of dealing with it. For every reason it is right that this book should have been written, and Mr. Compston has risen worthily to the accomplishment of a not very easy task. I feel some confidence in expressing the hope that his volume will serve as a stimulus to new effort, besides throwing fresh light upon much that has hitherto been obscure. I pray God that this hope may not be in vain." The Magdalen Hospital was founded in 1758, and since that date "over four hundred charities more or less similar to the Magdalen, bear witness to the example." It was founded by a Church of England layman, and there was no cleric on the original Committee, though from the first Archbishop Secker was its friend. This Hospital for unhappy girls led astray and deserted was a step in the great Hospital movement largely looking to the needs of women and children which began at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The Foundling Hospital (1739) and the Queen Charlotte Lying-in Hospital (1752) were in the direct succession. A letter in the "Rambler" of March 26th, 1751, which possibly was from the pen of Samuel Johnson, may have given Robert Dingley (1708-1781), scholar, London merchant, Fellow of the Royal Society, the idea which was incorporated in his pamphlet of March 27th, 1758. This pamphlet, in fact, followed on the formation of a Committee and the taking of a house of refuge. It is strange that the Dictionary of National Biography

does not mention this really great Londoner. The use of the name Magdalen was objected to by an anonymous writer, identified by Mr. Claude Jenkins as the Presbyterian divine, Dr. Nathaniel Lardner; but the suggestion that it reflected on the character of St. Mary Magdalen was met by the assertion that the use of St. Luke's Hospital for lunatics was no reflection on St. Luke. But the name was, in fact, never used by any other hospital of the type founded by Dingley. The story of the connection of Dr. William Dodd, who was hanged at Tyburn on May 27th, 1777, for forging young Lord Chesterfield's name, with this Magdalen Hospital is told with care, sympathy, and discretion. It is a terrible story, but is only a brief interlude in the noble labours of the Magdalen Hospital.

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"Russian Realities and Problems," edited by J. D. Duff (Cambridge University Press, 1917), contains the lectures delivered at the Summer Meeting at Cambridge in 1916 by three Russians, a Pole, and an Englishman who has lived so long in Russia that he has come to be regarded as one of the greatest of authorities on its problems. Though the book consists of not more than 230 pages, it is a mine of information, and deserves to be read from cover to cover. The famous statesman Milyoukov opens the volume with a discourse on Balkan politics, which reveals the important fact that on September 17th, 1915, the diplomatists of the *Entente* presented to the Bulgarian Premier identic notes acknowledging the justice of Bulgaria's pretensions to Macedonia, and guaranteeing its immediate occupation by Italian troops as a preliminary towards handing it over to Bulgaria. "If this proposal had been made half-a-year earlier," adds the lecturer, "I am nearly sure that Bulgaria would have sided with us." A second discourse by the same high authority deals with the four successive Dumas, their mode of election, their achievements, and their parties. Peter Struve, the eminent Professor of Economics at Petrograd, contributes two masterly addresses on Russian economic resources and possibilities, which he naturally declares to be boundless. Roman Dmowski, for some years leader of the Poles in the Duma, writes on "Poland, Old and New"; but the revolution of March, 1917, makes part of his address read strangely out of date. Perhaps the most striking of the lectures is that of Dr. Harold Williams on the Nationalities of Russia, filled with curious learning and startling figures. "If we could think of the British Empire as being all of a piece, with all its great variety of people jostling each other on a great plain, we should realise more clearly the national problems of the Russian Empire." The volume ends with a detailed survey of the development of science and learning by Lappo-Danilevsky, whom we had the pleasure of welcoming to London in the International Historical Congress of 1913.

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Readers of Mr. George Young's previous writings will open his "Portugal, Old and Young" (Clarendon Press, 1917), with lively anticipations of pleasure and profit, and they will not be disappointed. The well-known "History of Portugal," by Professor Morse Stephens, deals fully and impartially with the past; but so much has happened in the years since its publication that a book was needed to describe the latest experiences of the country, and to correlate the Old World with the New. This task Mr. Young is eminently qualified to fulfil, both as an ex-Secretary of the British Legation at Lisbon and as the author of

a volume of translations of Portuguese poetry published a year ago. His latest work opens with a descriptive chapter entitled, "Portugal and the War," dealing with such problems as race and language, literature and art, religion and society. The next four chapters, filling the larger part of the book, trace the history of the country through its period of glory and Empire, the sixty years of subjection to Spain, the recovery under Pombal, and the struggles of the Peninsular War. The fifth chapter deals at length with the causes and results of the revolution which overthrew the Braganza Monarchy, and brings the story down to the landing of Portuguese troops in France in 1917, in fulfilment of treaty obligations reaching back to the far-off days of John of Gaunt. A concluding chapter is devoted to questions of finance, commerce, and colonies. The book is written with remarkable spirit, and its interest and value are enhanced by the translations from Portuguese poetry, old and new. Mr. Young believes in the people, and speaks in high terms of Dr. Machado and Alfonso Costa, the two leading figures of the new Republic. Few works on foreign countries are so readable, so learned, so instructive, and so impartial as this volume on our oldest Ally.

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The Comedy of Decadence is perhaps the most melancholy aspect of the death of a great literary period. The decay of tragedy is dull and respectable, even if absurd; the decay of the lyric is not in itself unpleasant, for it is very often a reverter to elementary types; but the decay of comedy is always the unconsciously gross representation of the evil side of a retrograde and unwholesome civilisation. This is all true of the decay of the great Elizabethan Age in its last manifestations after 1660. It is even more dreadfully true of "The New Greek Comedy," of which we have in the substantial volume before us bearing this title (Heinemann, 15s. net), by Professor Philippe E. Lagrande, a full and scholarly account. Mr. James Loeb has given us a clear translation of this book as reduced in length by Professor Lagrande. The work enables us to see the society of Athens in the end of the fourth century B.C., when the Macedonians, under the successors of Alexander, had destroyed democracy and brought to vivid life in a rich commercial age all that was essentially evil in the Greek civilisation. A genius in the person of Menander was able to give the world an object-lesson in the evils of a decayed and powerless democracy. In another age Menander would have reflected in his mirrors the greatnesses of human life. He had, as it was, plenty of opportunity. "Men were fighting everywhere; political relations were constantly shifting; Colonists racially unconnected were uniting in founding scores of new cities; life was in commotion and confusion, and full of adventure. Here, we should think, an imaginative poet might have found themes in plenty. But these stirring events lay apart, and Attic Comedy in all its periods was local—so local that its conventional scene was Athens." Indeed, political comment and a large view was impossible; nor, apparently, was it asked for. But the comedies, despite their narrowness were clever, and were the sources of a literature lasting down to our own time. Athens demanded a high literary standard, and Menander and his peers gave it to her. Dr. J. W. Williams, of Harvard, in his introduction to the book, claims for the New Greek Comedy a high place as of "universal appeal." But is that so? Athens in its period of decay no doubt showed a great deal

of human nature, and Menander and his school, as well as the Latin school that based itself on the New Greek Comedy, showed curious power in revealing the shady side of life without apparently any desire to alter it. The courtesans, the parasites, the pander, the men about town, the debased slaves, epicures, sycophants, soldiers of the vain-glorious type (not unfamiliar in Greek circles to-day), sorcerers, shady priests, low-toned parents, unhealthy lovers, all these seem rooted elements in society. There is no economic basis to the New Comedy. Great Comedy always contains this element. It aims at the reconstruction of society. Shakespeare in his great and dreadful play, *Troilus and Cressida*, makes the reader see as a dying thing this horrible society in which Menander moved, see it and loathe it. Not so the comedy depicted here. There is no moral purpose in it as written. But there is the indirect moral result of close knowledge. Modern society, unless it secures economic and democratic freedom, is capable of falling as low as, or lower than, Greek society fell. That is the real lesson of this book, and on that ground, if no other, we have to thank Professor Legrand for it.

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"The Man from Snowy River" (Sydney, Angus & Robertson, Ltd.; Macmillan, 4s.), by Major A. B. Paterson. The Australian poet has had an immense vogue in Australia and in the trenches in France and elsewhere. We have often drawn attention to the fact that while spontaneous song has been little heard in England or America in recent years, it has been attaining national vogue in Australia. Of course much excellent and scholarly verse appears here, and there are signs that a new school of poetry is arising, pushing its way through the multitudinous weeds and mud, but spontaneity is singularly lacking. In the work of all the Australian poets from early days to these of Major Paterson and Mr. Dennis, birdlike spontaneity is the salient note. Major Paterson tells us:

"I have gathered these stories afar,  
In the wind and the rain,  
In the land where the cattle camps are,  
On the edge of the plain,  
On the overland routes of the West,  
When the watches were long,  
I have fashioned in earnest and jest,  
These fragments of song."

The poem that follows is full of movement, full, as Russian poetry is full, with the sense of vast spaces—the story of the horses bolting to the mountains with the stock-riders trying to turn them is almost Homeric—and with a note of sadness and hope. But it is the sense of movement and hope, the "defence of the Bush," that is so attractive. These verses make no scholarly pretension, but they are true to the life of wild Australia, and are real poetry. Through it all we hear

"The waving of grasses,  
The song of the river  
That sings as it passes  
For ever and ever,  
The hobble-chains' rattle,  
The calling of birds,  
The lowing of cattle  
Must blend with the words."

It is the undersong, as it were, of the land of the Southern Cross.

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

We are glad to welcome the "Official Year Book of the Commonwealth of Australia" (McCarron, Bird & Co., Melbourne), with the authoritative statistics for the period 1901-1915, and corrected statistics for the period 1788 to 1900. It has been prepared under instructions from the Hon. King O'Mally, M.P., the Minister of State for Home Affairs, by Mr. G. H. Knibbs, C.M.G. The work is an invaluable "source" for future historians, and shows us a very great and wonderful community at work. It sets forth the development of the individual States, the progress of Australia as a whole from the earliest times, and its progress in comparison with other leading countries of the world. Full use is made of maps and diagrams or graphs, and Mr. Knibbs, the Commonwealth statistician, is to be congratulated on this method. For the history of economics this book will prove of real value, especially in the difficult realm of wages. Important work is being done in the sphere of medical inspection of State school children. The question of the aborigines is dealt with, of course, but not very fully. The total number is doubtful, but it lies between 100,000 and 150,000. The Aborigines Board is doing good protective work, and we hope and believe that every effort will be made to preserve this very interesting race. That it can be preserved we have no manner of doubt, and it is of singular importance that these representatives of the earliest Palæolithic race of mankind should be given full opportunities of moral and physical development. We hope that in another Year Book it will not be necessary to call it a "rapidly disappearing race." That was said once of the North-American Indian, but it is no longer true.

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Sad, and sometimes terrible, as their own forests and wild and stormy landscapes, are these stories of Polish life ("More Tales by Polish Authors," translated by Else C. M. Boenecke and Marie Bush. B. H. Blackwell, 5s. net) here so vividly narrated. The villages near the Arctic Sea are inhabited by Poles, who, except for the inevitable German penetration, live peaceably in the broad valley of the Lena. Beyond them are settlements of a race so wild and primitive that they are known as the wolf-people. The tragedy of the clever, educated doctor in his ignorant surroundings, and that of the poor young schoolmistress in her lonely death from starvation, are very graphically told. So also is "The Trial," and the rough-and-ready peasant justice. The account of the wild Chukehee tribe, with their wealth of furs and reindeer, is strange in the twentieth century. The journey towards their encampment near the Arctic coast, in sledges drawn by dogs, was most dramatic, and the climax, when the Pagan chief asks for baptism, to ensure the safety of his only grandson, and the vengeance of the Good Spirit on the murderers of his tribe, is well worked out. The religion is a mixture of Paganism and Christianity, and order is kept by Cossacks. "The Returning Wave" is a story of a different class, and, unfortunately, not unknown in other countries, of wealth gained by hard work and sweating, and the resulting ruin of the moral sense. The translators are to be congratulated on excellent work.

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Mr. R. E. Roper, late Assistant Gymnastic Master at Eton, has given us a useful book at the present time in his "Physical Education in Relation to School Life: A Statement of Present Conditions and

Future Needs" (George Allen & Unwin, 2s. 6d. net). He discusses growth and health in relation to education: "The first and most important conditions of healthy growth are enough food, enough sleep, enough movement." He tells us that in all schools the third condition, Movement, is lacking. The gymnasium, the play-ground, the playing-fields alone can supply it "until such changes in the methods of handling classes take place that mental training may proceed without direct interference with physical needs." He adds: "No hard-and-fast line can be drawn between physical and mental education." School children spend a quarter of the working day in a sitting position, with deplorable results. "No more direct or effective interference with a vital factor could be invented than is produced by a school-desk." Prolonged sitting impairs respiration and chest diameter. "The irreducible minimum for gymnastic lessons is three lessons per week of half-an-hour." Physical education, Mr. Roper insists, is a science. Surely to-day, when we are all educational reformers, who intend to build reform on common sense, it will become an applied science. We hope Mr. Roper's able book will be read by every school-master.

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In "An Enquiry into the Nature of Peace and the Terms of its Perpetuation" (The Macmillan Company, 2 dollars), Mr. Thorstein Veblen condemns patriotism as an incentive to war, but declares that "it is a factor to be counted with, rather than to be exorcised." We are not at all convinced by the condemnation or the argument that leads to it. Nationality makes internationality possible, and it is by the interaction of various nations that the highest progress is made, since in this way the world reaps the individual characteristics of national lives. We do not agree at all that "the patriotic spirit of modern peoples is the abiding source of contention among nations." That is really the German view, and Germany is at war for the destruction of small nations with a view to a world that has to live on German *kultur*, and no other. Mr. Veblen condemns Germany. On his own reasoning he should not do so. He rejects a peace on German terms, however, though he believes apparently that it would be for the material good of the "common man." But as happily that economic creature does not live by bread alone, Mr. Veblen rejects a German peace in which efficiency and barbarism would be combined. Mr. Veblen prefers as the true source of permanent peace "the neutralisation of citizenship," the multiplication, that is, of men without a country at all. It is a mischievous idea, but fortunately one so entirely out of touch with all that is best in modern thought on the subject of nationality and internationality that it will have no effect on the peace settlement.

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We are glad to record the publication of the ninth edition of "A Catholic Dictionary, containing some account of the Doctrine, Discipline, Rites, Ceremonies, Councils, and Religious Orders of the Catholic Church" (Messrs. Kegan Paul, 21s. net), originally published in 1883 by the Rev. W. E. Addis and Mr. Thomas Arnold, and now revised with additions by the Rev. T. B. Scannell, D.D. In its original form, "as a rule, the articles on dogma, ritual, the ancient Church, and the Oriental rites," were by that very learned scholar the late Mr. Addis (who some time since became a clergyman in the Church of England and died in the present year), while Mr. Arnold wrote most of the articles on "Mediæval and Modern History, the Religious Orders, and Canon

Law." A work from the pen of two such scholars gives the public an authoritative presentation of the doctrine and evolution of the Roman Church, and it is essential that a work of this type should be available for general use. It need hardly be said that the scholarship of men like Mr. Addis and Mr. Arnold made the work something more than a mere dictionary. Dr. Scannell, the new editor, has had at his hand for purposes of revision the English and the German Encyclopædias that were issued in 1907-1912, and 1886-1903 respectively, as well as the two volumes of the great French work *Dictionnaire d'Histoire et de Géographie Ecclésiastiques*, already issued from Paris. Dr. Scannell has used the latest research, and though we naturally are not prepared to accept all his or his predecessors' conclusions, we are sure that the work represents the Roman official view. We are rather surprised at the dictum, "the Celtic Rite is markedly Roman, one might almost say aggressively so." History does not confirm this view. We hardly regard the article on the English Church as well balanced: very great stress is laid on the "persecutions" of Romanists during Elizabeth's reign, it being alleged that 189 persons were executed, while less than six lines are given to the Marian persecution, which was a persecution in the most terrible sense of the term. We wish that an article on the history of English Education before the Reformation had been given; it would be useful. The *Ne Temere* decree of August 2nd, 1907, is, of course, defended, but certainly without success; indeed, the article is far from clear. The decree is a dangerous attempt to interfere with the local law of marriage.

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It is interesting to record the publication of Miss May Sinclair's, "A Defence of Idealism" (Macmillan, 12s. net), a book in which, for some 400 pages, the brightest of English deals with the obscurest of subjects. Miss Sinclair, in her spirited introduction, dances round our modern philosophers with the *esprit* of the hockey-field. It is delightful to see Miss Sinclair come back, after all, to "instinctive feeling" as a philosophic base, and announce (quite rightly) that it makes up for whatever is logically faulty in Vitalism, and also condemns the gloomy thoroughness (if it is thoroughness) of Atomistic Logic. Pluralism Miss Sinclair sends to its own place, and stands for Idealism. She realises that, after all, he who would win his own soul must lose it; that "a more perfect forgetting is . . . the condition for a more perfect consciousness." We take it that Miss Sinclair accepts in her "instinctive feeling" the belief, the desire, and the hope for immortality. It is the root fact in the noblest of all creeds; it is the basis of the highest form of applied idealism; it is the begetter of self-sacrifice. Human character decays under the influence of pessimistic doctrines that see only darkness and silence in death. It is the preachers of these doctrines who, talking high theories of morals, do not live them. The true idealist is ready not to talk about, but to die for his ideals and for his country. That is the test.

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We must note the publication of Mr. J. G. Swift MacNeill's pamphlet on "Parliamentary and Foreign Policy" (Council for Study of International Relations, 1, Central Buildings, Westminster, 6d.). The learned writer points out that "the circumstances of the present day have shown that an American Executive subject to Parliamentary control over its foreign policy, can more than hold its own in the most perplexing European complications."

**The Regulations issued by the Government restricting the supply of paper make it necessary slightly to reduce the number of pages in the "Contemporary Review." By closer printing the Editors intend to provide precisely the same amount of matter as in the past.**

**Readers are requested to place their orders with a bookseller or newsagent, as otherwise it is impossible to guarantee a sufficient supply.**

## FOUR MONTHS IN AMERICA.

**T**WO great forces have in the past prevented the integration of America as a nation, first, the economic and social differences which have naturally arisen in States separated by thousands of miles, and then reinforcing the geographical obstacle to national unity, the influx of immigrants from all the countries of the world. These immigrants came, a quarter of a century ago, from the older civilisations of Europe, but of late years this horde of newcomers has been increasingly heterogeneous, with the result that new nationalities and new racial affinities have emphasised the separate factors composing the American nation. Until this war it cannot be said that America as a whole had any unity of attitude or feeling. The war has made the process of nation-building possible, and, accordingly, we shall witness an increase of interest in the aims and objects of the war so clearly set forth in the notes and speeches of Mr. Wilson. During the last four months I have had the opportunity of seeing the actual process of integration, and I have been able to contrast the feeling of the people in the summer of 1917 with their general attitude of 1916.

We have been a little too willing to criticise America for her failure to recognise the position of the Allies, and the average Englishman, who knows nothing whatever of the complexity and intricacy of her problems, has been quick to condemn what he conceived to be the apathy and lack of preparedness of Mr. Wilson's Government. I have visited a large number of towns in which, if the German element did not predominate, it at any rate played a very important part. Some of these Germans have lived for many years in the same town, and thousands have, of course, become American citizens. Of the 12,000,000 people in America who are of German race and descent, in all probability more than 10,000,000 were either born in the States or are naturalised, and have become respected and loyal citizens. This is one reason why the American people have found it so hard to believe that the German nation has been responsible for the looting and the burning, the slaying and the ravishing, which has unfortunately marked the conduct of the war. Above the ruined town of Peronne there is an inscription left by the German soldiers, "Nicht Ärgern, nur wundern." That inscription illustrates the psychology of the German people. Americans find it almost impossible to believe that some of the



same race whom they have known and admired for many years can have so changed in character and become so brutal and ruthless in the execution of war measures. They have finally come to the conclusion that Germany is working for an absolutely different and antagonistic ideal of civilisation, and it is for this reason that the President's appeal to unite in the overthrow of autocracies and to make the world safe for democracy aroused more enthusiasm than even the well-authenticated stories of outrages, whether in France or in Belgium. All Americans are not necessarily scholars or statesmen or historians, and abstract aims do not really appeal to them; but in this case they did conceive themselves to be justified in abandoning a policy which has been pursued for nearly a hundred years, because the issue seemed to them to be clear, and because it was an issue which they understood. Mr. Chamberlain once exhorted us "to think imperially"; America is now beginning to think "internationally." Having declared war against Prussian militarism, we may rest assured that she will steadfastly pursue the path that has been marked out for her until a just and righteous settlement is secured and guarantees have been given which will make possible a new order of civilisation free from the constant menace of war.

Knowing that the most difficult problem for the American people was the attitude of the Germans in their midst, I paid a great deal of attention to this question and consulted the most prominent men in every town—judges, senators, magistrates—and in almost every instance the mayors and officials of these towns, and my object is to attempt to describe the attitude of mind which has only gradually been created by the events of this war. The general feeling is that both for the sake of the world and for the sake of Germany, the lesson must be definitely taught to the German people that her policy and her methods have jeopardised the whole of our civilisation. The right to use military efficiency to promote national aspirations at the expense of one's neighbours can never be admitted. America, in common with the world, is in arms against Germany because she conceives that such a policy makes all peaceful development impossible. The plain and simple fact is that America is determined to continue this war until Germany takes a different view. If the German army can destroy and enslave Belgium and yet escape the consequences, if she can hold the smaller nations in thrall, and terrorise even much greater Powers who are inferior in armaments, then militarism is fastened like a yoke upon the whole world, and all other nations, however peacefully inclined, will be compelled to adopt the German system and live under German conditions. Without doing any injustice to the Teutonic Powers, the history of this war does seem to prove that Germany looked upon it as an investment. She hoped for a short fight and a complete victory, vast indemnities, new possessions, and increased trade. With 1870 still in her mind, she began the war, and now that she sees ruin staring her in the face, she declares it to be a war of defence, with the object of making her own frontier secure. The above represents many statements made to me by well-known Americans. The general opinion now

is that Germany faces a dilemma. She must either renounce the policy which has caused the whole world to take up arms against her and agree to restoration and reparation for Belgium, Serbia, and the North of France, or she must continue to fight with the certainty that the terrible burden of this war will bring its inevitable result in the shape of bankruptcy and the entire destruction of her overseas commerce. I failed to discover any intense bitterness against Germany as a nation except in certain comparatively small circles, but I did discover an absolute determination to compel Germany to face the issue. Peace is possible, was the conclusion, whenever Germany wishes it, but it must be on the understanding that she consents to retrace the steps which have taken her out of the domain of civilisation and international law and atone for the crimes which have plunged the whole world into a sea of misery and bloodshed.

"What do you feel," I said, on one occasion, to a very prominent citizen of a large southern town, "is the main purpose of the American people in this war?" He said, in reply, "I cannot do better than give you a quotation from the speech made yesterday by Mr. Root. It is as follows: 'The instinct of the American democracy which led it to act when it did arose from a long-delayed and reluctant consciousness still vague and half-expressed, that this is no ordinary war which the world is waging. It is the climax of the supreme struggle between autocracy and democracy. If autocracy is defeated and the nations are compelled to recognise the rules of law and of morals, then, and then only, will democracy be safe. To this great conflict for human rights and human liberty America has committed herself.'"

Next in importance to the problem of the German element in the States I should place the question of Ireland. German propaganda has undoubtedly done a good deal to estrange America from England, but my own conviction is that Ireland has played a larger part. Americans of German descent are not bitter against England, for they never had any reason to be. Many of them are bitter against the form of government which drove them forth from their own country, but the Irish element in all parts of the States is not only estranged from Great Britain, but is positively antagonistic and hostile. Almost the first thing that an Englishman notices in a certain section of the American press, is the way in which the part played by England is always decried and every attempt made to undermine her position. "France is bleeding to death while England reaps the harvest and takes the reward. It is a pity that America should have to fight side by side with such a hypocritical ally." That is the general tenour of many newspaper articles. I happened to be in New York last year at the time of the Sinn Fein Rebellion and I was startled by the tremendous wave of feeling which seemed to sweep over large portions of the Eastern States when the news arrived of the execution of the rebel leaders. Since then things have gone almost from bad to worse. No money or effort has been spared in the campaign against England and unless the Convention with Sir Horace Plunkett at its head proves successful in the attempt to find

a settlement for this eternal and ever-recurring problem, I fear that it will still remain a fruitful cause of misunderstanding between the two great democracies and a real obstacle to that firm and lasting alliance from which the League of Nations must spring.

There is one other hindrance, inconceivable it may seem, to the good relations which should exist between the two countries. It is the innate suspicion encouraged by generations of British superciliousness which still remains as a legacy from the War of Independence. America entered this war with no lust for power and no aggressive desires. She has thrown all her enormous manpower and unlimited material resources into this conflict because she considers that only so can she discharge her duty to humanity, but her position of determinant importance makes her chary of accepting any lesser ideal than that for which she has always stood, and she is still a little afraid of the "entangling alliances" against which she was warned by Washington. America finds it difficult to believe that England is as democratic as and in some respects more democratic than she herself, and there is present a fear that she may be associated with a policy of aggrandisement and militarism which will give the lie to all her professions of disinterested motive. That feeling, however, is rapidly disappearing, but we may still do much to hasten its disappearance.

What then may the Allies expect in the shape of help from the United States? It is almost impossible to exaggerate the latent power of America. That power is being quickly developed and, in time, will make her an invincible foe. Her producing capacity is probably double that of any other nation in the world. She supplies three-quarters of its cotton and two-thirds of its copper. The United States leads the world in the production of iron and steel and crude oil. Her financial resources are enormous, not equal perhaps to the combined wealth of Europe, but approaching to that level. She possesses 20,000,000 men of military age, and the knowledge of these facts must exercise a great influence in Germany, apart altogether from the gigantic effort which America is now putting forth. War-making on any large scale is a new idea to her. She has been building up and developing the State, and by specialisation and great enterprise has amassed incalculable wealth. Now she is face to face with a task which will exercise all her powers, for it is not only colossal in itself, but it is of such a nature that no human agency can possibly hope, in a few weeks or months, to make it complete and effective. It is not enough to have 100,000,000 of population when you enter upon a war with Germany. Money, men, ships, equipment, buildings, aeroplanes, railroads, coal mines, factories, farms, all these are integral elements in the problem with which the best minds in America are now grappling. While hoping the war will be short, she is proceeding upon the "long war" theory, and, not content with furnishing money and supplies and helping the Allies to deal with the submarine menace and tackling the question of aviation, she has also decided to train 1,000,000 soldiers in the first year and another million in the second year. The first factor in the success of this gigantic enterprise is the President and his personality.

The whole nation, with but few exceptions, stands behind Mr. Wilson. It is true that he was elected because he had kept the American people out of the war, and it is also true that the majority of those who voted for him thought he would succeed in keeping war at a distance, but now that the fateful decision has been made the nation has fallen into line. For the time being, the President has dropped all matters of political detail, tightened up on all his engagements, and is reserving his energy for war problems and the policy arising out of the war. Congress has bestowed upon the President powers much greater than those possessed by any King. He is now authorised to commandeer ships and shipyards, to take over industrial establishments and to work them, to construct a merchant marine and enormously to increase the navy, to send an army to France, and to regulate the food supply of the entire nation. This could not be done unless he were able to delegate some of his powers to others, and accordingly he has called upon the big business men and the financial experts and has enlisted them without fee or reward in the service of the State. The last six months have witnessed the most amazing development in legislation and administrative work that has ever yet been accomplished by any Government. We in England have done great things, but we had many disadvantages to contend with and it took us a long time to learn by our mistakes. America has profited by those mistakes. She listened to the advice of our experts freely placed at her disposal. She profited also by all that the British Mission under Mr. Balfour and the French Mission under General Joffre and M. Viviani had to say, and she set to work with such energy and boldness that even her own people are yet largely ignorant of what has been accomplished. The Registration of June 5th produced 9,649,938 men between the ages of 21 and 30, and while this Registration was being made the Regular Army and the National Guard were both being effectively reinforced. Mobilisation Day added over 400,000 men to the new armies and about 1,500,000 are already being trained either in England, in France, or in America. Their camps and cantonments in America are some of the most perfect I have ever seen, and when we remember our own rather ineffective struggles to establish these camps we cannot too much admire the perfect system of lighting and sewage and road making which marks these new cantonments containing over 40,000 men apiece. Congress has sanctioned the colossal expenditure of £4,200,000,000 during the last six months, nearly £1,500,000,000 of that being to aid the Allies, and, in addition, she has raised by a first call £20,000,000 for the American Red Cross. Those who organised that campaign devised the idea of apportioning the amount which they expected each State to raise. The States then divided up the responsibility amongst cities, towns, and communities generally. This led to a great deal of spirited competition, and in many cases small towns doubled and trebled the amount expected of them. It is the one thing which has excited general enthusiasm amongst all classes of people, and it is said that if another £20,000,000 were required for this purpose it would be forthcoming in three months.

The general feeling in America is that the British Navy, with the help of the large number of destroyers and submarine chasers which are being built in America for this purpose and for which £70,000,000 has been allocated, will be able to deal with the submarine menace. The issue of the war, it is expected, will be determined largely by the aeroplane. Over £128,000,000 has been voted for the building of aeroplanes, for the construction of aviation camps and flying schools. About 75,000 men are already enlisted in this branch of the service, and tens of thousands of aeroplanes are already under construction. The new "Liberty" engine seems to be a complete success, and since the American method of standardisation is sure to be pursued in the manufacture not only of these engines, but of all types of aeroplanes, there is every probability that by next year this branch of the service may become a determining factor in the war.

The great question which remains to be solved is how to build a sufficient number of merchant vessels to take the place of the large number which have been sunk by mines and torpedoed, and how to supply the necessary transport required by an army which will be 3,000 miles from its base, and which will have to be maintained in a state of efficiency both as regards men, guns, ammunition, and stores. What I have seen is reassuring. Every available shipyard is being enlarged and expanded. New slips are being added. Work is being pursued night and day in the effort to increase the output of vessels. America has set before herself the task of constructing 3,000,000 tons next year, and £227,000,000 has been voted for this purpose. It may be impossible of achievement, but in any case there is little doubt that she will succeed in equalling the output of Great Britain during the next twelve months, and as these ships will all be much faster than the average tramp, there is much less likelihood that they will be at the mercy of the submarine. But this is not all that America is doing in connection with transport. An enquiry has been instituted into the question as to how far the steamships of the great lakes can be utilised either for coastwise work or for the Atlantic service. It may not be found very possible to employ any large number of these ships as transports; but it is quite conceivable that they can be used to take the place of the merchant vessels engaged in coastwise traffic, thus freeing them for the more important task of carrying soldiers, munitions, and food to the theatres of war. Mr. Wilson has able lieutenants in Mr. Lansing and Mr. McAdoo, the Secretary for the Treasury; but we ought not to forget the new recruit, Mr. Herbert Hoover, who, as Food Administrator, commands not only the confidence of the President, but of all American citizens that are cognisant of his work in connection with Belgian relief. Mr. Hoover's task, it need hardly be said, is perhaps as difficult as that entrusted to any man in the whole Government. His business is to encourage the production and regulate the distribution and consumption of all the food for 100,000,000 of people, and he is putting into this work the same energy, the same far-seeing judgment and organising ability that he has displayed for three years in the interests of long-suffering Belgium. It will not be easy to put a check upon the

profiteering and speculation which have always been associated with the production and sale of food, especially wheat and corn, in the United States; but to this task Mr. Hoover has deliberately set himself. So far as corn is concerned, this year's crop in the United States has beaten the record. The impetus given by the President of the Department of Agriculture to the production of food by those who own small plots of land as well as the farmer generally has been an undeniable success. As to the "war garden" work, the general verdict is that nothing of the sort has ever been seen before in America. In many cases even the lawns have been ploughed up and converted into potato patches, while many small farmers admitted to me that they had a third more of their land under intensive cultivation than in 1916. It is estimated that 1,176,000 acres have been under cultivation in the gardens of the towns and cities in excess of any previous season in the history of the country. A campaign amongst the women for food conservation has had a result which was as amazing as unexpected. It is no exaggeration to say that hundreds of thousands of women have been engaged from morning to night in canning and conserving the surplus food grown either by themselves or their neighbours. Many housewives have this season canned enough food to last them for two winters, and since most of this food would have been wasted if it had not been dealt with after this fashion the saving has a double value. I cannot help attributing the largely increased interest in the war in the first place to the Red Cross campaign, and in the second place to the valuable work of the women in connection with the Food Conservation Campaign.

There is one other question with which I should like to deal in conclusion, and that is the attitude of the American people with regard to the settlement of this war. There is little doubt that the most far-seeing men and women amongst them desire an alliance with England, an alliance, let it be clearly stated, against war, aggression, and militarism in whatever quarter they may be found. It is thought that such an alliance would ensure the success of a League of Nations, and that unless the English-speaking peoples can "get together" there is very little probability that nations that speak a different language, with the exception perhaps of France, will be able to find a sufficient community of interest to make a permanent alliance feasible. Yet if there is one thing more than another that America wants it is a certainty that this war, for which they are prepared to make such great sacrifices, will prevent the recurrence of another similar war. Great interest was displayed in the speeches of Count Czernin, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, who seems to be groping for a basis of peace. A speech made by him at Vienna on July 28th was widely quoted "The democratisation of constitutions," he said, "is the great demand of the times." But he added in that same speech, "All States must unite in efforts to procure guarantees which will make impossible in the future such a fearful disaster as the present world war." America does not aim at interference with the domestic affairs of other States; but she holds the view that Prussian militarism and the Prussian form of government is not a domestic affair—that it

has led to the violation of Belgium, to the submarine outrages, and the inciting of Mexico and Japan to attack the United States, not to speak of the constant and unceasing German propaganda in antagonism to the interests of the American Government. These things are matters of international concern, and it is for that reason that President Wilson, through the mouth of Mr. Lansing, in his reply to the Pope felt himself "unable to take the word of the present rulers of Germany as a guarantee of anything that is to endure unless emphatically supported by such conclusive evidence of the will and purpose of the German people themselves as the other peoples of the world would be justified in accepting." Mr. Lansing himself, in a speech made on July 29th, put this rhetorical question: "When will the German people awaken to the truth? When will they arise in their might and cast off the yoke and become their own masters?" The same question was in effect asked by Mr. Maximilian Harden in his last article before the German Government placed upon his lips the seal of silence. "Only a miracle can bestow an early peace upon us. Either our enemies must be smashed or Germany's aspirations must find unity with those of a majority of the world. And only the second miracle can be accomplished by human strength. The goal of our enemies is democracy and independence for every race ripe for freedom. If Germany sees blazing over the goal the great celestial sign of the times, then peace is reachable to-morrow."

A clear separation is made in the minds of the American people between the German Government and the German nation itself. They do not desire that the nation itself shall be crushed and ruined, and they believe it would be a mistake to limit or hinder her economic expansion provided that it is the result of legitimate methods. Meanwhile, if the process of democratisation which is going on throughout the world is really extended to Germany and does take shape in the limitation of the power of the Prussian autocracy, then the war is no longer a purely military matter. It has become a question of the internal politics of Germany, and for that reason America conceives herself to be justified in fighting until the great principles of democracy and nationality have become recognised facts. In the words of the American Ambassador at Plymouth, "This Empire and the great Republic beyond the seas must then be the main guardians of civilisation in the future—the conscious and leagued guardians of the world."

PERCY ALDEN.

## THE REQUISITE SECOND CHAMBER.

**S**INGLE Chamber Government in this country, whatever one's personal opinion concerning it, is not within the realm of practical politics; the great mass of people who have considered the matter undoubtedly desire a Second Chamber. Equally beyond doubt is it that they are thoroughly dissatisfied with the present Chamber. Even strong Conservatives see that it is quite impossible to defend, in this age, a legislative body which is neither directly nor indirectly chosen by the people, which is permanently attached to one of the great parties in the State, with very little representation of any other shade of opinion, and which contains a majority of members who rarely put in an appearance except when some class interest or burning party question calls them. No doubt the old name and the old traditions of the House of Lords appeal to almost all of us; we are sad to think of losing such a picturesque link with the days of our ancestors; and if it be possible to retain the old names and the old forms, while adapting the substance to the great practical needs of the time, even Radicals will be glad. But few, indeed, desire to keep the House of Lords in its present unreformed, undemocratic, reactionary form.

The best proof of general agreement is found in the fact that at the present moment a Conference, drawn from all parties, and appointed by the Prime Minister of a Government representing all shades of opinion, is sitting to enquire what is the requisite Second Chamber: What functions should it perform and what should be its constitution to enable it to perform them aright. The Conference is meeting under the distinguished presidency of Lord Bryce, and what is happening behind its closed doors is, of course, a secret; but there is no reason meanwhile why ordinary people should not ventilate their views. Especially should anyone do so who has a view to put forward which has been very little considered hitherto, for if he should wait until the Conference has reported he may be a day after the fair. I desire therefore to put forward reasons why the Second Chamber should be neither nominated by the Crown, nor chosen by popular election, nor selected by the Peers from their own number, but should be elected by the House of Commons.

More in detail my suggestions are:—

(1) That the House of Commons should choose the members of the Second Chamber. (Let us call them senators, merely for brevity.)

(2) That it should choose them, not all at once, but, say, one tenth each year; each senator to serve for ten years.

(3) That it should choose them in such a way that every important section of the House of Commons, according to its numbers, could elect one representative or more.

(4) That in one year the new senators should be chosen from the members of the House of Commons themselves, and in the alternate years from outside.

Let me give my reasons. For what purpose is a Second



Chamber required? Not to thwart the will of the country and rival the authority of the House of Commons; not to protect property and privilege and to impede democracy. We can trust the justice, honesty, and common sense of the great majority of our own countrymen to do what is right and prudent. We only need make sure that all proposed legislation is fully considered; that it really does embody the views of the country. The House of Commons represents the opinion of the nation at the time of its election—the impulse and driving power of the dominant idea of the moment; the function of the Second Chamber is complementary; it is to make sure that all the facts have been taken into account, that prudence has not been forgotten, nor the views of those in a minority—perhaps only a temporary minority—too much disregarded. For this purpose it must have the right to ask for delay and reconsideration. There is no reason to think that Democracy would grudge such a right, and such functions, to an assembly which it trusted. But even when exercised by a body of trusted men chosen for the purpose, such power must not be carried too far, or be unyielding. The Second Chamber in a democracy should be like a wise father, guiding and controlling his grown children by reason and by influence, but never pressing influence to the breaking point.

The great defect of the House of Commons, as a representation of the nation, is that it only represents the national opinion and desire as it was at a given moment, the moment of its election. Often it represents them very imperfectly even at that moment—with exaggeration or distortion. By improving our electoral methods, we might secure that a newly-elected House of Commons should be a practically exact representation of the nation at the moment of election; but we could not remove the fact that the mind of the country varies from year to year, and usually, at each general election, goes back more or less upon what it decided at the previous election. This is what we call the swing of the pendulum. It is not that the mass of the electors suddenly change from one set of principles to another, and shift from one party to another. The wobblers are a small percentage; but under the present system of single-member constituencies—many of them held by small majorities—the shifting of the wobblers transfers a wholly disproportionate number of seats from one side to another. Thus in 1900 the general election gave us a strongly Conservative and Imperialistic Parliament; in 1906 the next general election gave us the very reverse—the most Radical Parliament we ever had. Neither of them represented the real, well-considered and enduring determination of the country: each represented only a momentary phase, and was indeed a great exaggeration of that phase. If we had proportional representation we should get rid of the exaggeration, but the wobblers would still remain: we should still have the swing of the pendulum, though not so violent a swing.

This phenomenon of the wave of opinion and of impulse exists in the single individual, as it does in the community. Therefore every sensible man sets up within himself a body of enduring, though not of unchanging, principles and determinations, to test

and moderate his varying thoughts and desires. Should not a nation act upon the same principle, so as not to depend wholly upon the, perhaps, transient impulses manifested in one General Election? Should it not provide some representative of the more enduring, but of course not unchanging, mind of the country, to review and test and it may be to moderate those impulses? That I suppose is the logic of the written Constitutions which most nations have. We however have none, and our unwritten Constitution leaves the widest powers to Parliament. Our only guarantee for moderation lies in the common sense of our people, but unfortunately our system of elections often gives a distorted and exaggerated picture of the popular mind. Surely, therefore, the chief function of our Second Chamber should be to embody that common sense; to represent, as nearly as we can find it, the mean between the swings of the pendulum—what, for want of a better term, we may call the permanent mind of the country.

To do this, our Second Chamber must necessarily be a rather small body, for it must maintain a judicial atmosphere, and that is increasingly difficult as the size of the body increases. On the other hand, it must be sufficiently large to allow all the chief parties and interests of the United Kingdom, if not of the Empire, to be represented. It seems to be generally agreed that a House of about 160 persons—about one-fourth the size of the House of Commons—would answer these purposes best.

How then are we to get our requisite Second Chamber of about 160 members, with its judicial atmosphere, its freedom from momentary waves of popular feeling, and its power derived rather from the trust of the people than from its own prerogative?

Time was, perhaps, when if the whole body of the peers had put forward a scheme under which they should select from themselves those best qualified to perform their functions impartially, that solution would have been looked upon as a happy one, certainly as a great step forward. But that time is passed, and the democracy of to-day would certainly not accept a Second Chamber chosen, even in part, by the peers.

Nor would nomination by the Crown, *i.e.*, by the Cabinet, be much better. Such a system is undemocratic, and would give far too much power to the executive; moreover, it is to be feared that the persons nominated would, for the most part, be party men whom it was desired to reward for party services, or perhaps to shelve. Finally, in the event of one party remaining in power for some years the Second Chamber would come to consist mainly of men of that party, and its suitability as a check would be gone.

The democrat quickly rejects these two plans, and turns to some form of direct popular election; but I think he will soon find that there is no form of direct popular election which would yield the required results. In the first place, we have seen that the requisite Second Chamber should consist of about 160 members. It follows that to constitute it by direct popular election we must have constituencies about four times as large as one of our present Parliamentary constituencies. Every such constituency would be called upon to elect one representative in the Second Chamber. There

would be a keen and perhaps a bitter fight everywhere, often a three-cornered fight. The candidates would be strong partisans, and the resulting body, instead of having a judicial atmosphere, would have the very reverse. This alone is fatal to the plan; but, in addition, the local majority would win the seat in each constituency, and there would be a good chance (the constituencies being few and large) that the party in whose favour the pendulum was swinging, would win almost everywhere. If to meet these difficulties Proportional Representation were introduced, each constituency must become at least as large as twelve or twenty of our present constituencies. It seems to me that under no system of direct popular election would you get the right kind of candidates, men of calm judicial temperament and of long experience. These are the men of Second Chamber mind (and, may I add, often of Second Chamber body also) well qualified to serve the State, but not to fight great contested elections.

Finally, a Second Chamber elected by direct popular vote must almost necessarily rival the House of Commons and claim equal authority. Why should it not, being derived equally from the sovereign people? In saying that, I am assuming that the electorate for the one Chamber would be the same as for the other; but of course that might not be so. The Second Chamber might be elected by a restricted electorate: only those possessing a certain property qualification might be allowed to vote for it, or only those reaching a certain standard in education. Again, without disfranchising other citizens, extra votes might be given to the above classes, and to married citizens, and to voters of a certain age. These, however, are contrivances to produce a Conservative, not an impartial, body: they are anti-democratic, and no Second Chamber based upon them would command the respect and the acquiescence of the mass of our people. It may seem strange to say that of an educational franchise, but we must remember that higher education has been, and in the main remains, a privilege of the well-to-do.

There is a further difficulty about an elected Second Chamber. *When is it to be elected?* If at the same time as the House of Commons, the two Chambers will presumably represent the same wave of opinion. If, at a different time, they may represent opposite swings of the pendulum, and in that case, which of them is to be considered the authentic voice of the country? By such an arrangement, conflict between the two chambers would be deliberately invited.

All this brings me back to the basal proposition that the House of Commons is the one true embodiment of the popular will and energy, as they are at the time when it is elected, and that there is no place in our constitution for another embodiment thereof. If the present methods of electing the House of Commons do not give us a perfect embodiment, there is every need to improve those methods. Meanwhile, and even after such improvement, there will be a place for an assembly (deriving its authority from the House of Commons) which will give us the average of more than one such embodiment, and will give us also the services of men of great

experience and judicial mind, charged to supervise legislation, to urge moderation if the House of Commons seems to go beyond the real will of the country; charged, if necessary, to secure delay.

If, however, the House of Commons in choosing the members of such a Second Chamber were to choose them all at the same time, and by a mere majority vote for one list as against another, or for and against each candidate in order, it might merely result in a Second Chamber wholly representing the party which happened to be the largest in the House of Commons at the moment. Clearly some system of election must be used which will enable every important group, or party, in the House of Commons to elect its representative, or representatives, to the Second Chamber in proportion to its numbers. Even if this were provided we might get in the Second Chamber merely a reproduction of the House of Commons electing it—merely a representation of one swing of the pendulum—if the whole of the members of the Second Chamber were elected at the same time. If, however, a tenth part of the Second Chamber were elected each year, to remain in office for ten years, we should get a representation of something like the average, or permanent, mind of the country—derived from two or three Houses of Commons, two or three swings of the pendulum: derived moreover from each of those Houses not merely as it was when first elected, but as it was, from year to year, modified by the course of events, by by-elections and by internal changes.

If the Second Chamber consisted, as above suggested, of 160 members, then sixteen would necessarily retire each year; but there would also be a few vacancies each year caused by death or resignation. These should be filled at the same time as the regular vacancies. There would thus be about twenty vacancies to fill each year, and all would be filled together at a fixed time, say at the opening of the first Session of the year. With twenty vacancies and an electorate of 670 members, any group of thirty-two members would be equitably entitled to elect one representative, and that result might be attained by allowing the members of the House of Commons to form themselves into groups for the purpose of the election, each group choosing one or more senators according to its numbers; but it might be much better attained by the use of the Single Transferable Vote.

Finally, if no direction were given to the House of Commons as to whom it should choose, there might be a fear that it would give too much preference to members of its own body. I suggest therefore that every second year it should choose the new senators from its own members, and in the alternate years from outside, from the most distinguished public servants of all kinds whether civil or military, from great lawyers and scholars, soldiers, business men and ecclesiastics, administrators of our Dependencies and statesmen of the Dominions. In these alternate years the choice of new senators, it may be hoped, would be made without too much consideration of their party attachments.

The question remains, what power to secure delay should be given to a Second Chamber; should it have the right to reject legislation passed by the House of Commons, or to hold it up for a given time? I suggest in the first place that the problem would

rarely, if ever, arise with a Second Chamber constituted as here suggested. It would act rather by influence and the personal weight attaching to its members, than by any right of veto. Still an irreconcilable difference between the two Chambers might arise, and therefore a solution must be provided. The experience of holding up a measure from Session to Session under the Parliament Act has not been a happy one, and I should not like to see that method adopted. The choice remains between deciding the matter, first, by a joint vote of the two Chambers, second, by a specified majority of the Commons (say two-thirds or three-fifths), or third, by an appeal to the people. My judgment is for the last, since the people are the real source of power. Would it not be best to give the House of Commons the right to refer to a direct vote of the people any measure rejected by the Second Chamber. The Second Chamber would thus have power in an extreme case to say to the House of Commons, you must either lose the measure or refer it to the electors. To give such a power to a Second Chamber, constituted as here suggested, would be an entirely different thing from giving it to our present House of Lords, and I cannot imagine that the power would be abused. Is it not practically certain that the will of the Commons would be allowed to prevail after due consideration, except in some great national crisis which justified a direct appeal to the people? It would be impossible to specify those critical matters beforehand, but the common sense of the two Houses would know when one of them had arisen.

The Japanese speak of a House of Elder Statesmen; the name is suggestive, and reminds us that Senate also means the gathering of the Old men. I am all on the side of youth; theirs is the life, and the courage; theirs are the ideas that will mould the future. But youth, if it has been wisely trained, desires to hear the advice of age and experience, and to give it due weight. The nation needs such advice and guidance, though in the last resort age and experience may have to give way to youth and faith. I submit that in such a Second Chamber as I have sketched we should get the experience and the guidance we need; we should get men of the requisite type to constitute the requisite Second Chamber, with the right atmosphere and the right powers. It could not, indeed, claim a direct mandate from the country, but it could claim the authority springing from experience, from an exalted position based on public work, and from the choice of the House of Commons. It could even claim to be a democratic Second Chamber representing the mind of the country, not so directly as the House of Commons, but more permanently. That permanent mind of the country is not a thing of which the friends of progress need stand in fear; it is, indeed, not so daring as some of us would desire, but, on the other hand, it is not reactionary nor insensible to the need for more democratic freedom and social reform. With it installed in our Second Chamber, we should have an assurance, on the one hand, that neither rashness nor reaction would pass unchallenged, and, on the other hand, that progress would be allowed to go forward, when embodied in any new measure for which the country had clearly asked.

ANEURIN WILLIAMS.

## PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

**I**T is not necessary, at this stage of the electoral controversy, to marshal anew all the arguments in favour of Proportional Representation. This electoral basis has won the adherence of a large number of the more representative public men, especially of statesmen who have had administrative experience in the Dominions, or who care little for the mechanism of party organisation. The late Earl Grey was a typical illustration. He was at all times a staunch supporter of proportional representation. His favourable attitude was undoubtedly strengthened by his practical experience of Imperial problems. Shortly before his death, he wrote a letter expressing his conviction of the supreme necessity of introducing proportional representation into the Franchise Bill, and his hope that, should this principle not be accepted by the House of Commons, the House of Lords would not hesitate to use their constitutional power, and insist upon the maintenance of the unanimous recommendation of the Speaker's Conference on Electoral Reform. He was himself a member of the Conference until compelled to withdraw by failing health.

If proportional representation, as unanimously recommended by the Speaker's Conference, is not inserted in the Franchise Bill in its later stages in the House of Commons, it will receive full consideration when the Bill comes before the Second Chamber. No one can predict what the result will be; but any action which the Second Chamber may take in this matter, is amply justified by the circumstances under which the recommendations of the Conference were made.\*

The first suggestion that the Speaker's Conference should be held came from Mr. Asquith, then Prime Minister, in August, 1916, on the occasion of the withdrawal of the Special Register Bill. The Prime Minister expressed his desire that "with regard to the Parliament which was going to undertake the work of reconstruction after the war" an electoral basis should be provided "which would make the new Parliament reflective and representative of the general opinion of the country." This statement is in complete accord with Mr. Asquith's previous declarations on electoral reform. "There should be no strain of opinions honestly entertained by any substantial body of the King's subjects which should not find there (the House of Commons) representation and speech." "We shall go forward with the task of making the House of Commons . . . the mirror of the national mind." In these, and many similar phrases, Mr. Asquith has set forth the objects which the advocates of proportional representation have in view. When the Committee Stage of the Franchise Bill was reached, Mr. Asquith spoke on its behalf and paired in its support.

A few days after the Conference had been suggested in the Commons, the Leader of the House of Lords, the Marquis of Crewe,

\* A Committee to support proportional representation has been formed in the House of Lords. It consists of: The Marquis of Lansdowne, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Marquis of Londonderry, Earl Grey, Earl Mayo, Earl Beauchamp, Earl Selborne, Viscount Bryce, Viscount Chaplin, and Lords Balfour of Burleigh, Avebury, Burnham, Courtney, MacDonnell, Sydenham, Northbourne, Muir Mackenzie, Onslow, and Stuart of Wortley.

stated in answer to a question, "I have no doubt whatever that this important subject of proportional representation must necessarily fall within the purview of such a conference." It was thus made clear from the start that proportional representation would come before the Speaker's Conference, which included members of both Houses, as an essential matter for consideration in formulating an electoral basis for the new Parliament. It was on this understanding that the Conference was formed, and that its deliberations proceeded. In the result, the members of the Conference, having considered all the questions referred to them, unanimously decided that "this Conference accepts as governing any scheme of redistribution the principle that *each vote recorded shall, as far as possible, command an equal share of representation in the House of Commons,*" and recommended the adoption of proportional representation in certain specified areas. The Report of the Conference when issued was almost universally approved. There was satisfaction that an agreed report had been arrived at, and the interdependence of the various portions of the Report was fully recognised. At the most representative gathering held to consider the agreed recommendations, the special Conference of Labour organisations, a resolution approving the recommendations (as a minimum contribution to electoral reform) was carried unanimously. The general outstanding desire is to give an adequate electoral basis to represent all the varying elements of national life and thought under a widely extended democratic franchise, free from the limitations which had become apparent, with a growing urgency, since the general constitution of single-member constituencies under the Reform Act of 1885.

The Franchise Bill, as introduced, embodied all the recommendations of the Speaker's Conference. An intimation was, however, made that proportional representation would be left to a free vote of the House of Commons. A substantially similar declaration of freedom of action for members of the House of Lords was made on behalf of the Government, and, indeed, both in the constitution of the Conference, and on all occasions on which the question was raised, the independent power and duty of the Second Chamber have been amply recognised. Although supported by Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, and many other distinguished Parliamentarians, the proportional representation recommendations of the Conference, save in respect of the Universities, were rejected by a majority of 32. The division list shows that it secured the votes of a majority of the Liberal, Labour, and Nationalist parties, but was defeated by the Unionists. As many as 149 Unionists, including *pairs*, voted against proportional representation, whereas only 48 voted for it. *This large adverse majority of 101 is all the more remarkable, since the maintenance in the future of any adequate representation of the great industry of agriculture will demand a more extensive application of proportional representation than that recommended by the Conference.* The report issued by the Boundary Commission shows a considerable addition to the representation of the large towns. The number of County divisions is apparently unaltered, but no one could have followed the proceedings at the local redistribution inquiries without perceiving the

a predominantly agricultural character. In only a few of the county divisions has agriculture any guarantee of representation. The Scottish Farmers' Union has already declared in favour of proportional representation, whilst several of the English Farmers' Associations are realising that proportional representation provides the only sure method of securing a hearing in Parliament, for an industry which is not concentrated in special districts, but evenly scattered over the country, and liable to be in a permanent minority, in any particular constituency, to mining, manufacturing, or other interests. Apart, however, from the agricultural problem, it would seem to be highly probable, in view of the small majorities both on proportional representation and on the alternative vote, that the various matters involved in determining the electoral basis will have to be reconsidered by the House of Commons. Unless proportional representation is reinserted in the Report stage, the Franchise Bill will leave the House of Commons without any adjustment of the representative principle to meet the requirements of a widely extended democratic franchise, and instead of the House of Commons becoming a reflex of the national life and aspirations, it will run great danger of still further losing its independence, and becoming still more subservient to the demands of party management and organisation.

The Representation of the People Act of 1885, whilst leaving many anomalies, constituted a great step forward, as compared with previous Acts, in equalising franchise conditions. Our towns and counties were, with few exceptions, divided into single member areas. The new Bill carries still further the principle of uniformity both in its franchise and redistribution proposals. The results, however, of elections since 1885 show conclusively that the system then introduced fails to ensure any representation to large bodies of voters, and in some cases amounts to their permanent disfranchisement. With the removal of such inequalities as still survived the Act of 1885, this partial disfranchisement will be accentuated, and we shall have a democratic Parliament based, not on the inclusion and co-operation of all the elements which constitute a true democracy, but on the dangerous foundations of exclusion and separatism. One illustration will justify this contention. In the General Election of January, 1910, the Scottish Unionists numbered 265,770. It was a matter of chance whether this large body of citizens obtained any representation at all. Apart from the two Universities, they returned only nine members. One of the nine was returned on a minority vote in a three-cornered fight; the other eight with majorities which ranged from 41 to 874, and amounted in the aggregate to 3,856. If in these constituencies some 1,600 Unionist voters had changed sides, the Unionist electors, though numbering more than a quarter of a million, might, apart from the Universities, have been unrepresented. The smallness of the majorities illustrates the uncertainty attaching to the present electoral system, but apart from this, the amount of representation actually obtained proves that the single member system is incompatible with the unanimous decision of the Conference that "each vote recorded shall, as far as possible, command an equal share of representation." The Unionists secured eleven seats in all, or one seat on an average for every 24,160 votes. Their political opponents,



numbering 394,103, secured 61 seats, or one seat for every 6,460 votes. Instead of each vote recorded having an equal value, the value of an Unionist vote was only one-fourth of that of a Liberal.

What will be the position under the new Bill? Mr. Balfour, in directing attention in the House of Commons in 1912 to the "derivative representation" of Scottish Unionists, said that "when you have got redistribution, the anomaly to which I am calling attention will remain absolutely unchecked, if indeed it be not augmented." Mr. Balfour is undoubtedly right. Under redistribution some of the Unionist seats disappear, whilst the provision of the Franchise Bill to diminish plural voting will endanger others. It is not necessary to indulge in prophecy. The fact that under the system of single-member constituencies there is a large measure of practical disfranchisement, cannot be questioned; but it is argued that, taking the country as a whole, the system gives a certain measure of rough justice. It is urged that the non-representation of Scottish Unionists is counterbalanced by the non-representation of Liberals in the South of England, and that the minority in Birmingham must be prepared to be deprived of its legitimate voting power, since a minority on the other side suffers in Wales or Leeds. The late Prime Minister effectively disposed of this contention. "I do not believe," he said, "in what is called virtual representation—by which an electoral minority which has no member of its own is supposed to be represented by a member of the same political faith elected from a totally different part of the country. That is not representation at all." A similar statement was made by Mr. Garfield, the President of the United States, speaking of the inequalities of a representative system based solely on majorities in particular districts. "In my judgment it is the weak point in the theory of representative government, as now organised and administered, that a large portion of the people are permanently disfranchised. There are about 30,000 democratic voters in my district, and they have been voting for the last forty years without any more hope of gaining a representative on this floor than of having one in the Commons of Great Britain."

After the war, Parliament will for many years be dealing with problems of economic and industrial reorganisation. It is for these tasks that we need a Parliament elected on such a basis as to ensure, so far as possible, the full expression of the representative principle. The possibility of the failure of the system of single-member constituencies has been clearly established, and we find in Australia that the industrial and mining districts are represented exclusively by one class to the rigid exclusion of other interests. The Conference, in recommending proportional representation, doubtless had in mind the special need of safeguarding the representative principle during the critical period of reconstruction.

The Boundary Commissioners have completed their task. It may be asked, What would be the effect on their work of the restoration of proportional representation as recommended by the Speaker's Conference? It is easily possible to exaggerate an apprehended difficulty. The advocates of proportional representation have always urged that Parliamentary constituencies should be based on local administrative areas. This principle was accepted

by the Speaker's Conference, and, subject to some exceptions, has been followed in the Report of the Boundary Commissioners. For instance, all the divisions of Wandsworth are within that Borough. The restoration of proportional representation in such case would simply mean the grouping together of divisions. It may be that in some areas it will be necessary to join together in one electoral district neighbouring administrative areas, but this is simply the same task as has been carried out by the Boundary Commissioners in framing some of the single-member constituencies.

"The world," says President Wilson, "is to be made safe for democracy." This saying leaves open the question whether within the boundaries of the democracy the spirit shall be that of tolerant co-operation, or of exclusive monopolies. In the struggles of the new democracy in Russia, sometimes one principle, sometimes the other has been in the ascendant, and we watch with sympathetic interest the effort towards stability. In our own ordered community, in which the representative principle has been established for centuries, there should be no doubt in the spirit of our democratic aspirations. To adopt proportional representation is to encourage the principle of tolerant co-operation, and to ensure, as far as possible, due participation of all national interests in the national Parliament. The principle is making steady progress and finding a large measure of acceptance. The recent election in Sweden furnishes a happy example of its practical application. The election was carried out on the basis of the proportional representation adopted in 1909. It was known from the beginning that no national element of real importance could be excluded from Parliament, but this fact did not diminish the vigour or the interest taken in the elections. M. Branting, the Socialist leader, and M. Lindman, a prominent Conservative, were returned for the same constituency. This incident throws a flood of light upon the possibilities of representation in this country. Both M. Branting and M. Lindman have put in writing their views on proportional representation. M. Branting says: "I am an avowed advocate of proportional representation. . . . Of the opponents of proportional representation at the time it was first proposed there are scarcely any that have remained so, nearly all of them having become convinced both of the fairness and of the practical advantages of the new method." M. Lindman says: "The anxiety of many as to the great inconvenience that proportional representation would bring in its train has not proved to be justified. . . . All the parties appear on the whole to like the new method. . . . Direct personal attacks upon individuals occur less frequently. . . . Since its adoption, I am further confirmed in my belief that it is a just and equitable method of election." I commend the views of these experienced statesmen, based on experience of the working of proportional representation to the attention of British statesmen. It is vitally important to the future of British democracies that the Imperial Parliament should embody in the Franchise Bill the only principle which offers a fair system of democratic representation or can ensure an elected body to represent and reflect all the many elements which in their aggregate constitute the national life.

PARMOOR.

## RICARDO.

**I**N the centenary year of the issue of the treatise *On the Principles of Political Economy and Taxation*, it may be worth while to estimate its significance for economic science. No one now uses it as a text-book of results, or even of "Principles," any more than physicists so use Newton's *Principia*. It has never even been critically edited, save long ago in Germany. Had McCulloch edited it as he did the *Wealth of Nations*, he would have had to acknowledge some categorical contradictions; and he would have found few pages that did not call for some rectification or elucidation of statement. Yet, despite an abundance of disparagement throughout the century, some of it coming from experts of high standing, it is probable that the majority of British economists to-day would pronounce David Ricardo the greatest of their tribe. Greatest, that is, in power of scientific stimulation and in originality of scientific method, not in safe impeccability. And yet, curiously little of Ricardo's results have been abandoned. Those who might insist on keeping the first place for Adam Smith, on the score of his historical method, his wide range, and his large influence on political thought, would find it impossible to ground the preference on pure scientific achievement.

Typical anti-Ricardian criticism may be said to have begun with the issue of Ricardo's chief work. It at first came chiefly from France, J. B. Say demurring to his way of "reasoning sometimes on abstract principles to which he gives too much generality"; and Sismondi protesting against the preoccupation with wealth in general, in disregard (as he considered) of the welfare of the masses. Say, however (to whom Ricardo gave high praise in his preface), relied abundantly on "abstract principles"; and where he and Ricardo differed it is he who has been set aside; while Sismondi's work has passed into perhaps undue neglect.

Later, the Rev. Richard Jones, Professor of Political Economy, first at King's College, London, and afterwards at Haileybury, began the attack on Ricardo for having contemplated only one kind of rent, that normal in the British Islands—an irrelevance of criticism which never seems to lose its charm for some minds. Jones was a man of considerable ability; and it would not be unwarrantable to say, what Ingram suggests, that he is the initiator, after Smith, of the modern school of historical economics, many cultivators of which have followed him in varying degrees in distrust of Ricardo, as in historical investigation; though Roscher, the most widely learned of that learned school, and a just-minded man to boot, makes only two slight references to him in the third edition of *Die Grundlagen der Nationalökonomie*—this, doubtless, because of his anti-Ricardian carping.

The main stress of the attack on Ricardo in England came later, ostensibly as a result of the Comtism which J. S. Mill did so much to incubate, and later to chasten. It was part of Comte's ever-present and always uncorrected personal equation to resist every extension of analytic humanism which did not make for the acceptance of his own polity; and a disparagement of economic

analysis as "sterile," in comparison with a comprehensive sociology, became a strong note of English Comtism as applied to economic criticism by Cliffe Leslie and Professor J. K. Ingram. Sections of the historic school in Germany, in pursuit of their campaign against "Smithianism," made a shriller outcry against Ricardian methods on their own account; while in England Thorold Rogers, by way of establishing his own claims as a historical investigator, contributed fully the loudest note of objurgation. And as if all this were not enough, Professor Marshall, in his Inaugural Lecture of 1885, even in the act of invalidating the attack of the Comtist school, saw fit to bring against Ricardo a miscellaneous impeachment which, perhaps more than any other, has set the fashion of disparagement, being echoed in the anonymous article in the *Britannica*.

There is science in criticism as well as in economics; and in the interests of both there is something to be said for Ricardo as against his assailants, and perhaps as against Professor Marshall in particular. To examine all the strictly economic argumentation against Ricardo would take a volume: on that head it must suffice to say that he is open to much correction. The law of rent specially associated with his name is not really his; and it was perhaps better stated by its earlier framers than by him, his formula being inadequate. Yet on its main merits, and in respect of its political application, it is substantially maintained against its critics by one of the most distinguished of living economists, Dr. Pierson. It has been successively assailed (1) by Jones, as meeting only one form of rent; (2) by Carey, as historically false; (3) by Rogers, Gide, and Mr. Carlile, as a mere truism. It would probably be more just to describe it as one law of the variation of rent, properly to be included in a wider formula. The criticisms of Jones and Carey, however, leave it unharmed; and M. Gide seems to ignore all the explanatory circumstances which evoked it; while Mr. Carlile, whose brilliant criticism is valid as against its isolated form, not only overdoes his negation, but actually backs against Ricardo, as "common sense," Adam Smith's account of the determination of the price of coal, which not only is not common-sense, but puts an economic "bull." And Mr. Carlile does this without attempting to argue McCulloch's rebuttal. The criticism of M. Gide, again, against Ricardo's doctrine of labour and value, is partly valid, partly, I think, invalid; and here, again, the final criticism would be an expansion of the formula, not its cancelment.

But, once more, Ricardo is not to be defended as having reached finality in a science the most insusceptible of finality. The defence to which he is entitled is one against criticism which ignores relativities, and indicts him, not for error in his chosen undertaking, but for not undertaking something else. "Narrowness" is the most often reiterated charge of Professor Marshall\* against Ricardo, concerning whom he nevertheless makes the remarkable admission that of all economists he has "added most to economic theory." The narrowness charged, then, might be supposed to be

\*In his Inaugural Lecture of 1885, of which portions were reproduced in his *Principles and Elements*.

on the side of moral sympathy; and the Professor does expressly impute to Ricardo at once a lack of faith in industrial progress, as regards life conditions, an inability to see problems from the workman's point of view, and a failure to realise that the deficiencies and inefficiencies of the workers came of their very poverty. But as all of these charges can be disproved, it may be surmised that in the Professor's mind the gravamen was partly an intellectual or scientific shortcoming.

Still, the nature of the charge is not clear. The chief fault of the early Ricardian school, says the Professor, was "not that they ignored history and statistics," but that they "neglected a large group of facts and a method of studying facts which we now see to be of primary importance. They regarded man as, so to speak, a constant quantity, and gave themselves little trouble to study his variations." And this, again, brings us back to the charge with which it is partly identified, that Ricardo and his followers

"regarded labour simply as a commodity, without throwing themselves into the point of view of the workman, without allowing for his human passions, his instincts and habits, his sympathies and antipathies, his class jealousies and class adhesiveness, his want of knowledge and of the opportunities for free and vigorous action. . . . But their most vital fault was that they did not see how liable to change are the habits and institutions of industry," &c.

In this somewhat tautological indictment there is interpolated a charge of exaggerating the regularity of the forces of supply and demand, and "laying down laws with regard to profit and wages which did not really hold even for England in their own day." But the stress, as aforesaid, lies on the complaint of lack of attention alike to the passions and to the disabilities of the workers. At the same time the Professor dwells on the ignorance and extravagance of the "Socialists" of Owen's and other schools, who *did* sympathise, and who therefore were naturally ignored by the economists, "flushed with their victories over a set of much more solid thinkers" (not specified). But again we are directed to the "narrowness" which prevented Ricardo from being also Owen; and the charge is further thrust home by holding Ricardo and his school to blame for the "opportunity which it gave to sciolists to quote and *misapply* economic dogmas." The criticism, in fine, is confused and involved, and leaves an impression of being in its turn motivated by a critical "narrowness" not to have been expected from such a quarter.

Seeking to realise how Professor Marshall faced his critical problem—or whether he realised that there are such things as strictly critical problems, calling for scientific method—we find this odd preliminary defence of the earlier English economists in general:—

"And as to their tendency to indulge in excessively abstract reasonings, that, in so far as the charge is true at all, is chiefly due to the influence of one masterful genius, who was not an Englishman, and had very little in common with the English tone

of thought. The faults and the virtues of Ricardo's mind are traceable to his Semitic origin: no English economist has had a mind similar to his."

That pronouncement, apparently offered as a scientific proposition, always recalls to me the story of Lincoln's desire to know the brand of whisky alleged to be indulged in by Grant, in order that he might send some to his other Generals. If the Semitic element in our community meant a multitude of Ricardos, it would furnish small reason for racial hostility. Ricardo furnished his generation with solutions of certain difficult problems for which its politicians were confessedly grateful; and the Bullion Committee—which is not known to have been predominantly Semitic—found his "tone of thought" substantially assimilable. I have never been able to understand how Professor Marshall can have supposed himself to know the truth of what he here affirms, or to be supplying an explanation of anything. On his view, we might impute Goschen's study of the Foreign Exchanges to a descent from Judah, or Disraeli's romances to an inheritance from Reuben; but Marx's "historical materialism" and indignant Socialism would seem to be at the other extreme from Ricardo's dry north light; and the fashion in which the late Leone Levi imported poetry and pathos into a discussion of "Work and Pay" raises further perplexities.

We really want to have our historical philosophy as rationally handled as our economics; and in the simple formula of Professor Marshall it is hard to find anything deeper than the science of the Man-in-the-street. Newton in his day made a tolerably marked new departure from the "tone of thought" previously prevailing in England; but it has not, I think, been suggested by any expert that we ought to infer for him an alien ancestry, whether Semitic or Aryan. If the Professor had pointed to any previous Semite who had handled economics or politics in Ricardo's fashion, we might be better able to follow his line of thought; but he names none. To a merely inductive eye there is a considerable affinity between the mental cast of Ricardo and that of McCulloch, though McCulloch had historical tastes; and James Mill, we know, was Ricardo's affectionate friend and disciple. But this scarcely serves to buttress the hypothesis that the Scots are descended from the lost ten tribes. It is true that Hume and Anderson anticipated the Ricardian law of rent, but then so did West and Malthus, of whom the latter had a good deal of the Ricardian tone of thought, though the two were frequently at issue. Unable to find the Ricardian tone, on the contrary, in Spinoza, or Maimonides, or the Bible, we are left contemplating the hypothesis that it was Ricardo's Semitic heredity that moved him to abandon Judaism.

All that emerges, thus far, is that in Professor Marshall's opinion the ancient Semites—or at least the Hebrews—were much given to abstract reasoning, whether or not on economics. Previously, however, Cliffe Leslie had accused Ricardo of having "ignored the essential difference between stationary and progressive society, between the ancient world with its simple and customary methods and prices, and the modern." Supposing all this to have been true, it would have been about as useful to announce that Ricardo

"ignored" the fact that the Homeric Greeks had no paper money. From Professor Marshall, however, we have the testimony:—

"After examining in detail the prices of chief purchases made by the peasants in some parts of India, I have come to the conclusion that fixed custom has less to do with them than is the case with the agricultural labourer in the South of England. It is frequently said that economists have assigned too much influence to the action of competition (or, as I prefer to call it, the equilibration of measurable motives) in backward countries. I am gradually drifting to the opinion" [a curious prediction!] "that in many cases too little force has been attributed to it. . . ."

It is thus to be inferred that while Leslie denied to Ricardo's remoter ancestors any notion of the haggling of the market, Professor Marshall would credit them with that as well as with an inveterate bias to abstract reasoning. But while he thus in effect cancelled one Comtist criticism of Ricardo, that in turn had swelled the chorus of confused demand for a "historical" and "sociological" method as against his. And while Professor Marshall, yet again, joined hands with Professor Sidgwick in demonstrating the utter failure of all the historical schools, Comtist and non-Comtist alike, to produce the social science for which they clamoured, he at the same time paid to the "historical" school a tribute which unsays his negative. It is really worth while to clear the matter up.

And, first, as to the "narrowness" and the "omissions" charged upon Ricardo, we have to note how entirely these charges ignore the conditions under which he worked, and the tasks he set himself. The man who is accused of "omitting" to write economic history began life at fourteen as a stockbroker's clerk in his father's office; and, breaking away from the Judaic connection, was on the Stock Exchange until, with only four years of life before him, he entered Parliament in 1819. His first publication was his pamphlet on the Bullion question in 1809. He had not read Adam Smith till 1799, when he was twenty-seven years old. Mainly self-educated, he had taken to the study of mathematics about the age of twenty-five, "made considerable progress in chemistry and mineralogy; fitted up a laboratory and was one of the original members of the Geological Society." It was after these beginnings that, inspired by Adam Smith, he took to Political Economy. And only about 1809 does he seem to have become fully absorbed in it.

So far from dreaming of producing a complete scientific view of economics, he would never have written his main treatise at all save for the urging and encouragement of his devoted friend James Mill. It ought to be noted that he unpretendingly called it not "Principles" but a work "On the Principles of Political Economy and Taxation," thus claiming only to contribute to their elucidation. The critical justice which his successors in England have so often failed to render him is rendered by Roscher, who, pointing out how Jones and Say and Sismondi "either exhibit misunderstanding of that great thinker or achieve only modifications of abstract subtleties," remarks that "in judging Ricardo we should

never forget that he did not seek to make a Manual but only to communicate to specialists in the briefest possible form the new results of his investigation."\* For Ricardo, in short, as for Adam Smith, economics was the scientific side of the financial and commercial politics of his own country, and as such he unobtrusively and self-effacingly dealt with it.

Here is the list of the works produced by the stockbroker and member of Parliament in fourteen years:—

- Price of Bullion. 1809 (4th ed., 1811).
- Reply to Bosanquet. 1811.
- On the Price of Corn. 1815.
- Proposals on Currency. 1816.
- Political Economy. 1817 (2nd ed., 1819; 3rd, 1821).
- Essay on the Funding System, 1820.
- On Protection to Agriculture, 1822 (4 edd.).
- Speech on the Ballot, 1823.
- Plan for a National Bank, 1824.
- Observations on Parliamentary Reform, 1824.

Collected, they fill 550 large and closely printed pages; and of the fifteen years they cover, nearly ten were given to the Stock Exchange, and four to Parliament. To rate for "omissions" and "narrowness," a man who did this service—admittedly making on the abstract side the largest additions made by any one man to economic theory, and on the practical side of things producing a series of seven admittedly magistral treatises—would really seem to be a worse scientific miscarriage than any of those charged upon him. And when the censure comes from men trained and vowed to economic study, doing nothing else all their lives, it seems to open wide possibilities of retort.

The charge of "narrowness" is in the anonymous *Britannica* article turned, in effect, to one of hardness of heart; and some such imputation seems to be implicit in Professor Marshall's Inaugural Lecture. It is of course not a refutation, but it is relevant, to remark that Ricardo not only subscribed to "almost every charitable institution in the Metropolis," but maintained at his own charges a rural almshouse and two rural schools. But let us rather confront the criticism with one or two passages from the *Political Economy*. He is expressly charged with failure to see "how liable to change are the habits and institutions of industry"; how poverty keeps the poor inefficient; and how there may come about a "vast improvement" in their condition. Contrast all this with the few terse sentences in which Ricardo, bent simply on the economics of Wages, incidentally remarks that in backward countries with plenty of fertile land the people, "to be made happier, require only to be better governed and instructed"; and, again, that "the friends of humanity cannot but wish that in all countries the labouring classes should have a taste for comforts and enjoyments, and that they should be stimulated by all legal means in their exertions to procure them. There cannot be a better

\* *Die Grundlagen der Nationalökonomie*, § 154, Note 7.



security against a superabundant population." All the factors alleged to be ignored are here indicated.

As regards, again, sympathy with the workman's point of view, we have but to turn to the chapter on "Machinery" in the third edition to find this:—

"It is more incumbent on me to declare my opinions on this question, because they have, on further reflection, undergone a considerable change. . . . I am convinced that the substitution of machinery for human labour is often very injurious to the interests of the class of labourers."

And he gives his reasons, with his usual terse force. If any other economist has more explicitly taken the workers' side on this issue, it would be interesting to have the passage. Very few go as far.

Ricardo, then, passes even the tests by which Professor Marshall claimed to impugn him; though in his simple pursuit of economic truth he never professed to handle the philanthropic considerations. Is he then attainted by the other indictment, that he "ignored" the aims, or "omitted" to do the work of the later historical economists as well as his own? The rebuttal is twofold. Firstly, the complaint that a man of business, single-mindedly seeking to solve the outstanding economic problems of the society in which he lived, did not also examine all past economic history, is either an irrelevance or an impertinence. By that critical test, all progressive science is a mere series of sins of omission, since every contributor leaves something to be done after him.

But what have the historical and sociological schools among them done to make good their uncritical disparagement of Ricardo? Maine, from whom Leslie heedlessly took the utterly unscientific theorem of "progressive" and "unprogressive" societies, built up only a card-house of self-contradictions. The Comtists, so far as they put any clear issue, endorsed Comte's charge of "sterility" against economic analysis, and claimed that economics should be swallowed up in a comprehensive sociology. It was a viciously fallacious position. Assuredly economics, like all the "human" sciences, should be ancillary to sociology; but it can be truly so only by pursuing its own truth on its own scientific lines. Ricardo, as we have seen, did actually yield sociological results in passing, without ever undertaking to do so save in so far as he pointed to the political issues of his day. What, then, did Comte supply? In the words of Sidgwick, his final forecast of the immediate future of European society does but show "how completely the delusive belief that he had constructed the science of sociology could transform a philosopher of remarkable power and insight into the likeness of a crazy charlatan."\* Professor Marshall is equally explicit on the failure of sociology in general, at the same period:—

"It is vain to speak of the higher authority of a unified social science. No doubt if that existed, Economics would gladly find shelter under its wing. But it does not exist; it shows no signs

\* *Address on the Scope and Method of Economic Science*, 1885, p. 55.

*of coming into existence.* There is no use in waiting idly for it; we must do what we can with our present resources."\*

Of the English contemners of Ricardo, none was more truculent or more contemptuous than Thorold Rogers, who claimed to supersede not only the "logomachies" of the economic analysts but the non-interpretative records of the "paste-and-scissors" historians. His results may be gauged from three early pages of the first lecture in his "Economic Interpretation of History," in which he asserts (1) that in the Plantagenet period "England was the only wool-producing country in Europe," and (2) puts his seven times reiterated figment that the closing of "the only road to the East" by the Ottoman conquest of Egypt in 1517 ruined the Italian cities and the trade of the Rhine and Danube, thus impoverishing the German nobles, who pillaged their tenants, and so provoked the Peasants' War. It is all a dream. The eastern trade through Egypt was *not* stopped by the Ottoman Conquest. Selim renewed the treaty with the Venetians. The Cape Passage, which Rogers represents as becoming operative only afterwards, was in active use from 1498 onwards. Rogers gives his precious "interpretation" in four separate books, and four times in one of them, and it is a pure hallucination. Equally gross is the figment as to an English monopoly of wool-production. And on the same plane of hallucination is his twice-repeated thesis that the chief source of the silver supply of Europe, before the discovery of the New World, was *England*. Thus does the champion of "historical verification" deal out his verities. His economic "interpretation" of the special documents on which he built his main work breaks down at every turn for sheer lack of skill in the analysis he contemned.

The German historical schools have certainly done better than that. Roscher used history to illuminate economics, and economics to illuminate history, as a good teacher should. But has he added new truths to economic science? Sidgwick, with every disposition to welcome such truths, found in the German "historical" output, up to 1885, as regards economic science, "only the old pudding, with a little more ethical sauce and a little more garnish of historical illustrations." Professor Marshall, after avowing that the unified social science "shows no signs of coming into existence," declared no less emphatically that—

"the work that has been done by the great leaders of this school . . . is one of the chief achievements of our age. . . . It has done more than almost anything else to . . . help us to understand the central plan, as it were, of the Divine government of the world."

And yet the unified social science "shows no signs of coming into existence!" I have never been able to guess what "central plan" Professor Marshall had in view, or what are the "broad generalisations" which he praises.

We had Sidgwick's testimony as to the "ethical sauce." It must have flavoured the teaching of some scores of German professors

\* *Inaugural Lecture*, 1885, p. 35.

of the school of Schmoller, lately deceased, who was the great "Professor-maker" of his day. Unlike Roscher, who, in his *Politik*, stoutly fought Cæsarism, he was an imperialist, holding there with Treitschke while resisting, on humanitarian and other grounds, Treitschke's brutal Junkerism as regards the proletariat. And we latterly learn that Schmoller, who put aside all Ricardian economics in his zeal for history, yielded as the last fruit of his historic insight the prophecy that, as a result of this war, England will seize Calais! Professor Sombart, who before the world war encouraged the "class war" on the score that only stupid opponents of all war can fail to respect the opponents they fight, and that war is "the father of all things," has produced for German consumption a treatise in which he vilifies everything English in the Treitschkean fashion, vituperating the very attitude he had prescribed when he finds it displayed by Englishmen towards Captain von Müller of the *Emden*. Thus works the "ethical sauce" of "Anti-Smithianismus," and the historical science of the historical school.

It is instructive to learn, finally, that in Germany at this moment the historical school of economics is being loudly assailed as having "had its day." A demand, we learn from Dr. Epstein, is made in many quarters that economic chairs shall be filled by business men! A Semitic Ricardo, even, might meet the felt want. The Professors, it seems, "are associated with the slaughter of the pigs, which has brought them into bad odour." So that on a vital question of practical policy the anti-Ricardians, led by the lights of history as interpreted by intuition, have desperately miscarried in the hour of utmost need.

On the century's retrospect, then, Ricardo and Ricardian economic method come out not ill. Ricardo, whatever his shortcomings, has "made good." Of which of his contemners can the same be said?

J. M. ROBERTSON.

## LABOUR IN FRANCE.

**L**ABOUR in France had no doubts about the attitude it should adopt when the war broke out. There were many of its militants who had strong grievances against established authority. The Socialist and Syndicalist organisations had been agitating against the three years' service. They had been deeply concerned with the inadequacy of the soldier's pay. There had been, in some sense, a recrudescence of the vehement anti-militarism and anti-patriotism which had always been somewhat associated with the French Syndicalist movement. On the other hand, even with an ex-Socialist at the helm of State, the Government was more or less at daggers drawn with the Syndicalists. The railway strike of October, 1910, had given rise to Industrial Conscription, and to projects of law on strikes and sabotage which looked very like an organised attempt to break the power of the unions.\* On the whole, the Federation of Railway Servants had always been among the more moderating influences in the General Confederation of Labour. They had never been able to contemplate lightly the prospect of a general strike which meant the end of everything. But the pre-war industrial policy of M. Briand touched them at a vital spot. It invoked the activities of a military and bureaucratic State which bade fair to set a bound to the onward march of Labour. In France, as at the very same time among the workers of Great Britain, all the indications appeared to portend that a storm was brewing.

Just on the very eve of the war itself, the French Socialist Party had seemed to be nearing a summit of their fortunes. At the Elections of April 26th and May 10th, 1914, their Parliamentary strength, which had been 67 at the Election of 1910, rose to no less than 101. The Radicals, Progressives, and other various supporters of M. Briand, on the contrary, lost a corresponding number of supporters, and it was perfectly plain that the policy of crushing Socialism and Syndicalism by the exercise of despotic powers on the part of a military or severely administrative State was not rallying to its support the new generation of French public opinion. The Socialist paper—*L'Humanité*—was gradually growing in influence, Socialist pamphlets and tracts were scattered throughout the length and breadth of the country. It is significant, now that three stern and bloody years have passed since then, to recall that one of these leaflets told how the German Socialists were joining themselves to the International to fight against war and the military despotisms of Europe.† On May 15th, 1914, *L'Humanité* printed a telling extract from the speech which the German Socialist Deputy Wendel delivered in the Reichstag on the occasion of a discussion on Foreign Affairs. Herr Wendel maintained somewhat grandiloquently that the German Socialists were ranged shoulder to shoulder with those of France in combating

\* How determined and hopeless was the attitude of the old high-and-dry economists may be seen from Yves Guyot, *Les Chemins de Fer et la Grève* (1911).

† For this and other pamphlets the Labour historian of the future may consult *Le Mouvement Socialiste*, Tome XIV., p. 231.

the ambitious schemes of Pan-Germanism, while he further added that "in opposing insufficient military pay and in clamouring for a democratic army, they were both united in arms against the encroachments of a common militarism." The Election of 1914 was fought principally on the question of shorter military service and a graduated income-tax, and the result was to show quite clearly that, despite any engagements that might have been made by her rulers, France was not disposed to follow on the paths of military adventure.

The Syndicalist Party, though not at all reconciled to the political ambitions of the Socialists, had also adopted the plan dear to the practical politician, of concentrating on single issues. One read continually in the manifestos of an "Eight Hours' Day" or "the English Sunday" of the "Sou de Soldat" or a shorter military service. The more far-reaching schemes that connected the General Strike with a Syndicalist millennium had ceased to exercise the same influence when their prime theorist, M. Georges Sorel, forswore his old ideals and went over to the camp of the reactionaries. In the absence of those brooding minds who meditated on the end of all things, the Syndicalist workers solaced themselves with less ambitious controversies on the general policy and organisation of the French trade unions. The question of Craft and Industrial Unionism was responsible for interminable discussions, as also were the personal issues connected with "the case of Merrheim"—a trouble which also raised the question of a rotation in offices, or whether the same delegate should be re-voted to the same office year after year. A good idea of the thoughts that were circulating in the minds of French Labour organisations just before the war can be gained from a study of the report of the Conference on April 13th, 1914, of the Building Federation, a revolutionary member of the General Confederation of Labour, compared with the report of the meeting on April 16th of the French Railwaymen, who, as has already been remarked, have generally identified themselves with reformist tendencies. Both revolutionary and reformist organisations were at one in proclaiming Anti-Militarism, and in deprecating the despotism of the powers of a bureaucratic and administrative State. The builders were restless about the revival of Craft Unionism, and they needed a special visit of M. Jouhaix, the Secretary of the General Confederation of Labour, to convince them that it was wise to adopt the policy of concentrating on single issues. The railwaymen, as reformists, did not feel any doubt about this general policy. But their militants thundered against the iniquities of M. Briand, and, in addition, they asked for insurance against accidents and an automatic coupling apparatus.

Then came the war, and no sooner was France attacked by the armed hosts of Germany than the workers immediately rallied to their country's defence. Syndicalist and Socialist too often in the past had hurled at each other mutual reproaches, or had deemed themselves united by some platitudinous resolution recited in sonorous terms at a Socialist Congress. Now the Socialist Party, the General Confederation of Labour, and the National Federation of Consumers' Co-operatives all sent representatives to a "Socialist

Propaganda Committee for the National Defence." In the report of the proceedings of this Committee, which was presented to the Socialist Party on November 20th, 1915, it was pointed out that the General Confederation of Labour had made this proposal to bury the hatchet before the actual declaration of war, and even a few days before the assassination of Jaurès. That was when the clouds of war were ever becoming bigger and blacker. Plainly the Labour forces in France felt that the day of destiny was inevitably near, and this workers' committee had for its object "to do the best it could in the circumstances of the present to help the public authorities in all questions that affected the life of the population (food supplies, unemployment, soup kitchens) and in the organisation of national defence." I have before me as I write a collection of the buff-coloured pamphlets which this energetic Committee have issued to the French workers since the beginning of the war, and they testify to an immense versatility of interest in war problems on the part of the French proletariat.

There was quite evidently not the slightest difference of opinion in the ranks of French Labour as to who was the aggressor in the war. Germany and the German militarists—these, they all thought, were the public enemies of Europe. How could they possibly think otherwise? The excuses made by the German Authorities for hurling their troops through Belgium on the northern mining districts of France were evidently trumped-up tales. No one believed that French aviators, before the German declaration of war, had bombed a defenceless German city, and everyone felt that the France of the previous General Election, unattacked and left to herself, would never voluntarily have been guilty of any act of wanton aggression. One and all, even the most militant spirits of the General Confederation of Labour included, they arrived at the conclusion that the impending war was no mere capitalists' war of conquest, but a rallying of the manhood of the nation to the defence of their own native land.

The result was almost unbelievable. It was as if some fairy had waved her wand over the Labour World of France, and in the evening transformation scene men turned their backs on their dead selves and adopted new slogans to sustain them throughout the war. Gustave Hervé, who had written under the nom-de-plume of "Un Sans-Patrie," became a vehement Nationalist. Jules Guesde, who had sustained a bitter conflict with Jaurès on the question of supporting non-Socialist governments, joined with non-Socialists in a Ministry of the National Defence. How could the trade unions now find any satisfaction in their old programme of an eight hours' day and the English Sunday? The war had to be won in the workshop even more than on the battlefield. The workers would have to work week in and week out, on day shift and night shift, with unrelenting and untiring activity to produce more and even more shells for the needs of the troops. What traitor would talk of sabotage when the enemy was at the gates of Paris? Where were their old trade union rules and regulations when their best industrial provinces were being devastated by the foe? A few days after the war broke out, Jaurès, in the prime of his vigour and influence,

was struck down by the assassin's dagger, but there can be no doubt that, had he lived, he would have rallied the workers of France to oppose the designs of a Germany whose Social Democracy, in his great speech at Amsterdam in 1904, he had indicted in the presence of all their fellow-Socialists of Europe.

The order for mobilisation and the subsequent invasion of France did not produce so much dislocation in the General Confederation of Labour as at first would have been supposed. The Trade Unions in France are, to a large extent, little unions with a small subscription, and grouped together in localities by their *Bourse du Travail*, or even by the Workshop Committees which Mr. Winston Churchill has decided to recognise in our own country. The war took away their younger and more aggressive members, and they had no reserve funds to keep up their organisation in the lean days of war and want. But the German invasion only shore away from them the *Bourses du Travail* situate in the North and East. The other *Bourses du Travail*, though they hardly functioned in the same vigorous local life, sent representatives to the Central Committee just as before. In his sombre book, a *Voyage révolutionnaire*, published a few years before the war, the Syndicalist militant, Victor Griffuelhes, had complained that the Northern *Bourses du Travail*, which had been closed by the invasion, were more susceptible than the rest to the blighting influence of the politician and the priest. "If I were a capitalist," he wrote in his own icy fashion, "or the director of a mining company, I should vote in the North for a Socialist candidate." The grouping in smaller unions and districts had produced a smallness and pettiness of aim and objects from which these little bodies of workers were delivered by the war.

When we pass from the small unions, however, to the few French Industrial Federations, it is evident at once that they were more sorely tried. Take, for example, the Railwaymen's Federation, which has already been mentioned as being particularly in evidence before the war. In June, 1915, no less than 48,485 railwaymen were at once mobilised. In a few months, by the progress of the enemy invasion, their North and East sections ceased to exist, and 5,000 of their members were cooped up in the devastated territory. The needs of the national defence obliged them to work longer hours than ever, and it appeared as if they could have neither time nor energy left for general Trade Union activities. There is no brighter page in the history of Labour in France than that which tells how the railwaymen rose supreme over the difficulties of their situation and preserved an organisation to grapple with the problems presented to them by the continuance of hostilities. In the first place, they redivided their members into little groups of about a hundred apiece. Each of these groups was a unit of organisation and activities, but in the bigger towns these groups joined together to promote a big propaganda meeting. Paris could bring together a meeting of about 3,000. Representatives from headquarters visited Lyons, Tours, and Troyes. Soon their membership went up by leaps and bounds until at last it surpassed the figure of August, 1914. They sent forward their demands to

the Executive for better pay and more favourable conditions of labour. They asked for a war bonus of 40 per cent, to the small salaried men, and decreasing in a sliding scale as the pre-war salary grew larger. They asked for longer intervals of rest, and the re-establishment of the men who had been dismissed in 1910, 1914, and 1916. But they were sound and enthusiastic on the question of National Defence. Just before the war they had been protesting to M. Briand that mobilisation should only be resorted to on occasions of the utmost gravity. On November 21st, 1915, however, their Federal Council unanimously resolved that "they would continue with professional punctuality and the utmost possible solicitude for the national need, these services which are most essential to the realisation of victory." At the same time, they organised all kinds of soup kitchens for the refugees from the devastated provinces. They received their children into their own homes. They subscribed to War Loans. They became the "organisers of victory."

So deep was the conviction of the French working men that they were engaged in a righteous war that up till the end of 1915 there was not the slightest breath of criticism which betokened any difference of opinion. After that date, however, the French Labour world heard of conferences at Zimmerwald and Kienthal with the German Minority Socialists, and it was apparent that a few among the French Socialists had been led on to differ from their colleagues on three very important points. In the first place, they demanded a reformation of the Socialist International. In the second place, they called for the withdrawal of Socialist members from the French Government. In the third place, they claimed that Socialists should not actively support any credits for carrying on the actual war operations. It has been said advisedly above that there were only a few Socialists of this opinion. British students of the reports in the Press of the doings of French Socialism may remember that they are now divided into Majority and Minority Socialists, and that the recent vote on the Stockholm Conference has appeared to show that the Minority partisans are increasing in strength. It must not be supposed, however, that the Minority party are identical with the *habitués* of Zimmerwald and Kienthal. As a matter of fact, in the proposed delegation to Stockholm, the Majority Socialists have five representatives, the Minority four, and the Kienthal supporters only one representative. The greater part of the Minority supporters would not assent to all the three articles of the Kienthal programme. Moreover, it is this vagueness of view among the ranks of the Minority that has made them, up till now, powerless and ineffective on reconstruction. So long as it is a question of opposition they can join together, but whenever it is a question of tabling alternative proposals, their various parties segregate, and they become a host divided against itself.

Of course, it was perfectly plain from the first that it would take a great deal of argument to convince the French Socialist or Syndicalist that he must meet again across a common table with the Social Democrats of Germany. It has been already pointed out that anti-militarism and pacifism were getting in the ascendant



in France before the war. Great things were hoped for from the Labour International. Complete confidence was felt in the eternal opposition to aggressive militarism on the part of the Socialist Democrats of Germany. But when a war plainly provoked by Germany, and entailing the ravishment of Belgium, was entered on, the French looked in vain for any concerted murmur of revolt from the powerful and well organised Labour forces in Germany. Nay more; even the Minority, who did protest, seemed indisposed to carry their protests to the extent of making themselves really disagreeable to their Socialist colleagues. There was no sincere talk of restitution or reparation. All this, set forth in Socialist periodicals at much greater length than in our own country, exercised a deep and irremovable feeling among the French working men. As they had hoped for much from the German workers, their disappointment and disillusionment were correspondingly greater. "To whom much is given, of him much shall be required."

In the case of the Syndicalists, there was long before the war a disposition to distrust the Socialist theories of Germany. Syndicalism stood for voluntary association and trade union activities instead of the collective action of a severely controlled and administrative State. In the hands of the Germans, Marx had been "decomposed" and turned from the proletarian theorist of the "Communal Manifesto" to the State Socialist of the "Erfurt Programme." Jas. Guillaume, the veteran friend of Bakunin who had opposed Marx in the old "International," even published an article to prove from ancient documents to the Syndicalistic workers that Marx from the first had been a Pan-German, and the tool of a German conspiracy.\* In this contention he went too far, and he had been over-ready to read Marx through the blue spectacles of his own preconceived opinions. Yet there was a sense in which Marx, as a Hegelian of the Left, imbibed the spirit of the teaching which afterwards, in 1870, gave birth to the German military State. Nobody who was present at the International Socialist Congress at Amsterdam in 1904 can forget the dramatic duel there between Jaurès and Bebel, and nobody who thinks of that unforgettable incident in the light of subsequent events can avoid the conclusion that it was more than a casual encounter, it was the true spirit of Western Democratic Socialism encountering the cast-iron and rigid Socialism which had been based on German administrative methods. Some perception of facts like these must have influenced the minds of the French Labour militants when, in spite of their old internationalism, they manifested so deep-seated a dislike to any "truck" with either Majority or Minority of the Germans.

They did not, however, wholly forswear their Internationalism. In a Conference of the British, Italian, Belgian, and French Trade Unions held at London on July 1st, 1916, and the following days, it was decided to hold an international Trade Union Conference of the Allies at London on July 1st, 1916. The French General

\* This same James Guillaume has published a deeply interesting though one-sided history of the International, *L'Internationale; Documents et Souvenirs* (1864-1878). For the Pan-Germanism of Marx see *L'Avenir*, Vol. 2, p. 33.

Confederation of Labour was entrusted with the task of preparing a report to be submitted to this Allied Conference. It was ably done, as all the work of the French Confederation generally is, and it shows the thoughts that are circulating in the minds of the French workers for the days after the close of the war.

Here are the conclusions of this report as to the Labour clauses which should be inserted in any final Treaty of Peace:—

"Considering that the working-classes of France have without grumbling made a big contribution to the defence of their country, and that they have therefore earned the right to make their voice heard for the defence of their own special interests when the time arrives for the conclusion of the Treaty of Peace which will put an end to this European War,

"Considering, further, that their interests are similar to the interests of the workers in every other country,

"Considering, also, that, in order to oppose the demands of the workers, the masters take advantage of the pressure of international competition, and that it is accordingly expedient to take advantage of the coming Treaty of Peace to put an end to this international pressure so far as regards the conditions of Labour,

"Considering, finally, that it is absolutely necessary to insert in such a Treaty of Peace some economic clauses which shall be in the nature of international guarantees so far as regards the hours of Labour (an eight-hours' day, the British rest Sunday), a system of three shifts where furnaces go on night and day, special protective legislation for women and children, national insurance for accidents and invalidity, safety for those engaged in poisonous trades, guarantees as regards the restoration of Trade Union conditions, &c., &c.,

"Be it therefore resolved:—

"(1) To give immediate publicity to such suggested Labour clauses to be inserted in the future Treaty of Peace.

"(2) To set on foot an active propaganda for the realisation of the proposals contained in these clauses.

"(3) To propose that such be put down as subjects for discussion at the International Socialist Conference which is about to meet on the proposition of the American Federation of Labour."

This report reveals to the full the practical character of the programme which the war has suggested to the Syndicalist Confederation of Labour. Instead of dreaming of the millennium, as was the former custom of its theorists, it is concentrating on the issues which both now and after the war are most important in the Labour interests of France. In the first place, and above all, toil must be intensified and output increased. How can it be done? The Trade Unionists of France, one and all, reject any hustling or American methods. The Taylorian system of increasing output, which has come to mean the use of the chronometer to speed the actions of the workers, is decisively repudiated as mechanical and unsatisfactory. As Vaillant, the old Socialist veteran of the Commune once put it, there are only three really efficacious lines of development to be followed in the intensification of toil: (1) The perfecting of machinery; (2) technical education and the simplification of the

workers' movements; (3) a reduction of the hours of labour, and consequently sufficient intervals of rest. If to those points are subjoined the greater democratisation of labour and a better pay and provision for the labourer's future, a more complete survey will be given of the determining conditions of the war and post-war periods. Most of these points are brought into the numerous discussions which have taken place during the war in French Trade Union circles, and they show how the future of France, the country of their birth, has become a determining pre-occupation of their mind.

The really significant point, however, about this war policy of Labour Syndicalism in France is its emphasis on international political agreements. In the old days the politician was the man accursed by the Syndicalist militarist; but now that the war has forced on new currents of thought and opinion, the Syndicalist wants to get justice for the workers by arrangement between the different sovereign States in a League of Nations. An advanced specimen of such agreements, so thinks M. Jouhaix, the Secretary of the Confederation, has already been given in the decisions of the two International Conferences at Berne on the subject of white phosphorus and the hours of labour for children and young people engaged in industry. Of course, if further Conferences were held during the discussion of the Treaty of Peace, to deal with the Syndicalist Workman's Charter, a Commission would need to be appointed to watch over the administration of the agreement in the different countries; and it was recalled by M. Jouhaix that when at the Berne Conference in 1906, Great Britain proposed the appointment of such a Commission, Germany objected on the ground that it interfered with her rights as a sovereign State.

But Germany's objections must be overruled, and it was the firm conviction, which was impressed on them from every side, that Germany was the enemy, which gave energy and conviction to the defence proposals of French organised Labour. It was absolutely necessary that there should be an international arrangement between the different States, else the States with less pay, longer hours, and an inadequate provision for National Insurance would suffer in the international competition for more workmen to replace those which have been lost in the war. And the unfortunate fact was that France was one of the less desirable lands for workmen from all these points of view. According to the enquiry of the British Board of Trade in 1905 and 1908, wages in France were before the war 8 per cent. below those of Germany, and 25 per cent. below those of Great Britain. The hours of labour were 5 to 11 per cent. more than those of Germany, and 13 to 23 per cent. more than those of Great Britain. At the same time—and to make the matter worse—the cost of living was higher in France by 3 per cent. for the worker than it was in Germany, and by 18 per cent. than it was in Great Britain. All these figures spoke more eloquently than words.

International agreements, instead of the old revolutionary general strike, are to change all this, and France is to become, at the end of the war, a tolerable land for the workers. At present National

Insurance against sickness, invalidity, old age, and unemployment are not equally available in the different countries. Henceforth uniform benefits and advantages, wherever the International agreement extends, should make easy the transfer of the workers from nation to nation. Ten hours ought to be fixed by the same infallible method as the maximum duration of the working day for all classes of workers. This ten hours should be reduced to eight in mines and furnaces, in dockyards and all dangerous trades. Automatic couplings should reduce the risk of railway accidents. Every one of the countries bound together by the workers' Treaty of Peace was to recognise the necessity of Trade Unionism. Labour emigration was to be methodically organised and systematically directed to the place where the need for hands was principally felt. No trade union was to erect an insuperable barrier against the reception of foreign workers, and thus all emigrants were to receive the same wages and work under the same favourable conditions as those already obtaining in France. The right of a country to expel foreign workers by administrative action must be severely limited, and any such order should be carefully reviewed by a judicial tribunal. It was quite certain that there would be an effort, owing to the lack of French workers after the war, to introduce all kinds and colours of foreign labourers. In that case provision should be made for their instruction and education, so that they should soon be brought nearer the general level of the French *ouvrier*. "The Revolution of 1789," said M. Jouhaix grandly, "defined and established the rights of the man and the citizen. The present war ought to eventuate in proclaiming the national and international rights of Labour."

Hitherto, it is true, more emphasis appears to have been placed on the international rights of Labour, but there were two national questions which have been profoundly agitated throughout Labour circles in France—those of the employment of women and *la vie chère*. The latter has already been mentioned as characteristic of France when contrasted with Britain and Germany, and it receives extended treatment in a series of pamphlets and reports issued by the Executive Committee representing Socialists, Syndicalists, and Co-operators, which have been described as a characteristic product of French Labour unanimity in the prosecution of the war. As for the employment of women, it seemed inevitable if output were to be maintained and increased in the days that succeeded the war. "We have to choose between Frenchwomen or the Chinaman," says Pierre Hamp, in a characteristic work which has exerted a great influence in French Labour circles.\* M. Hamp further discusses the question in his own eloquent, though sometimes nebulous, style. The Labour militants do not give it the same extended treatment as he does. But they insist on trade union membership and equal pay and conditions for the women. Nor are they unmindful of the declining birth-rate in France. Special pains must be taken in the employment of women that their child-bearing powers shall not be affected.

\* *La France, pays ouvrier*, by Pierre Hamp, p. 42.

French Labour has not displayed the same genius for practical administration as British Labour has during the war. It has not made the same progress in suggesting plans for the democratisation of industry. As befits a country so severely centralised as France, the State Socialist has been in the ascendant, and he has proclaimed a State mobilisation as the inevitable panacea for the future. We do not hear, as in this country, of committees of workers or of representatives of the community interposed to avert undue despotism on the part of the employer and the Trade Unions, because Trade Unions have hardly maintained themselves with the same administrative power. On the other hand, French Labour has been an example to the world in its large and general glimpses of the International future of the craftsman. Pierre Hamp's books have been a lyric song of triumph in honour of Labour, supreme and invincible. M. Albert Thomas, the French Minister of Munitions, has summed up the glorious past record of French workers in a book that must inspire every Trade Unionist with the pride of his vocation. The greatest nation of the future is to be the nation of workers. Even the shot and shell of a ghastly war cannot prevent the labourer from continuing his task. "The fields in Flanders," says Pierre Hamp, "have been ploughed by shrapnel, and yet the corn is growing as if the country had only been visited by sun, rain, and wind." The lesson of the war for France is, and must be, that the toilers have come to their own. Henceforth the history of Labour is to be the history of the world.

J. H. HARLEY.

## THADDEUS KOSCIUSZKO.\*

**O**N February the 2nd (?), 1746, in a small village in White Ruthenia, not far from Brest Litowski, Thaddeus Kosciuszko was born, as the youngest son of Colonel Lewis Kosciuszko. The Kosciuskos were a noble family of the Polish Commonwealth, but they were of White Ruthenian descent. As such they belonged to the Grand Duchy of Lithuania, and came under Polish influence only after the union of the two countries. Now the social structure of Lithuania and her subject races vastly differed from that of Poland. Feudalism was very little developed in Poland. All nobles were equal among themselves and they all held their land as absolute lords (*allodium*). In Lithuania feudal tenure was in practice, but the personal dependence of the lower grades of knights and boyards on their overlords was much greater than in Western European countries. They had no family names and were known only by their personal name and that of their father. To this class belonged the ancestors of Kosciuszko.

After the union of Lithuania with Poland the Polish customs were transplanted to that country. But it took centuries before they were adopted entirely. In the sixteenth century one of Thaddeus's ancestors, Constantine, rose above the ranks of the ordinary Lithuanian knights. In 1509 he received from King Sigismund I. the estate of Siechnowicze, and adopted his Christian name, Constantine, or Ruthenian Kost, or the diminutive Kosciuszko, as his family name, adding to it the name of the estate, Siechnowicki. He was the founder of the family. So strong was the attractive power of Polish civilisation, and of the blessing of liberty extended to these eastern neighbours of Poland, that they amalgamated entirely with the corresponding ranks of Poles. More than that, it may be said that the great number of eminent Polish names shows that their bearers are descendants of Lithuania or Ruthenia. Who knows but that if the Polish liberties had not embraced only one class, but the whole of the populations of the territories of the ancient Republic, perhaps there would have been no Lithuanian and Ukrainian question to-day?

Thaddeus Kosciuszko was born just at that period when after the downfall of the seventeenth century the Polish Republic was beginning to make an effort towards regeneration. He was at first sent to an ecclesiastical school at Brest, but in 1765 he was transferred to the Military School at Warsaw, known as the Corps of Cadets. This was a very remarkable school. It was founded by King Stanislas Augustus, that unfortunate monarch who combined an extraordinary brain with such weakness of character, that a strong man could drive him to do anything ranking from the sublime to the ridiculous. The most modern educational ideas of the time were put into practice at His Majesty's Corps of Cadets; its motto was: "Love of God and the Country." The lay teaching of morality based on social science was a prominent feature of the Corps and special stress was laid on the development of a high sense of honour. In this school Kosciuszko did extremely well.

\* A Lecture Delivered at King's College on October 11th, 1917.

When, in 1769, he passed his final examinations, he remained in the Corps as a teacher with the rank of captain.

At this time Kosciuszko had to live through some very painful disappointments. He witnessed the beginnings of the humiliations through which his country was to pass and they created a lasting impression on him, especially owing to the fact that the founder of the Corps to whom he was taught to look with respect and confidence, acted in a far from satisfactory manner. The young Kosciuszko saw the high-handed ways of the Russian Ambassador, Prince Repnin, and witnessed the deportation to Russia of the Hetman of the Polish Army with two Bishops for opposing in Parliament the Government acting according to the instructions of the Ambassador with the approval of the King. This made such an impression on Kosciuszko that he immediately left the country. He went to France where he continued his education at the School of Artillery and Engineering in Mézières and in the Ecole Militaire in Paris. For five years he remained abroad. From France he watched the first partition of Poland. He did not wish to return as he was perfectly aware that nothing could help his country at the time. The unhappy international situation gave no hope for any effective alliance. France of Louis XV. was opposed to the partition, but was unable to do anything to counteract it. On the other hand, England, France's chief enemy at the time, looked upon the dismemberment of Poland with complaisance. First, Prussia, Britain's Ally from the Seven Years' War, received the lion's share and Catherine II., with whom Great Britain desired a political and commercial treaty, fared almost as well. Secondly, Austria, France's Ally at the time, got the smallest portion. Realising the situation, Kosciuszko preferred not to return and not to look at his country's plight.

In 1774, he came back to Poland. His financial position did not allow him to buy a commission, and he therefore went to his country seat. At that time he met Miss Louise Sosnowska, daughter of an ambitious noble, who, by his subservience to Russia and through her protection, rose to Senatorial rank, and afterwards became Hetman or Commander-in-Chief of the Lithuanian army. Miss Sosnowska was the only true love in the life of Kosciuszko. But the happiness of these young people did not last long. The father who, above all, cared for his personal career, was opposed to the marriage of his daughter to a poor nobleman of no importance, and persuaded her to wed Prince Joseph Lubomirski. In after years, when the wound in the two young hearts was healed, a feeling of friendship developed between the Princess and the Dictator. At the time, however, under the shock, Kosciuszko decided again to leave the country. He left for France in 1776, and in the middle of the same year sailed for America, with the view of taking part in that country's War for Independence. Neither the distance nor the difference of race stopped him. The French philosophy of the eighteenth century taught him the equality of all human beings. Besides, he saw a great similarity between the political structure of the rising Union of States in the New World and that of Poland which, strictly speaking, was but a federal

union of Palatinates, each of which sent its representatives to the Central Parliament on a principle similar to that of the Congress. Besides, the canons of liberty proclaimed at the time in America were well known to such a Polish nobleman as Kosciuszko. They had been trampled upon in Poland, and he wanted to see them revive in America in the hope of being able to apply one day the same methods for reviving them in his own country. The American dislike of a standing army and their reliance on militia was also in keeping with the Polish custom.

Kosciuszko served as a military engineer first under General Gates. He was responsible for the fortifications of West Point. To-day there is a military school on the place once fortified by Kosciuszko and his memorial commemorates his labours there. Later, under General Greene, he distinguished himself by the fortifications of the rivers Great Pedee and Catawba. After the end of the war (1783) he was promoted to Brigadier-General, and obtained a pension from the Congress, Washington described him as "a gentleman of science and merit." He was also made a member of the Society of Cincinnati, an honour which at the time was conferred only on two foreigners beside himself. In letters and despatches concerning his service, special notice is often given to the tact and kindness with which he always dealt with his inferior officers and men, who greatly appreciated the care he took of them. But not only was he kind to his own men, it is known that he spent a great portion of his salary in buying comforts and food for the British prisoners of war.

In July, 1783, he left New York for his native land. He could have stayed in America where he was given a sufficient quantity of land to live comfortably, but he felt that he ought to serve his country. His stay in America, nevertheless, had made a lasting impression on his mind. The Polish ideas of liberty of one class only with a high sense of duty towards his country acquired in the Corps of Cadets were broadened under the influence of American ideals. He came back to Poland with advanced political convictions, which he afterwards tried to carry into practice. He was a strong Republican; thrones, with their pompous etiquette, did not inspire him with admiration. A servant of the nation, returning to his cottage after having performed his duty in the highest office of state, was for him an ideal of authority. Individual freedom was his dogma, but the safety of his country had to be placed even above liberty, because the State had the right to demand sacrifices from all its citizens. The serfdom of the negroes was repugnant to him, he came to the conviction that all men, irrespective of class or race were equal. He had a sincere compassion for all those whose liberty was restricted and in the first place for the peasants of his own country. He was perfectly tolerant in all religious matters, and was for the disestablishment of all churches. To his mind the first and chief object of the State was to render its citizens as happy as possible. With these ideas he came back to Poland. At first he settled on his hereditary estate Siechnowicze. There he at once put his theories into practice by substantially ameliorating the lot of his peasants. In a letter to one of his most intimate



friends, Michael Zaleski, he wrote: "There should be no unfree men in any civilised State, indeed, the word 'unfree' itself ought to be banished from every legal code."

But a new era seemed to open before Poland. The Great Diet of 1788 assembled. One of its first measures was the voting of a standing army of 100,000 men. There was a chance for Kosciuszko. Immediately he went to Warsaw and offered his services to the State. He at once obtained a commission with the rank of Major-General. He rendered very distinguished services during the reform of the army. But when, on May 3rd, 1791, the Diet proclaimed the well-known Constitution, aiming at the reform of the Government of the country, the international situation became threatening. There was, however, a marked change in the position of different powers as compared with that during the first partition. England, now established in India, looked with suspicion on the Russian development in Asia. Moreover, England's enemy, France, sought closer relations with Russia, and concluded with her a commercial treaty in 1786. This gave William Pitt a desire to enter into closer relations with Poland, and, indeed, Poland was preparing a war against Russia in the hope that it would be carried on in alliance with Great Britain. But Fox and the Whig opposition were against such a war. The Foreign Secretary, Lord Granville, was also opposed to it. Therefore Pitt gave up his plan and entered a coalition with Austria and Prussia, Russia being a friendly onlooker. Catherine II. denounced the Constitution of May 3rd, and declared war on Poland. The command of the Polish Army was entrusted to the King's nephew, Prince Joseph Poniatowski. The Polish Army was far from being ready for such a contest, and as it was unable to fight against the superior forces of the enemy, it was again and again defeated. At the same time Poland had a defensive and offensive alliance with Prussia, but when the Polish Government asked for Prussian help, the Prussian King availed himself of the privilege always claimed by the Hohenzollerns and denounced the treaty. The most sanguinary battle was that of Dubienka, in which Kosciuszko commanded the right wing of the Polish forces. There he so distinguished himself that he was promoted Lieutenant-General. After the defeat Prince Joseph Poniatowski decided to retreat to the Vistula. But at that time King Stanislas Augustus shamefully decided to abandon any further defence, and the second partition of Poland followed. Kosciuszko, who was of the opinion that peace was premature and shameful, resigned his commission. When for the first time he took off his uniform he exclaimed "Oh, God, allow me to fight again for my country."

Not wishing to look at his country's plight he again went abroad. Along with many Polish emigrants he settled in Leipzig. Here with Ignatius Polocki and Hugo Kolloniy, he began to plan a way of uplifting his country. From the time of the American War he had the conviction that France was able to fight for the ideal of liberty; moreover, he had just received the news that on August 26th, 1792, the "Assemblée Legislative" had conferred upon him the title of honorary "Citizen of France," along with Washington.

Schiller, and Pestalozzi. He therefore planned a journey to France, England, and Sweden, with the view of obtaining the help of these countries. In that way he was the first to undertake the invidious task of trying to solicit Europe's intervention in the cause of Poland. France was too busy with her own affairs, this being the hottest time of the Revolution. It was hinted to Kosciuszko, through the British Minister in Saxony (?) that he had better abandon the plan of going to London, as England had concluded a treaty with Russia, and his visit there would be looked upon as undesirable. After this unsuccessful diplomatic attempt, Kosciuszko returned to Leipzig, and began to prepare for the Revolution in Poland. Revolutionary Committees sprang up all over the country, and Kosciuszko was unanimously designated as the leader of the rising. He undertook the task and at once set to work. In its organisation the Polish revolutionary army was similar to that of America; in fact, one can easily detect the traces of Kosciuszko's American experiences.

In March, 1784, Kosciuszko reached Poland incognito. On the 24th of that same month he appeared officially in Cracow, where he proclaimed the Revolution and assumed the supreme command with dictatorial powers. The act of the Revolution, after enumerating the wrongs done to Poland by her neighbours, set forth as the aim of the insurgents the achievement of internal and external freedom of the whole of Poland, which was expressed in the three words, "Liberty, Integrity, Independence," analogous to the French, "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité." On the same date, Kosciuszko published three proclamations, one addressed to the citizens, the other to the clergy, and the third to the women of Poland, asking for support.

With his ideas of equality and freedom of all men, Kosciuszko proclaimed the liberation of the peasants, and called them to arms. His idea was to collect a great number of peasant militia, who, he argued, would be willing to defend their newly-acquired liberties. The peasants responded readily, and the experiment proved successful. At Raclawice, owing to the impetuous attack of the peasant regiments, Kosciuszko achieved a great victory against the Russians. Shortly, however, the King of Prussia joined in the war against Poland. At first, Kosciuszko managed to hold out against the two enemies, and even defeated the Prussian attempt to capture Warsaw after a siege of three months; but finally he was overcome. At the Battle of Maciejowice, on October 10th, he was wounded and taken prisoner. There is a widespread belief that, when wounded, Kosciuszko exclaimed, "Finis Polonia!" Putting aside the fact that Kosciuszko, being always very simple in his manners, was not likely to exclaim at a moment like this a pompous Latin phrase, we know that he was pursued, wounded, and taken prisoner by a group of five Russians, whose names are recorded. They were all of them more or less uneducated people, and none of them was likely to have understood or repeated the statement. Moreover, we have Kosciuszko's own letter addressed to the Count de Ségur, author of the "*Décade Historique*," in which he categorically denies ever having made such a statement.

Kosciuszko was taken to St. Petersburg, where he was kept as a prisoner for two years. At first he was confined in the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul, but in the later period of his captivity he was treated much better. He was allowed to live in the palace of Count Orlov and had at his disposal all the requirements of comfort. But he deeply felt his captivity. His wounds were far from being healed. An English surgeon who attended him, Mr. Rogerson, well understood his illness, and ascribed it mostly to the moral strain of the misfortunes of his country. A week after the death of the Empress Catherine, her successor, Tzar Paul I., accompanied by the Tzarevitch Alexander, called on Kosciuszko and set him at liberty. The first thought of Kosciuszko was to ask for the liberation of his companions in arms, and for the permission to go to America. Both requests were granted. The Tzar offered him a substantial sum of money and a carriage specially fitted up for him as he still could not walk and had to lie down all the time. A few weeks later, attired in the uniform of an American General, he paid his farewell visit to the Tzar and left Russia by way of Finland for Sweden. Here he was enthusiastically received notwithstanding his attempts to preserve his incognito. In May, 1797, Kosciuszko reached England. He stayed in London at the Sablonnière Hotel, Leicester Square. This time he was no longer the "undesirable alien." He came with special introductions from the Tzar. The Russian Ambassador, Count Vorontzev, by order of his sovereign, called every day to enquire after his health. As soon as the London Press of May 3rd published the news that Kosciuszko, the champion of liberty was in London, many visitors came to see him, the most prominent being Fox, Cartwright, Sheridan, Lord Grey, the Duke of Bedford, Lady Oxford, the Duchess of Devonshire and others. Cosway painted his portrait, and the contemporaries said that it was the best ever made. The Whig Club offered him a sword of honour.

After a fortnight in London he went to Bristol, where he was received by Col. Sir George Thomas with a guard of honour and by the American Consul, Mr. Vanderhorst, in whose house he stayed. The reception accorded to him was magnificent. Dense crowds, anxious to catch a glimpse of the hero, daily filled the Queen's Square, where the Consul resided. A military band played every evening before his windows. The Rev. Richard Warner, who saw Kosciuszko in Bristol, gave the following description of him in his *Literary Recollections* :—

"I never contemplated a more interesting human figure than Kosciuszko stretched upon his couch. His wounds were still unhealed, and he was unable to sit upright. He appeared to be a small man, spare and delicate. A black silk bandage crossed his fair and high, but somewhat wrinkled, forehead. Beneath it, his dark eagle eye sent forth a stream of light that indicated the steady flame of patriotism which still burned within his soul, unquenched by disaster and wounds, weakness, poverty, and exile. Contrasted with its brightness was the paleness of his countenance and the wan cast of every feature. He spoke very tolerable English, though in a low and feeble tone, but his

conversation, replete with fine devise, lively remarks, and sagacious answers, evidenced a noble understanding and a cultivated mind. On rising to depart, I offered him my hand; he took it. My eyes filled with tears; and he gave it a warmer grasp. I muttered something about 'brighter prospects' and 'happier days.' He faintly smiled and said: 'Ah! Sir, he who devotes himself to his country must not look for his reward on this side of the grave.' "

On June 17th Kosciuszko sailed for America. His health was still so bad that he had to be carried on board. A hearty farewell was accorded to him. All along the river Avon dense crowds stood on the banks and cheered the departing hero. His stay in America, however, was short, notwithstanding his primary intention of staying there for the rest of his life. On March 26th, 1798, he received a letter from Europe with the news of the formation in France of Polish Legions, which had to fight under Bonaparte for the restoration of Poland. This news made a tremendous effect on him. A ray of hope of the possibility of the re-establishment of the country instantly healed all his sufferings. For the first time after five years he jumped up and exclaimed, "I must at once go back to Europe." But here he shortly came to the conclusion that while using the Polish Legions for his own purposes, Napoleon never meant seriously to do anything for Poland. He saw the great prestige which Kosciuszko enjoyed among the Poles, and tried by all means to win him over to his side; but Kosciuszko would not act without guarantees on the part of France. Even when the Duchy of Warsaw was instituted, he refused to come back to Poland, as he disapproved of its constitution and frontiers, which, according to him, ought to have comprised the whole of the territories of the ancient Republic. He remained, therefore in France. Another ray of hope for the fulfilment of his ideals came during the Congress of Vienna. He had written to Alexander asking him to reunite all Polish territories and proclaim himself Constitutional King of Poland, a letter which was much quoted, even at the beginning of the present war. But he was again disappointed. He went to Vienna to try and persuade the Tsar to rebuild Poland as a separate kingdom; but in a written answer Alexander spoke of the difficulties in the way of such a solution, and advised the Poles to look for salvation in the union with other Slavs. This made a very great impression on Kosciuszko. Disappointed, he left Vienna and went to Switzerland, where he spent the remaining three years of his life. He died at Solothurn on October 15th, 1817. Before dying, he directed that his heart should not be brought back to his country until the day came when Poland should be free.

Now, a hundred years after his death, we hope it will be possible to fulfil this wish of the great champion of liberty.

AUGUST ZALESKI.

## CAPTURE OR CONTROL: A STUDY IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF SEA LAW.

"So the earth is divided into several parcels, that each man may till and hold his own. Now, these things being admitted, we say that the sea, considered either universally or as to its principal parts, cannot be held in propriety by any.

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"So the King of Denmark, having seized and confiscated some merchant ships of Hull for fishing on the coast of Norway, near Iceland, without leave, our most wise Queen Elizabeth pleaded that the best lawyers had adjudged the sea to be free, and by the Law of Nations common to all, nor could it be interdicted by any Prince."

**I** HAVE thought it fitting to introduce a consideration of the Laws of War at sea by the above quotations from Evats's translation of Grotius's famous exposition of the Laws of War and Peace. For at a time when the world is concerned with the daily violation of the Law of Nations and of the Law of Nature—when men despair of International Law and of civilisation, when words and phrases such as the "Freedom of the Seas" or "belligerent rights" are used as missiles to be thrown indiscriminately at enemy or friendly journalists, it is well to examine the true meaning of expressions, and I know of no better authority for the interpretation of the first of these phrases than the illustrious author of "*De Mare Liberum*," a book that preceded his "*De Jure Belli ac Pacis*" by sixteen years. Grotius, it will be seen, contended for a principle that had been asserted by Queen Elizabeth before he was born, namely, that no Potentate could claim the sovereignty of the High Seas. A principle that is maintained by England to-day as strongly and as sincerely as in the days of Queen Elizabeth when Elizabethan seamen made waste paper of the claim to the sovereignty of the Spanish Main.

But whilst no nation, either belligerent or neutral, can claim the sovereignty of the High Seas, it is obvious that a belligerent has the right to intercept or hinder the supply of material assistance to his enemy. A neutral State is under no obligation to restrain its subjects from engaging in contraband trade. But, if they do so, they infringe a belligerent right and expose themselves to the penalties of the breach of neutrality committed by them. The interpretation of this word "contraband" and the penalties imposed for the breach of neutrality involved in the practice of contraband trade have varied from time to time, so that the rules to be observed by belligerents are neither uniform nor consistent. Broadly speaking, it may be asserted that the Great Powers of Europe and America have held different and even contradictory views, as they happened to be in the position of belligerents or neutrals. But there is no need to impute dishonesty to them on that account.

Science is always on the march, and there is no art to which the students of science have more consistently applied themselves than to the development and improvement of the appliances of war. The

list of articles capable of being utilised for war purposes is constantly being extended, and their extension is not justly attributable to Machiavellian diplomatists—to casuistical lawyers or to unscrupulous soldiers or sailors—but to the scientists who, by their discoveries or inventions, add new weapons of war or devise new methods for the utilisation of old material. To recognise the changes that this progress of invention has introduced is to perform an elementary duty which every belligerent government owes to its soldiers and sailors. If, then, invention has enabled a neutral citizen to render assistance to an enemy belligerent in a manner not dreamt of by our ancestors that neutral violates the law of neutrality by rendering such assistance as truly, and certainly more seriously, than he would if he had engaged in the supply of the obsolete war material which is scheduled in the ancient Treaties. It has been said—and the statement provoked a laugh—that even thoughts may become contraband. So they may. And there is nothing ridiculous in the statement. In former days, when communication between nations was slow and infrequent, a letter containing information or suggestions took weeks, perhaps months, on its journey, and this information or suggestion when it reached the belligerent was out of date. But now thoughts, information, or suggestions, may be transmitted with the rapidity of light, and what was harmless a century ago may become fatal to-day.

It is necessary, therefore, to commence our study of the law of visit and search and capture at sea by a consideration of the changes that have taken place in the conditions which were present in the minds of the great text-book writers and framers of International Law. The sea, and the air over the sea, are still free—as free as they were in the days of Queen Elizabeth and Hugo Grotius; but the means, and the methods of violating the obligations of neutrality imposed on neutral citizens have increased and changed. The high road is still open to all—but it is not open to men who violate the obligations imposed on them by the elementary principles of the law of nations.

#### THE CHANGED CONDITIONS.

The bulk of the text-book writers have taken their laws and their precedents from the great wars of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Even the American Supreme Court based its judgments in the Civil War on precedents taken from the great war between England and France. That it extended and developed the principles enunciated by British Prize Courts is undoubted, but such extension and development were admittedly dictated by changed conditions. So, then, if we are to examine the justice or injustice of the more recent developments of International Law we must commence with a study of the conditions as they exist to-day as contrasted with the conditions that existed at the time that the Laws of War at Sea, in so far as they affect and restrict the right of free navigation in time of war, were formulated. That they have since been modified by conventions and agreements is to say that the need of change has been felt, if they were to correspond to changed conditions. But that the changes in law have not kept pace with

the change in the conditions of modern war is a truism that leaps to the eyes of every reader of our daily papers.

#### WHAT, THEN, ARE THE CHANGES?

At the time of the great war a vessel of 500 tons was a large vessel—she could carry but a small cargo and a few passengers, perhaps a dozen or so. She took anything from a month to six weeks to cross the Atlantic, and if she was stopped by a belligerent frigate the right of visit and search could be exercised at sea in an hour or at the outside in two hours. The capital invested in the ship and cargo was small, and a two hours' detention in a voyage of weeks made no great difference either to owners or shippers. But the progress of science and enterprise have changed all that. The Atlantic mail steamer may now displace 40,000 or 50,000 tons. She crosses the Atlantic in six days, and carries a population equal to that of a small town. She cannot be searched at sea, and an adequate examination can only be made in harbour. This involves a possible diversion of voyage and detention, and the expenses of detention have increased with the increase of the amount of capital invested in the ship and with the enormously increased cost of maintenance.

But the change is not only with the mail packet. A change has also taken place in the vessels of war that exercise the duties of the belligerent police. The old frigate, with her open decks and roomy cabins, has given place to the destroyer or light cruiser or submarine, all of them built for speed and armament, and with little accommodation for their own officers and crew, none at all for the population of an Atlantic mail steamer or even a Cape or an Indian or a China or an Australian mail steamer. So that if we admit the right of destruction—a right which is only admitted as an exception and under exceptional circumstances—the obligation to provide for the safety of the passengers and crew either by taking them on board or by some other means is impossible of fulfilment in the case of the light cruiser, or destroyer, or submarine, that may be assigned to the duty of intercepting a mail steamer. So we see that the conditions imposed not merely by the Laws of War, but by the laws of ordinary humanity render it impossible to exercise the exceptional right of destruction consistently with those laws. In other words, this exceptional right has been rendered obsolete and nullified by modern conditions.

But the change does not stop there. The old frigate had a broadside which was in every case superior to anything that could be carried by a merchant vessel—a salvo from a merchant vessel fired in resistance to the right of visit and search could hardly be fatal to the frigate; and the merchant vessel, in exercising the admitted right of self-defence, was performing an act which might be compared to that of a citizen who finds himself in the hands of an enemy and fights with his fist or some non-lethal weapon to free himself. But that has been changed. A submarine is now a very vulnerable vessel whilst on the surface. The armed merchant vessel may, if she comes alongside to exercise the right of visit

and search, sink her with a single shell. Even destroyers or light cruisers, though they have astonished the world by their power of vitality during the present war, are for the most part lightly built and could be sunk by the stem of an ordinary merchant steamer. The naked fist has been replaced by the pocket pistol.

But the submarine, when submerged, is safe from gun fire or the ram, and submerged she has only one weapon—the deadly torpedo. If, then, she uses the torpedo for purposes of destruction regardless of the obligation to provide for the safety of passengers and crew, she endeavours to justify the act of inhumanity by the plea that merchant vessels have become combatants and liable to the risks of combatants. This plea, however specious, is not convincing. It has not convinced the neutral nations in this war. But it has undoubtedly influenced the judgment of the peoples of the central nations in regard to the use and abuse of the submarine.

But there have been other changes since 1815. Not the least is the creation of the Limited Liability or Joint Stock Company—a ship may now be owned by many shareholders—including neutral shareholders; so that in destroying an enemy vessel, a cruiser may be really destroying neutral property. Moreover, the ship may be, and, as a matter of fact, is, almost certain to be carrying both neutral passengers and neutral property, so that we have in the assumed right of destruction a further attack on neutral rights.

Again, the interdependence of States has been enormously increased by the growth of civilisation. It is possible that there may be some cannibal island in the Pacific where the inhabitants are not dependent on outside sources for the necessities of life; but with the exception of such an island, if it exists, there is no nation and no people in this world that will not feel, and feel severely, the destruction of shipping and of property that has taken place in this war. Even Germany herself will do so, and it is not improbable—indeed, it is quite probable—that she may be the greatest sufferer of all. Similarly, the growth of civilisation and of the needs of commerce have not been limited to the size of the ships employed. The increase in the aids to navigation have been equally great; and the last century has seen an addition to the number of lighthouses and lightships built or anchored at a distance from the mainland, and often beyond the territorial waters of the States that maintain them. These lighthouses or lightships are maintained for a beneficent and humane purpose—as a guide and an aid to mariners, but they have unfortunately been used as a bait to trap the unwary into the radius of the submarine—a monstrous distortion of a humane institution.

The reader who has followed me so far will understand that a change in the Laws of War as they are understood or misunderstood, applied or misapplied, is a categorical imperative of the teaching of the present war. Even if the conscience of the civilised world, shocked at the useless and wicked sacrifice of life and property, did not call for reform, the seamen of the Allied and neutral nations would demand that an end should be put to a condition of affairs that allows a full licence to folly and cruelty. What, then, is the remedy? The remedy is a reform of the law that will bring it abreast of modern conditions, and a sanction behind



the law which will compel its observance. But if the sanction of other nations is to be secured the reformed rules must fulfil three conditions.

1. The freedom of the seas, in so far as it asserts and protects the legitimate commerce of neutrals, must be respected.

2. The rights of belligerents to intercept or prevent supplies from reaching the enemy must be exercised in the manner that is least vexatious to neutrals and least injurious to the permanent interests, both economic and humane, of the whole world, whether belligerent or neutral. Neutral interests are often belligerent interests as well; but in any case the most ardent belligerent hopes to be a neutral some day.

3. The rules must not be one-sided, nor must they be framed in the interest of one Power or one group of Powers, but must take account of the resources and geographical condition of the smallest or weakest of the maritime Powers, as they do of the greatest or strongest Powers. In other words, there must be give and take.

It is only if these conditions are fulfilled in drafting the rules that we can ask for the sanction of other States in the support of law against lawlessness.

The first requirement of the new rules hardly needs exposition or explanation. The destruction of merchant shipping must be absolutely prohibited. The aim of all progressive reformers of the laws of war on land has been to separate combatants from non-combatants, and to forbid the wanton destruction of private property. The merchant vessel, whether belligerent or neutral, should be regarded as a non-combatant, and should be a non-combatant. She should be liable to seizure in order to prevent the service she may render to an enemy if she were allowed to complete her voyage; and in order to establish her character and the nature of the service on which she is engaged, she should be liable to visit and search; but as she is to claim the status of a non-combatant she should be deprived of the power of becoming a combatant. She should, in fact, be unarmed. There is no reason why she should be deprived of the right to escape by flight if she so elects, but in such a case she exposes herself to such military measures as may be necessary to arrest that flight and bring her to.\*

The abolition of the right of destruction involves however a logical corollary—the prize, if she be a prize, must be taken into port. But there are nations that have ports and Prize Courts distributed over the whole world, whilst there are other nations which have but few ports, and these ports are not easy of access by prizes. To meet their case—a concession which is not without precedent might be granted, and the right to take prizes for internment into neutral ports might be allowed. This is not a new right: it is as old as the *Consulato del Mare*. But the admission of the right is limited to internment. No Prize Court could or should be allowed to sit in a neutral port. Nor must there be any encroachment on neutral

\* This suggestion is merely a modification of the proposal made by Mr. Lansing in his confidential letter of January 18th, 1916, and a reproduction of the reasons given by him.

sovereignty. This concession begins and ends with internment for safe custody or under guard as in the case of any interned vessel. Needless to say, the abolition of the right of destruction involves also the withdrawal of the claim to lay mines on the high seas, an act which is *hostes humanis*. Similarly, the right to conduct a ship into port for the purpose of visit and search must be conceded; but a time-limit should be placed on the exercise of this right, and demurrage should be payable to an innocent ship after a period of, say, two days.

But it is not only in respect of ships that a limit is placed on the freedom of the seas. We have seen that, owing to the discoveries of science, the list of articles capable of being converted to military purposes has increased enormously, and is increasing. So much so that it is now more difficult to define the articles that are not contraband, or are incapable of becoming contraband, than it is to define the articles capable of being put to a belligerent use. Almost everything is now considered capable of a warlike use or of supporting, directly or indirectly, the enemy forces. And this extension of the list of conditional contraband, of things that have a double use, is accompanied by a change in the conditions of transport. The railway, as a carrier, rivals the ship and extends the voyage of the ship, so that railway transport may be regarded as a continuation of the sea voyage. This development has caused a further development of the doctrine of continuous voyage.

Both these extensions of existing doctrines involve encroachments on the rights of neutrals, and justice and policy alike require that they should be accompanied by some concession to neutral interests. The belligerent interest consists in the interception of supplies to an enemy, and that interception is as effectual, if performed by means of pre-emption or requisition on payment, as it is if it be performed by confiscation or destruction. The essential is that the enemy should not get the goods. The means by which the goods are prevented from reaching him does not affect the military position, but it is a matter that concerns belligerent and neutral. Moreover, the right of requisition on payment is acknowledged on land, and there is no reason why land and sea law should not be assimilated in this respect. In the eighteenth article of the Treaty of November 10th, 1794, between England and America, it was stipulated that "whereas the difficulty of agreeing on the precise cases in which alone provisions and other articles not generally contraband may be regarded as such, renders it expedient to provide against the inconveniences and misunderstandings which might thence arise; it is further agreed that whenever such articles so becoming contraband according to the existing law of nations shall, for that reason, be seized the same shall not be confiscated, but the owners thereof shall be speedily and completely indemnified." In other words, conditional contraband was to be liable to pre-emption, and this is the course which has to a very great extent been followed under our Orders in Council. Absolute contraband, that is to say, war material, remained liable to confiscation or destruction, and no one seeks to change this rule.

So thus we see that the progress of belligerent rights has, so far

as the Allies are concerned, taken the direction of the substitution of a system of control or direction of commerce, instead of the opposing system of capture or destruction. That the substitution is an advance in civilisation and in respect for the rights and interests of neutrals, is not to be doubted. The neutral opinion of the world is unanimous in its judgment on this point.

But we have not exhausted the logical consequences of the proposed changes. If a cruiser or submarine is to abandon her right of destruction, and the merchant vessel is to be accorded the rights of a non-combatant, it follows that a combatant ship must wear the marks or the uniform of her calling. This is in effect the requirement of the second article of the Seventh Hague Convention, which recites that "Merchant vessels converted into war-ships must bear the external marks which distinguish war-ships of their nationality." In other words, they should wear the uniform of the combatants of their own nation. Similarly, the use of a neutral lightship or lighthouse as a trap for merchant vessels should be declared unlawful, and the waters for a three-mile radius round a lightship or lighthouse should be declared the territorial waters of the power maintaining such lightship or lighthouse.

I have so far sketched in popular language a few of the changes in the Laws of War at Sea which seem to be called for in the interests of civilisation and humanity. It will be sufficient to say that whilst I have not considered it desirable to burden this article with quotations or arguments based on historical or legal precedents, the policy of the changes can be supported in every point by recognised international authority. But their justification does not rest on the opinions of jurists or commentators; I prefer to seek their justification in the awakened sense of humanity and justice of the nations. A sense that has brought sixteen nations into an alliance for the defence of civilisation against the onslaughts of a lawless barbarism, and that has responded to the cry "Never again!" which has issued from the bleeding heart of tortured humanity.

GRAHAM BOWER (Retired Commander R.N.)



## JAPAN AS IT IS.

**T**HERE are, it has been said, two Japans. There is the Japan of the *fêted* visitor and the Japan of the resident merchant.

For the former, no epithets to describe Japan are supposed to be too good; for the latter, few too bad. In the eyes of the former, Japanese are demigods; in those of the latter, people of no morality, whose one delight is to break engagements and to work off inferior goods.

The generalisation is no truer than such generalisations usually are. The tourist is apt to come out expecting to find every respectable inhabitant of the country dressed in bright brocades like Pooh-Bah, with two swords, and with a chrysanthemum poised over each ear. Not finding that gay imagination to correspond with the facts, and not discovering any notable difference between a Grand Hotel in Japan and a Grand Hotel in Paris or anywhere else, the tourist not seldom goes back to Europe or America with the impression that Japan is a shop-soiled edition of Western civilisation, provided with a tedious multitude of raddled temples between which he is unable to detect any particular distinction. On the other hand, the merchant who has lived long in the country, and who has made Japanese friends, can never find a real home again anywhere else; he does not talk much about Japan, but she has his heart.

The truth is that, of course there is only one Japan. The exasperations of which the business man complains have their origin very largely in differences of language and mental attitude. Only those who have had to do with Japanese servants can appreciate how perfectly naturally they misinterpret and are misinterpreted. There is no use in being annoyed at the fact. Japanese and English are both exceedingly difficult languages, altogether unlike in structure. Misunderstandings are inevitable and intelligible, and by no means easy to explain away by a simple syllogism. Let me instance the familiar and illogical phrase—"You were at Hakodadi yesterday, were you not?" This utterly bewilders the Japanese mind. "I was at Hakodadi; I was *not* at Hakodadi! What can the man mean?" Add to this, that a Japanese will always answer "Yes" when he agrees with a negative proposition—"Q. No one has called this afternoon? A. Yes! [*no one has called*]"—and it will be apparent how many opportunities for commercial misinterpretations there are. Brownson asks Watanabe San if he cannot have the goods at the ship's side by Monday, as the captain is anxious for despatch. Watanabe San says "Hai!" admitting that he cannot, and Brownson naturally thinks he is guaranteeing that he can, since *Hai* means Yes, according to the vocabulary. Something must also be allowed for the fact that commerce was despised by the feudal upper class, who form the backbone of Japan: something more for the Englishman's prerogative of grumbling. Above all, it must be remembered that Japan is happily a land of the small employer and of household industries. It is excessively difficult to standardise production for export under such circumstances. The attempt is being gallantly made,

and, like the similar attempt which has proved so successful in Denmark for the standardisation of dairy produce, it has every chance of removing the leading reproach made against Japanese goods—that of want of uniformity of quality. It is surely better than that the country should be covered with dismal factories. If the merchant will condescend to realise that he is in a strange country, and will take the trouble to study its peculiarities and to make friends with its people, he will have less cause for complaint. If he expects everything to proceed as it would in a European country, whilst he himself remains rooted in an English atmosphere, seeking only English society and English news, living in a house and dealing at shops planned to make him feel as far as humanly possible that he is still somewhere in Kent or Bucks, he will be disappointed. Things will not so proceed. But he will only have himself to blame. "Did I not attend to the beastly business?" he will urge; "did I not stick in?" Possibly he did: the days of indulgence in the East are past. But he insisted on treating Japan as though it were not Japan; and on trying to believe himself nowhere east of Greenwich—living on the English mail.

The tourist's difficulties are of another order. In one word, the tourist is apt to see only Westernised Japan, which is not as a rule beautiful. The sea is beautiful, and so is the land; but a beach at low tide is liable to be untidy. The tourist sees the joins. He sees precisely what he ought not to see. The reason is that he does not care to venture into Japanese hotels, and this narrows him down to the few establishments providing European accommodation. Some of these are very good; but in all of them the visitor never gets away from the environment of Europe. To all intents and purposes, he might as well sit in Piccadilly, Broadway, or the Rue de Rivoli and look at pictures. Seriously, a visit to the old "Japanese Village" at Knightsbridge, or to the Anglo-Japanese Exhibition of 1910, was far more educative than spending one's time in foreign hotels in Japan itself—and necessarily so. What the tourist comes to see in Japan is—Japan: and he does not often appear to succeed. Tokio has its own fascinations—chief among them, the quiet side-streets set in a wealth of green foliage. But the tourist sees mainly the half-western shops in the Ginza, the parks, and perhaps a museum or two. You can, however, see lacquer and prints and shop-fronts without the expense of leaving England; and the chief impression of value that the average tourist takes away from Tokio with him is that of the lantern-sprinkled nights.

At Nikko, he stays in an excellent "foreign" hotel, and dashes out to see the glorious temples. At Miyanoshita or Hakone, he stays in a foreign hotel and admires Fujisama. Perhaps he goes to Matsushima or Miyajima, or both, and from foreign hotels and foreign decks, admires the beauties of the coast. Then he returns to Tokio, and sinks for days into the embraces of the undeniably comfortable hotels of the capital. He sees Japanese plays of a thoroughly Western (and very beautiful) theatre. But he has not seen Japan. Her veil has been down from first to last.

To know Japan, it is necessary to get rid of the European environ-

ment. For visiting Tokio, Nikko, Kioto, and the other "show places," it will economise time and effort to patronise the foreign hotels. But the traveller should not be content with this. Let him seek out scenes of natural beauty—they are numberless—and boldly make the plunge into Japanese life. Let him not do the thing by halves—let him try to eat with chopsticks—let him be adamant in resisting the proffer of chairs, beds, knives, and the like. They will any of them destroy the spell. And in Japanese hotels and houses, European dress is impossible. The tight underclothing makes it uncomfortable and difficult to kneel and use the floor as it should be used, *i.e.*, as a table and as a chair. For walking during the day, foreign clothing is all right—though the traveller will not always get his boots blacked—but in the morning and evening *kimono* should invariably be worn. The smallest inn provides them; and foreign night-gowns can be put on underneath for greater warmth and comfort.

The discomforts of Japanese inns have been much overrated by travellers desiring to give highly coloured accounts of their experiences. The writer has stayed at the poorest and tiniest—and has never experienced a dirty dish or a single flea! That may be luck, and probably was, but the tourist who selects good hotels in towns of a tolerable size or repute will be sure of an experience worth all the stock sights and museums that any country has to offer. For here you have the real Japan—the courtesy, fragrant as lavender, the kindness, spontaneous and incessant, the good-humour, familiar without intrusiveness, that we instinctively connect with its romantic name.

Naturally, spring, summer, and autumn are the best times for embarking on such a quest, in the highly ventilated Japanese houses. It is not impossible in winter, if a tolerably warm neighbourhood is selected: for the sun is strong in latitude 35°, and only the dark hours are cold. When one has put on the last heavy quilted *kimono*, and has ensconced oneself beneath the piled-up *futon*, it is warm enough, even without running the risk of charcoal fumes from the portable stove. But during supper and breakfast it may be chilly. Japanese dress, however, conserves a good deal of warmth when the wearer is seated on the floor. And a hot bath taken on arriving at the hotel generates it. The difficulties attendant on bathing in Japan have been absurdly exaggerated. Everyone uses the same tank; but as all ablutions are performed outside it, on the bathroom floor, everyone is clean who enters it. No one troubles about the bather, and it seems now to be thoroughly well understood that Europeans do not care to wash in company. (The traveller who cannot close his eyes to an occasional display of undress had better stay at home for the present.)

Japan is very anxious to please the foreign visitor. Naturally, she does not always know what will entertain him. Her own people are devoted to hot springs and temples, and the tourist is usually bored by them. All temples are alike to him, and if he wants a hot bath he rings for it. Ignorant as he is of all but the barest outlines of Japanese history and mythology, the associations clustered round the most interesting temples and shrines mean—and must mean—

nothing to him. A Japanese visiting England would find one grey-spired village church, with two candlesticks and a bunch of flowers on the altar, very much like another; and he would not be impressed if he were told that Richard II. had visited it on his way to Ireland. A pilgrimage to the churches of Shropshire might be an ideal holiday for a Dulwich family with a taste for architecture; but a Japanese would feel he was wasting his time.

An enterprising Briton named, let us say, Temperley, came to Japan, and, being affluent, engaged a guide to show him Kioto and Nara. By the time he arrived at Tokio, his mental attitude was such that it was proposed to recount his experiences in the local English paper with the American head-lines (affected by that journal): "Temperley Tired of Temples: Says He is Sick of Shrines!" It would be well if it were realised that what the European cares for in Japan is, first, art; second, domestic life; and third, scenery. It is only in exceptional cases that history and ecclesiology have any appeal—or, indeed, any meaning—for him. Very likely he has read about them in the guide-book, but they have not become part of his mental outlook. The visitor, therefore, will be well advised to make his guide realise that views and Japanese hotels, to the ruthless exclusion of temples and hot springs, are his objective. The Japanese temple, moreover, is not meant to be entered: it is a covered platform for the performance of rites, which the worshipper witnesses from the outside.

Much has been said about the light way in which the Japanese regard their religious observances. The Japanese is, indeed, not morose in religion; but it is untrue to say that he is not in deep earnest. The bowed figure, standing with partly raised head, in profound communion before the shrine, Buddhist or Shinto, is the commonest figure in Japan. It is difficult to argue with those superior persons who say that Shinto is "not a religion." If unflinching obedience to the dictates of one's conscience, coupled with unbounded reverence for all that has given one a conscience at all, is not religion, then what is? What is difficult is to discover the real relations between Buddhism and Shinto. For some thousand years the former had overlaid and absorbed the latter. The Shinto deities were explained as manifestations of the Buddhist: sometimes identified with them. But in 1868 the Shinto shrines were vigorously purged of their Buddhist features, which had become identified with the Tokugawa shogunate, then abolished. The Tokugawa had been great patrons of Buddhism; and, besides, the Shinto doctrine of the Divine Descent of the Imperial House, was in thorough consonance with the theory of sacred Imperial prerogative on which the Restoration of 1868 turned as its cardinal principle. "Pure Shinto" has since then been the approved national religion, though the public exercise of the rites of Buddhism, as of Christianity, is tolerated. But there is no sharp division of the population into Shinto and Buddhist: and the Buddhist doctrine still retains a considerable hold on the minds of the people—the problem is to discover how much. The question is much complicated with politics, but it would certainly be untrue to conclude that Shinto was a mere political engine. It is

a religion that satisfied Sir Francis Palgrave, whose account of it in *Ulysses* remains the most penetrating and concise that has ever been written in English. It may be that Shinto would gain if the cosmogony were recognised to be poetry and not prose history. Perhaps if Japan would admit that the rest of the world were descended from one of the cloudy gods who were ancestors of their own shining Amaterasu-no-mikoto, one might arrive at a synthesis of Shinto and Christianity, and an identification of their ultimate essence. The Japanese *kami*, often translated "god," really means Power, Force, Supremacy; the *kami* may be little more than an angel or fairy. What the Japanese means, in worshipping Amaterasu, is that the intense Force of Warmth and Light and Comfort, which lit the sun, was the Origin of his Land and his Race, and his great Imperial House which is the acme of its structure. She cannot be less than Her creatures.

It has been the fashion of late years to assert that "the idea of personality and individuality is unknown to the Japanese"—and some persons appear really to believe it. You cannot argue with such people. If the whole literature and philosophy of Japan—teeming as it does with the revelation of infinitely varied individual character—does not show them individual persons, it is useless for us to try to point them out. Self-abnegation is a very different thing from "want of personality." It presupposes a self to restrain. We shall believe the inhabitants of Japan to be a polypus actuated by one sole consciousness when we find that each of them instantaneously feels every other one's pains—and when none of them is observed to attempt to get the better of another in a bargain. When that time arrives, the professors who are unable to detect a sense of personality among the Japanese may begin to talk. It is, indeed, probable that a star-gazing American might proclaim his failure to find any real individual personality in nineteenth-century England. But the old-fashioned English family who spent their holidays together showed not less strength of personality, but more, than their modern descendants who must fly off each with their own friends. Their personality was strong enough to hold its own in the give-and-take of family life. So in Japan. The individual personality is strong enough to make sacrifices. And it is in virtue of its personality that it makes them. They are not made against its will.

In point of fact, as Mark Twain found, as the most conspicuous result of his travels, "There is a good deal of human nature everywhere." Certain common impulses exist in Japan; but certainly not in such a degree as to suppress the existence of persons or even to weaken in the slightest the conception of individual existence. No nation that had embraced Buddhism, with its poignant appeal to the individual sufferer from Desire, could ever be intolerant of personality. Certainly the Japanese individual recognises more fully the human and natural ties than is usual in Europe. But he would be more impersonal if he did not. Personality is not isolation or ego-mania. The richest personality is not the hardest and most exclusive.

The tourist need not, therefore, look on his fellow-travellers as



automata. They will seldom volunteer conversation, unless he is in difficulties, when their desire to be of service is always conspicuous. The student who wants to air his English is less frequently to be met with than in days gone by. But they will prove, to all intents and purposes, human creatures, very much the same as he has left in Europe—with special graces which it is well worth while to cultivate, and perhaps a few defects, of which lolling at full length in railway carriages is about the most serious.

The Japanese has certainly—whether it may be counted a defect or not—a very great spirit of docility towards authority. The absolute uniformity of street decorations, the religious silence preserved on processional occasions; the response to the call of the fugleman, are very marked. This is the afterglow of the Bakufu régime, which lasted for two or three centuries under the Tokugawa Tycoons. As established by that wonderful statesman and great figure in the world's history, Tokugawa Iéyasu, the system of centralised iron control was the only method of stamping out the ruinous rivalries of the local daimyô. But an iron system it was; little wonder that it has produced a general temper which is prone to accept public guidance on public occasions. It is not, once more, that individuality does not exist, but that its expansion has been restrained. Just as in Catholic Spain, black dresses and a certain typical sobriety of demeanour are *de rigueur* in church, so a certain standard of public observances and behaviour prevails among the Japanese—not at all because they have no separate individuality, but because they have been trained to restrain its manifestations.

"Ma'am, if your majesty wishes it, I will kiss him," declared a gallant Admiral, on whom the late Queen Victoria was impressing the necessity of showing extreme courtesy to the commander of a French squadron which was visiting England. But Admiral Keppel (or whoever it was) did not thereby show himself a person of no marked individuality! It is surely the last word in perversity that the artists of Japan—and they are the Japanese population—should be represented as devoid of individual personality.

Intercourse between Japanese and Europeans is rendered difficult by the fact that Japanese do not pay visits among each other as we do. A Japanese family has its own small circle of intimate friends, and cannot very well enlarge it indiscriminately, because the paying of a visit is a serious matter, involving the sacrifice of perhaps half a day, and the production of a substantial, though not a costly, offering. The Japanese prefer to meet acquaintances at a restaurant or a tea-house, or to organise a picnic. Their houses, slight in construction and liable to collapse from fire or earthquake, are not the repository of the family spirit in the same way as those of the West. The Western house is crammed full of furniture and personal belongings, which recall at every turn the history of the occupants. That chair came from Aunt Eliza's at Salisbury; that picture from the old house at Andover; the embroidered cover is a relic of Lancelot's trip to Russia; the china vase was a birthday present from Phyllis Norham . . . ; our friends must see us at home! But to the Japanese, the house is a tent, in which there is a minimum of plenishing. It is in the presence of Nature that

he is at home. Among the fresh, free cherry-blossoms; beneath the autumn moon; on the shores of the silent lake; in the red maple-forest where the deer come down to feed; by the pools of the warm iris-garden—there the Japanese will meet his friends.

Travelling is made very easy. Japanese trains are extraordinarily comfortable and extremely cheap. First-class travel is about the price of third in England. Second-class is as comfortable (though less solitary), and quite frequently patronised by European residents. Third-class is almost as cheap as being conveyed as goods, and is scarcely to be recommended except as an experience. The seats run longitudinally, as in tram-cars, and lend themselves to full-length somnolence. Cooked rice and relish is to be had at all important stations, and tea everywhere. Sleeping and dining-cars are attached to long-distance trains. Speeds are not high, but the rolling stock and permanent way are thoroughly efficient and safe. Steam navigation has not kept pace with railway development. The coasting steamers are admittedly not attractive. They are not infrequently "third-class only," and slow and crowded at that. *Per contra*, they are excessively cheap. Of course, the ocean lines, such as the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the Toyo Kistu Kaisha, and the Osaka Shosen Kaisha, plying to Formosa, China, Europe, and America, leave nothing to be desired in the matter of elegance and comfort.

The traveller will miss the green turf which grows nowhere as it does in the British Isles. Vegetation has a different aspect, and may appear somewhat rank and tangled. There is more thick evergreen and less lacy thin leaf of lime and beech than in Europe. The aspect of a Japanese crowd is sombre. The brilliance of *The Mikado* is a thing of the far-distant past (Queen Anne's time). The modern Japanese dresses in silk, but of a dark shade, and perfectly plain. The general tone is one of lead-colour. Young men and boys wear sober cotton indigo dye, spotted or sprigged with white. Little girls are the only bright figures, in garments of red, orange, and lilac, mingling in large, quaint patterns. Their hair either falls loose, or is tied up into a little bun on the top of the head. These are the least sedate of the population. Their skipping, posturing movements keep the streets lively and sweet. As they grow older, they replace the simple bun or mare's tail by a heavy mass of black hair, which imparts rather a top-heavy effect to the figure. The Japanese is not always slight in build—many of the people are plump and very rosy. At widowhood, or at about forty years old, the heavy structure of hair is given up, and the tresses are drawn straight back from the forehead. Much powder is displayed, especially by the higher classes. No hat is worn, except by the men. These favour a plain Tyrolese, brown for choice, or occasionally a cloth cap. Undergraduates and schoolboys prefer a very German cap with a leather peak. Schoolgirls affect pleated skirts of purple or maroon. In winter, the ordinary citizen, in a soft hat and a waterproof much like an Inverness cape, might have stepped out of Pont Street, S.W. Wooden sandals are still very usual, but boots are of course worn with European dress. The most picturesque figures are the coolies, in tight trousers and jerkins of

## THE ULSTER NATIONALIST.

THE majority of those who write and speak on the Ulster question would have the world believe that the problem is absolutely simple and clear cut. On the one side stands the Unionist ready to die at the stake rather than abandon a jot or a tittle of his principles; on the other stands the Nationalist relentlessly hostile to compromise, and insistent that in all things his will shall prevail. Destiny, we are told, may have ordained that these folk shall dwell cheek by jowl, but the gap that divides them is wider than that which separated Jews from Samaritans; and woe betide well-meaning folk who, armed only with logic and reason, come between the fell and incensed points of such mighty opposites. Fortunately, or unfortunately, no political issue is quite so simple as this. Strong as party discipline and popular prejudices may be in the North of Ireland, they are not strong enough to ensure that everywhere staring Orange shall confront hard and vivid Green. If the colours do not fuse I believe it can be shown that they soften a little when one comes to examine them close at hand. It is true that the Ulster Unionist contends, and hitherto has managed to impose his contention on others, that he is *sui generis*. Whatever is peculiar to the Northern province, he claims, was created by him and applies only to him. Thus he makes a political asset of his "dourness", and determination, and the homely burr of his speech rings all the more joyfully in his ears because it has so little in common with the brogue of the South. He flourishes these things before the world as the final justification of his demand for separate treatment, conveniently ignoring the fact that they are equally characteristic of Ulster Nationalists who, instead of being an inconsiderable minority, as Unionist propaganda would lead one to believe, are not far short of half the population of the province.

Once it is realised that the Nationalist of the North is as much a product of Ulster conditions as the Orangeman, the main fabric of the Unionist case falls to the ground. But hitherto it has been Nationalists who have been slowest to admit that if they take their political creed from Dublin the influences that count for most in their everyday life radiate from Belfast. To them such a confession seems a kind of treason to their fellow-countrymen south of the Boyne, and in public at least they vehemently proclaim that the only difference between North and South is a difference of political ideals. One can understand this sentiment, but it is a sentiment as far removed from the truth of the situation as it would be to argue that the sole difference between a Yorkshire miner and a Surrey farm-hand is that one votes Labour and the other Conservative. In speech, in temper, in outlook, the Ulsterman of all creeds contrasts more sharply with the natives of the other provinces than the Black Country does with the Home Counties, and Nationalists, who refuse to admit that such a difference exists for them, are simply playing into the hands of their opponents, who insist that the cleavage is purely along the lines of race and religion. However race and religion accentuated divisions in the past, environment in the present is a more potent element than heredity. There may

not be complete assimilation, but there has undoubtedly been widespread modification, and if Ulster Protestants are, as some of them love to boast, "Scots improved by three centuries of residence in Ireland," Ulster Catholics are Irishmen improved, or at least modified, by three centuries of contact with Scots.

Ulster professes to stand four-square to all the winds of Nationalism, yet even inside the province one finds variations and differences of which too little account is taken in current controversies. Party politicians have this in common with sensational novelists, that they prefer to see things in terms of jet black or snow white, and rule out vague indeterminate shades, though it is just the existence of these shades that makes all the difference. The Ulster atmosphere, for instance, is almost a negligible quantity in counties on the outer fringe of the province like Donegal, Cavan, and Monaghan. Here the situation is roughly that common to the rest of rural Ireland, in which the Nationalists are mainly farmers and labourers, and the Unionists a tiny minority of landlords, with a sprinkling of professional men. The opposition is that of a community to a class—a class, moreover, which, since the triumph of land purchase, has accepted defeat. Difficulties may not yet have been wholly composed, and a social gulf divides the parties, but, it is safe to say, Nationalists and Unionists are nearer to an understanding in these three counties than anywhere else in Ulster.

One finds the other extreme on the eastern side of the province, where in agricultural areas scattered groups of Nationalists hold their own in the midst of an overwhelmingly Protestant population. They are settled for the most part on the bad lands to which their ancestors were driven in the days of the Tudors and the Stuarts, and the Glens of Antrim, the stony slopes of the Mourne and the Sperrin Mountains, and the water-logged plain that borders Lough Neagh are still strong Catholic enclaves. It is a safe rule in the north-eastern counties that to leave the fertile fields for the barren hills is to pass from Unionist into Nationalist territory. Yet so little are prejudices influenced by facts that one of the commonest arguments on Orange platforms is to point to the presence of Nationalists on this unprofitable soil as a final proof of their inferior economic aptitude.

In the central districts different conditions prevail. The Nationalist has indeed a monopoly of the bad lands, but he has also a share of the good, and, politically and economically, he fights on something like even terms. Instead of a contest between a community and a class one gets a clash of two democracies, and it was from this clash that the Ulster question, as we know it, first took definite shape. The Settlers of Scottish and English birth having driven out the natives, were determined at all costs, in a phrase which Parnell made popular in another connection, "to keep a firm grip of their homesteads." That was the real explanation of the savage ferocity of the Penal Laws. As Lecky points out, the code "was inspired much less by fanaticism than by rapacity, and was directed less against the Catholic religion than against the property and industry of its professors." The great landlords who had supreme control of political affairs used their power not only

to crush and degrade Catholics, but to prevent any union for the redress of common grievances by playing off one religion against the other. Protestant tenants were refused abatements and concessions on the ground that Catholics were willing to pay an even higher rent for the land, and when Catholics made demands Protestants who might have benefited were encouraged to combine against them by insinuations that the real object of the agitation was to destroy Protestant ascendancy and repudiate the Revolutionary Settlement. The policy seems obvious enough to modern eyes, but those who evolved it knew the materials with which they were working sufficiently well to prevent for the best part of two hundred years any hope of political co-operation between members of rival creeds. For a moment, indeed, towards the end of the eighteenth century, Wolfe Tone's United Irishmen promised to break down the barriers. If the Presbyterians had escaped the harrow of the Penal Laws, the supremacy of the Established Church, the intolerable land system, and the denial of Parliamentary reform led them to make common cause with their old opponents. But ancient prejudices were skilfully exploited to wreck the new hope of unity. "The question is now," Grattan said, "whether we shall be a Protestant Settlement or an Irish nation," and those to whom an Irish nation was anathema had their own methods of proving that its creation implied the destruction of Protestantism.

The land, as always, proved an instrument made to their hands. They played on the fears of the poorer class of Protestants that the overthrow of ascendancy meant the loss of their farms, with the result that Orangeism sprang into being, and armed bands, whose exploits were winked at by those in authority, raided Catholic districts, bidding the inhabitants, in Cromwell's phrase, make their choice between Hell or Connaught. The work so begun was crowned in the Rebellion of '98, which was represented as a rising not against an alien tyranny, but against a Protestant democracy, and in which Catholic bigotry was supposed to find its strongest driving force in a covetous land hunger. When in the years that followed the Union O'Connell made his plea for religious equality, Protestant Ulster was kept in opposition by the argument that to free Catholics from legal disabilities would be the first step towards enabling them to recover the lands wrested from their ancestors two centuries earlier. Northern farmers could not dispute the truth of John Mitchel's declaration that whatever the Pope might do he served no writs of ejectment in Ulster; but that fact, important as it was, did not suffice to obliterate their prejudices. Even when Protestant tenants became restive under landlord aggression, they were accustomed to distinguish between their case and that of their Catholic neighbours. I have a copy of a ballad entitled "The Ulster Yeoman's Remonstrance on the Attempt to Abolish Tenant Right," which was widely popular amongst Protestant farmers of an older generation, and is still reprinted in Orange song books. Its opening verses are as uncompromising as any land reformer could desire:—

"What is this right your new-made laws demand of us to yield?  
The right to live like Christian men, not oxen of the field;  
To feel we, freemen, tread the land our freemen fathers trod,  
The right to lift at Kirk and Church unfettered hands to God.

"We have been kinsmen of your blood, and clansmen of your name;  
No bond we asked but nobles' words, when to this land we came,  
And now our rights, but favours none, we're seeking at your hands.  
We gave our yeoman services—we'll keep our yeoman lands."

But the claim for privileges is demanded on grounds that specifically rule out members of another creed. It is less a concession to justice than a reward for the services of a garrison:—

"Was it for fate-like this, my Lords, our people crossed the sea  
From Niall and O'Donnell's swords your race's guard to be?  
Did from such serfdom many a year our yeomen fathers strive  
From wolf and woodkerne, and from want, to save your souls alive?

"Think ye we from our fathers heard no tale of days gone by  
When side by side with yours, they met the "Irish enemy";  
Ere country had forgotten been and clanship had grown cold,  
And every man was weigh'd, as now, but by his worth in gold."

Little was done to dispel this tradition of the "Irish enemy" until a time well within living memory. Up to the beginning of the 'eighties the only hope of the tenant lay in the good will and generosity of individual landlords. But with the Land League a new force came into being, powerful enough to establish the rights of the holder against the owner on a secure basis of law.

The landlords, who were the political leaders of the Ulster Protestants, like the rest of their class all over Ireland, denounced the policy and methods of the movement as sheer rapine and robbery. But their followers for the first time betrayed a reluctance to dance to their piping. When Davitt came North to preach his gospel in 1880, his meeting at Armagh was presided over by the Master of an Orange Lodge; Parnell's whirlwind campaign in the Ulster constituencies owed its success to the support of Protestant farmers. From the Unionist point of view the situation was saved by the evolution of a tenant's party, which, while opposed to Home Rule, stood for a popular settlement of the land question. The party owed its driving force to the political ability of Sir T. W. Russell, to give him his new title, and it was largely due to his exertions that the rural constituencies of the North were not swept into the net of the Land League. Since then the logic of events has made Sir Thomas Russell a Home Ruler, but he is a Moses who found that his followers, except a minority, preferred the Wilderness to the Promised Land to which he sought to lead them. Yet the fight for possession of the soil served at least the good end of weakening the superstition that Catholic Irishmen aimed at expropriating the Protestant farmer as well as the Protestant landlord. A few months ago Lord Ernest Hamilton published a book entitled "The Soul of Ulster," in which he strove to rekindle the dying embers of old passions by contending that the agitation for self-government merely masked a plot to perpetrate a *jaquerie* on

a scale that would stagger humanity. Even Orangemen refused to be terrified by this vision, for Orange farmers, whatever else they may fear from Home Rule, have no dread that under it their holdings will be grabbed and they themselves turned out to beg on the roadside.

Paradoxically enough it is in the industrial, not the rural, districts that prejudices are nowadays sharpest edged. The towns supplied the driving force for the Carson crusade, and party antagonism is much fiercer in the back streets of Belfast or Portadown than it is in the fields of Tyrone or Antrim. Closeness of contact has undoubtedly something to do with this. In the country Orange and Green for the most part live and work apart, and come into collision only on the high days of their respective creeds, when bad whisky has perhaps more to do with their broils and battles than either King William or the Pope. In towns, though the factions reside for the most part in separate quarters, the chances of friction are naturally greater, and a tiny spark can provoke a shattering explosion. The real reason, however, why antagonism should have developed so strongly lies deeper down, and is due, I believe, to economic rather than political causes. Before the Union Belfast was probably the most radical centre in the three Kingdoms. Its citizens marched in procession to celebrate the fall of the Bastille; its Protestant Volunteers formed guards of honour outside Catholic chapels to demonstrate the new unity of the creeds. The '98 Rebellion, which those in authority skilfully exploited as a rising of Catholics against Protestants, shook that alliance, and the acceptance by the Presbyterians of the Union as a final settlement completed its collapse. Yet it was not so much failure of armed revolution as the success of the Industrial Revolution that prevented the attempt to restore harmony between the creeds. Belfast owes its prosperity more to the power-loom than to Pitt, and its insistence that the Union meant for it commercially the parting of the ways is as good an example as modern politics can show of the fallacy *post hoc ergo propter hoc*. Yet no belief is more strongly held by Ulster Unionists, who, wilfully closing their eyes to the fact, that throughout the Three Kingdoms the opening of the nineteenth century synchronised with a depression in agriculture as great as the boom in industrialism, persist in declaring that if the Irish people had only abandoned their idle dreams of self-government the cottiers of Connemara would be as wealthy to-day as the linen lords of Ulster.

To a good many Unionists the Famine even yet is regarded not as the inevitable consequence of an impossible land system, but as a judgment on a stiff-necked and unruly race. If that be so, the innocent suffered with the guilty, for, despite the record progress of Belfast from a thriving country town to one of the great cities of the Three Kingdoms, the population of the two counties in which it is situated is smaller to-day than it was in the 'forties. The Protestant North escaped the worst horrors of the Clearances that followed the Famine, but the drain of emigration has been steady, and in Antrim and Down, which claim to be the most flourishing agricultural counties in Ireland, the ruins of farmhouses tell their

own lamentable tale. Unlike the other three provinces, however, Ulster has a set-off in the wealth of its manufacturing districts, and the smoke of its factory chimneys is in its eyes incense burned to show that its people are as much a race apart as the Jews, and, like them, dowered with blessings denied to those who do not hold their faith. In the discussions on the Home Rule Bill a Belfast paper declared that Catholics did very well as hewers of wood and drawers of water, and should be satisfied with this. The remark, I must say in fairness, shocked even good Covenanters, but the prejudice that inspired it is typical of the spirit that has kept Ulster divided into warring factions.

It might have been thought that industrialism, if it resulted in cleavage, would have meant cleavage along new lines; the curious thing is that instead of modifying, it deepened existing differences. On the land the Catholic inside the last generations has attained a status equal to that of the Unionist; in industry he is still regarded as a "have not" whose sole desire is to dispossess the "haves." The old antagonisms of the fields rage even more fiercely inside the four walls of the factory, and have proved as useful an instrument to the capitalist as they were in former days to the landlord.

The class-consciousness of the Belfast worker is obscured by his belief that he is a member of a dominant race, and by skilful handling he can often be induced to place the maintenance of an imaginary prestige before his real interests. It helps to simplify the problem that the Nationalists are strongest in the ranks of unskilled labour. Nothing is therefore easier than to represent a demand for improved conditions by this class as inspired, not by economic, but political motives. Though the questions at issue may be simply better wages for home-workers, or shorter hours for dock labourers, devil's advocates always come forward to show that the agitation masks a plot to reduce Belfast to the desolation of the Cities of the Plain. If it is argued that these are fair tactics as between capital and labour, it cannot be denied that they react disastrously on the social life of the community. No sooner does political excitement rise to boiling point than the threat of an economic boycott comes into play. Catholics are driven out of mills and factories with as little ceremony as Cromwell's troops hounded them off the land, and during the Home Rule crisis Nationalist workers for months at a time could enter the shipyards only at the risk of their lives. Yet Sir Edward Carson and his lieutenants, who denounced agrarian outrages in South and West with such fluency and fervour, uttered not a single protest against these barbarities, and mobs whose deeds emulated those of the Black Hundred proclaimed, unreprieved by the leaders to whom they professed to owe allegiance, that they were serving the cause of civil and religious liberty.

It would be easy to paint the Northern Nationalist as a helot trembling before iron-fisted taskmasters, a modern survival of the Ghetto dwellers of the middle ages; but the description, though facts are not wanting to support it, is ludicrously untrue. Hard pressed the Catholic often is; but, as even his opponents admit, he has never accepted defeat. If he does not meet his trials precisely



with a frolic welcome, he has developed powers of endurance as great as if not greater than those of his political opponents, whose supreme pride is their "dourness." North of the Boyne you will look in vain for the unstable and mercurial Gael of popular tradition. The Orangeman finds himself confronted with an antagonist fully his match in tenacity and never more dangerous than when he is fighting a losing battle against apparently hopeless odds. But if the Ulster Nationalist lacks the big battalions, he possesses resourcefulness, mother-wit, and ingenuity in a measure that makes him the most formidable of opponents. No matter what the weapons chosen may be he rarely fails to give as good as he gets, and when it is a question not of sticks and stones but of political organisation he can usually make hay of his opponents. The Ulster Unionist has little sense of finesse in politics; if he cannot hack a way through by sheer weight of metal he is at the end of his resources. Thus at one moment he glorifies the doctrine of naked force with a vigour that Count Reventlow might envy, and the next appeals for sympathy as one compassed about by the overwhelming hosts of Midian.

Commentators on the Ulster question have overlooked what seems to me the vital fact, that during the progress of the Home Rule controversy the Unionist case has been twisted right round. In the early days Imperialist sentiment was the strongest plank in Sir Edward Carson's platform, and the most stinging taunt to Nationalists was that they were willing to swap the overlordship of the Seven Seas for the control of a mere potato patch. Yet nowadays it is the Covenanters who preach a narrower parochialism than the Sinn Feiners, and justify it by arguments the force of which they denied for Ireland against England, and would deny again to-morrow if, by any chance, they were able to carry their point. Nationalists in this respect have been more logical, and in the wider sense more patriotic. Their allegiance to Ireland does not exclude devotion to Ulster, as is plain to anybody who has ever met an Ulster Nationalist outside his own borders. If he has a quarrel with political Belfast, he rarely fails to exalt the city at the expense of Dublin and Cork, and the mud banks of the Lagan have more value in his eyes than the glories of the Liffey or the Lee. He holds that Ulster is a part of Ireland, but he holds still more strongly that it is infinitely the best part of Ireland, standing on a pinnacle to which the other provinces can attain only by slow and painful efforts. As a rule, the Southern Nationalist finds his northern comrade a more paradoxical figure than the Orangeman himself, and outside Ireland—so skilfully have the Carsonites annexed Ulster—his existence is scarcely known. Yet the Ulster Nationalist is to-day, as he has always been, the most important factor in the Irish question, and even more than in the past he demonstrates the falsity of the contention that if Ulster is different from the rest of Ireland the difference is one purely of race and religion.

It is a curious fact that the essential unity of Ulster with Ireland, which is still a paradox to many at home, should have become a magnificent commonplace on the fields of Flanders and Picardy. The Ulster Division was composed of the pick of Sir Edward

Carson's Volunteers, and, while it was formed to help Great Britain in her hour of need, those who recruited it did so in the hope and belief that it would afford a living proof of Ulster's uncompromising adhesion to the principles of the Covenant. Yet in the war zone the first act of the Northern battalions was to fraternise with the Irish Division recruited from the Redmondite Volunteers. Men of Antrim and Down, to whom Catholic Nationalists were in theory much more the enemy than Protestant Germans, found to their own astonishment that they had a stronger bond in common with the Leinsters and the Munsters than with English, Scots, or Colonials. Messines and Langemarck, where Orange and Green fought side by side, have strengthened and deepened that sense of companionship, and I have heard not one but scores of Ulster soldiers, Covenanters to a man, declare that with Southern regiments on their flank they could go anywhere and do anything. "They're the lads," the tale always concludes, "who won't leave an Irishman in the lurch no matter where he hangs his hat on Sunday."

A few weeks ago I travelled from Belfast to Dublin with three sergeants of the Ulster Division, who were returning to France, and a Labour delegate of the Irish Convention, also an Ulsterman and a Protestant. Naturally the conversation turned on politics, and all the soldiers were strong for a settlement.

"If we can get on fine in France," said one who described himself as an Apprentice Boy of Derry, "why can't we do the same at home?"

"There's nothing wrong with the Fenians"—to the Orangeman all Nationalists are Fenians—was the comment of another, "and if you had some of our boys on the Convention they'd soon tell John Redmond and Sir Edward Carson, too, that the quicker they shook hands the better it would be for everybody."

As they left us at Amiens Street their final word to the Convention delegate was, "Settle it before we come back. We've got enough to do fighting Fritzes to want to fight our own folk."

I do not know whether the Labour man told the Convention his experience or not, but the conversation confirmed a view I have always held that Irish divisions spring less from irreconcilable antagonisms than from lamentable misunderstandings. The soldiers at the front have come to realise this, and there are solid grounds for thinking that the discussions in the Convention are teaching the same thing to the politicians. The Defence of the Realm Act has dropped a veil of secrecy over the deliberations of the assembly, but in Ireland it is always possible to peep behind the most closely-drawn veil, and those who have managed to do so are almost gleefully optimistic. Sir Horace Plunkett lifted a corner of the curtain in a speech at Cork, where he announced that the discussions had resulted in modifying the views of every member of the Convention. That is perhaps the most hopeful statement made on the Irish question in our day, for it was the determination neither to modify nor compromise that preserved as a political force in the twentieth century the rancours and enmities of Stuart and Tudor times.

J. W. Good.

## CHRISTUS FUTURUS.

**I**T is no depreciation of the past to contend that, as we press into the future we should not hold too tenaciously to what has gone before, or place excessive reliance on the achievements of ages gone by. Surely, if we believe in an ever-living God and in an expansive purpose in human life, we should also believe in progressive revelation. A static belief in the vocation of men and women as merely consisting in an endless repetition of fossilised teaching is a negation of God, and therefore worse than materialism; it is blank atheism. After all, "modern" and "ancient" are at best only relative terms. What we moderns now value as the most progressive point of view may be regarded by the illumination of generations yet unborn as "primitive," "fossilised," and the like. But our responsibility is mainly confined to our activities during our own epoch or generation. It is not ours either merely to stereotype the old or to dissipate energy in the endeavour to forecast a problematic future. We must produce new things, create new values, set up higher standards during our probation, both as individuals and as nations. That is the only means by which we can either appraise properly the achievements of those who have gone before or serve as pathfinders to those who will follow after we are gone.

If we believe in a divine order at all, we shall be driven to own that the Immanent God who is Immanent Life, Thought, and Love is slowly leading the race through strenuous discipline to higher planes of thought and action, to transcendental planes of endeavour and realisation. That being so, we must not only repeat and re-interpret what others have said and thought before us, but bring to bear on our attempted solutions the spirit of adventure and sincere enquiry, of a generous experimentation in unaccustomed modes of life. This, indeed, is life eternal—to break away from shallow conventions and pet theories, and strive in some measure to realise the eternal in our lives and our conception of life's mission and destiny.

The greatest fact in the world of religious experience is Jesus Christ, not so much what the Church thinks of Him as what He means to the world. *Religious history lives because Jesus Christ has lived.* The majestic grandeur of His personality redeems the Christian faith from the blunders and inconsistencies into which creeds, dogmas, and a materialistic interpretation of spiritual symbolism have landed it. When the fragile barque of dogmatic belief is tossed about by the raging billows in mid-ocean, the only creed which cannot be jettisoned is the life and personality of the historic Jesus, considered not only as a unique phenomenon in itself, but also a supreme and eternal impression on the human mind and character; the lodestone of our race's moral struggles and the lodestar of our spiritual apprehension and aspiration. Before the stateliness of that Immaculate Life all the teachers of the world bow down and worship. His teachings upturn life's values, His life rebukes life's anomalies, His revelation of the Father's love opens a new page in the world's history. His

spiritual other-worldliness is an eternal menace to the godless commercialism of modern life—which is conceived in sin and matured in strife. His moral triumphs furnish a ceaseless inspiration to the weary pilgrims of life. His insistence on character and the beauty of holiness is a divine corrective of religious emotionalism. Our lives are infinitely richer because of His life. It is life eternal to know Jesus Christ whom God hath sent. Those of us that have touched the hem of His garment know experimentally that virtue issues out of a personal contact with his Resurrection life; out of a living faith in His revelation of the Father's will—even the sanctification of mankind.

But some might object that in formulating a creed for the future, why not entirely break away from the past and entirely ignore the continuity of the Christian tradition? Our reply is simple. There are precious jewels of great price obscured by crude expression and theological *legerdemain*, hidden beneath the surface. We cannot afford to lose the jewels, but we can comfortably part with the rubbish that has buried them. One of these jewels is (1) the infinite value of the human soul, as preached by Christianity. And to clinch and drive home the meaning of this doctrine we have been taught that the Ordainer of the Universe has shed His life-blood to claim and ransom each individual human being—microscopic mites in the infinite stellar space, invisible amœbæ in the eternal whirl and dance of atoms! Think of the magnificence of the conception before you ask proud Philosophy to judge of its rationality. Think of the audacity of spirit in which this doctrine was conceived. It has no doubt been misunderstood: the symbolism is misconstrued. The immanence of God—the bedrock fact on which this sublime idea rests—has been driven by orthodoxy into the background. But still Christianity remains for all time a continuous reminder that man matters, that men matter, that individual souls matter, *because God is in the process*. "Thy brother, for whom Christ died."

(2) The second jewel is the spirit of invincible optimism characteristic of Christianity. Believe that the Galilean Carpenter, whose plans seem to have been baffled and whose dreams (for the moment at least) shattered—it seems to say—believe that the disappointed Jesus, agonising on a cross of shame, the butt of the populace's ridicule, derided, disowned, and defeated in this world, died for you, and when He returns from the next world as Judge of the quick and the dead—He, who is the resurrection and the life—will give you eternal life. But some might reply: the above bald statement suggests an even more paradoxical parallel; believe that Lord Kitchener died for you when the *Hampshire* sank, as a vicarious offering for the Kaiser and a host of German politicians, and you will, through this belief, join the triumphal march of the Allies into Berlin!

Both statements sound paradoxical, but there are profound elements of truth in each of them. However the vicarious sufferings of Jesus may have been interpreted in the past, there is no gain-saying the fact that the doctrine enshrines a contemptuous defiance of death, the value of suffering for others, and plucking success

from the mouth of defeat. Further, the doctrine makes it symbolically clear that every unkind thought that we entertain, every malicious motive that we harbour, and every ungracious act that we perform stabs the very heart of the Godhead with an anguish which is both its punishment and its cure. The message of the Cross is, moreover, that waters issue out of the smitten rock, dry and hard as it may outwardly look. Life is thereby represented as proceeding out of the heart of death: success emerging out of the very centre of failure; it is, indeed, a gospel of eternal hope. Though it is true that the Christian Church has been singing through centuries the song of the grave, it has nevertheless been that of an open grave. The healthy instincts of Christianity have led it to concentrate the thoughts of mankind on life and resurrection rather than on the gloom of death and the agony of despair. Nor would the science of religion make, through its discoveries, religion impossible. But we are told that the "Golden Bough" has already appeared; but vital religion will survive "the Golden Bough," as the British Navy will survive the submarine peril.

(3) The God of the Christian is human! He has a righteous character—the infinite God who knows of no limitations! This discourages the pessimistic outlook on life, since the soul of human life and character is God who indwells humanity. Hence we need not endeavour to escape from life. On the other hand, we must try to escape into life, since human interests have an eternal significance, and even God is subject to moral law. This is true spiritual democracy.

How, during His first advent, did the constructive imagination idealise the birth of the world's sinless man! If we were more intelligent, we should have realised long before that it was not only Mary whom from thenceforth all generations were to call blessed, but the very principle of womanhood itself; the life of woman; the formative influences of her love, the moulding power of her devotion, the charm of her selfless suffering, of her agonising until a man is born into the world and she sees of the travail of her soul! We shall indeed be convicted of our failings when the Master comes again and convinces us of our guilt in denying to women equal status with ourselves in shouldering the duties of the State which owes so much to their influence and character.

The Master, when He comes again, will invest womanhood with a dignity and value so far unperceived by the Church and Churchmen of to-day. We delude ourselves with the suggestion that, since our hypocrisy induces us to ignore their potential superiority, we are justified in calling them inferior, helpless, weak. How the State's political attitude towards women would be revolutionised if we were to accept our coming Lord's estimate of womanhood! What greater sacrament could the Church celebrate than the advent of our Lord in human history? And yet to-day there are bishops and clergymen, too fat or foolish to recognise that if a woman could be consecrated to be the medium of Jesus' sacramental entrance into human life, there could not possibly be any other sacrament which she could not fittingly administer as priestess in the Church of Christ. We read that women were taken into our Lord's inmost

confidences, that they were the first to see the empty tomb, the first to catch the beatific vision of Him that was dead and is alive for evermore; that, while His men disciples vied with each other as to how much they could get in exchange for discipleship, it was women who ministered to Jesus of their substance without asking which would sit on the right hand and the left in the Kingdom. The men disciples were for a long time—with honourable exceptions—money-grabbers. One denied Him openly in the hour of danger, others forsook Him and fled; one sold Him for thirty pieces of silver. Not so the women.

If we were carefully to study the Gospel narratives, we should look in vain for even a single instance in which a woman had betrayed her trust or recompensed kindness with ingratitude. Jesus' relations with women mark a happy record of congenial fellowships and adoring ministries. We do not suggest that feminine nature has not its peculiar limitations and shortcomings—and, perhaps, in cases of moral failure, the capacity to recover lost innocence is very much less than in the case of men, taken on an average. But there is also the deep and sustained response to the spiritual, resting on the bedrock fact of an intensely sensitive nature.

The life of a nation is what its women make it, for unto them is committed the trust of building up the character of the children and equipping them for the struggles of life. Even when we enter upon the larger life of the world, our general outlook on life is shaped and guided by the sort of women that enter into our lives. The self-indulgent libertine is more often than not the victim of a low and undesirable feminine companionship: the Christian saint is generally one whose lot is cast with women of noble outlook and generous impulse. Further, our estimate of womanhood is an index to the character of our personal experiences, success or failure in the rough-and-tumble of life. The glib-tongued sensualist who prates of the inherent depravity of woman's nature is almost always one that has betrayed some woman's trust or degraded his manhood by associating with the low and the debased.

Under the stimulus of the coming world-message, the State will adopt a more edifying view of women's political functions, which will be an evidence of its increased virility and freedom from the trammels of corrupt interests. Under the inspiration which the second coming of the Master will furnish to the Church, she will adopt a more dignified view concerning the functions of women in the various activities of the Church's life. We shall not then hear of bishops promising to women as a privilege what ought to be given as a right, and then going back on their word under the pressure of adverse opinion.

If Jesus Christ is to be recognised once again as "the Church's one foundation," women ought to be given their rightful place in Church and State as the co-equals of men. And if they are prepared to submit to the same test and discipline as men—and he will be a bold man indeed who would dispute that during the present crisis they have nobly responded to their country's call in every walk of life and have seized on opportunities whenever and

wherever they have been given a chance—and eager for the same strenuous service, the interests of justice alone demand that after the war they should not only be given wider opportunities for partaking in the manifold activities of Church and State, but also that those among them who are capable should be called upon to take their share both in shaping the administrative policy of Churches and congregations and in framing the legislation of the country—particularly in so far as it relates to their own peculiar interests.

The Churches and Chapels are defrauding themselves of a unique opportunity for listening to the messages which are thrilling the woman-soul to-day. Surely women have a message for the world which we men cannot deliver on their behalf. The system of thinking by proxy and preaching by proxy seems to be in need of some revision. If it is futile to recommend that we should establish separate churches on the basis of sex, it is just as unreasonable to expect that we can indefinitely maintain the undue preponderance of men and the safeguarding of men's interests alone within the bounds of a Church which, in its ideal aspect, does not recognise, much less rest on, sex distinctions. Let the progress be slow, cautious, and judicious if you please, but do let us disabuse our minds of the useless anachronism that the proper sphere for women is the home, and for men the street, public houses, and jealously guarded, time-old privileges.

Those of us who believe that at the Ushering of the new *Régime*, Spirit will manifest itself as superior to sex-distinctions, will be glad to see the existing sex discriminations brushed away, not because we desire to preserve sex-antagonisms, but because we realise that the concession to women of equal opportunities with men is the only means to bring an honourable and lasting peace into the normal life of the nation. Even supposing for a moment that the concession to women of a full political right and status were to start a vigorous and keen competition in every walk of life, why should we men, unless we are cowards, be afraid of such competition with the sex which we normally regard as weaker both intellectually and in stamina and will-power? No; it seems to us that in the *régime* of the "Christ that is to be" a great accession of moral strength and spiritual vision will come from the admission of women to the various orders of the Churches, and a great accession of political progress accrue to the State by its invitation to women to fill responsible functions in it, for which they are by character, ability, and training, fit. We quite recognise the practical difficulties, risks, differences, both psychological and physical which, after all is said and done, make it neither expedient nor desirable that women should compete with men in every sphere for the sheer pleasure of competing; one also realises the need for great caution and tact in introducing any new scheme of policy when whole masses of public opinion are frankly conservative.

But the romance of life consists in realising our freedom from the dull and drab monotony of old prejudices and lifeless institutions handed down by our forefathers, of uniform ways of thinking and stereotyped modes of living. Given a certain number of women

who satisfy the most strenuous of tests and demand a fuller scope, it is more than worth while to give them the benefit of the doubt, to try new experiments for their sake, as well as for the sake of a principle that will be established through a just recognition of their rightful demands. Nothing will be gained, and much lost, by magnifying the defects of those that are not pressing for their rights and undervaluing the right qualities of those that are asking for them. Bring in safeguards and saving clauses, lay down restrictions if you please, but do not forget that no good result will be achieved by sacrificing a principle to mere questions of detail.

In the coming millennium, then, to which we are earnestly looking forward, the relation between the sexes, as well as their united attitude to the constructive tasks of statecraft, will be revolutionised by the recognition of the principle that man and woman are, from the cradle to the grave, partners and comrades in all tasks of life, great or small. This principle will be further extended into the social relationships, and the morally emancipated man of the future will no longer regard women as fair game for greed and fuel for lust, but as a divinely-appointed companion and friend, a pure and hallowed fellowship with whom can alone ensure success in life, breadth in outlook, and purity of vision.

D. N. BANNERJEA.





## THE UNMARRIED MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

"Illegitimacy throws its shadow over both mother and child; the mortality amongst unmarried mothers is higher than amongst those whose infants are born in the comfort and protection which wedlock usually affords; the number of miscarriages is higher in the case of unmarried than married mothers, whilst it is notorious that the mortality amongst illegitimate infants is double that of the legitimate. The claims of the illegitimate child are very insistent. Prejudice, which led many maternity hospitals to refuse assistance to the unmarried mother, appears to be fast disappearing, but extreme difficulties are encountered in finding suitable places for infants, and greater provision is needed for them."—*The Carnegie United Kingdom Trust Report on The Physical Welfare of Mothers and Children. Published, 1917.*

"Illegitimate births formed 4.2 per cent. of the total births in England and Wales in 1914, and the death-rate of illegitimate infants is twice as high as that of legitimate infants.

"There is great need for increased supervision of the welfare of illegitimate children.

"The aim should be, whenever practicable, to prevent the separation of the mother from her infant during the first year after birth. This has important moral value as well as value in securing continued parental care. There is large scope for increasing voluntary work in this connection."—*Report by the Medical Officer of the Local Government Board on Child Mortality at Ages 0-5 in England and Wales. Published, 1917.*

THE above statements come to us with the authority of leaders in Public Health work; they are confirmed by the experience of the humblest social helper. The question of what constitutes the best provision for the unmarried mother and her child is beset with controversy; as to the need for further provision, there is complete unanimity.

There is an inclination to attribute the urgency of the problem to conditions arising out of the war; but the most careful and accurate enquirers hold that, while plentiful work at high wages has contributed to the dearth of foster mothers, the number of satisfactory women prepared to act as such was on the decrease before the war. It is an interesting fact that inspection of homes in which "children are received for payment" and the rising standard for "Infant Care" tend to eliminate the better class of foster mother. The haphazard, slatternly woman—anxious only to add a shilling or two to her weekly income—is not seriously disturbed by the thought of "standards" or the vision of inspectors; the conscientious and superior woman feels that more is expected of her than she is sure of being able to perform, and will not undertake the responsibility. We may take it as certain, then, that the present lack of good foster mothers, while accentuated by the existing abnormal conditions is not chiefly caused by them, and will not cease when the war is over. Is this altogether a matter for regret?

Hitherto, with some notable exceptions, the stereotyped method of dealing with the unmarried mother and child has been to send

the baby to a foster mother and the girl first to a rescue home and then to service. The present condition of affairs has had the effect of bringing forward not only the immediate problem of what is to be done with individual infants for whom no home can be found; it has also brought about an enforced lull in the old routine. In that pause another, much greater, question has been heard—the question whether, after all, that old routine was *right*?

At last it seems that the thinking public and the social worker are arriving at the conclusion that the one essential element in the “rescue” of an unmarried mother is to let Nature’s rescue- and miracle-worker take charge; in other words, to keep mother and child together. There is a growing dissatisfaction with the old methods of rescue work, and an increasing enthusiasm for the saving of infant life, whether that life be labelled “legitimate” or “illegitimate.” The line that will be taken by Labour on this question—and the voice of Labour will be heard more and more insistently upon all social problems in the days to come—is clearly shown in the Memorandum recently published by the Women’s Co-operative Guild. In this they demand that the maternity services provided (which they consider should include medical advice and attention—provision of dinners and milk, and a Public Health maternity allowance of 10s. a week for six weeks) should be universal—open to all whose health requires them—dissociated from Poor Law or inquisitorial methods, and making no differentiation between married and unmarried mothers.

Even among rescue workers themselves, the new spirit of the times is seen to be stirring. Admirable experiments are now being made on lines far removed from the old *régime* of locked doors, laundry work, and Bible classes. Mother and child are together; self-respect and hope for the future, rather than shame for the past, are encouraged; and the mother is enabled to undertake work—often outside the home—according to her capacity and inclination. In all these experimental homes, much liberty is accorded; in one of the more recent this extends so far as to permit the inmates smoking! Such freedom, whether or not we may personally consider it wise, is more striking when we remember that the list of supporters of the experiment includes the names of men and women associated for many years with work on “orthodox” lines. Nor is the new spirit seen only in new experiments. In one of the oldest rescue homes—one notorious for the severity of its rule—the girls have been emancipated from the inevitable washing and ironing, and may be seen working on the land in suitable costume of *tunic and knickers*! These things are trivial in themselves, but illuminating as testifying to the changed attitude which is gradually being adopted even by those who, we might think, were too far removed from the sound of the world to be affected by public opinion.

Government officials—as shown in the second of the extracts at the beginning of this article—proclaim the need for further provision for illegitimate children, and express the desire that voluntary work in this connection may be increased. But when we ask for a comprehensive scheme and grants to assist in carrying it out, we are met by reference to the present *impasse* regarding the proposed

Ministry of Health. It is impossible to believe that the country will permit departmental jealousies and vested interests indefinitely to hold up the much needed co-ordination and direction of Public Health work, and it is to be hoped that ere long the Ministry of Health will be established and include a strong Maternity and Child Welfare Department. We may also hope that one of the first actions of such a Department would be to bring forward a scheme for the protection of unmarried mothers and the preservation of illegitimate children: a scheme which would approach the problem as primarily one of public health.

This standpoint alone could be made a common ground of meeting for all concerned. No religious body, provided it is prepared to accept fundamental regulations laid down by the Department, need be refused assistance, or "squeezed out" of the work. Just as Government Grants are given to innumerable schools for mothers started and carried on by religious organisations under official inspection, so also grants might be allocated to rescue homes of varying types so long as they embody the features which have been decided upon as essential to the well-being of mother and child. We have already seen that there are signs of relaxation in the most rigid homes; the new and better spirit, supported by a wholesome dread of being left behind in a progressive age, will assuredly bring about more far-reaching changes.

Meanwhile, in spite of broader views, new experiments, and great hopes from a Ministry of Health, the problem remains to a great extent undealt with, notwithstanding its urgency. As a girl-mother in desperate straits said to the writer a few weeks ago, "There was such a lot of talk about saving babies in Baby Week, but I can't find anyone to 'elp save mine." We cannot, therefore, wait patiently doing nothing. While we recognise and urge the need of *comprehensive* treatment of the whole question and new legislation on many points connected therewith, we must do what is possible in the way of providing palliatives for the moment. We can, for instance, give and obtain as much support as possible for such institutions as the Day Servants' Hostel and the Weaving Studios; and we can urge the more general admission of illegitimate children to day nurseries, provided their mothers are honestly working for their support.

In all we try to do let us hold firmly to the faith that every mentally normal mother, whether married or single, should be enabled to keep her baby with her for the first year of its life at least. Even now there are excellent people who strongly dispute this statement. Their arguments generally turn upon the girl with two or three illegitimate children by different fathers. But—always eliminating the quite separate problem of the feeble-minded mother—we may well believe that if these girls had been enabled to learn the lessons of motherhood when motherhood first came to them, their "rescue" might have been of a more permanent character.

Do we realise the usual history of the girl of repeated "falls"? When she first "gets into trouble" she endures months of mental apprehension and physical discomfort, followed by a time of physical agony; frequently cast off by her relatives she may be

assisted by a rescue society and sent to a home; in most cases the child is sent to a foster mother two or three weeks after its birth. She has learnt nothing of the joy of motherhood; there has been time for little else than pain. She has felt none of its responsibility; how could she? For the mother's sense of responsibility grows slowly day by day, deepening with each act of service demanded from her by the helplessness of the tiny life she tends, and only rising gradually, from a mere response to physical dependence, to a dim desire to guard from spiritual as well as bodily ill. She, poor child, soon goes to service—where her "past" is either "thrown up" at, or prayed over with, her. Her wages are almost swallowed up in paying the foster mother's charges; her own visits to the baby become less and less frequent. When she does go, she is met by the foster mother's list of new clothes needed—the baby cries when she takes it into her arms—what inducement is there for her to spend her few spare pence on journeys such as this?

So, quite soon, she inevitably regards the baby as a distant but troublesome incubus: that which Nature would have utilised as her salvation has become a very curse.

After a while the high spirit of youth rises again and rightly rebels against the dreary drudgery, unrelieved by love or beauty, which has caught her life into its deadly round. Dare we wonder—and who dare *judge*?—if, when the only form of excitement and romance known to her comes her way once more, she grasps it with both hands?

It is of girls with histories such as this that we are told "they care nothing for their children—have no sense of morality," and the like. The power of mother-love is a perpetual miracle, but, like even the most hardy plants, asks for its growth some scrap of soil into which its roots may press their way, an occasional drop of moisture, and sometimes a ray of light. May those whose motherhood has held much joy as well as suffering determine quickly that it shall not ask in vain.

ANNIE E. BARNES.



## ANTWERP AND THE SCHELDT.

THE present war is not only an armed conflict, it is also an economic struggle. The ambitious desire of Germany to strengthen her maritime power, to extend her industrial expansion, to increase her influence in the overseas markets, and to conquer more colonies, was certainly the real cause of the war.

I should like to show the importance of Antwerp, both from the economical and from the military point of view, and to explain what the rôle of this place has been in this world-wide war. Perhaps it may be necessary to review some historical facts, which, of course, are well known to the British nation, but which it may be useful to compare with the present situation. Antwerp enjoyed a wonderful prosperity during the sixteenth century. At that time it was the most important harbour of Western Europe, and old statistics show that sometimes 2,500 ships were anchored in the roads of Antwerp. Many British, Spanish, and Portuguese merchants were established at Antwerp, which had a truly international and cosmopolitan appearance. Colonies had brought to Spain and Portugal a sudden prosperity, but these countries had hardly any trade, and the Flemish and Walloon provinces provided them with many of the necessities of life. The Belgian population was most industrious, and the copper-workers of Dinant were world-famous, as well as the weavers of Ghent. The prosperity of Antwerp aroused the jealousy of the Dutch harbours, and especially of Amsterdam, and it is a noteworthy fact that when the religious revolution broke out in our countries, the first act of the Dutch insurgents was to seize La Brielle, at the mouth of the Maas, and Flushing, at the mouth of Antwerp. This was the first realisation of the policy which was going to be followed by the Dutch during the two following centuries.

The religious war came to an end by the Treaty of Munster, 1648, by which the southern bank of the Scheldt was ceded to Holland, and it was decided that the Scheldt should be closed henceforth to navigation on the side of the United Provinces, that is to say, towards the sea. This was, of course, a mortal blow for Antwerp. For 150 years the Antwerp population strove to obtain the freedom of navigation on the Scheldt. They sent delegations and petitions to Vienna, but our Austrian princes did not take much interest in their Belgian provinces. They considered our country as a sort of change money. Maria Theresa, for instance, tried to offer two Belgian Provinces to Frederick II. as the price of Silesia.

It is noteworthy to remark that it was through the efforts of our Allies of to-day, France and Great Britain, that the Scheldt recovered its complete liberty. In 1784 England blockaded the Dutch coast because Holland had refused to follow this country in its attitude towards America. Then the English merchants of London and Liverpool clearly saw how necessary it was for British trade to have a free harbour in Western Europe besides the Dutch harbours. Important meetings were held in the City of London, urging the Government to claim free navigation on the Scheldt,

and the British Government instructed Lord Keith, their Ambassador at Vienna, to urge upon the Austrian Emperor that he should claim the opening of the Scheldt from Holland. On August 23rd, 1784, Joseph II. sent an ultimatum to Holland declaring emphatically that he considered the river as free, and would act accordingly. An armed brig, the *Louis*, was ordered to sail from Antwerp for Ostend without having regard to the defence of the Dutch ships. The *Louis* was fired upon and sunk. Joseph II. declared war on Holland, but the King of France offered his mediation, and by the Treaty of Fontainebleau Joseph II. renewed and confirmed the Treaty of Munster, and gave up the freedom of the Scheldt upon payment of a large indemnity.

Antwerp had to wait until the French Revolution in order to recover its liberty. During the conquest of Belgium by the armies of the French Republic, the French Government declared that the rivers were free as well as the individuals; that liberty was a right essential to their nature, and that no treaty could despoil them of that right. In fact, a French fleet went up the Scheldt without any opposition or protest from Holland. From that date the liberty of navigation on the Scheldt became a reality. But this did not mean that Antwerp at once recovered its ancient prosperity. The state of permanent war, the absence of great business firms, made it impossible for Antwerp to make a new start. Let us add that Napoleon considered Antwerp only from a strategical point of view, and held it out as a menace to the very existence of England. He fortified the place, built up a great arsenal and made Antwerp a military base. England saw the danger, and when the British troops stormed Antwerp, their first duty was to destroy the arsenal.

These facts explain the twofold stipulation that we find in the Treaties of Paris, 1814, in the Treaty of Vienna, 1815, and in the Treaty of London, 1839, recognising the independence of Belgium:—

1. The navigation of the Scheldt to be free for commercial purposes.

2. The harbour of Antwerp to be exclusively a commercial port.

From these two clauses it must evidently be concluded that the Great Powers never intended to use the Scheldt, or to tolerate the using of the Scheldt, for military purposes. It is also interesting to record that at the Congress of Vienna there was a section of navigation having for its object to take all the necessary measures to suggest the regulations concerning the great European rivers, and the section included the representatives, not only of the countries crossed by these rivers, but also of the United Kingdom. This is evidence that, as far back as the beginning of the nineteenth century, the Great Powers acknowledged the interest and the right of the United Kingdom to interfere in the political and economical régime of the navigation on the European rivers.

Unfortunately, the Treaty of London allowed the Dutch Government to impose heavy taxes on all the ships going up the Scheldt to Antwerp, and this, of course, seriously hindered the economical development of the harbour.

It was only in 1863 that Belgium succeeded in making an agree-

ment with Holland: the right of taxing the shipping to be given up by Holland on payment of an indemnity of 36,278,566 frs. From that time onwards the maritime importance of Antwerp increased considerably. During the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-1871, the maritime trade of this place extended wonderfully. As a neutral harbour between the two belligerents, Antwerp enjoyed a most favourable situation, and many goods which had hitherto been imported to Europe through German or French harbours were sent to Antwerp.

But it has been especially during the last twenty years that the maritime trade of Antwerp has attained its maximum importance. Whilst during the year 1893 Antwerp was visited by 4,414 ships of a total net tonnage of 4,646,000 tons, in 1912 the number of ships reached 7,043 with a tonnage of 13,750,000. These ships unloaded on the quays of Antwerp more than ten million tons of goods, and embarked more than eight million tons. These figures show that the exports from Antwerp were approximately equal to the imports, and this gives Antwerp a great advantage as compared with Rotterdam, where the exports are only 25 per cent. of the imports (five million tons against twenty million tons). Everyone understands that shipowners are very keen to send their ships to the harbours in which they can easily find a substitute for their discharged goods. Although it is rather difficult to obtain the exact figures, it is no exaggeration to say that approximately three million tons of goods discharged at Antwerp were sent to Germany, and the same quantity came from Germany to be shipped from Antwerp. Which means that, roughly speaking, 30 per cent. of the maritime traffic was composed of German transit. As nearly all the ships sailing from Hamburg and Bremen called at Antwerp, the German factories found it was a great advantage to send their goods to Antwerp, which meant a gain of eight or ten days. No wonder that nearly all the German steamship companies had their agencies in Antwerp, that many German forwarding agents were successfully trading in the place, and that German influence was steadily increasing.

The position of Antwerp appeared so useful to German trade that we can understand the German desire to annex this harbour to their Empire. May I be permitted to remind the reader that just before Christmas the *Kreuz Zeitung* published the text of a secret memorandum which was unanimously adopted by the Council of the German Navy League at its annual meeting on June 17th, 1916, and in which we find the following paragraph:—

“ From an economic point of view, Belgium, even before the war, was an almost indispensable link in the world-encircling chain of German sea-trade. Antwerp had become an export harbour for the Rhenish, Thuringian, and South German trade, whose place could be taken by our North Sea ports only at the cost of considerable sacrifice in time and freights. An Antwerp, politically and also economically dependent upon Germany, is the only possible substitute. . . .”

Such was the importance that Germany attached to the possession

of Antwerp that the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, in May, 1915, emphatically declared that England entered the war because she knew that the Franco-German struggle would be settled in Belgium on the Scheldt, and that the world supremacy would be decided there.

Unfortunately, German influence in Antwerp was not interfered with. The French Government, with a view to helping Dunkirk, had imposed special taxes on goods which were imported into France after having been unloaded in a foreign harbour. The French Government had even granted a dispensation of the tax on certain goods which had been imported into France after having been unloaded in a Dutch or a German harbour, so that, in fact, these taxes seemed to have been specially imposed in order that French goods should avoid Antwerp. This was an unfortunate policy, because French industries in Northern France were deprived of the immense advantage of an important international harbour like Antwerp, whose place could not be taken by a small harbour like Dunkirk. Of course, the disappearance of French trade considerably diminished French influence at Antwerp, and it is easily understood that the Germans considered Antwerp as a sort of German harbour.

It is an important and difficult problem to discover what measures should be taken in order to avert the ruin of Antwerp and, at the same time, to prevent Germany from ever recovering her former prestige in this town. Certain measures should be taken in order to establish through Antwerp a new trade which should replace the German transit. These measures must be taken by a common agreement between the Allied Powers. The question is interesting, not only for the future of Antwerp, but also for the prosperity of Belgium, and for the protection of the Allied Powers. If Antwerp is ruined, and becomes a small harbour instead of a great international market, the freights to Antwerp must evidently increase, because the shipowners would not be inclined to send their steamers to a small place where they would not find abundant business. The Belgian factories will thus have to pay a higher price for their *matériel*, and will be handicapped in the international competition, especially by their German competitors. Belgium, which was such an industrious and prosperous country, would be ruined as a result of her heroic conduct, and I feel confident that the Allied Powers will be willing to take the necessary steps in order to avert such an injustice.

It is not only from an economic point of view that the Antwerp problem must be carefully considered, but also from a military point of view; as the strategical importance of Antwerp is second to none. Shall we recall that, during the Battle of the Marne, the sortie of the Belgian army from Antwerp, which had retreated into the fortress and which threatened, by this sudden operation, the communications of the German army, compelled the German military authorities to recall the divisions which had been sent through Belgium to reinforce the German right. It is obvious that this strategical move helped the French army at the most critical moment of the war and contributed largely to the French victory of the Marne. Let us remember, also, that Mr. Winston



Churchill, in a powerful account of the siege of Antwerp, admits that the resistance of Antwerp during the critical days of September and October, 1914, saved Calais, Dunkirk, and Boulogne. And who can say what would have been the result of the war if these Channel ports had fallen to the Germans?

Perhaps it might be said that Antwerp might have played a more important rôle in the war if the political régime of the Scheldt had been different. It is for the military experts and for the diplomatists to solve this question satisfactorily for the future. We do not want to interfere with their work, and we think it is quite sufficient for the present to draw the nation's attention to the twofold aspect of one of the most important problems which will have to be considered at the Peace Conference.

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## SOME FIRST-HAND RECOLLECTIONS OF MAZZINI.\*

**A**ROUND the principal figures in the Mazzinian and Garibaldian epic, there are naturally grouped many lesser figures, precisely as we perceive around a resplendent star many lesser stars shining by reflected light. Numbers can still remember the striking figure of the Marquis Ernesto Pareto, the faithful friend of Mazzini, who gave his whole heart and most of his substance to the cause of Italy, alienating the greater number of his illustrious kindred, who saw in him an atrocious degenerate from the traditions of his forefathers. Born and brought up in a sedate and limited circle, he drew, like Mazzini, an inspiration towards the highest ideals from his mother, Bice Pareto Durazzo. She came from the haughty house of the Durazzi, and had scarcely left the convent where she was educated before she became the wife of Luigi Pareto, a man given over to study, and most highly esteemed in Genoa, where he fulfilled important offices; but severe, and holding extreme religious views. How came this young and beautiful woman to nourish sentiments so liberal and advanced for the time and to inspire and almost suggest them to her two boys? It is certain that her letters, of which I possess about a hundred written to her son Ernesto when he was at college in Paris, reflect a cultivated mind, a spirit burning with patriotism and liberalism, and a vague romanticism that is explained perhaps as much by the struggle then being carried on by the Greeks to win back their liberty, as it was by her own Italy—at that period scarcely making audible the threatening clank of her chains.

His studies in Paris terminated, young Pareto returned to Genoa, and his father, who like all his family was enamoured of sound scholarship, at once sought to advance him, while his mother began opening his mind to the fascinations of poetry and literature. But the constrained leisure, somewhat petty and narrow, in which Genoa was immersed, weighed upon him, and neither in fencing nor in duelling did his exploits satisfy him. Seeing, therefore, that there was at this time little to be done, one fine day he fled from home, betook himself to Marseilles, enrolled himself in the Foreign Legion, and sailed for Algiers. There he passed his time between little expeditions against the Bedouins, and lion-hunting with an officer of the Spahis, Jules Gérard, known as the "lion-killer." During long and perilous ambushes, waiting for the beasts whose roaring could be heard from the Atlas mountains breaking the silence of the desert, the future conspirator became inclined to contemplation and silence—a silence full of heroic dreams.

Called back to his country by the entreaties of his mother, he came under the first breath of the revolution, which, like a breeze heralding the storm, began to disturb consciences and warn them of a coming test. In the villa Piandiformo, owned by his father at Sestri Ponente, the youth held long mysterious talks with his poet cousin, Goffredo Mameli; with G. Battista Cambiaso, Domenico

\* Reduced from the Italian in "*Il Secolo XXo*. XIV. No. 5. Maggio 1915," by E. F. Richards.

Carrega, and Nino Bixio. His mother also became a recipient of the secrets of daring deeds for which they were preparing, and blessed the compact they entered into to struggle and to die for the liberation of Italy. How much have our young men of the Risorgimento owed to their good and perhaps somewhat romantic mothers! Much of the divine poetry of that great epic is due to the influence of these noble women.

When his mother died, Ernesto Pareto devoted himself unreservedly to conspiracy. In the lovely villa of Begato, amid olives and black cypress trees, overlooking an immense expanse of sea, G. B. Cambiaso brought together his band of rebel youths. There Goffredo Mameli wrote some of his most beautiful poetry; there were planned many heroic actions and were woven the plots of many exploits, too often, alas! the fruit of enthusiasm rather than of sound consideration. Up the steep acclivity—not then made easy by the modern funicular railway—came Giuseppe Mazzini, and his presence calmed the enthusiastic gathering. There the movement of 1849 was planned—"that insurrectionary movement of Genoa," as Felice Zena wrote, "which still awaits a historian by whom it will be avenged for the atrocious calumnies heaped upon it by Luigi Cibrario, Ercole Ricotti, and other partisan writers." And afterwards, when the movement had been crushed in the way that everyone knows, G. B. Cambiaso endured the honour of exile with his fellow conspirators—a noble troop, of whom the greater part returned and fought with him in Rome when the Eternal City was again declared a republic. Poor, beautiful Cambiaso, of whom scarcely anyone speaks and whom so few remember! After a period of exile, he fell, fatally wounded by a bullet on December 2nd, 1851, while standing beside Frederick Campanella on the barricades of Paris, and, nursed by his friend, died in hospital.

Another Ligurian who collaborated with Mazzini in the programme of the Roman Republic, Andrea Antonio Erede, followed Mazzini to London, where he helped him with the journal *Pensiero ed Azione*, from 1857 to 1860. In that heroic year he was sent to Sicily to renew the lapsed bill of exchange from Ignazio Florio, which enabled the purchase in England of arms to be sent to Sicily for the precursors of Garibaldi's landing at Marsala. Erede had taken part in 1849 in the defence of the barricades of San Giovanni di Pre, and of San Tomaso at Genoa, against the riflemen of Lamarmora, when the city rebelled after the defeat of Novara. Everyone in Genoa can call to mind the witty old man who died, a nonagenarian, in 1909. Whenever I met him he used to recount, movingly and with animation, the events he had witnessed and in which he had taken so worthy a part. He lived in the topmost story of an old house in the Piazza Ponticello, where flowers blossomed upon his terrace, and he was companioned chiefly by his recollections. The day before his death I happened to meet him, and remarked that there seemed a perfume of violets in the air—it was the 28th of March; that same evening when I returned home I found upon my table a handful of those sweet flowers, sent by him: the kindly thought of a soul still romantic and ingenuous, despite the little vagaries of his venerable age.

But to return to the Marquis Ernesto Pareto; he had in the meantime lost his father, and he now spared nothing in order that the ideas which he believed to be right might triumph. In Mazzini's house at Posalunga, on the rather dreary hills that dominate the valley of Bisagno, there were at this time many gatherings of sworn friends.\* Thither came Eleanora Ruffini, who presided and gave a note of refinement to these meetings; thither also came Adela Zoagli Mameli with her son Goffredo. It was here that the bard of the Risorgimento composed a poem which Adela Mameli had bound with his manuscripts, in a collection of poetry that she gave to my father after Goffredo's death.† And so life ran on for these youths between a sonnet and a barricade; between heroic audacities and a saintly abstraction.

Just at the turn of 1848, Pareto received a mysterious message, of which he always spoke with reticence, but which here seems worthy of mention. He was directed to betake himself to a mountain called Bricco della Croce that, covered with pines, junipers, and wild mint, rises between Sestri and Cornigliano, and having ascended to the summit by the western side, he would meet a person who would furnish him with all due instructions. Gun in sling and accompanied by several faithful dogs (he was an enthusiastic hunter), he forthwith betook himself to this strange appointment; and having reached the shadows of the scented pines, he found a certain person—bearded and speaking with a Roman accent—who told him to provide five hundred “scudi di Milano”—i.e., muskets or rifles in the language of Young Italy, and, upon an appointed day, to embark them in a vessel called the “Madre Manin” which, loaded with wine of Polcevera, was bound to return to Civitavecchia. He (the messenger) would be on board, but he would make no sign of recognition. At Civitavecchia Pareto was to receive further orders. Accordingly, he provided all that was asked for: the arms were unloaded at Civitavecchia and successfully smuggled into Rome. He himself went thither, lodging in a Pension where there were many English, among them a Miss May Wood, a most kind-hearted, romantic woman who became considerably interested in him. As it happened, the conspiracy was disclosed by an informer, and my father found himself compelled to remain hidden for many days in a deserted catacomb outside the gates of Rome, during the whole of which time Miss May Wood daily carried to the youthful rebel welcome supplies of fruit and other food. When he managed to return to Genoa he was for some time in doubt as to what he ought to do. But in 1848 he wrote a letter to his brother which throws some light upon the situation that existed at the moment when Lombardy entered upon regular war, and when Garibaldi's American Legionaries from Nice joined up at Genoa:—

“6th July, 1848.

“DEAREST BROTHER,—I received your two letters on the same day. . . . As to Garibaldi, I must tell you that Colonel Anzani, who disciplined, instructed, and, I must say, also

\* In this connection the descriptions in G. Ruffini's romance, *Lorenzo Benoni*, are of much interest.—E. F. R.

† During the siege of Rome in 1849.—E. F. R.

moralised the Legion, unhappily died yesterday at Genoa,\* so that this Legion, composed largely of men newly enrolled at Nice, having lost the one who knew how to regularise it, is no longer the Legion of Montevideo, and we have therefore decided not to go to it. I do not know what I shall do; perhaps I shall go to Milan with some of the officers of Garibaldi, who will no longer remain in the Legion, to join some Lombard regiment. Anyway, I will write and let you know.

"I have no news to give you from here, except that we are all enthusiastic about the courage of Charles Albert and his son to such a point that we can see no merit in any other Italian troops, because they are not Piedmontese. As for me, I have little faith in this hero of Trocadero; if I say it, I shall be massacred as a Republican; I shall be wise to prepare myself and to reflect upon the elections of the officers of the National Guard, in which the elected were, for the most part, nonentities, or men of the Jesuit party, or of no party. Farewell.

"Your affectionate brother,

"ERNESTO PARETO."

Thus taking part in the ousting of the Jesuits, then starting off with Garibaldi, and always conspiring, Pareto met in the beginning of 1857 with the one destined to become the companion of his life, and who, like himself, was a proved friend of Mazzini, an English lady, who made one of that little band of women whose efforts achieved so much for the great Italian.

Mazzini had long been condemned to death, and the persecutions of him by the police of Austria, France, and Piedmont now seemed to become worse and worse. Ernesto and his wife were, soon after their marriage, living in a small palace whose white front still shines out upon its marble terrace overlooking the Piazza Corvetto, where amid the shade of evergreens and blossoming aloes, there stands to-day a monument to Mazzini. Pareto, asked to give refuge to the persecuted patriot, felt that no greater honour could be desired; so it came to pass that Mazzini found a safe asylum in the care of these faithful friends. I think my father told me that it was on an afternoon in July, when the glass door opening on to the marble terrace full of blossoming oleanders stood open, and Mazzini, pacing up and down inside the room, smoked in silence, while my mother and father sat enjoying the air upon the terrace. All at once they perceived a cluster of police and riflemen gathering and coming forward. My mother instantly rushed into the room and exclaimed, "Pippo, the police! Run, hide yourself!" Mazzini took from his pocket a bundle of the tiny missives which he was always writing, and which flew as messengers of fraternal love and liberty into every corner of the peninsula, and gave them to my mother who put them into her bodice. Then he hastened to conceal himself in the hiding-place prepared for him. This was an old mattress of maize leaves, half empty, and placed on a bedstead

\* He died in the arms of Giacomo Medici who, at his own earnest request, had borne him from Nice to Genoa. Medici, angered against Garibaldi for having offered himself and his men to Charles Albert, was restrained from breaking with him by Anzani's dying words, "Medici, do not be hard on Garibaldi! He is a man who has received a special mission from Heaven."—E. F. R.

under two mattresses in the ironing-room. The housemaid, a very intelligent woman, who was busy ironing, conceived the bright idea of arranging upon it my father's starched shirts, and some large white veils of my mother's—those voluminous veils in which the Genoese ladies of that time enveloped themselves when going out; a fashion brought from the East. The Emissary of the Government with his acolytes, being introduced into the salon, announced that they had orders to search the house; whereupon my father instructed the servants to conduct them everywhere. They searched, they ransacked, and finally departed, having found nothing.

Mazzini afterwards declared to my father that if the search had lasted one minute longer he would have been obliged to come out of that hiding-place, he felt so suffocated. They dined quietly at about six o'clock, but my mother was far from tranquil, and with the fine intuition that women often have, she expressed the belief that the police, on the *qui vive* through some information, would return, and she counselled the others not to go to bed. Mazzini placed himself by the writing-table in the faint light of one of those tall silver lamps called "*lumiere*" in Genoa, that are still to be found in collections of antiques, and began to write rapidly, while my mother, a distinguished pianist, played some fashionable music of Verdi, my father accompanying her with his fine baritone. The night breeze flooded the room enshrining so much poetry and patriotism, with the fragrance of the flowering magnolias and oleanders. Suddenly at about midnight, a servant, Vernazzo (who is still living and vividly remembers all these incidents\*), rushed into the room announcing that the police were again upon them. And in fact, my father, looking out from the piazza, saw that the whole length of the house was beset by police and soldiers. With a beating heart my mother accompanied Mazzini to his hiding-place and then rejoined my father. As soon as the official had been admitted to the salon, he said to my father, "Signor Marchese, we know that Mazzini is here, and we have orders to find him." "Find him, find him," replied my father; "besides," he added with a shrug, "now you are the masters here and I cannot oppose your visit; search therefore, wherever you will."

The inspection was minute and long: the searchers actually had their hand upon the hiding-place that concealed one of the greatest hearts humanity has given to history; but they found nothing. On returning to the drawing-room, the officer, embittered still more by my father's freezing manner, called upon him to follow. To my mother who, weeping, threw herself upon her husband's neck, he said: "Calm yourself, my lady Marchesa, it is merely a formality; your husband will return home in a few hours." Alas! instead, he became for six long months a prisoner. My mother told me that she heard him, as he was marched away into the night, begin to whistle the Marseillaise, but he was suddenly silenced. Next morning, Mazzini, his beard shaved off, and dressed in a check suit of my father's, walked out of the house, Bianca Rebizzo on his arm,

\* He is 95 at the moment of translating this article, February, 1917, and his mind remains unclouded.—E. F. R.

and crossing the Aqua Sola where the military band was playing, he started upon another long exile.

My mother immediately rented a little room in the roof of a house overlooking the prison of S. Andrea, where she used to stay all day at the window making signs to her dear prisoner and also to Jessie White (afterwards Jessie White Mario), who had been likewise incarcerated. "Rubra" (red), she was called, because of her flaming red hair. Miss White spent her time quite calmly in prison, smoking long cigars and studying Italian history. My father was at length liberated through the unwearied efforts of his friend and lawyer, Carcassi. Mazzini had left Italy, and so my father, disgusted at the turn things had since taken, and too good a republican to tolerate compromise, retired to a solitary country place in the woods of the once famous Gazzolo, on the banks of the torrent Lemma, where he occupied himself in hunting and with the education of his children. From time to time when Mazzini came from London, he would pass down from Lugano into Italy and come to see him. And every year my mother, as a pious duty of friendship, carried the first lilies that thrust their azure heads through the yellowing corn, to place upon the tomb of the patriot's mother, Maria Mazzini, whose favourite flowers they were.

The friends who remained to my parents, Nino Bixio, Ripari, Quadrio, Corte, Achille Sacchi and his wife Elena, Mosso, and some others whose names I do not recall, used to come from time to time to seek the hermit whose too absolute ideas had driven him from the world. I remember one day in 1865—though dimly, for I was little more than a baby—I was playing in the open space by our house—formerly the family residence of the Spinola, and dating from 1500—when there came trotting towards me a brilliant cavalcade, composed of a General, two officers, and some soldiers. As soon as they were in front of me the General pulled up short, *lifted me up, put me on the saddle before him, and, thus reinforced, entered the courtyard.* The resplendent officer, who seemed to me to be at least a fairy Prince, then jumped to the ground still holding me, and flung himself into the arms of my father. It was Nino Bixio, with an adjutant and the then Captain Busetto. They stayed with us some time because the General had come charged with military duties. Captain Busetto, who afterwards married Ricarda Bixio, inspired me with a profound admiration, and I remember that when going away he said to me, "In twenty years' time I will come back with two horses, a black one for me and a white one for you, and we will be married and we will go to the war." I was then so small that, ignorant of the passage of time, I would ask if the twenty years had gone by; and I eagerly looked to see the white and the black horses appear over the hill.

Ernesto Pareto saw Mazzini many times more. Towards 1869, he and an English gentleman—a certain Mahony, an ascetic and a real saint for goodness and purity of life—formed a centre of reunion at Sestri, where they gathered together working men, then much less educated than now, but always good and straightforward. The Englishman read and explained the Bible to them, and my father sought to instil into their minds the teachings of Mazzini.

Sometimes I induced him to take me with him. One evening, which I shall never forget, Mazzini walked in. He appeared pallid, almost diaphanous, but his eyes were ardent. All those horny hands of the labourers seized and pressed his, which, in comparison, looked like wax. He began to speak. Little by little I drew nearer to him, and, while speaking, he presently rested one hand on my head. I did not dare to move: it seemed to me that I was in the presence of a supernatural being, who was nevertheless human. But what he said to these men, many of whom had tears in their eyes as they listened, was very simple. . . . And the Englishman, absorbed though he was in the mysteries of the Revelation of St. John, seemed to hang upon the lips of this great Italian, consumed by the purest ideals. I remember that amongst other things he said, "I shall come again to Italy to dedicate the last years of my life to unity, because, my friends, we have the body of Italy, but we have not her soul."

That bare and narrow room, scarcely lighted by its little lamp, seemed very solemn, as were all the men who listened to him. I do not know how, but in my childish mind, the words spoken by that pale prophet mingled themselves with those read from the great black book by the English mystic: "My kingdom is not of this world," and surely the simple, hard-working men of his audience also understood them so. "My kingdom is not of this world," said the one; and the other spoke of the pure and noble ideals to be attained through work and renunciation. When he disappeared through the low door of that little meeting-place, the great Exile returned to Lugano, and wrote from thence to Harriet Hamilton King that he had "plunged into contemplation of the beautiful tranquil lake and mountains, full of the pure and solemn teaching of death."

I saw him once more in 1872, a short time before he died. I was at college, when one day my father came in great haste to fetch me, and as the sisters did not want to allow me to go out, he threatened to take me from the college altogether. My father was silent, and would not tell me anything as to why he had come nor where we were going; but having reached the Oregina, we entered a modest house, and there, in the little courtyard, stood Mazzini—still more emaciated than when he had addressed the working-men at Sestri. I know not how, but he seemed to me like a burning torch. He did not greet me with the silly words that are generally used to children, but looking at me fixedly, said in a rather low voice: "Promise me that you will love Italy more than yourself, and that you will be ready to give her whatever you hold most dear in this world." I kissed his hand and promised, bursting into tears. I never saw him again, and soon after that the news of his death plunged Italy into mourning.

For a long time Ernesto Pareto retired to the mountains he loved, and lived amongst the beeches and oaks of Cabanne on the Ligurian Apennines. He could not get over the death of Mazzini, occurring as it did before the realisation of the great dream they had both cherished for so many years. He died in 1893 at the age of seventy-eight, loved and mourned by all, but most by the poor and humble.



He passed away *tout d'une pièce*, as the French say: his faith, his ideals remaining intact, without one weakness or concession upon his conscience: the friends and companions who were like him had long been sleeping the last earthly sleep; others who had made with themselves compromises and concessions—perhaps justifiable—he had felt unable to pardon. Therefore, he lived much alone and far away from political parties; but he never forgot to visit Staglieno. . . . Seated there on one of the rustic benches near the beloved one's tomb, he would seem happy and tranquil, living again through many scenes both beautiful and moving; the very silence pleasing him, for he had the delight of a child in the song of the goldfinch hidden in dusky depths of cypress. . . . He made me promise never to forget flowers for the grave of Maria Mazzini, for like all truly great men he venerated a noble mother.

"They were idealists, and yet they conquered!" exclaimed Carlyle, speaking of our men of the Risorgimento—uttering an epigram which fitly closes the parabola described by those heroes, great and small, the cherished, as well as the forgotten, of a radiant epoch.

BICE PARETO MAGLIANO.

## THE MUSCULAR NOVEL.

### A WAR EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF FICTION.

THE Crimean War was not one of the most glorious episodes in our national existence, yet it bulks larger in literature than almost any other historic war. It came to England and Europe as a tremendous moral awakening. Europe had been at peace since 1815. There were optimists who looked on Waterloo as the blow that had ended war. Yet peace had not brought the social millennium. Kingsley had published *Alton Locke* in 1850, and *Yeast* in 1851, novels having the same burden as Tennyson's fierce lines in *Maud* :—

“ Why do they prate the blessings of peace? we have made them a curse,  
Pickpockets, each man lusting for all that is not his own;  
And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse  
Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his own hearthstone?

“ Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the days gone by,  
When the poor are hovell'd and hustled together, each sex, like swine,  
When only the ledger lives, and when only not all men lie;  
Peace in her vineyard—yes!—but a company forges the wine.

“ When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial fee,  
And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's bones,  
Is it peace or war? better, war! loud war by land and sea,  
War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones.

“ For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,  
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of the foam,  
That the smooth-faced snubnosed rogue would leap from his counter  
and till,  
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yardwand, home.

For Kingsley and many soberer thinkers war came in 1854 to show “ what the realities of life are.” It enters as a redeeming catastrophe into the most interesting of his novels, *Two Years Ago*, the title of which alludes to the war-time. “ There are nobler elements under the crust,” says the fine old soldier to the society girl who was to experience her awakening with the rest, “ which will come out all the purer from the fire; and we shall have heroes and heroines rising up among us as of old, sincere and earnest, ready to face their work, and to call all things by their right names once more.” C. A. Lawrence, whose first and most notorious novel, *Guy Livingstone*, came out the same year, 1857, is never tired of dilating on this theme in the most impressive language at his command. “ That was a time that we all remember right well; when, without note of preparation, the war-trumpets sounded from the East and the North; when Europe woke up, like a giant refreshed, from the slumber of a forty-years' peace, and took down disused weapons from the wall and donned a rusty armour.” It is not straining the point to trace some of the most striking contrasts between the literature before and that after the 'fifties to the immense moral force of this event. The note of strenuousness, the sense of struggle, the feeling of the deep significance of action, are

conspicuous by their absence from the prose and poetry of the earlier period. What has been more characteristic of our representative poets and novelists since? The novel is peculiarly the autobiography of feeling and opinion. The day of the novel of manners was passing, that of the novel of character and of action was about to be.

"It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill," says Tennyson in *Maud*, published while Sebastopol was besieged. Tennyson, it should be noted, had been made Poet Laureate in 1850, and in 1854 had written *The Charge of the Light Brigade*. In 1856, in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, the idea of muscular Christianity is seen maturing. "Something to try the muscles of men's bodies and the endurance of their hearts, to make them rejoice in their strength," declares the author, is better than education; and if it is left out "your great Mechanics' Institutes end in intellectual priggism, and your Christian Young Men's Societies in religious Pharisaism." A year or two later "Muscular Christianity" had become a catchword, and Lawrence begins frankly to preach the "Physical Force Doctrine," without the Christianity. It soon became a topic of controversy, and in due course the object of a violent reaction. Nevertheless, freed from the exaggerations of its first exponents, it had far too much healthy vitality to be suppressed, and never has it been taught with more acceptance than since the advent of Mr. Kipling.

For many reasons, *Maud* did not at first increase the popularity that *The Princess* and *In Memoriam* had secured. But the voice that condemned it in the sternest accents was the voice of the moralist, Mr. Gladstone, who left critical considerations on one side, but fell harshly upon Tennyson's doctrine of the purifying influence of war.

"It is, indeed, true that peace has its moral perils and temptations for degenerate man, as has every other blessing, without exception, that he can receive from the hand of God. It is, moreover, not less true that, amidst the clash of arms, the noblest forms of character may be reared, and the highest acts of duty done; that these great and precious results may be due to war as their cause; and that one high form of sentiment in particular, the love of country, receives a powerful and generous stimulus from the bloody strife. But this is as the furious cruelty of Pharaoh made place for the benign virtue of his daughter; as the butchering sentence of Herod raised without doubt many a mother's love into heroic sublimity; as plague, as famine, as fire, as flood, as every curse and every scourge that is wielded by an angry Providence for the chastisement of man, is an appointed instrument for tempering human souls in the seven-times heated furnace of affliction, up to the standard of angelic and archangelic virtue."

The censor went on to denounce the recommendation of war "as a specific for the particular evil of Mammon-worship." He made amends later for ignoring the lyrical beauty of the poem, in a note appended to a reprint of his article.

Charles Kingsley's *Two Years Ago* appeared in 1857; its incidents are dated 1854-5, coincidently with the war. Thus it has

peculiar significance as a document on the genesis of the Physical Force Doctrine. In *Tom Thurnall*, said to be a study of his brother Henry, Kingsley portrayed the muscular hero all complete, except that he is not a Christian hero, a distinct type, owing something to Carlyle, but mainly an outcome of the new valuation of manliness, courage, and the capacity for doing things. It was a different type from any hitherto in fashion, but destined to enjoy as long a run as the Byronic or any other favourite hero.

In 1856, the year when peace was declared, Thomas Hughes published *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, a book of the first importance in the history of muscular fiction. As a novel, it has many defects, but romanticism and writing for effect—charges that may justly be laid against Kingsley's novels—are not among them. There are no false notes in the book; it is sincere from beginning to end, whether regarded as a piece of biography, a story conveying a sermon, or the expression of Judge Hughes's ideals in the spontaneous form of a picture of life. It was written out of the fullness of his heart by a man who had a lofty lesson to teach, and who would have smiled at anyone who accused him of being didactic. He would, no doubt, have measured his success by its power to influence and inspire. Yet *Tom Brown's Schooldays* is a very fine story, and that not merely in the way the Parables are, because they attain their end by simplicity and directness.

It is unfair to say of *Tom Brown's Schooldays* that the real hero is Dr. Arnold of Rugby. Tom Brown is the hero right enough, though the great headmaster stands behind him like the god in the Greek play, a presence embodying the spiritual meaning of the story. The figure of Arnold, drawn with rare taste and reverence, represents the emotional and ideal element ordinarily lacking in a tale that is not a love-story. In the creed enunciated by the book, he stands for the finer, the spiritual side of the doctrine of strength. Without this beautiful portrait, the author's downright, unqualified assertion of the Physical Force Doctrine would have sounded not only crude but unconvincing. Hughes was as truculent in his good-humoured way as Lawrence himself. His hero is a fighter by race and by nurture.

"The Browns are a fighting family. One may question their wisdom, or wit, or beauty, but about their fight there can be no question. Wherever hard knocks of any kind, visible or invisible, are going, there the Brown who is nearest must shove in his carcase." "Most other folk get tired of such work. The old Browns, with red faces, white whiskers, and bald heads, go on believing and fighting to a green old age." "After all, what would life be without fighting? From the cradle to the grave, fighting, rightly understood, is the business, the real highest, honestest business of every son of man. Everyone who is worth his salt has his enemies, who must be beaten, be they evil thoughts and habits in himself, or spiritual wickedness in high places, or Russians, or Border-ruffians, or Bill, Tom, or Harry, who will not let him live his life in quiet till he has thrashed them. It is no good for Quakers, or any other body of men, to uplift their voices against fighting. Human nature is too strong for them, and they don't follow their own precepts. Every soul of them is doing his

own piece of fighting, somehow and somewhere. The world might be a better world without fighting, for anything I know, but it wouldn't be our world; and therefore I am dead against crying peace when there is no peace, and isn't meant to be."

There is another literary influence, one that fascinated and left its mark on Carlyle, which is also easy to trace, not only in the ideas of Muscular Novelists, but in their actual words and phrases. At this time, the Icelandic Sagas were in a fair way of becoming known to every well-read person in Europe. Carlyle's praise of the *Heimskringla* and of Olaf Trygvason, "the wildly beautifullest man, in body and soul, that one has ever heard of in the North," had helped to spread their fame. Scott had paraphrased the *Eyrbyggja Saga*. Mallet's *Northern Antiquities* was an old book even in his time. Müller's *Sagabibliothek* appeared at Copenhagen in 1817-20. But the general resurrection of the Sagas began with the splendid translations published by Dasent about the turn of the century. The saga-spirit was in the air; men talked about it at college, and wrote about it in magazines. Words like "berserk" and "viking" became generally current at this date, and writers found meanings for them in the life they had to describe.

In his general lines, the saga-hero was much like other primitive heroes, but certain traits were curiously exaggerated. Will, self-reliance, independence, impatience of wrong, were developed in the Icelander almost to the degree of vices; and the complementary passions of ungovernable obstinacy, savage individualism, and bloodthirsty revenge, furnish all the villainy necessary to the most tragic of plots. Though public opinion in Iceland branded the rabid fury of the berserk as a detestable thing, and the most reverend figure in the whole literature is the wise old law-giver Nial, whose hands were unstained with blood, the Sagas, by the mere vividness of their portrayal, exalted violence to a dangerous pitch. They depict a state of society in which the strong arm, in spite of complicated legal checks, is actually supreme.

This almost Nietzschean individualism is reproduced in Lawrence's heroes, while the finer spirit of the Sagas is implicit in Kingsley. In the Lawrentian heroes it is easy to find counterparts to Murdering Glum, who had fits of laughter when the appetite for killing came upon him, and of the irascible Grettir, with his incorrigible weakness for getting into scrapes and slaying men illegally. Kingsley painted a lifelike berserk in Salvation Yeo, the cunning old slayer of the Philistines, and there are still more direct traces of the viking rage and "shape-strength" in Hereward. "I never on earth met him whom I feared, and why should I fear him in heaven? If I met Odin, I would fight with Odjn. If Odin were the stronger, he would slay me; if I were the stronger, I would slay him."

In the year of Balaclava and Inkermann Kingsley wrote to F. D. Maurice, "This war would have made me half mad, if I had let it. It seemed so dreadful to hear of those Alma heights being taken and not to be there; but God knows best, and I suppose I am not fit for such brave work, but only like Camille Desmoulins, 'une

pauvre créature, née pour faire des vers.' But I can fight still (I don't mean in controversy—I am sick of that) . . . but in writing books which will make others fight. This one is to be called *Westward Ho!*" Here Kingsley attempted to mirror the Elizabethan era as the Sagas mirrored the great epoch when the Norsemen explored the Arctic and Atlantic, discovered America, and subjugated Britain. It is a Saga of English enterprise and adventure, with a band of viking heroes.

Kingsley succeeded better in resuscitating the pagan ideal in *Hereward the Wake*, published in 1866, which has a similar ground-plan to the epic of Olaf Tryggvason. Though Kingsley's subtitle was *The Last of the English*, he regards Hereward as a Norseman, a viking, a free adventurer, fighting for his own hand, and owing no man fealty. Britain belongs to the Scandinavian world; England is the former conquest of Canute, and now the prize of another Norseman, William the Conqueror. Hereward runs the conventional career of a Saga-hero, is outlawed, wins distinction in foreign parts, and comes home to fight for his patrimony. He is selfish, brutal, and immoral; a slave to passion, a bully who drives his wife to a nunnery, a bravo who lets his country go to ruin rather than subdue his Danish pride to fight under the West Saxon Harold. This is his evil side. His virtues are indomitable courage, self-reliance, and a lordly generosity. Even his vices have the epic grandeur so unfailing in the tragic heroes of the Sagas.

The salient characteristics of the Muscular Novel were exaggerated to a ludicrous degree by George Alfred Lawrence, author of *Guy Livingstone*, in which, as well as in his later novels, the same two inspiring ideas, the war and the saga-spirit, jump to the eye. Lawrence was a graduate of New Inn Hall, and was entered at the Middle Temple; but in 1857, owing to the sensation made by *Guy Livingstone*, he gave up law for literature. He held a commission in the militia, and was commonly known as Major Lawrence. During the American Civil War, he sympathised strongly with the South—who could doubt it that has read his novels? He sailed to the States with the intention of joining the Confederate Army, but before he reached their lines he was captured by the Federals, and released from durance only at the British Ambassador's intercession, and on the express understanding that he should return at once to England. Lawrence published nine novels and *A Bundle of Ballads* before his death in 1876. The mere titles give an inkling of their character—*Sword and Gown*, *Barren Honour*, *Sans Merci*, *Breaking a Butterfly*, *Brakespeare*.

Lawrence came into his popularity on the crest of the wave, and went on writing defiant idealisations of muscularity when public opinion had tired of it. By the time he came to *Sword and Gown*, we find him saying, "There is a heavy run just now against the Physical Force Doctrine. It is true there are some writers, not the weakest, who still cling to the old-fashioned mould. Putting Lancelot and Amyas out of the question, I think I would sooner have stood up to most heroes of romance than to sturdy Adam Bede. It can't be a question of religion or morality; for 'Muscular Christianity' is the stock sarcasm of the opposite party; it must

be a question of good taste. Well, ancient Greece is supposed to have had some floating ideas on *that* subject, and she deified strength. It is perfectly true that to thrash a prize-fighter unnecessarily is not a virtuous or glorious action; but I contend that the *capability* of doing so is an admirable and enviable attribute. There are grades of physical as well as of moral perfection; and, after all, the same Hand created both." This sort of stuff would be hailed as very crude Nietzscheism to-day, and Lawrence's anticipations of the superman as bad caricature.

His heroes were described, by those who loved them not, as a mixture of libertine and prize-fighter. Their leader, Guy Livingstone, reappears in successive novels with differences of period and costume, and, in one case at least, of sex. He is endowed with prodigious bodily strength, with a savage temper masked by imperturbable calm; he is haughty, domineering, and contemptuous of everybody and everything not belonging to his own order, for every character of Lawrence's whom he treats with the slightest respect is "thoroughbred." One can hardly conceive how even the omnivorous borrower from the circulating library could tolerate such a creation, except as a recoil from the smug, genteel hero that had brightened the pages of Mrs. Gore and Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Still, there was a time when Lara and the Giaour had crowds of worshippers all over Europe, and Lawrence had a vigorous, arrogant style that fascinated the sort of reader who afterwards fell a victim to the blandishments of Ouida.

The ancient blood, the superb physique, the intractable will, and the prowess among the ladies that distinguished Guy, were inherited by Major Royston, in *Sword and Gown*. Probably what attracted readers to Lawrence was his trick of putting a barbarian hero from the dark ages in a modern environment. At any rate, when he placed his berserk in what should have been a more congenial sphere among the knights of Chandos and Du Guesclin, as he does in *Brakespeare*, a tale of the Hundred Years' War, he was not so successful. Yet this is a rousing story, with no lack of Homeric combats. Of course, he inveighs at large on the abolition of duelling, that touchstone of gentility. "Prudent and polite Prussia," he says, in language that shows what the muscular doctrine was leading to, "under the rule of the most Christian of all sovereigns, ordains these matters differently. If hand be laid on the sacred uniform," &c.

Reaction was inevitable. Everyone knows how it was voiced in Matthew Arnold's *Culture and Anarchy* (1869) and *Friendship's Garland* (1871), and the immortal subdivision of the British people into Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace. But a book that had considerable though ephemeral effect was *Man and Wife*, by Wilkie Collins. It was admittedly written for a purpose, or rather two purposes, to show up the defects of the Marriage Laws, and to denounce "the present mania for athletic sports." Granted that a story framed purposely to expose what the writer considers a corrupt state of things may be styled a novel, *Man and Wife* is a good one; at all events it is constructed with the author's well-known mastery of craftsmanship, and is uniformly interesting.

The marriage question is not our present concern; the other question is. Wilkie Collins depicts a nation absorbed, to the exclusion of any higher interests, in the cult of athletic sport.

"There is far too much glorification in England, just now, of the mere physical qualities which an Englishman shares with the savage and the brute. And the ill results are beginning to show themselves already. We are readier than we ever were to practise all that is rough in our national customs, and to excuse all that is violent and brutish in our national acts. Read the popular books; attend the popular amusements—and you will find at the bottom of them all a lessening regard for the gentler graces of civilised life, and a growing admiration for the virtues of the aboriginal Britons."

Had the writer been reading Kingsley's opening paragraphs in *Hereward*, where the virtues of primitive times, for instance, of the era of the Norman Conquest, are contrasted with the vices of "incivilisation"?

Wilkie Collins attacks on two sides. Argument he puts in the mouth of a sensible and satirical old gentleman, Sir Patrick Lundie, who cannot put up with the present generation of young men, nor they with him. But his main attack is by way of the awful example, in the person of Geoffrey Delamayn, son of Lord Holchester, and champion of all England as a runner and boxer—marvellous combination! Delamayn, who unites many incompatible propensities, an insatiable thirst for beer, addiction to tobacco, and Guy Livingstone's zest for the sport of woman-hunting, with devotion to the prize-ring, the foot-race, and the Spartan training necessary for pre-eminence in these accomplishments, is the monster whose villainies serve to exhibit the abuses of the Marriage Laws, and whose brutality and well-merited fate show what the craze for athletic sports can bring an educated gentleman to. He drives one unfortunate woman to the verge of suicide and another to crime, and brings himself to a disgraceful end in the act of attempting murder. Lawrence let the cat out of the bag when he praised Prussia for keeping up the duello, in the same breath as he glorified the "Physical Force Doctrine." Let us quote the author of *Man and Wife* on such methods of preparing young men for social life:—

"The savage element in humanity—let the modern optimists who doubt its existence look at any uncultivated man (no matter how muscular), woman (no matter how beautiful), or child (no matter how young)—began to show itself furtively in his eyes, to utter itself furtively in his voice. Was he to blame for the manner in which he looked at her, and spoke to her? Not he! What had there been in the training of his life (at school or at college) to soften and subdue the savage element in him? About as much as there had been in the training of his ancestors (without the school or the college) five hundred years since."

The interest of all this at the present time hardly needs emphasis. The Muscular Novel is not of great importance in the history of literature. As usual, war had had its effect on writers and readers,



but had not evoked any imaginative creation of surpassing merit or permanence. It is in reference to the educational question, in its widest aspects, that the Muscular Novel is significant. Each of the writers under review was engaged in expressing his ideas on the educational problem. Tennyson regarded war as an educating and refining experience. This is the thesis also of *Two Years Ago*; all Kingsley's novels, indeed, from *Yeast* to *Hereward*, enunciate definite views on the proper ideal for England and English character and the means of attaining it. Hughes sets out from a practical account of education at school and university, to discourse at large on the methods then adopted for educating the masses. Following the lead of Kingsley, whom he admires without any real sympathy, Lawrence propounds his own ideal, crude and reactionary as it is. Collins writes as a social critic rather than as a novelist.

The Muscular Novel offers food for thought in the present inconceivably deeper crisis than the European war of the 'fifties. More appalling questions than national education are before us; yet national education will remain a supremely important issue. At present thought is too chaotic, too dumbfounded, for theory. Our ideas are flung back into the melting-pot, among them our views on physical and moral education. Who says a word now about degeneracy? That cry has been stultified by the endurance and splendid tenacity of the alleged degenerates. Now it is the lower middle classes, supposed to be unstrung by the nervous tension of the struggle for life and the pressure of intellectual demands, who are being tested. And the most astonishing phenomenon of the war has been the way they have borne the test, the cool cheerfulness and steadiness with which the overworked clerk and shopman have stood the superhuman strain.

So much for theory. One might do worse than go to the novelist, that most truthful of social historians, for more reliable views, especially to practical men like Hughes and Kingsley. One might do worse than consult the poets. Gladstone would never have reviewed *Maud* in that censorious strain now. Perhaps it wants a poet to perceive the refining, regenerating, and healing influence of war, when so many other aspects dull our finer vision. At any rate, we know now more than we ever knew before of the realities of life. We have seen war, as Kingsley put it, raise up "heroes and heroines" among us, and beheld for ourselves the "nobler elements under the crust." In reading *Tom Brown's Schooldays* to-day, it is not difficult to hear Judge Hughes holding forth on the wholesomeness of the fighting spirit, the nonsense of conscientious objection, the duty of national service. We hear his views on many platforms. Muscular Christianity is alive again, and, we hope, without the excess and the uglier tendencies that developed then into Muscular Blackguardism. We are no believers in the crude Physical Force Doctrine. The Prussian spirit prophetically extolled by Lawrence has taught us the folly and danger of that. But with the teaching of Kingsley, Hughes, and Tennyson, refined by later experience, we are at one.

ERNEST A. BAKER.

## LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

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## \* WISE WOMEN.

IF the Chronicles of Mrs. Zippin and Mrs. Pugsley and all that they did could be written, a book would be given to the world that the world would be very glad to have, for these were wise women and subtle after their kind and, moreover, given, though not altogether in episcopal fashion, to hospitality. Witches, white witches, are dying out, and the loss is irreparable, since mankind, and indeed womankind, is superstitious, and if it loses the good old stock come down in true succession from that most hospitable of women the Witch of Endor, it will invent new and discreditable witches, creatures without power who rely on palmistry and other gipsy-like absurdities to eke out the unreality of their deceit. Now there was no deceit about Mrs. Zippin, and very little about Mrs. Pugsley. They never claimed to be witches. They were, so to speak, elected by the commonalty. If they were witches of Exmoor they never said anything about it. Their state, it is true, was regal; their servants were many; their wishes were rarely unfulfilled, and they lived long and not unpleasant lives. They were wise women and never said anything about it, and allowed men and women to think what they liked about their initiation into the long line of witches who, since the days of the Old Stone Men, had quietly controlled the destinies of Wiltwater. And the less they said the better they were fed and housed and cared for, and the fact that it was not love for them that induced such care troubled these wise women no whit. On a famous occasion, already on record, Mrs. Zippin said to Mrs. Pugsley as they rode on a spring morning through the village of Wiltwater, "They do need us, my dear," and it was true. They were part of the life, of the tradition of that corner of the moor. Abolish the witches, and the whole folk-lore structure of society would tumble down. The pixies would go, the Old Men would forsake the Stone Circle, the wind round the farms would be merely wind and nothing else, the tumbling streams would be water and nothing more, Nature would become a mere physical fact, life would lose its inmost reality. But it is true that the farm firesides as November drew in were not wholly just to the old ladies. "Missus Zippin wur made a witch by owd Missus

Tutling nigh a hunderd year agone, and Missus Tutling wur made a witch by owd Missus Richards, out o' Wales avore she; 'twur ever zo. They wur made in owd churchyard. They did run, she after she, round yard avore cockcrow three times, sayin' the Lord's Prayer backwards. No woman be true witch avore she do that. Mrs. Craw *saw* Mrs. Zippin shaped like a hare goo roun' and roun' zo vast as ever wur wi' hound behind she doublin' ever zo. Hound wur Mrs. Tutling." "But how," said Mr. Sam Miles the Preacher, who sat by the fire, "how did old Mrs. Craw—I remember she—how did she *know* hare wur Mrs. Zippin?" "'Twur all clear. Mrs. Craw did goo round to Mrs. Zippin's house; she did live in village then, and Mrs. Zippin wur not in; but presently Mrs. Zippin did come in breathin' ever zo, and did wipe sweat from her vaice, and begin combing her long black hair. 'Twur awful night, wind and wet.'" "May be Mrs. Zippin wur wiping rain from her vaice." "'Twur kind to think zo," said the farmer's wife, "but it do all hang together, for next day she did move to cottage on moor, that drefle lonely place, and from that night forth and there be a thing, and she wans 'un she hav' un.'" "Don't believe none ov it," said Mr. Miles cheerily. "She wur good old 'ooman, wur Mrs. Zippin, good and kind and wise, a good Christian 'ooman. Knew she when I wur a boy." "She did overlook many folk." "She did overlook their faults, and that's more than some of we can say." But they were unpersuaded, and settled down to stories of these wise women.

It was a night for story-telling, and the farm-house kitchen was full. It had been a stormy day, and though the woods were still rich in painted leaves, it was wintry enough, and especially at nightfall when the gale, ever growing in petulant fierceness, raced round the farm and smote the roofs with hissing hail. The half moon climbing up the sky peered in and out of tumbling clouds and looked in at the easterly window, whence the naked moor could be seen outlined, a pale pitiless waste that no wanderer would face. Yet it was the end of autumn and not winter, and the minds of all as they sat round the great wood and turf fire and watched the vast hanging kettle steam, were full of thoughts of harvest, of barns brimming with hay, of late oats well stocked, of bullocks that were fat indeed with ample pasture, of sheep like fat silkworms, of woods where the bronze hazel nuts had lain thick on the ground among the fallen sodden leaves, of red deer stuffed with oak-mast and beech-mast, of salmon that were pushing up the river in flood, of woods that hung above the winding moor in a passion of red and gold under skies not wild like those to-night but full of majestic clouds that canopied the splendid soft-lined winding interlocked moorland hills. Some such moving picture wandered dreamily through their minds, and then suddenly Mr. Warlock said, "I do mind the autumn when Mrs. Ann Pugsley did witch John Craw. 'Twur at the whort gathering. Folk did say she did witch he. 'Tis certain he did think so." They all knew the tale, but it was worth retelling. "Wise old 'ooman, Ann Pugsley, but in a manner mean wi' her whorts. Old John Craw he did roaring trade in our kitchen. He did give notice that he would buy all whorts at penny a pint,

and take same to market. So all the boys and girls and some 'oomen did goo on the moor and with them Ann Pugsley, whortle-berry gathering. 'Twur fine weather and onusual good year. Zo soon our kitchen wur filled with baskets, and on a day John Crow he come wi' a meazure to buy. He did pile up the meazure and take good meazure, and all the lads and lasses stood round him to zee fair. 'Twur a pleasant zight, the little brown faces looking on as he ladled in the berries. His hands wur purple, and as the flies came on his face he did rub his nose, and that did get purpler. And the children's faces were purple, too. But that be by the way. Mrs. Pugsley she sat by the fire wi' her basket. She did say to he, 'Mr. Crow, be 'ee ready for me?' and he did zay nothing. She did ask time and again, but he did zay nothing. Then she did mutter to she harsh-like, through her throat and nose, 'No speech; no speech.' They wur innocent words, but they did frighten Mr. Crow. So he did come up wi' his meazure to Ann and did begin piling in the fruit. But Ann were crafty picker, and did put the little leaves in wi' her whorts which John Crow did zee, so he piled up the meazure. Ann she did say, 'Too high, too high,' and sweep off the fruit from top of meazure. 'That be good meazure,' zed she; 'keep good meazure,' zed she. 'Twur strange zight, old Mrs. Pugsley sitting on the ground all hunched like, and old John Crow, big man wi' face all purple wi' rage and whort stains bending over her and piling up the meazure which she did smooth down. The children did stand round and laugh quietly, and the sun did look in at the door of the kitchen and light all. John he did lose patience at last, and did zay, 'Ann Pugsley,' he zed, 'You be dirty picker o' whorts, and no manner fair. I waunt ha' any more o' your waurts.' That be how he zed it, being from down country. Mrs. Pugsley she looked at John Crow, and she zed in a gentle tone, for she be imitating he, 'Then you waunt ha' no waurts at all,' and up she did rise and hobbled out of the kitchen and did get on her donkey and ride away wi' her basket on her arm. John Crow did turn as pale as he could, but his nose wur too purple wi' the stain o' the fruit for that to change, and did quickly buy all the whorts that were left, and did put all in his little pony cart, and wi' few words did zet off home over the moor.

"'Twur up there"—and Mr. Warlock pointed out into the fitful moonlight—"he wur witched." "'Twur witching if ever wur," said Mr. Sam Miles, "though I do not believe in overlooking." "We'll call it what you will," said Mr. Warlock. "'Twur like this. John he go on up the hill wi' his cart-full, driving as hard as might be right into the sunset as it wur. Out of the village he went and up the long wind o' the hills all as purple as his whorts in the sunset" (the folk round the fire nodded and smiled) "and on till he wur lost sight of just before he come to the old stone bridge whur the road do turn wi' a twist in the hill. 'Twur a strong cart and a strong pony, but everyone in the village knew he wur witched before he started, and he knew. Well, he crossed the flowing water—you do know how it do talk in the evening time wi' a sort o' chatter o' voices—an' just as he crossed zomething (zo he zed) made his pony shy, and as it did

shy the cart slipped on the edge o' the road, and the axle or something cracked like a pistol, an' the owd cart rolled over and shot all the great load of whorts on the road, some hunderweights. The place ran wi' whortle juice, and you may 'magine what it looked like in the zet o' zun. But it did not run zo vast as John Craw's pony. The cart righted itself the moment the berries were out, and John he leapt in and drove as never man drove before from the place, the loneliest place in all the moor, whur three naked hills meet in a cup. 'Twur stained as it wur wi' man's blood for weeks, and they do say a battle wur fought there in the days o' the Old Men."

Mr. Warlock stopped, and, as they all sat smiling over the little story, the wind renewed its fury without as if to hint that nature is full of mystery. "What I do not understand," said the farmer, "is whur these owd women get the Power, for Power it be or else how did John Craw's cart go over? and how did all the other things happen?" "Well, it do be strange," said Sam Miles, "but I do put it like this. It be will power of one mind over another. John Craw wur, quite wrongly, afeard o' Ann Pugsley, and his mind were zo zet on being witched, that he, so to speak, witched heself. But I do admit this do not explain all. There do be powers in nature we do not understand, an' it may be that some way or other these owd 'oomen get the knowledge one from another generation after generation. The owd 'ooman o' Endor did have strange power. She did know Saul; she did bring Samuel from the place whur he did be. Yet she wur good old 'ooman, and would not let Saul goo till she did fed he up, he and his men. It may be that these same powers do last on, but I do doubt if Ann Pugsley had thef. She did zay to me long ago, 'Most men, Mr. Miles, be vools, and very few o' them be wicked. It be women that be wise. 'Tes easier for them to be wicked. I do believe all the trouble wur Eve's fault. Adam wur a owd vool.'

"Just one other little story, friends, avore bed-time. 'Tes the Siege of Water Court Farm, I mean. You do know farm. Well, one day, young farmer's wife wur there alone wi' little maid. The 'ooman did fear Mrs. Zippin, and did dread Mrs. Pugsley. Zo when little maid zed, 'Look! old Mrs. Pugsley be riding into yard,' she wur terrified and zed, 'I go upstairs; zay Mrs. Field be out.' Zo when Mrs. Pugsley knocked at door, little maid zed, 'Mrs. Field be out.' 'I will wait,' zed Ann. 'Twur a siege, and just then Mrs. Zippin rode into yard. 'Twur a hard winter, and both wur short o' wood and turf. Mrs. Zippin knock at door, and little maid zed 'Mrs. Field be out.' 'I will wait at back door,' zed Mrs. Zippin. 'Twur a regular siege, and Mr. Field he right away down at county town till morrow. The little maid wur frightened out of her life, and, bolting both doors, went upstairs. 'Twur milking time, and Mrs. Field knew it. Cows must be milked, witches or no witches. Zo down she did come and throw open front door. 'Good afternoon, Mrs. Pugsley,' zed she. 'You be looking well. Will 'ee come in an' rest? I must be milking. Mr. Field be away.' 'Tes wood I want,' zed Ann, as she hobbled about yard. 'Fred shall bring it 'ee to-morrow. I must be

a-milking now. Fred be zo angry if I be late a-milking.' 'Do he? I will help 'ee milk.' 'An' I, too,' zed Mrs. Zippin, appearing on the scene. 'We be come handy.' Mr. Miles told the story with vigour. Mrs. Field trembled for her life. But the three women went forth together with pails to the paddock, where the cows stood waiting together. Mrs. Pugsley, ever a worker, trudged with her pail on her arm doubled and determined; Mrs. Field, her colour coming and going, walked with her pail in her hand; but Mrs. Zippin, queen of women, put her pail on her head and marched breast forward. And the little maid brought up the rear with three little stöols. The cows were white-witched. Milk came in such abundance as no memory records, and the witches seemed to fascinate the kine as they hummed snatches of song at their work. Time and again the pails were taken back and emptied, and then the procession returned to the farm. 'Will 'ee take tea?' said the wife, still in terfor. 'Nay, we must away,' said the Wise Women. 'But give us a packet of tea and a drink o' the warm milk, wi' firing on the morrow.' They would not enter the house but drank as they sat their steeds, and then faded away into the moorland half-light. When they had gone and were out of sight and sound, Mrs. Field crashed the cups into the embers, and sitting by the fire burst into a passion of tears, holding the little maid's hand. "You zee," said Mr. Miles, as he finished the story, "'twur not thought right that anyone should drink after a witch, but Mrs. Field wur ashamed o' herself, as she might very rightly be. Her husband wur never angry wi' she. She, through fear, had told lie, and wur no manner thankful for the help. She did know it and wur sorry for it and did weep. She wur wise to weep, and be sorry."

J. E. G. DE M.

## REVIEWS.

### SIR CHARLES DILKE.\*

Whatever may be thought of their attempt to reverse the popular verdict on the private character of Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Gwynn and Miss Tuckwell have succeeded in producing one of the most interesting political biographies in the English language. Though the book is long, few readers will complain of its length; for Sir Charles kept a full diary and was an indefatigable letter-writer, and his biographers have used their materials with excellent judgment. The two massive volumes are scarcely less a history of England for half a century than the record of a life of varied activity and constructive achievement.

The son and grandson of distinguished men, endowed with unflagging mental and physical energy, and blessed with an incomparable memory, Dilke matured early, and won reputation by his *Greater Britain*, the delightful volume which recorded his voyage round the world. Entering Parliament in 1868, at the age

\* *Life of Sir Charles Dilke*, by Stephen Gwynn, M.P., and Gertrude Tuckwell. 2 vols (John Murray, 36s. net.)

of twenty-five, he quickly made a place for himself on the left wing of Gladstone's majority, and, though he was never a strict party man, he remained throughout life a member of the most advanced section of the more advanced of the two historic parties in the State. The expression of his theoretical preference for a Republic in 1871 and 1872, and the vehement attacks which it provoked, made his name familiar throughout the country, and marked him out as one of the leaders of the Radical group which was already beginning a truceless war against the Whigs. But he was far more than a political Ishmael, even in his first Parliament; for his wide knowledge and immense industry made him from the first an effective critic of the details as well as of the principles of legislation. He was never an orator, and he wisely refrained from aiming at oratorical effect; but his clear and powerful mind proved of great value in debate, and left its mark on a large number of our statutes, among them the Education Act of 1870, in which the creation of popularly elected School Boards was due to his suggestion.

If the Gladstone Parliament of 1868 discovered the Radical reformer, the Disraeli Parliament of 1874 revealed the specialist on foreign affairs. His wide travels, his mastery of languages, his intimate acquaintance with Gambetta and other French statesmen, gave him a firmer grasp of European politics and Colonial problems than was possessed by any of his fellow members; and Gladstone's temporary withdrawal from the House afforded him exceptional opportunities for offering advice to a party deeply divided on the Eastern question and other thorny problems which Disraeli's provocative diplomacy created or failed to solve. When Gladstone swept the country in 1880 it was generally expected that Dilke would enter the Cabinet; but his academic republicanism was a barrier in high quarters, and the Premier thought that the admission of Chamberlain, a host in himself, was a sufficient concession to the Radical wing of his party, the influence of which in the country he wholly underrated. Dilke had to content himself with the Under-Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs; but his knowledge and prestige made him rather the colleague than the subordinate of Lord Granville. When he at last entered the Cabinet in 1882 as President of the Local Government Board, he continued to exert a powerful influence in foreign policy.

The Gladstone Ministry of 1880-5 marks the summit of Dilke's career. He possessed a European reputation; he was a specialist, not only in foreign affairs, but in several branches of domestic administration; he piloted the Franchise and Redistribution Bills—the chief legislative achievement of the Parliament—through the Commons; he presided over the Royal Commission on Housing. His close personal and political alliance with Chamberlain increased his power in the House and in the country. Beaconsfield and Gladstone, agreeing in nothing else, had foretold his rise to the Premiership in the fulness of time. The fierce feud between Whigs and Radicals was expected to lead to a split on the death or retirement of Gladstone, and the advent of a Radical Ministry within a few years was confidently expected. In the early summer of 1885 Chamberlain expressed a wish that Dilke should be the prospective

head of the Radical Party, on the ground that he possessed more authority in the House of Commons, while his own strength lay mainly outside. The one certainty in British politics appeared to be the rise of the brilliant Baronet to even greater power and prominence in the counsels of the Empire.

The Home Rule split and the eclipse of Dilke at the age of forty-two changed the course of history and handed over power to the Conservatives for twenty years. Chamberlain's personal friendship was never withdrawn from his old comrade; but their paths were henceforth antagonistic, and the realisation of the Radical programme was deferred till 1906. Dilke lost his seat for Chelsea in the election of 1886, and spent his years of retirement in writing and travel. Weighty volumes on *Europe in 1887*, *Problems of Greater Britain*, and *The British Army* followed in rapid succession. On his return to Westminster in 1892 as Member for the Forest of Dean, he at once regained a commanding position in the House; but the door of office was closed to him for ever. During the remaining twenty years of life he devoted his energies, above all, to the championship of unskilled labour. "The mainspring of all his actions," writes General Seely, "was the intense desire to help those who could not defend themselves, to defend the under-dog. No detail was so small as to escape his attention if the people he was endeavouring to protect were poor and hopeless." Among these humble clients were the hapless natives of the Congo Free State and men with dark skins in every part of the world.

To borrow Landor's phrase, Dilke "warmed both hands before the fire of life." He loved not only politics and travel, sculling and fencing, but art, literature, and history; and he contributed to the *Athenæum*, of which he was the proprietor, till a week before his death. A friend and pupil of Mill, he was one of the earliest champions of woman's suffrage, and he was the author of the municipal franchise for women. The greatest happiness of his closing years was the creation of the Trade Boards for the protection of sweated workers. No brief review, however, can do justice to the interest and value of these striking volumes.

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## EARLY ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.\*

It is good, after the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century, to have a new edition of Mr. Pollard's wonderfully-detailed and valuable account of the decoration and illustration of early-printed books in Germany, Italy, France, Holland, and Spain. The final chapter on English Illustrated Books is from the skilled pen of Mr. E. Gordon Duff. One perhaps may regret that he has not given us any examples from the early editions of the *de Mutatione Christi*, which contains some very striking woodcuts. This new edition places at a very cheap price in the hands of students a judicial and striking account of the evolution of the illustrative side of early

\* *Early Illustrated Books: A History of the Decoration and Illustration of Books in the 15th and 16th Centuries.* By Alfred W. Pollard. Second Edition. (Kegan, Paul. 3s. 6d. net.)



printing, and this new edition is free from "many small errors (not all of my own making), more especially due to the ascription of books to impossible dates and printers, which before the publication of Robert Proctor's *Index to the Early Printed Books in the British Museum*, in 1898, was very difficult to avoid." In the work of revision a colleague, Mr. Victor Scholderer, of the British Museum, has helped Mr. Pollard. One can imagine the effect that a book of this type would have had on the well-stored mind of Mr. Robert Brobning who, as his poems on Fust shows, was peculiarly affected by the miracles that the coming of the printing press wrought. In Mr. Pollard's book we see the old printers at work; we see the exact stage of transition from the work of the scribe to that of the printer, though he does not mention any case of a work completed so carefully by the pen as to be practically indistinguishable from the printed leaves. There are such cases and, indeed, there are MSS. that are almost indistinguishable from the earliest italic type. Mr. Pollard shows us that at first the printer competed with the scribe alone. "It was easier to supply the rubric by hand than to be at the pains of a second impression." But in the Mainz Psalter of 1457, Peter Schœffer and Fust printed not only rubrics but also "the magnificent B at the head of the first psalm, which has so often been copied, and some two hundred and eighty smaller initials, printed in blue and red." Thus the hand illuminator could be dispensed with, though in fact he long filled in the blanks of the printed book as it lay in this or that library. Mr. Pollard convinces us that the hand illuminator was not part of the staff at a printing press, though no doubt a purchaser could secure from the publisher such illumination as he wished. The researches of Dr. Paul Kristeller show that the illuminator himself was assisted in the more elaborate work by designs stamped from blocks. This was as early as 1469-1473 in works issued by Jenson and Vindelinus. It was only in Germany and Italy that illumination played a real part in the production of early books. In England, thanks to the Wars of the Roses, despite "a very promising native school of illuminators, the use of colours in printed books is almost unknown." In France the printer could not compete with the splendid manuscripts then in vogue, while in Spain and Holland wood-cut initials were contemporary with the introduction of type.

The introduction of illustrations was opposed by the woodcut workers in Germany, who were jealous of the printers until Gunther agreed to employ only authorised cutters. Zainer's first dated book—the *Legenda Aurea* of Jacobus de Voragine—October, 1471, was illustrated, and from that date illustrated books poured from the various presses. The wood-engraver was attached to the press, and the earliest work "is delightful in its child-like originality, and the craftsman's efforts to give expression to the faces are sometimes almost ludicrously successful." But after the end of the century, paper, ink, and type, declined in quality, and "by the time that the great artists began to turn their attention to book-illustration, printing in Germany was almost a lost art." When we turn to other lands, we find a very different story as the

fifteenth century ends. In Italy, as early as 1481, we have from Florence an illustrated edition of the *Divine Comedy*, followed by other editions; the *Decamerone* issues in 1492 from the notable press of Gregorius and John de Gregoriis; Herodotus, Livy, Terence, Ovid, are soon available with full illustrations, and in 1499 Aldus produced at Venice the great *Hypneratomachia Poliphili*; and before this there had been issued notable illustrated tracts by Savonarola.

French printers before the end of the century had fought and conquered the Manuscript. In 1485 the great Antoine Vêrard was at work, and was producing wonderful volumes with extraordinary rapidity, including marvellous copies on vellum which showed that the press could do all, or almost all, that the hand had done. In 1507 came the first Greek book, and with it the final victory of the Renaissance over Mediæval art and literature. The gain was not all gain, as Cervantes' in *Don Quixote* was to prove. But printing had become a great art while in the hands of the Estienne family, and until the days of the Elzivirs was destined to mould taste as well as thought. We cannot dwell further on this admirable book, but may finally note that it contains much new information as to Spanish *Incunabula* collected by Professor Hoehler.

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### A WAR POET.\*

Some day there will be collected an Anthology of the poems of the Great War, and certainly some of Lord Gorell's poems, written amid the urgency of war, will be found in the volume. His is a practised pen that has dealt with emotions in prose as well as in verse, the emotion of the novel, of the detective story, of African travel. Whether it is possible to crystallise into verse the dreadful and poignant emotions of war as directly experienced, may be doubted. There are few instances in the purpose of literature that exhibit a transcript of such emotions. It is true that the Homeric poems directly picture the greatest war of the Eastern Mediterranean, but it is difficult to say how far these poems reflect direct experience. The same may be said of the Saga of the North. On the other hand, Cervantes does record, but in prose, a direct and dreadful experience of war, and there are many instances of a prose medium reflecting, with a measure of reality which almost approaches the vigour of the great Spaniard, the direct clash of war. In any event Lord Gorell, in these thirteen poems, scarcely attempts to describe the actualities of war. His description of the holding of a trench by twenty men of the South Staffordshires is vigorous and faithful, but it is a vivid picture, not an experience, and is of the type of poem to which Tennyson's *Charge of the Light Brigade*, and much of Mr. Kipling's work belong. The poem more than any other that reveals the inwardness of the struggle in France

\* *Days of Destiny: War Poems at Home and Abroad*, by R. Gorell Barnes, The Rifle Brigade. (Longmans, 2s. 6d. net.)

is the *Song Before Battle*, written in the Somme Valley in August, 1916. It is by far the most striking poem in the little volume:—

“ We, who have clung for long, long months  
To battered lines of knee-deep mud,  
Fixed targets for your slope-set guns  
To drench the ooze with British blood;  
We who have toiled through winter's rain  
With sand-bag, shovel, plank, and wire,  
Rivetting marshy parapets,  
Building protection from your fire—  
We have weapons now, O Huns !

“ We are rising now, a nation's tide,  
And you must dig and wire and quail,  
Your turn at last beneath our guns,  
Your turn to find defences frail. .  
We are bursting in, we are breaking through;  
The great sea sweeps your barriers down.  
You urge anew your claim on God,  
But He is silent as you drown.  
Look to yourselves, O Huns ! ”

The book has its natural unity. It opens with the yearning for peace that flooded all men's hearts as war became imminent; it shows that true peace could only come by following “ The Path of Honour.”

“ Let Peace still shine, a wistful star;  
In all the anguish make us one !  
Guard us and guide us through the war  
We did not seek and could not shun.”

We are shown the landing of the first Divisions:—

“ We in England watch and pray;  
Ramillies and Malplaquet,  
Quatre Bras and Waterloo,  
Yield their soul to strengthen you.”

We see the fall of Namur; we are shown the blasphemous spectacle of the German Emperor thanking God for the crimes of his armies in the Low Countries; we are brought to a vision where we hear Truth proclaiming that she will prevail in the end. Then the horrors of war are shown; we see them applying the deepest secrets of nature to the dread problems of war; we watch Germany drinking the bitter cup she brewed; and *infelix Austria* drooping in the storm; we see Belgium rising like a phoenix from the German hell; we see the forces of Belgium's Allies deriding that hell; we see something of the clash of battle and yet hear the Christmas bells; we behold the self-sacrificing unifying of our own empire amidst the sounds and horrors of war, and are shown a vision of England, “ dear mother of majestic unity.” Thus the volume forms a complete whole, and should be read from that point of view. It concludes with two pathetic poems, one on the orphans of the war and one addressed to the “ brave and joyous spirit ” of the author's brother, the second Lord Gorell, who fell in action last January.

## THE PILGRIM WAY.\*

Mr. Francis Watt, in his account of the life and death of St. Thomas of Canterbury, that Thomas à Becket who was slain by the servants of the King on Tuesday, December 29th, 1170, and who was canonised on February 2nd, 1173, and of the pilgrims and pilgrimages that sprang from these events, lays the reader who loves his England under a great debt. This book is not a mere compilation from other books. The historical sections are carefully done in detail, and with command and restraint of language; the sections that deal with the roads that the pilgrims trod are pictured by a writer who has paced every mile of these wonderful lonely ways, and has imbibed the very spirit of the past. In English scenery there are three things that count; the woodlands framing meadow, river and arable; the stately buildings revealing successive phases of a great art; and the roads. In all these we see the past written large; it was the men of our composite race who framed the chequered pattern of the countryside; it was their hands that raised prehistoric monolith, the cromlech, the mediæval church; it was their feet through endless generations that trod these never-ending roads. And Mr. Watt has a real gift of prose; clear, direct, and yet musical, showing with something of the art of a painter successive ages making history and living strenuous lives.

The Middle Ages were ages of travel. There was always a restless section of society. The almost lethal quietude of the eighteenth century was unknown. Those early ages were ages of roads. Roads were well kept from Roman times to the end of the Elizabethan age. Before the Reformation the pilgrims kept the road open; the ancient road that the old men of the Bronze, or even earlier ages, had built along the sheltered hill sides of Southern England, West to East, safe from foe or peering eye or fierce weather; safe from flood, yet supplied with springs of water; sheltered by trees, and wandering from forest to forest, from copse to copse, from hill fortress to hill fortress, from the Severn or further west to the Thames. Along the road from Cornwall came, they say, the tin carriers for the Continental trade in the far-off days of the Phœnician merchants. But probably even then there was a religious as well as a military and an economic purpose in the old West road. In any event part of it was trodden by King Henry II. In July, 1172, he landed at Southampton and took horse along the Way through Surrey and Kent into Canterbury, there to do penance by Becket's tomb, there to be scourged by Bishop and Prior, there to be purged of the sin of murder. Pilgrims, says Thomas à Kempis, are not made more holy by pilgrimage. The pilgrim of the Middle Ages was not, in most cases, a holy person. We are fortunate in having from the pen of Geoffrey Chaucer an exact picture of a pilgrimage to Canterbury. The *Canterbury Tales* is a wonderful book, but many readers lose at any rate something of its great value as a work of art by not entering into the time and place, the environment, of the work. For this reason Mr.

\* *Canterbury Pilgrims and Their Ways*, by Francis Watt. With a Frontispiece in colour and twelve Illustrations in monotone. (Methuen & Co., price 7s. 6d. net.)

Watt's book will prove most useful. He not only shows us the main route of the pilgrimage from Southwark to Canterbury, and teaches us the historical lessons of every mile on the way, and thus ekes out the framework of the story which, "in fact, tells us very little about the pilgrimage itself"; but he makes us see the pilgrims on the march, and shows us Chaucer himself. Mr. Watt gives us an account of the portrait of Chaucer drawn on the margin of the manuscript of Thomas Hoccleve's *Regement of Princes*, eleven or twelve years after Chaucer's death. In the *Prologue* to the *Rime of Sir Thopas*, there is a word picture describing the poet as a slightly built man. This description is confirmed in the following way. Mr. Watt writes:—

"We have a strange recent note as to Chaucer's personal appearance. Robert Browning was buried in Westminster Abbey on the last day of 1889; his grave was dug in Poets' Corner, at which digging it was the duty or the pleasure of the Coroner of Westminster to attend. He took the chance to examine Chaucer's skeleton, and reports it that of a man about five feet six in height, which agrees very well with the portrait, and with Harry Bailly's description read backwards as it was evidently intended to be read."

We should like to linger here over this quite admirable book in which the past lives again in town and village and city and church and monument, and, above all, in the pilgrim's lanes and roads. We should like to have read something on the general practice of pilgrimage from London; the day pilgrimage to Greenwich to the Holy Well there; the week's pilgrimage to Canterbury; the year's pilgrimage to the Holy Land; we should enjoy to cross bludgeons with Mr. Watt on many points (why does he call the saint, Alphege?); but we have said enough to give some idea of a charming book that will be widely read.

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## SONG AND MUSIC IN SHAKESPEARE.\*

The Music-Lovers' Library of twelve volumes will appeal to many amateurs, and the editor (Dr. Hull) is fortunate in having secured some notable contributors, including Dr. Terry, who tells us the story of mediæval music. The direct literary interest of a very stimulating series is Mr. Moncur-Sime's volume on Shakespeare's music and song. Music and song lie at the very core of Elizabethan romanticism, and Shakespeare applied these golden things to the varied and various themes of comedy and tragedy by what he set forth his philosophy of the human soul. Mr. Sime had a great opportunity in this book, but it was an opportunity that could only be seized in its fullness by a

\* *Shakespeare: His Music and Song*, by A. H. Moncur-Sime. [The Music-Lover's Library. Editor, A. Faglesfield Mull, Mus. Doc. (Oxon.)] With a Frontispiece, Musical Settings, and Diagrams. (Kegan, Paul, 1s. 6d. net.)

Shakespearean scholar who was prepared to see in the chronological evolution of the plays an evolving use of music and song as part of the mechanism of an ever-advancing dramatic art. Mr. Sime has chosen a less ambitious, and we are bound to say a less effective method of dealing with the subject. He divides the plays and poems into six purely arbitrary groups: thus *The Tempest*, *Twelfth Night*, and *As You Like It* are, for musical purposes, grouped together; these are followed by *Love's Labour Lost*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; the third group contains *Much Ado About Nothing*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*; the fourth group is formed by five unrelated plays and the poems; the fifth and sixth groups have most of the historical plays and tragedies. All this is entirely unscientific and, indeed, misleading; but the successive essays contain much pleasing talk about the songs and the dances to which they were sung. If we know all about the Brawl and the Catch and the country dances, such as the Round Dance, Trip-and-Go, and so forth, we shall get to know how to relate the drama as Shakespeare made it with the folk-drama on which so much of the Elizabethan drama is built up. Mr. Sime's book is full of hints that make the critic regret that the work is not more adequately carried out.

The purely musical side of the book is the most valuable. Thus the account of the musical instruments used in the plays is of real use to the student. We have the Viol, the Lute, the Recorder, the Bagpipe, the Virginal, the Cornet, the Tabor, the Fife, the Hautboy, the Organ, the Cithern, the Serpent, and the Trumpet. Mr. Sime's accounts and illustrations of many of these instruments are very useful. The treble, tenor, and bass (*da Gamba*) viols were mainly used for part music. The Lute "was the common musical stringed instrument of the home in Shakespeare's time." The strings "were arranged in pairs tuned in unison, with a single string called the *Chanterelle*, on which the melody was performed. Lute strings were often given as presents." The Recorder was a reed-flute of peculiar sweetness. It is closely described by Hamlet. The Shakespearean references to the Lincolnshire bagpipe are of historical importance. The bagpipe was introduced by the Gaels, and was carried up the coast and across Northumberland. The Virginal was a development of the Clavichord, the first instance in which keys were applied to wind instruments. The Elizabethan cornet was not our cornet. It was a horn with a mouthpiece like the cup of a trumpet, and was bored with six holes on one side and one hole on the other, to be stopped respectively by the fingers and thumb. It had a thin, reedy note. The Hautboy was "a comical wooden tube, with six holes in front for the fingers, and a thumb-hole at the back." It was also called a "wait" or "shawm," "the tone was shrill and reedy." It would be interesting to know to what extent these instruments were used in Stratford-on-Avon in or about Shakespeare's time. The book concludes with seven examples of the chief traditional tunes used or referred to by Shakespeare. They are full of interest.

## THE UNSEEN WORLD.\*

It is a privilege as well as a pleasure to welcome the new addition of Sir William Barrett's work on Spiritualism and all that that connotes in our lives and our hopes for the future. The subject of the investigation of much obscure phenomena that can find no place in our complete theory of a physical universe is one that beyond all doubt demands from the scientific mind profound attention. It is attention to phenomena that transcend the known laws or sequences which has always opened the line of advance in Science. That principle is true also of Humanism, of Morality, of Religion. The line of advance is determined by an apparent eccentricity in the observed phenomena. But in the case of the phenomena which have given rise to what is called Spiritualism, special difficulties from the earliest times have existed. What we may call the chief difficulty has been well put by Mr. Arthur Balfour and is equally well put by Sir William Barrett; it was not only not possible but it would have been retrogressive to have attempted to deal with these phenomena until science itself was put upon a sound footing. No doubt the delay led, and indeed to-day still leads, to much injustice. Mr. Balfour in 1894 while stating that "Scientific men have shown in connection with it a bigoted intolerance, an indifference to strictly scientific evidence, which is, on the face of it, discreditable," yet felt that there was "a great deal more of practical wisdom" in the refusal to deal with psychical phenomena—a refusal made by Faraday, Huxley and Kelvin—than was apparent, since "if science had at first attempted to include in its survey not only physical but psychical phenomena, it might for a century have lost itself in dark and difficult regions, and the work of science to-day would then have been less, not more complete."

All the records of early ages and of the middle ages show that this was true; and even a first rank scientific speaker such as Roger Bacon was terribly hampered by the superstition of the age and not improbably by his own subservience to it. Now in any business world we must see where we are. It is not possible to tell what phenomena are eccentric until we have brought the vast bulk of phenomena under specific categories. This difficulty has not yet disappeared, but we have reached a stage when psychical material can with advantage be collected and collated, and we have reached an age when there at last are a sufficiency of trained minds for this work. The Psychical Research Society has now for many years under the most august, intellectual auspices carried on this strictly scientific work of ranging phenomena ready for the thinking out that trained minds can bring to the material. In this connection we should wish to draw attention to the very striking proposition put forward by Sir William Barrett. In considering psychical phenomena we are only dealing with what we may call a supra-physical world. We are touching the *framework* of

\* *On the Threshold of the Unseen: An Examination of the Phenomena of Spiritualism and of the Evidence for Survival after Death.* By Sir William F. Barrett, F.R.S. Second Edition (revised). (Kegan, Paul, 6s. 6d. net.)

another world that is in some way related to ours; but it is not the inner life of that world which we are observing any more than we are observing the inner life of man when we find that his frame is subject to the law of gravity. In other words, "the psychical order is not the spiritual order." This seems the real explanation of the trivial character of so much of psychical phenomena. Physical phenomena may be trivial, too; but it is not perhaps surprising that men like Faraday and Huxley should have emphasised the triviality of psychical phenomena in view of another difficulty that psychical research has had to face.

From the fact that from the earliest days of recorded time dishonesty, hypocrisy, and many another social vice has been intimately connected with the obscure phenomena which is the subject of this book, and from the fact that in the very teeth of the most honest trained observers of modern times this trickery has been continually used, the whole subject has suffered. A world of practical work-a-day people have argued: the phenomena which come within our own personal knowledge, the phenomena of haunted houses (which we half believe in, half disbelieve), of strange coincidences, and so forth, seem to us on the whole meaningless, and we know that in fact fraud pervades every field of investigation, and has done so always. Under these circumstances, we decline, as practical people, who know in our own business lives how dangerous and destructive dishonesty is, to have anything to do with it. That is not an unreasonable position, but it makes it a very hard case for the honest investigator. For it has to be remembered that the days of dishonesty have not passed away. At this moment there are more people than there ever have been before making money on a small scale or a large out of the weakness and superstition of those who are in trouble and sorrow, and making it with the most flagrant dishonesty.

But all this is really, from the scientific point of view, beside the mark if phenomena honestly observed and honestly recorded do in fact exist. The fact that such phenomena are exploited by rogues, that they are supplemented by charlatans, that they are misrepresented by the unscrupulous, is really nothing to do with the case. The fact that matters is the existence of phenomena that are in no fashion or manner spurious. Some of the keenest scientific thinkers of our day, men like Sir William Crookes, Sir William Barrett, Lord Rayleigh, Sir Joseph Thomson, Mr. Balfour, are convinced that such phenomena exist. If they exist, then the fact of what we may call the physical machinery of a life beyond the grave is established, though the spiritual character of that life still remains the subject of religion and not of science. This book supplies the evidence for which Sir William Barrett vouches, and some of which forms part of his personal experience. We commend this thoroughly scientific analysis of phenomena to those who realise the profound importance of this subject if we can but free it of its dishonest side. The evidence of Sir William Crookes of phenomena observed "under the most stringent conditions that his unrivalled experimental skill could devise" is extraordinary. Sir William Barrett calls the phenomena observed "almost incredible," but Sir



William Crookes has never been shaken. It certainly seems on such evidence that there is in close contact with our world another in which there are spiritual beings capable of affecting our lives. Certainly there is nothing contrary to our religious belief in such an explanation of phenomena. There must, if evidence is to be obtained, be some definite channel of communication between the two worlds, and it is in this necessity that fraud arises. There must be mediumship, but it ought to be possible to secure a perfectly honest medium. We thus moreover come to the nature of personality, and of the communications between personalities. On all these points Sir William Barrett's careful pages should be read. The great point that is of perpetual interest to our race is whether on death we, this or that personality, pass into the spirit world preserving self-consciousness and capable of watching and helping those left behind. Sir William Barrett's evidence on this subject of survival after death is most important, and may well be closely studied by those who realise its enormous significance. Moreover, this evidence goes to show that special knowledge is not lost in the grave. That, if true, is a fact of immeasurable importance: it means something more than words can express, the hope that Plato, Dante, Shakespeare, Newton, and the rest are still serenely studying man and the universe. Yet there is nothing new in this idea to the Christian since he believes that the Founder of his Faith is still the moving force of all the spiritual life of the world as we know it.



### SHORTER REVIEWS.

This volume of lectures on "The Religious History of New England" (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, Humphrey Milford, \$2.50 net), forms a substantial footnote to one of the most interesting phases of Protestantism. The Nottinghamshire hamlet of Scrooby is the source, so to speak, of American Protestantism. Here Congregationalism, "Ecclesiastical democracy," as Mr. J. W. Platner calls this phase of organisation in his lecture on "The Congregationalists," took its rise with a Calvinistic bias. The first company of separatists reached New England from Old England *via* Holland in 1620. All the early Churches in the Bay Colony were Congregational. Some of the Churches were organised before reaching America—the Church at Plymouth, the Church at Dorchester. The new colony was, moreover, practically a theocracy, so close was Church and Government combined—a Congregational theocracy. The history of the Congregational bodies is carefully traced. In the beginning of the nineteenth century there was joint action for a westward campaign with the Presbyterians. Professor W. W. Fenn deals with various popular religious movements, and shows how the Unitarian creed took hold of many of the most important parishes in New England. The Unitarians early in the nineteenth century captured the parishes, and the Courts confirmed them in their possession: *Beati possidentes*. The reverse policy took effect in Scotland recently. From our Scrooby sprang also the American Baptists. Roger Williams, who was prosecuted by the Massachusetts theocracy with more than episcopal brutality, founded the first Baptist Church in 1639 at Providence. It is sometimes, however, claimed that John Clarke's church at Newport is of earlier date. The history of the

Baptists in Massachusetts is full of fascination, the history of a struggle for freedom that was not wholly crowned with success until Church and State were separated in 1833. The Baptists played a great part in the educational advance of New England. The Baptist's students were not at ease at the colleges of Congregationalists or Presbyterian or Episcopalians, and after the Great Awakening of 1740, the extraordinary growth of the denomination made a special College at Providence necessary, and made the Baptists take a special share in the founding of Brown University in 1764. Professor George G. Horr's lecture on the Baptists will be read with real interest, as well as that of Professor Rufus M. Jones on the Quakers. Two women Friends landed in Boston in 1656, but it was not until 1657 that "the seed" was really planted with a chance of life, the life that henceforward flourished abundantly, and gave us Whittier himself, and many another thinker and worker. Professor George Hodges writes on the Episcopalians, who, in fact, had the honour of holding the first Christian service in the new land: That was in 1607. In one sense the Episcopalian settlement, which may be actually dated from 1620, was the earliest of all. Chapters follow on the Methodists (Mr. W. E. Huntingdon), the Universalists (Mr. T. C. Adams), and the Swedenborgians (Professor W. L. Worcester), who appear in America from the last decade of the eighteenth century. It is a pity that it was not possible to secure a chapter on the history of Roman Catholicism in America from the pen of a member of that communion. "The first Roman Catholic Church in New England was built in Boston in the year 1800," but, of course, there were many Roman Catholics before that date. The preface to this fascinating book fully recognises "the contribution which that Church has made to the Religious History of New England."

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We must record the publication of "Sermons Preached in Westminster Abbey" (Macmillan, 5s. net), by the Rev. R. H. Charles, D.Litt., D.D. These sermons were preached in the Abbey during the past four years. There are eighteen in all, and those who have heard Canon Charles, will like to possess this volume and recommend it to others. There are interesting passages on every page. Here is one dealing with the principle of authority as the sole evidence of truth: "It is on this principle that the secession of John Henry Newman to the Church of Rome is to be explained; for not to his faith, but, as it has frequently been pointed out, to his profound unbelief in man's capacity for truth, was due his submission to the Roman See. By such submission to mere authority on the source of truth he thereby denied the competence of man to know truth for himself—a competence undoubtedly implied in every appeal of God to Man, and, above all, in the possibility and fruits of the Incarnation. In fact, once we deny the witness of the reason, there is nothing to save us from universal scepticism. So it was with Newman. Starting with the Latin idea of God's transcendence, he passed on logically to believe in man's depravity and utter incompetence for truth, and was thus finally plunged into the gulf of a fathomless scepticism. To escape from this he laid hold on external authority, and sought protection against his unbelief in Roman infallibility. Thus the logical outcome of belief in God's absolute transcendence is either scepticism or submission to an infallible authority. And so the soul is stripped of spiritual freedom, and men are no longer sons of God, with his law written on their hearts; no longer sons, but slaves; slaves to miraculous signs, slaves to lying wonders, slaves to Papal infallibilities." Such slavery is no fruit of the Incarnation.

Lord Eversley, in "*The Turkish Empire: Its Growth and Decay*" (T. Fisher Unwin, 12s. 6d. net), shows us the growth of the Ottomans from the days of Othman in the thirteenth century to those of Solymán the Magnificent, the contemporary of Queen Elizabeth. After the end of the sixteenth century, slow decay began, and perhaps the chief value of this interesting book is that Lord Eversley has been in close touch for more than sixty years with the last stages of that decay. He was at Constantinople in 1855, and saw what Turkish rule was like in Bulgaria and Greece in that decade. He fought with Mr. Gladstone in 1876 to secure freedom for Bulgaria; in 1879 he worked under Lord Rosebery to secure a larger Greece. In 1887 and 1890 he went over the old ground once more, and saw on the spot how freedom had brought "immense improvements," while there was little change on the Golden Horn. Lord Eversley offers no prophecy as to the future of Turkey, but, as he points out, "The Turkish Empire, in the sense of the rule of an alien people over subject races, has practically ceased to exist in Europe."

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We must notice the publication of the first volume of Mr. George Saintsbury's great work, "*A History of the French Novel to the Close of the Nineteenth Century*" (Macmillan, 18s. net). We hope to treat the work fully later, but now must be content to say that this volume takes us down from the earliest days of fiction, of narrative poetry such as the "*Chanson de Geste*" and the "*Romans d'Adventures*," to the beginnings of prose fiction in the thirteenth century such as "*L'Empereur Constant*," to the allegory and fable, and so to Rabelais and his successors, to the pastorals and heroes of the seventeenth century, and the unclassified work of Sorel, to the great achievements of Scarron, and so on to the work of Lesage, Marivoux, Prévost, Crébillon, Voltaire, Rousseau, and the minor novelists of the eighteenth century. We hardly agree that Don Quixote, in its apparent condemnation of Romances, did "not a little mischief." That was not the goal of Cervantes. His goal was to create a true counterblast to the new materialism of the Renaissance. To do this he toyed with the old Romances.

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Dr. T. R. Glover has continued his services to the lover of classical literature and the classical ages by giving us in "*From Pericles to Philip*" (Methuen, 8s. 6d. net) a vision of Greek life as exhibited in "traveller and poet, in critic and statesman, as it shows itself in education and the axioms of conduct, in the market and the household," and a vision of political ideas and decisive events. He thus shows us the period from the end of the fifth century—say, 424 B.C. to 346 B.C.—that is to say, to the moment when everyone was passing for two millennia into the hands of tyranni. Consequently, the period that doomed the rule of Democracy as well as of Autocracy, and even theocracy, to failure is of peculiar fascination. The Greek State was based on slavery; that was the evil; and slavery was not abolished in the world that built on Greece until 1865. There is significance in all this. A State must not have slaves. The moral downfall of Germany is due to the fact that her people have been drilled into slavery. There are points such as this of contact between Germany and the Greece of the Post-Periclean Age, and Dr. Glover's pages should be studied from this point of view.

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Mr. Douglas Ainslie, in the preface to his translation from the Italian of Signor Benedetto Croce's "Logic as the Science of the Pure Concept" (Macmillan, 14s. net), says that this volume "offers a complete view of the Crocean philosophy to the English-speaking world," and claims that this Logic will supplant and supersede "all Logics that have gone before, especially those known as Formal Logics." The book will free the student from "that confusion of thought and word that is the essence of the old Formal Logic." Mr. Ainslie specially praises Signor Croce's theory of error, and claims that the future of the world's civilisation lies "in the ancient line of Latin culture, which includes in itself the loftiest Hellenic thought." Certainly Teutonic philosophy has not helped to make Germany civilised; modern Germany represents Hegelianism gone mad. We hope that the Crocean philosophy will prove more wholesome. On the whole, however, we prefer, after the war, to rely on the Pauline philosophy, a subject much forgotten by modern philosophers.

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The Chief Rabbi has selected and arranged "A Book of Jewish Thoughts for Jewish Sailors and Soldiers" (Eyre & Spottiswoode), and we are sure that the collection will be widely read—indeed, is widely read, for it is already in a second edition—by the many Jews in the field and on the sea. But it will have a wider public. Steinschneider wrote once: "The history of the daughter-religions of Judaism is one uninterrupted series of attempts to commit matricide": but this is only half a truth. To-day, both Jew and Christian are seeing in a new light the basic religion on which Christianity is built. All of us need to know as much as possible about the Jewish outlook on things, and especially on religious things. Through all persecutions the Jew has renewed the youth of his race at the same fountain as that from which the Christian draws the water of life. The Jew chiefly fails in prosperity, whether in Alexandria of old or in the great cities of our day. This book will teach many a Jew why he is greatest in adversity, and it will teach the Christian how to be great in adversity. We thank the Chief Rabbi for his thoughtful and helpful work.

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We must record the publication by Mr. D. M. Mason, M.P., of a series of political and Parliamentary speeches delivered by him during the past six years ("Six Years of Politics, 1910-1916, containing Speeches on Finance, Foreign Affairs, Home Rule, and Women's Suffrage. With a Portrait." John Murray, 3s. 6d. net), and now reprinted principally from Hansard. The speeches cover a wide range, but the eighteen chapters of the book include seven that touch national finance, and these, since Mr. Mason is a banker, have a special claim on the attention of the public. The speeches generally will no doubt find their chief public in Coventry, which Mr. Mason has represented in the Liberal interest since 1906. The volume suggests the terrible possibility of similar volumes from a multitude of members of Parliament. Speeches for those who want to read them are very accessible in Hansard, and we are afraid that Mr. Mason has set a bad example.

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Mr. J. Ellis Barker, in "The Great Problems of British Statesmanship" (Murray, 10s. 6d. net), tells us that "ever since 1900, when I began my career as a publicist, I have warned this country of the danger

of a war with Germany . . . and . . . urged unceasingly the necessity of diplomatic, military, and economic preparation." Here, again, Mr. Barker looks forward not to War, but to Peace; to the Peace Congress, to the problems of the Near East and Central Europe, to the economic future of Great Britain, to the combination of democracy and efficient bureaucracy, to the position of America and the union of England and America for the purposes of securing the Peace of the World. Mr. Barker, as always, writes interestingly and well, and places before the reader his vast store of knowledge on European affairs. He has perhaps a greater faith in bureaucracy than some of us, but he realises that it needs continual supervision.

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Signor Nino Salvaneschi, in an interesting volume entitled "Let Us Kill the War" (*Bianco e Nero*, Milan, price 1s.), urges that the war should be brought to an end by aiming at the heart of the enemy with aircraft. He feels that the German nation is equally responsible with the Kaiser for the war. For years before the war, war literature had a huge public in Germany. "Thousands and thousands of volumes appeared in Germany during this last decade, exalting war, above all against England." The Germans hoped to achieve their monstrous purpose in the air by means of the Zeppelin. Let the air reply, says this Italian writer of vigorous English prose: "Let the deadly rain borne by Italian wings fall from the skies! No one will ever condemn us for having killed the war!"

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In his "Word-book of the English Tongue" (Routledge, 1s. 6d. net), "C. L. D." seeks to shake off the Norman yoke in the shape of French and Norman words that are in common use. "What many speakers and writers, even to-day, call English, is no English at all, but sheer French." It is rather a fruitless, and at the moment at any rate, an ungrateful task. England and France have interchanged humanism for a thousand years and more, since the days that we gave Alcuin to France, and France later gave us the scholarship of Lorraine. The combination of English and French thought and language has created two great literatures. With these facts in mind, this Word-book will be found of interest.

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Captain Francis Brett Young, in "Marching on Tanga (With General Smuts in East Africa)" (W. Collins, Sons & Co., 6s. net), gives us in vivid fashion an account of the great march from Magad Lake ~~road~~ Kilimangaro to Yanga on the coast, north of Zanzibar. The sense of vastness and of war combined contained in this book make it a true chapter in the history of the Great War. The illustrations are full of interest. The work of General Smuts stands out in these great days in many fields; his campaigns in Africa are phases of a career of extraordinary achievement and promise.

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It is interesting to record the publication by Sir Isidore Spillmann, C.M.G., F.S.A., of an "Open Letter" to Herr Maximilian Horden entitled "The Germans as Others See Them" (56, Westbourne Terrace, W. 2). In this letter Sir Isidore, himself of Polish descent, and of a family that in early days suffered from German persecution, states the case against Germany in this war with strength and lucid frankness. He asks the great German journalist to put the facts before his people.

The Regulations issued by the Government restricting the supply of paper make it necessary slightly to reduce the number of pages in the "Contemporary Review." By closer printing the Editors intend to provide precisely the same amount of matter as in the past.

Readers are requested to place their orders with a bookseller or newsagent, as otherwise it is impossible to guarantee a sufficient supply.

## THE EDUCATION BILL.

THE article on the Education Bill in THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for October from the pen of Lord Sheffield, one of the very first authorities in the country, may be thought to leave little material for another opinion on Mr. Fisher's measure. I only venture to set out here a few parallel considerations, derived partly from knowledge somewhat different from Lord Sheffield's, though immeasurably smaller; and partly from personal experience as official head of the leading education authority in England.

The advent of Mr. Fisher at the Board of Education was welcome not only to the loosely thinking crowd who desire to see the undefined class of "politicians" replaced in administrative offices by equally undefined "experts," but to everybody with knowledge of his special gifts and capacities. And by his speeches, both in the House of Commons and in the country, the President has abundantly justified the forecasts of his friends, even in that oratorical sphere of his duties to which academic distinction is sometimes unfairly regarded as offering no special entry. It certainly can be stated with little qualification that all the friends and students of Education on the London County Council desire to offer him strenuous and continuing support in securing the assent of Parliament to the main educational provisions of the measure. Of some of the administrative and financial proposals I will say a word later.

It was therefore with profound dismay that the announcement was received that the Bill would be postponed to an uncertain date, which, if not that of the Greek Kalends, might easily be that of the Ides of March or later. And for more than one reason. Education Bills belong to the class of measures which, if deferred, disappoint at once and irreparably the hopes of individuals against whom the door remains permanently barred.

Except so far as hardship may be mitigated by Clause 47 (3), which gives elasticity to "the appointed day," nothing can ever give back to the particular boys and girls who would have immediately profited by the passing of the Bill the chance which they will have lost. If it is replied that many clauses will need years to bring them into full operation, so that fruition of the new oppor-

tunities must, in any case, be denied to some, the argument is not thereby vitiated; there is all the greater need for an early start. But, apart from this, if time is granted to organise and develop the objections which self-interest can urge against the measure, Mr. Fisher's task will be all the harder. The peculiarity here, as we shall see, is that the self-interest is not that of a class, which is more easily countered in and out of Parliament, but involves many specimens of the Briton as parent, the Briton as employer, and the Briton as ratepayer. Of the Briton as taxpayer I say nothing. He suffers from blank misgivings, and moves in a world not realised. But a few millions more or less do not seriously affect him.

Is such complete postponement really necessary? An outsider speaks with diffidence concerning the allocation of time in the House of Commons, and no doubt the Representation of the People Bill is a formidable competitor. (Some enthusiasts would even give preference over both to a measure creating a new Ministry of Health.) But it has sometimes been found that to proceed *pari passu* with two important measures smooths the road of both: the professional carpers at all Government measures, being only human in physical endurance, become less indiscriminate and leave more time to the serious critics who really know the heart of each subject. One cannot but cherish a hope that even yet His Majesty's Government will not relegate their most successful Minister and their most far-reaching legislation to the background of the Parliamentary stage. Strong pressure is being applied to them at the time of writing, and before this article sees the light they may well have been induced to move from their uncompromising attitude.

1. We salute, then, the educational proposals of the Bill with respect and satisfaction; nor will any rational person complain that it does not include a number of unexpected or experimental provisions. Where many of the most fertile and highly trained minds in the kingdom have for years been at work shaping schemes, not for Utopia but for England, seeing things as they are and bearing in view the social, political, and religious obstacles in the way of an ideal system—it is not to be supposed that any startling short-cuts can be discovered, or, to vary the metaphor, that a fresh combination of familiar elements is likely to produce a substance of which the action will contradict all previous chemical experience.

Taking some of the educational provisions in turn, the demand for nursery schools, loudly uttered in the Press and from educational platforms, is handsomely met by Clause 19 of the Bill, dealing with children over two and under five, or possibly somewhat older. Mr. Fisher has recognised "the belief that children are introduced to the normal instruction of public elementary schools at too tender an age." The justification for this belief is based on the word "instruction," for in homes where a free

choice is possible nobody dreams nowadays of troubling these unformed brains with the acquisition of the most elementary facts by direct teaching. That John Mill was taught the Greek alphabet at the age of three may be true, but it proves nothing. So far as I am aware, close study by experts of the possibilities attaching to nursery schools thoroughly bears out in the first place Lord Sheffield's contention that nursery schools should be public elementary schools; while the weight of opinion appears to conclude that, having regard to the school system generally, the age from three to five, not from two to five as contemplated in the Bill, would be the most practicable period to fix. Again, it must be remembered that already the infant schools play an important part in the economy of education, and that they should not in any way be hampered. On the contrary, an ideal nursery school should be the junior wing of an infant school, it being borne in mind that a circulation of teachers between the two spheres—the one devoted mainly to hygiene (not excluding sleep), to play, and to the filling up of time; the other to elementary instruction made pleasant—is desirable for teachers and children alike.

It may next be noted that on the 3rd April, 1917, the London County Council included, in a general statement of its educational *desiderata*, the conviction that "the possession of a labour certificate should not, of itself, excuse children under fourteen from attendance at school; and that the Education Committee be instructed to consider and report as to the desirability of power being obtained to enable education authorities to make a by-law raising the school age from fourteen to sixteen years of age." Some such demand has for some time been common to all reformers, and it is met by Clause 8, (1) and (2) of the Bill, fifteen, however, not sixteen, being the maximum age to which a by-law enforcing attendance may be applied. As regards the ordinary school age, it is well known that in London fourteen is already the upper limit of compulsory attendance. From some quarters have been heard enthusiastic demands for a general statutory rise to fifteen or even sixteen, but I cannot doubt that Mr. Fisher has gone as far as public opinion would escort him. Whether the by-law conditions might not be strengthened by the power to enforce an additional year up to sixteen is another question; and at any rate it does not seem clear why power should not be given to education authorities to provide instruction in elementary schools, including central schools, for those beyond fifteen who desire it. Perhaps it is held that the provision of continuation schools under Clause 3, &c., will render this superfluous. But the day continuation schools do not yet exist, and there must be cases better suited by further education at a central school; while every sort of variety and elasticity in a national system is surely to be encouraged.

It cannot be disputed that these provisions constitute, in some districts in the North of England, a small industrial revolution,



and they are therefore bound to encounter some formidable opposition in and out of Parliament. The attack made by the advocates of half-time may not be frontal, as it has been in the past, and it has already been countered by Mr. Fisher's careful and persuasive address at the Free Trade Hall at Manchester last September. But, apart from the alarm already aroused by specific proposals such as Clause 10 (4), "which gives a local authority power to command suspension of a young person's employment for a maximum of two additional hours over and above his actual attendance at a continuation school, apart also from the lukewarmness of some local authorities who will have to find much fresh accommodation at considerable cost, it will be argued, not without plausibility, that it is unwise and unfair to introduce this disturbing element into certain trades at a moment when the only certain fact about the industrial and economic future is that it must be anxious and unrestful. So that all those who look steadily ahead, and who believe that it is through sounder and wider education, more than by any other methods, that we shall maintain our commercial and industrial place, must rally round the Board of Education in protest against any watering down of these clauses.

Meanwhile, the general attention of the public, naturally excited by novelty, is even more closely fixed on the proposals under Clauses 3, 10, &c., whereby compulsory attendance at day continuation schools is to be secured. It is idle to ignore the difficulties which particular employers may have to meet when these clauses become law. They will be fully, if not excessively, asserted in Parliament. One mitigation, however, should be carefully borne in mind. Towards the close of his article Lord Sheffield, in a close and interesting survey, mercilessly points out the financial demands for building, staffing, and maintaining these schools for 2,400,000 pupils and the 24,000 teachers whose services he allots to them. Such reflections may tend to daunt both the House of Commons and local authorities, but they carry a certain consolation to the individual objector. Just as with many reforms of the past that have honestly been believed to bring ruin to the capitalist in their train—Factory Acts, Merchant Shipping Acts, Mine Regulation Acts—it will be found that from his point of view the gradual creation of day continuation schools, spread over a term of years, has saved the situation. "Time is the greatest innovator," but because he labours with a scythe, and not with a self-binder, his work makes little clatter; so that while those who mourn the inevitable delay in getting reforms going will admit the compensation gained by general acceptance, the most timorous need not hesitate to contribute their share of agreement. Here again the President is probably right in limiting his demand to 320 hours a year. The suggestion of short sessions with a comparatively full teaching, of three hours or so a day, may best suit employers and carry the pupils furthest. But in country districts great care will be necessary in choosing

centres of instruction, having regard to transport facilities and the waste of time in travelling.

A similar difficulty has to be met where advanced classes are to be provided for rural elementary schools under Clause 2. It must not only be faced but solved, for it is a mockery to preach the need for increased agricultural population and of an independent life for the country-side, without offering a system which will induce careful and reasonably ambitious parents to keep their boys and girls at home well into their adolescent years. It may be observed in passing that the necessity for Sub-clause (a) of Clause 2 casts a sharp light on the failure of permissive legislation, even helped out by grants, to stimulate some local authorities to correct the generally recognised failure in the closing period of many school careers, when little progress is made, and no avenue to a useful future is indicated. What can be done by energy applied in favourable circumstances is shown by the fact that whereas the average attendance in London is to that in the rest of England and Wales as 1 to 7, the registered pupils for domestic subjects are as approximately 1 to 3, and for handicrafts 3 to 7. The pressure which the Board can apply to a laggard authority in this respect is not severely framed in the Bill, and it is to be hoped that it will prove sufficient.

The powers of local authorities to promote health by inspection and medical treatment are enlarged at both ends by Clause 19 as regards nursery schools, where treatment includes nourishment, and by Clause 18 for secondary and continuation schools. Such further intervention would have raised an outcry not many years since, but in the directed and inspected world in which we now move it may pass with comparatively little comment. No hostility is likely to trouble Clause 17, which promotes physical, and, by a somewhat novel phrase, social training. But it may not unreasonably be asked why, if local authorities are encouraged to provide school camps, centres, and equipment for physical training, &c., His Majesty's Government did not seize the chance of devising at the same time a national system of cadet training in concert with the military authorities. It is true that the size and nature of the British Army of the future remain uncertain until the conditions of peace define for us the after-war demands of Imperial Defence. But it is very unlikely that the country will agree, except under direr necessity than seems possible, to adopt a system of universal adult service like that of France or Germany. On the other hand, the great majority will probably insist on a scheme for military training at some age or other. And it might have been worth while for the Education Department to study how a compulsory cadet system could best be worked in with the great reforms in secondary education which adorn the present Bill.

Lastly, Clause 20 gives an interesting little power, singularly shocking to the disciples of Herbert Spencer, by including in

special cases the grant of board and lodging for children among permitted arrangements. That eminent philosopher would have objected not less strongly to Clause 21, which gives power to aid research. For, writing in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for February, 1884, did he not stigmatise the endowment of research as one of the new and dangerous steps of departure from liberty as rightly comprehended?

2. Turning to some proposed administrative changes, it cannot be denied that fears have been widely expressed of a development of centralisation under the Bill, and even the dreadful word "bureaucracy" has been heard. So early as Clause 4, which clinches Clause 1, with its excellent plan for schemes to be submitted by local authorities for the comprehensive organisation of education in respect of their areas, terror is excited by the provision that the Board may alter any scheme as they think fit after hearing what the local authority has to say. And when to this is added Clause 29, whereby the lesser authorities, under Part III. of the Act of 1902, may have to hand their duties over to a County Council, with large possible cost to themselves, and the not very genuine protection of Parliamentary confirmation, uneasiness is awakened in another quarter. The thought of compulsory alliance of neighbouring authorities into associations under Clause 5 may also give pause to some. They are to be consulted, it is true, and it may be their fault for not combining voluntarily under Clause 6, but they may consider the power arbitrary as it is given in the Bill. Clause 34 has been described as looking like an extract from the Defence of the Realm Act, in its curious check on expenses incurred over education conferences, &c. Uninformed readers will ask whether the design is to interfere with jolly *symposia* such as were divulged many years ago in connection with Northern Lights, or whether dark and dangerous proceedings by "more than three persons" have occurred at any of these gatherings in or out of the United Kingdom. Clause 38, too, on the decision of educational questions, wears a very disciplinary air.

The truth is that in all these matters the Board and the public have a dilemma to face. On the one hand it is the settled policy of this country to leave control to the local authorities administering certain areas, of which the demands radically differ, and in which the elected representatives exhibit various degrees of interest in education and of acquaintance with the subject. On the other, it is the office of the Central Authority to maintain a certain standard of efficiency for all the areas under its supervision, and to devise means for coercing such governing bodies of districts as may be recalcitrant or supine. In an Act of Parliament, it will say, there clearly cannot be a schedule of inactive local authorities because the conditions vary indefinitely, according as an impulse to progress is started in a particular county; while the special disabilities under which some districts labour can only be taken into account in the course of administration. Therefore, says the

Department, we ask for powers which will enable us to take order with the worst cases, to stimulate laggards, and encourage the timid. You, the more progressive, have nothing to dread from these enactments. So far as they affect you, they are mere phrases, like countless penalties prescribed by the criminal law, to which the steady-going, well-conducted citizen remains indifferent. That is all very well, replies the progressive authority, but the analogy is not perfect. If it were merely a question of breaches of regulation it might be, and if the existing composition of the Board of Education were permanent we might say nothing. But the centralised control is to be exercised not only over wrong-doers but in respect of projects and even of ideals of educational reform; schemes are liable to revision and reversal; and what guarantee have we that a future Board of Education may not enforce theories entirely foreign to those favoured by the present Board and hostile to the more continuous policy which a locality may be presumed to prefer and its education authority to encourage?

There is no complete solution of this puzzle. It can only be said that the general sentiment in England is opposed to over-centralisation; and though it may be admitted that the normally sound canon of allowing people to make their own mistakes does not fully apply here, because the people who make the blunders are not exactly the same as those who will suffer from them, it may be hoped that there will be rather less interference expressed in the terms of this Bill. After all, the prime object is to develop local interest in education and to support and encourage the just men and women, sometimes not very numerous, who, in every area, will spend themselves in keeping the fire alight. It may happen that criticism and advice, freely served out from the vast stores of knowledge and experience possessed by the Board of Education, may do more than coercion or deprivation of powers to bring about the desired result.

3. The financial future of the measure in Parliament, in its double aspect as involving imperial and local expenditure, may well prove to be the most critical of any. There still remain some who treat education as a national luxury—highly desirable, like the purchase of first-rate pictures for the National Gallery, but equally susceptible to postponement until the Chancellor of the Exchequer is blessed with a surplus. But, ranged against these, stands a great body of opinion, by no means only of professors or educational fanatics, which is convinced that, even from the most material and practical standpoint, the moral, intellectual and physical training of the nation is the object to which the expendable wealth of the country may most profitably be devoted; and that once the defence of the Empire is reasonably secured and the health of the community is sufficiently safeguarded, no Estimates should take precedence of those presented by the Board of Education. That Education is a national service is more or less agreed, but although indigent areas have been

aided, the fact has been inadequately recognised in the allocation to many districts of the respective shares of total outlay between the Exchequer and the local rates. When the Bill was first presented none of its features excited less public enthusiasm than its imperfect recognition of the ratepayers' demand for liberal treatment. Since then Mr. Fisher has assured us that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has loosened his purse-strings, and that we may even hope for the establishment of the "pound for pound" principle in every item of educational expenditure. It has been the hope of progressive authorities that the existing grants, a network of supplementary assistance founded on a formula designed to cover a scale of general expenditure, might be consolidated into a single grant on the fifty per cent. principle as indicated above; but even if this is effected, and it is much, the final consequence of the Bill cannot fail in the course of a few years to be an increase in the gross amount to be provided by local authorities, which means an addition to the Education Rate everywhere, though varying with local conditions. It is better to look this prospect in the face, for it can be established by simple calculations of the liability for building, for salaries and pensions, and for maintenance, which the completion of the programme will involve, apart from other desirable reforms not covered by the Bill. One of two results must follow: Either the State must admit that a larger proportion of the total—75 per cent. or more—must be forthcoming from the National Exchequer, with the consequence of a tighter grasp by the Central Authority, though the remaining fraction of local charge would be intrinsically so considerable as to justify the continuance of some local control, because sufficient to enforce local economy; or the ratepayers generally must acquire such a fresh regard for educational progress that they will consent to some rise in the Education Rate, and will elect to County and City Councils men and women not afraid to incur the expense which educational progress demands. Either alternative means a change in the national outlook which the lessons of the war may possibly drive home.

In this connection the operation of Clause 40 of the Bill must be carefully noted. It consolidates the elementary education grants into one "of such amount and subject to such conditions and limitations as may be prescribed by the Board of Education." No attempt is made to consolidate the grants for the whole region of education, and nothing is laid down respecting grants for continuation schools; while as to the elementary education grants, a liberty is claimed for changes in the objects for which they may be paid, which, I fear, will once more be taken as an effort to secure further official control.

But regarding the Bill as a whole, one desires to sink these particular criticisms in a verdict of general admiration and approval. The criticisms are not idle, because the Parliamentary combination of those who lay stress on each one of them might

go far to impede the course of the Bill. Some will lament, without surprise, but not without reason, that the methods devised in 1902 for elementary education remain in all respects unmodified, and that advantage was not taken of the prevailing temper of conciliation to settle some of the vexed questions which have harassed education locally for the last fifteen years, especially in respect of single-school areas. It was thought better to pass these controversies by: "Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd"—but when daylight comes the conflict may, in some degree, be resumed. Others, perhaps with less cause, for an entire system cannot be shaped in a day, while they admit the value of the secondary education proposals, regret that the relations between the Central Authority and the Universities are not more boldly tackled.

On the mere point of form Lord Sheffield draws humorous attention to the "hortatory passages" which the Bill contains. The drafting, indeed, is in places almost dithyrambic; one half expects to come upon Clause  $x$ : "With a view to unrolling the ample page of knowledge, rich with the spoils of time," &c.; or Clause  $y$ : "In the hope of scattering plenty o'er a smiling land," &c. But no matter; if public attention is attracted by this exposition of the objects of the Bill, a useful purpose is served at the expense of dry precedent. It must be the hope of all friends of education that the measure may enjoy fair winds during its passage through Parliament, and that it may be signalled into port before many months have gone by.

CREWE.

## THE NEW ORIENTATION IN GERMANY.

**I**T is becoming daily more certain that in constitutional matters the war cannot leave Germany as it found her. War, as our own experience is already proving, and as we shall discover still more clearly when the absent legions return to the pursuits of peace, is not only a great educator but a great leveller; and come the change as it may, whether with the goodwill of the Sovereigns or without it, the convulsion which has overturned the open autocracy of Russia will not altogether spare the veiled autocracy of the neighbouring Empire.

Three years ago I discussed in these pages the probable political effects of the war on Germany, and again at the beginning of the present year I reviewed the same question in the light of intervening events. Since then there has been marked progress, for with the Russian revolution of March 1st last and its sequel the republic, Germany suddenly found herself just as isolated in her political obscurantism as she had become, morally, as a belligerent Power. One may confidently assume that the Emperor-King would not fail to recall at that time the words spoken by his predecessor, the futile Frederick William IV., early in March, 1848, on the eve of the revolution in Berlin: "When all around me everything is at the boiling point, I cannot expect that in Prussia alone the popular temper will remain below zero." The Prussian people shook off its torpor then, and it has done so again, though without so far transgressing constitutional limits.

The censorship of the Press in Germany at the present time is perhaps severer, and certainly is enforced by more summary methods, than in this country, and it is possible that the published evidences afford a very inadequate indication of the depth of feeling evoked by the Russian revolution, though the freedom of speech secured to parliamentary deputies by the constitution has not left us altogether in the dark. Perhaps more significant than the response given by the popular parties to the democratic awakening across the Vistula have been the outspoken monitions uttered by moderate men of high public and social station, like Prince Lichnowsky, the late Ambassador in London, Dr. Dernburg, the ex-Colonial Minister, Professor Hans Delbrück, the historian, and even more notably by Herr von Köller, not long ago a Prussian Minister and an Imperial Secretary of State. It was progress indeed when a man like Herr von Köller, a rigid, unimaginative bureaucrat, with a reputation for reactionary sympathies, was found likening Prussia politically to a dilapidated house, which must be repaired before it could again be considered as habitable, and calling for a revision of her electoral law, and the restriction of the excessive powers of her ubiquitous officialdom.

It was inevitable that the events which culminated in the Russian *coup d'état* of March should be followed with anxiety by Court and Government in Berlin. Nothing is known of the early communications which passed between Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg and the Emperor, but it is certain that long before the publication of the now famous Easter Message, the Emperor had

wired to Berlin an urgent "S.O.S." from his headquarters at the Western seat of war. Before the end of February he appears to have become convinced that Prussia, like Russia, no longer stood where she stood before the war, and that political reforms could not be withheld with safety. Nevertheless, his way of meeting popular expectations was thoroughly characteristic of the timid, shrinking, paltering spirit in which for over a century Prussian Sovereigns have invariably acted whenever there has been any question of extending the political or civil rights of their subjects.

The *Cologne Gazette*, always well-informed, and often directly inspired by the Government, stated in the middle of January that the reform of the Prussian electoral law was intended, but must not be expected during the war, and that though when it came the indirect franchise would be abolished, plural voting would take its place. On February 27th, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg threw out the first vague official hints of the "New Orientation" which had become necessary in German political life, and held out the definite hope that the Prussian franchise would be reformed, though he took care to say that the Crown would not give this concession as a reward—another way of saying that it could not be admitted to be a right. For several weeks longer the nation was allowed to feed upon unsubstantial promises. The Russian revolution had now become a fact, and every day its momentous significance was being brought home with increasing force to the wondering world. As late as March 29th, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, while adhering to the pledge that the Prussian franchise should go, still refused to initiate the reform during the war for the unconvincing reason that such a step "would not serve the interests of the country," a declaration to which the Socialist Deputy Haase pertinently replied that "If Russia could have a revolution in war time, he did not see why Prussia should not at least have reform."

Meantime, the popular parties and Press were becoming restive; already "the muttering had grown to a grumbling," and there seemed a fear that unless positive action were soon taken the grumbling might "grow to a mighty rumbling." Menaced long before by the divergent views of the rival parties regarding war aims and peace conditions, the *Burgfrieden*, or social truce, which had been concluded in presence of national danger was now shattered upon the question of constitutional reform. Was the Chancellor all this time keeping back the Emperor, or was the Emperor restraining the Chancellor? It seems impossible to suspect Bethmann-Hollweg's sincerity when, in notifying to the Prussian Diet as Minister President the Government's intention to reform the franchise, he said on March 14th: "Woe to the statesman who does not recognise the signs of the time, who, after this catastrophe, the like of which the world has never seen, believes he can take up the work where it was interrupted. I shall devote my last effort to carrying out this idea of making our people strong."

In the early days of April, the semi-official *North German Gazette*, wishing to abate popular impatience, announced that the



Emperor's interest in constitutional reform was sincere and urgent, and that he was as determined as ever to inaugurate a new course, and so (rather late in the day) "to establish popular monarchy firmly on German soil." Finally, on April 7th (Easter Saturday), the Emperor broke silence by means of a Rescript addressed to the Chancellor by telegraph from the French front. "It falls to you," said this document, "as the responsible Chancellor of the Empire and First Minister of my Government in Prussia, to help to fulfil the demands of this hour by the right means and at the right time." Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg was accordingly instructed to submit to his Sovereign proposals for the reform of the Prussian electoral law—still to be discussed and carried into effect after the war. The measures foreshadowed were the abolition of the open three-class system of election, and its replacement by direct and secret voting, and the reform of the Upper House. Nothing was said as to the new franchise being uniform and equal; there was no suggestion of a redistribution of seats, though there has been no readjustment of the electoral districts (which are single-member constituencies) since the Diet was created, nearly seventy years ago; and far from promising to cede any of his prerogatives to the enlarged and democratised electorate and its reformed legislature, the Sovereign took care to say that he intended to "hold strictly the just balance between the people and the monarchy."

Still another *étape* remained to be traversed before the question of Prussian electoral reform reached the stage in which it stands to-day. It was the old story of "Open your mouth and shut your eyes." A halting, hobbling promise of reform had been given which might mean much or little, like the treacherous Article 13 of the Federal Act of June 8th, 1815, wherein the German Sovereigns affirmed that constitutions should be given to their peoples, without either indicating their character or giving a date for their introduction. The whole performance recalled the political perfidies of Frederick William III. at that time, and the recollection was not encouraging. The cry, "We have not forgotten 1813!" (when that faithless monarch, in order to spur his people to sacrifice, made a deliberate promise of a constitution, which to his dying day he made no attempt to redeem) was now ringing throughout the length and breadth of Prussia. And all the time the forces of reaction, which are never far from the surface of German political life, were busily working, the Junkers, led by men like Counts York and Westarp and Herr von Heydebrand, openly threatening resistance to the last. Already the feudalists, whose "hard egoism and ruthless lust of domination," as Professor Friedrich Meinicke recently wrote, are as strong as ever, were arrogantly stipulating that just as the old franchise law had nullified popular influence by means of the three-class method of voting, so now the new direct franchise, if it could not be held back altogether, must be counteracted by a system of "graduated" or plural voting.

Happily, the constitutional party was able to checkmate these sinister designs. In the second week of June a conference of Prussian Progressists met at Berlin, and called for the immediate introduction of electoral reform, to include an equal, universal,

and direct franchise, with secret voting, redistribution of seats on a proportional basis, and the replacement of the Upper House by an elective chamber, whose composition should reflect "the intellectual and moral forces of the country." "As absolutism has given place to a constitution," so ran the watchword of the conference, "so now constitutional government must issue in a parliamentary régime." The Socialists, too, by countless mass meetings, were redoubling their efforts to force the reform question to a successful issue. Equally significant, and perhaps still more effective, was the publication on June 30th of an "open letter," signed by a small body of influential publicists of the Moderate Conservative school, including Professors Adolf von Harnack, Hans Delbrück, and Friedrich Meinicke, Count Monts, ex-ambassador, and Dr. Paul Rohrbach, declaring that the prevalent doubt was "intolerable," and calling for the silencing of the Junker opposition by the prompt production of the promised bill.

Only now did the Emperor capitulate. A few days later (July 11th) appeared a new Royal Message, stating explicitly that the reformed franchise was to be direct, secret, and equal (i.e., there was to be no plural voting, as had been feared), and ordering that a bill on the subject should be laid before the Diet without delay, in order that the new electoral arrangements might take effect at the next elections. The initiation of this second Message was Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's last contribution to the constitutional reform controversy. Two days afterwards he fell, a victim to the machinations of the military and naval extremists, the Pan-Germans, and the annexationists of all schools. Since then progress has been made with the elaboration of the franchise reform scheme, and it was announced in September that, simultaneously with its introduction, proposals would be made for a redistribution of seats and for the reform of the Upper Chamber.

So the question of Prussian constitutional reform stands at present. Let there be no mistake: for Prussia the impending changes mark a great advance. They will bring into the current of political life millions of men, belonging, for the most part, to the working classes, who hitherto, as indirect voters, have merely looked on impatiently from the outside, and they foreshadow the overthrow of the Conservative-feudalist domination under which Prussia has groaned for over a generation. It is not difficult to see, however, that only a slight experience of parliamentary life under the new conditions will be needed to give to the democratic parties renewed reason for discontent and mortification. In the constitution of the reformed Diet these parties, and particularly the Socialists, will use their influence to the utmost; yet, however strong they may become, the shifting of voting power will leave unaffected the vital question of the relative position and power of the Crown and the legislature. For practical purposes the Diet will continue as impotent as before, and the only effect will be to make still more widespread and acute amongst Prussian people the existing disgust that the representatives of the nation are allowed to meet, talk, criticise, vote, pass bills or reject them, yet refused permission to do the things which really belong to the

fact of national unity in the face of national danger the illogical and baseless conclusion that Germans as a whole were in 1914 active accomplices in the conspiracy of their professional war-makers, Pan-Germans, and political firebrands against the world's peace, show a singular inability to understand either the psychology or the patriotism of another people.

"Germany is half-way between absolutism and parliamentarism: she must either go forward or backward." So wrote a German democratic journal several weeks ago, and the words faithfully describe the present situation. Germany may be expected to go forward of her own accord in the event of defeat in the war. If, however, her political system should by any mischance survive, militarism would survive with it, and both might then be riveted on the nation for an indefinite time, to the constant disquiet of Europe, and in all probability the eventual repetition of the present catastrophe. But, further, it would inevitably be the first and persistent aim of German autocracy, if confirmed in its old position, to restore autocracy in Russia, and it is at least possible that this aim would be accomplished. In face of these dangers, it would be a fatal policy to regard the question of German constitutional reform as a merely subordinate issue in the war: it belongs rather to the issues of fundamental moment, surpassing in importance even that of militarism, because comprehending it. This question, therefore, the Allies are bound to prosecute with every weapon and resource at their disposal. Suspicious as I am of the wisdom of after-war policies of retaliation, by way of punishment for Germany's crimes against civilisation and humanity, there is no measure of political or economic pressure which would not, in my opinion, be both justifiable and expedient for the direct purpose of forcing her stubborn Sovereigns to surrender their ill-gotten and ill-used monopoly of political power. There are various ways in which such pressure might be exerted, and perhaps exerted effectively. At the present time Germany is without colonies; her ships and commerce have been swept from the seas; she has no coaling stations, even were she in a position to use them; more and more the economic grip of the Allies is tightening upon her, and when America comes thoroughly into the struggle, her constriction will be practically complete. Not only so, but the Allies will be able to continue the pressure just as long as circumstances may require. Are they now making full use of their incomparable advantages for political as distinguished from military ends?

Whatever may be the territorial adjustments and compensations to be required from the enemy nations in general, it is of immense importance that Germany's hand should be forced upon the constitutional question, as one which holds the ultimate secret of Europe's and the world's future weal or woe. Hence the Allied Governments should formally state in clear and definite language that to the present Government of Germany there can be no return of colonies or coaling stations after the war, and with it, so far as they are concerned, no diplomatic or commercial intercourse of any kind. They must act towards Germany, in fact, as they would act towards any country whose faulty sanitary laws

spread disease and havoc amongst its neighbours, and say "Either you will mend your ways or there can be no further dealings between us." I am aware that this view has hitherto been opposed by a certain section of British public opinion as implying an unjustifiable interference in Germany's internal affairs. The entrance of the United States into the war as an active combatant, happily justifies the hope that this pedantic objection has had its day. Speaking of the "only sort of peace" which the peoples of America "could join in guaranteeing," President Wilson said in the Senate on January 22nd, 1917, that "the elements of that peace must be elements that engage the confidence and satisfy the principles of the American Governments, elements consistent with the political faith and the practical convictions which the peoples of America have once for all embraced and undertaken to defend." In this and other declarations, President Wilson has shown a true perception of the real source of mischief in German national life, and his unwillingness to be a party to any peace settlement which fails to remedy it is one of the most hopeful facts in the situation. There is not a statesman in any one of the Allied countries who does not regard the destruction of German militarism as the test of the war's success or failure. But German militarism will never be destroyed by merely defeating the enemy on the battlefield. The evil is rooted in political conditions, and if these conditions are allowed to remain unchanged, it will flourish in the future as in the past.

In sympathy with the measure suggested above, and as an earnest of their sincerity, the Allies should also inform Germany that, whether the Peace Congress come soon or late, they will treat only with the direct representatives of the nation. The preliminaries of peace may have to be concluded with the enemy rulers and Governments, but it cannot be made clear too soon that in the later negotiations, preliminary to a definitive settlement, the Allies will not be prepared to bargain with the German Sovereigns or representatives solely deputed by them. The German Government and German writers without number have freely assured us for many months that all they want is an honourable peace. So also do the Allies. But an honourable peace can only be concluded by honourable men, and there is no country or Government outside the conglomerate known as "Central Europe" which would to-day trust the word or accept the pledge of the men who in 1914 violated the treaties under which their Government had guaranteed the independence of Belgium and Luxemburg, and whose conduct of the war has been marked at every stage by a callous disregard of solemn international agreements and the written and unwritten law of nations. Men who treat honour so lightly must themselves be treated lightly. Public opinion would never forgive the statesmen who placed themselves unreservedly in the hands of rulers and Ministers to whom treaties are "scraps of paper," and who in their public dealings act on the principle that morality does not count in politics, and that foul ends all the more justify foul means.

If, therefore, the Allies are able to dictate terms of peace, it will be their right to say with whom they will and will not treat. The

Allies of 1814 did that in their dealings with France, when they refused to recognise Napoleon; Bismarck did it in his negotiations with the same country in 1870, when he required the French people to elect a National Assembly which should be empowered to choose plenipotentiaries to act on its behalf. Similarly, the Allies to-day must insist that the representatives of Germany in the peace negotiations shall receive their authority from the nation through its legislative assembly the Imperial Diet, than which, in method of election and composition at least, no more democratic parliament exists in Europe. In that way expression would be given for the first time in German history—except in a modified way during the brief career of the Frankfort Parliament of 1848-1849—to the principle of popular sovereignty in relation to the highest affairs of State.

Germany has just passed through another "Chancellor crisis," as a result of which the ineffectual Dr. Michaelis has been superseded by Count Hertling—a Prussian by a Bavarian, a Protestant by a Roman Catholic, but a Conservative by a greater Conservative. Dr. Michaelis was never more than a stop-gap minister, and he may be said to have dug his own grave. The pains which he took at the outset to make it clear that no parliamentary interference in the choice of the men who were to be his colleagues could be tolerated, made him unpopular with the Progressive section of the Diet, while his repeated demonstrations of weakness, vacillation, inability to cope with large issues, and incapacity to keep the unruly Parliamentary pack under control completed his discredit. His resignation has, therefore, been a "resignation without brilliance."

The new appointment is almost more a gamble than the last, and had the Emperor made the Crown Prince himself his Chancellor he would hardly have shown a greater disregard of public opinion. His purposes, however, are transparent—to please the Clericals, and if possible detach them from the Democratic and Liberal-Conservative groups, with which they have been consorting somewhat closely of late, and to make sure that in future peace overtures he will be able to count further on the good offices of the Vatican, already purchased by the repeal of the anti-Jesuit law. Nevertheless, the spectacle of a mild-mannered Bavarian professor, though a count, installed in the offices of Imperial Chancellor and Prussian Minister President cannot delight the Conservatives of the North, though, politically, he is one of themselves. There was a Bavarian Chancellor once before in the person of Prince Hohenlohe, and he has recorded his opinions of the Prussian feudal aristocrats in words which leave no doubt that this gentry did its best to make him feel that in Berlin he was an intruder. It is very unlikely that Count Hertling, who is not, like his late distinguished kinsman, a grand gentleman who conferred honour upon his offices by accepting them, will have greater success in propitiating the North German Junkers, and it is safe to prophesy that his term of office will be neither long nor comfortable, and his influence upon the constitutional controversy entirely negligible. From the latter standpoint, the new appoint-

ment may be regarded as a fresh indication that Germany's omniscient ruler has lost his political bearings, and for the present does not know exactly where he stands. Certainly, so long as the Emperor insists on imposing Conservative Ministers upon a Diet and a nation which, in the mass, are not Conservative at all, political salvation will come to Germany neither from the North nor from the South.

It is just forty years since Bismarck, speaking in the Imperial Diet, uttered his political faith, as he then knew it, in these words:—

“ I believe that our Constitution will be capable of development on exactly the same lines as the English Constitution, not by setting up a theoretical ideal, to be aimed at without regard to the obstacles in the way, but by the organic development of the existing status, keeping ever in view a forward movement, and taking every step in this direction which at the moment may seem possible and harmless, so that no serious dangers may arise.”—  
(March 10th, 1877.)

Parliamentary government will not come in Germany in English forms. Rather, I believe that the Germans will go for their model to their own old and well-tried system of municipal government, with its executive of experts, each one chosen by and directly responsible to the Town Council, yet not liable to removal at every election of that body so long as he retains its complete confidence. Whatever may be the modifications which national tradition may suggest, however, the innovation is bound to come, provided the war continues and ends in the right way. None the less, the condition of a wholesome transition is the appointment of an Imperial Chancellor who will be prepared to introduce constitutional reforms not because he must, but because he recognises that only by the frank acceptance of the principle of parliamentary sovereignty all along the line will his country be able to rehabilitate itself in the estimation of a world from which it is now estranged, one who is inspired by a genuine faith in this principle, and who would therefore be prepared to give effect to the “ new orientation,” not simply as an act of obedience to a Sovereign perhaps only half convinced of its necessity, but as one of loyalty to his own deepest convictions. With a Germany so democratised, the Powers of the Grand Alliance might negotiate in an accommodating and, perhaps, an indulgent spirit, regarding her no longer as an enemy to be shunned, but as an associate with whom, in future years, they would be able to co-operate with confidence in the common tasks of civilisation. With that change the organisation of the nations for peace and its great purposes, which has so long been no more than an inspiring hope, might become at once a practical ideal.

WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON.

## THE DISMANTLING OF THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

**T**HE war, in itself a universal destroyer, has been used as an engine for the demolition of the British Constitution.

The War Cabinet is, in my judgment, the outward and visible sign of the suspension of the Constitution. That Cabinet, if much longer tolerated, will be the end of Parliamentary Government in England. The new Cabinet system is the elimination of the old Cabinet system, which was based on the principle of the direct and continuous responsibility of Ministers to the House of Commons and of the House of Commons to the people. The new system is the inversion not only of the principle of the Parliamentary control of the Executive, but of many other principles which form the bed-rock of constitutional Government. The control of the House of Commons over the Executive has been converted by the enervation and degradation of the House of Commons into the control of the Executive over the House of Commons. Mr. Lloyd George has named his Executive "The War Cabinet." I would prefer to term it a Dictatorship in commission of which the most prominent member is the Prime Minister.

The term Cabinet in its old acceptation cannot apply to this Executive, which lacks qualities recognised since the establishment of Cabinet Government, as essential to a Cabinet. Mr. Gladstone, in his description of a British Cabinet to the American people, says: "Every one of its members acts in no less than three capacities, as administrator of a Department, as member of a Legislative Chamber, and as a confidential adviser of the Crown." Mr. Lloyd George in describing his Cabinet to the House of Commons on December 19th, 1916, said the fact was that it was "a very different organisation to any that preceded it," its predecessors having been established in accordance with "the old system of Cabinets when the heads of every Department were represented inside the Cabinet." The difference between the old and the new system does not rest here, since heads of Departments are now no longer necessarily Members of a Cabinet, nor even of a House of Parliament. The difference indeed is far wider still. The deliberations of the Cabinet under the new system are no longer secret. "The deliberations of the Cabinet," writes Todd, "upon all matters which engage their attention are strictly private and confidential, being kept secret even from the other members of the Administration who have no seats in the Cabinet and who, therefore, are not directly responsible for the conduct of the Government, hence they are not at liberty to divulge conversations or proceedings in Council or to read to others any confidential communications they may have had either with the Sovereign or with a colleague in office without express permission from the Crown. No secretary or clerk is permitted to be present at meetings of the Cabinet Council, neither is any official record kept of its proceedings. There is a conventional understanding that no notes are to be taken of what passes in the Cabinet, or, if taken, that they

should be kept secret until the generation concerned therein shall have passed away." "The Cabinet," writes Mr. Gladstone, "sits in the closest secrecy. There is no record of its proceedings nor is there anyone to hear them, except, upon the very rare occasions when some important functionary, for the most part military or legal, is introduced for the purpose of giving it necessary information."

"The most curious point," writes Mr. Bagehot, "about the Cabinet is that so very little is known about it. The meetings are not only secret in theory, but secret in reality. By the present practice no official minute in all ordinary cases is kept of them, even a private note is discouraged and disliked. The House of Commons, even in its most inquisitive mood, would scarcely permit a note of a Cabinet meeting to be read. No Minister who respected the fundamental usages of political practice would attempt to read such a note. The Committee which unites the law binding power to the law executing power which by virtue of that combination is, while it lasts and holds together, the most powerful body in the State, is a Committee wholly secret. No description of it, at once graphic and authentic, has ever been given. It is said to be something like a rather disorderly Board of Directors, where many speak and few listen, though no one knows. It is said that at the end of the Cabinet which agreed to propose a fixed duty on corn, Lord Melbourne put his back to the door and said: "Now, is it to lower the price of corn or isn't it? It does not much matter which we say, but mind, we must all say the same." No more serious charge could be made before the establishment of the Lloyd George Cabinet against a Member of a Cabinet than the divulgence of Cabinet proceedings. A charge of this character was made in my hearing in the House of Commons by Mr. Parnell, in July, 1888, the report of which appears in the *Times*, but is absent from Hansard's Parliamentary Debates.

Mr. Lloyd George thus explained and expounded his new departure—another change, namely, the abolition of the secrecy of Cabinet proceedings, which is rendered more piquant by the fact that the late Government of which he was a member, by special legislation, made any statements of what took place at Cabinet meetings, whether such statements be true or false, punishable with much severity. "There is," he said, "another point of departure and another change, and that is the amalgamation of the old War Committee with the Cabinet. The old War Committee had what the Cabinet had not, it had secretaries to keep a complete record of all decisions, and this no Cabinet has ever had. They were always a question of memory. I do not think my right hon. friend or any of his predecessors took a note of the decisions." Mr. Asquith here intervened: "Perhaps I may explain. It is desirable that there should be no mistake. It is the inflexible, unwritten rule of the Cabinet that no member should take any note or record of the proceedings except the Prime Minister, and the Prime Minister does so for the purpose—it is the only record of the proceedings kept—of sending his letter to the King." (These memoranda, Sir William Anson tells us, are not available to succeeding Prime Ministers.)



Mr. Lloyd George then continued: "That is so, I am obliged to my right hon. friend. That is the real difference between the War Committee and the Cabinet. In the War Committee a full record was taken of every decision, and the minutes were sent round to every member for correction. The matters dealt with there were just as confidential, I may say even more confidential than the vast majority of questions decided in the Cabinet. Henceforth there will be no distinction between our War Committee and our War Cabinet. The secretary will always be there. We propose to strengthen his staff so that we may have more direct means of communication and a more organised means of communication between the Cabinet and the various Departments than you have ever had in the past." The effect of the removal of the veil of secrecy from Cabinet proceedings, the establishment of a Prime Minister's office and of a Cabinet Secretariat, will be seen from the debate in the House of Commons on August 13th, in consequence of the resignation of Mr. Henderson, a member of this War Cabinet, consisting of five members, of whom four were to be so wholly occupied with matters arising out of the war as to be exempted from attending to Parliamentary business, Mr. Bonar Law, the remaining member, being Leader of the House of Commons. Mr. Henderson, however, one of the four, was, despite his war preoccupation, permitted to unite the positions of member of the War Cabinet and Secretary of the Labour movement. The concentration of energy by the War Cabinet on the war exclusively has been described by Mr. Lloyd George. That description, more particularly the metaphor of "one of its members doing sentry duty outside," savours of grim irony when read in connection with the chapter of Cabinet proceedings, now no longer secret, given to the House of Commons on August 13th. "You cannot," said the Premier in December, "run a war with a Sanhedrim. That is the meaning of a Cabinet of five, with one of its members doing sentry duty outside, manning the walls, and defending the Council Chamber against attack, while we are trying to do our work inside." The difference in opinion between Mr. Henderson and his colleagues arose on the question of attendance at the Stockholm Conference, and the following description of the working of the Cabinet of five and the functions of a sentry in keeping one of the members of the Cabinet outside, the secretary taking memoranda inside, was given to an amazed House of Commons, and, through it, to an amazed country. I quote from Hansard: "The Prime Minister," said Mr. Henderson, "invited me to attend a special Cabinet at four o'clock. I complied with his request, but, to my surprise, when I turned up at the Cabinet, I was informed by the Secretary of the Prime Minister that he wanted me to wait in the Secretary's room for some time. I waited for a full hour, and, at the end of the hour—I leave the House to form its conclusion of the treatment—the Minister of Pensions was sent out to make a statement to me. I intimated to my right hon. friend the Minister of Pensions that I did not do business in that way. I put what I thought was a very pertinent point: 'I am either a member of the Cabinet or I am not. If I am a member of the Cabinet, and I have anything to say to my colleagues,

I will say it to them when they are all present.' He returned and told my colleagues what I had said, and I was at once invited in, the Prime Minister making the statement—I will be perfectly fair and frank—that I had been kept waiting out of regard for my personal feelings. I put in my protest, as I thought I was perfectly entitled to do, for I will venture to say it will be difficult to find another precedent, so long as a Cabinet Minister has not tendered his resignation to the Prime Minister, that when that Cabinet Minister's conduct was being investigated, he should be kept in another room."

This incident, related to the House of Commons without fear of contradiction by the Cabinet Minister who had been kept outside the door of the room in which the Cabinet, of which he was a member, was in deliberation, is a startling disclosure to those who accepted without reserve Mr. Lloyd George's "true meaning of a Cabinet of five with one of its members doing sentry duty outside." Mr. Henderson's "duty outside" the Cabinet could scarcely fall under the description of "sentry duty." It was against him that the Cabinet was guarded. No wonder a member exclaimed at the recital of this undignified and discreditable incident: "We are getting on." At a later period in the same debate, the House of Commons, which, according to Mr. Bagehot, "would scarcely permit a note of a Cabinet Meeting to be read," a House of Commons in which "no Minister who respected the fundamental usages of political practice would attempt to read such a note" was treated to a wrangle between the Prime Minister and Mr. Henderson as to what took place at a Cabinet Meeting, and a reference in this unseemly controversy to Cabinet Minutes; I again quote from Hansard, "That," said the Prime Minister, "was the impression left on the mind of every member of the Cabinet who heard what my right hon. friend said on Tuesday."

MR. HENDERSON: "Will the right hon. gentleman quote the Cabinet minute on the subject?"

THE PRIME MINISTER: "I have not got the Cabinet minute here, but I could quote some of the words my right hon. friend used and which were recorded. I have refreshed my memory by referring to the actual discussion that took place in the Cabinet and no man reading that discussion could come to any other conclusion than the conclusion to which we all individually and collectively came, that my right hon. friend had made up his mind on Friday to turn down the Stockholm Conference."

MR. HENDERSON: "Did I say so? Is there a record in the Cabinet minutes?"

MR. PRINGLE: "Did he say so?"

THE PRIME MINISTER: "Certainly."

MR. HENDERSON: "I want to ask the right hon. gentleman if I made the statement that I was going to do other on Friday than what I had done at the executive, and if there is a record of that statement in the Cabinet minute?"

THE PRIME MINISTER: "We have got a record of the Cabinet minute. A discussion took place, and undoubtedly that was the effect of the words used by my right hon. friend on Tuesday, and

on Wednesday morning, and of the words which he used to me on Tuesday."

This incident, standing alone, demonstrates that the body called a "War Cabinet" cannot in any sense, however wide, fall into the category of the British Cabinet of the days of Parliamentary Government, from which it is fundamentally distinct. In this discussion, however, there was an incidental, although unconscious, reference to established practice which further illustrates the wholly novel and unconstitutional formation and procedure of the War Cabinet. Mr. Henderson stated that he refrained from quoting a telegram, as the Secretary of State had not obtained the consent of the sovereign to his so doing. In the War Cabinet there is no Secretary of State. A Secretary of State—there are five such secretaries—is the only recognised and constitutional medium of communication between the Crown and the subject. Since the establishment of the old Cabinet system, every one holding the position of Secretary of State has been a member of a Cabinet. Under the present system a Minister, not a member of the War Cabinet, has to signify the consent or refusal of the Crown to a matter which the War Cabinet has decided to recommend to the Crown for its consent or refusal. How can the War Cabinet be regarded as the Cabinet under the old system in the light, to use Mr. Gladstone's words, of "confidential advisers to the Sovereign"? The proceedings of the Cabinet are laden with astonishing violations of constitutional principles. To give a few illustrations, Lord Milner in the spring, and Mr. Henderson at a later period, went to Russia as members of the Cabinet, on missions affecting international relations, but Mr. Balfour, an ex-Prime Minister, is Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs without a seat in the Cabinet. Were Lord Milner and Mr. Henderson instructed in these missions by the Foreign Secretary as his representatives or were they, as Cabinet Ministers, the representatives of a Statesman not a Cabinet Minister who himself went to America on a mission affecting closely our international relations? The unprecedented character of the War Cabinet which, as I have said, is not a Cabinet but a somewhat shameless caricature of a Cabinet, is not confined to these glaring anomalies and absurdities. It departs from every hitherto recognised constitutional principle. At present the War Cabinet of five has been reinforced by two additional members. In a War Cabinet of seven, two members who have had no previous Cabinet experience in this country, Lord Milner and General Smuts, have come into the Cabinet without office. There never has been in times past a member of a Cabinet without office, except statesmen who have held high offices in former Cabinets as in the cases of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Sidmouth, and Lord John Russell. Then again, there never has been in the history of Cabinets, a Cabinet with members without office who, as Lord Milner, Mr. Barnes, and Sir Edward Carson, have salaries assigned to them. These three statesmen have £5,000 a year apiece as members of the Cabinet "without a portfolio." If they be without wallet, they, however, do not lack scrip. The position of two of these gentlemen as members of the House of Commons and

at the same time recipients of sums of money from the public funds was likely to bring them within the purview of the Place Act. They have been accordingly thus protected by special legislation from the consequences of not vacating their seats. "When before the passing of this Act a Member of His Majesty's Privy Council has been appointed to be a Minister of the Crown at a salary without any other office being assigned to him,\* he shall not by reason thereof be deemed to have been or be incapable of being elected to or voting in the Commons House of Parliament and shall not, if at the time of his appointment he was a member of that House, be deemed to have vacated his seat." The position of General Smuts as a member of a Cabinet without a seat in either House of Parliament is moreover wholly without precedent. Mr. Todd, while allowing that the choice of the Sovereign in the appointment of Cabinet Ministers should be of the widest, says that the choice should "be restricted in respect of persons who have not and cannot obtain a seat in Parliament." The War Cabinet, moreover, was formed without the knowledge of the House of Commons, without any indication of its choice of the Statesman who was to occupy the position of Prime Minister, and its formation had never been sanctioned by any direct and formal motion of that House.

The term Cabinet is inapplicable in an historical, moral, or constitutional sense to the executive calling itself the War Cabinet. The inevitable, and, in my judgment, the calculated result of the setting up of the War Cabinet in substitution for the old Cabinet system has been a transfer from the House of Commons of the control over the Executive, and the vesting in the Executive of the control over the House of Commons. Mr. Lloyd George, in his speech on December 19th, 1916, to which I have so frequently referred, repudiated any intention of the lessening of Parliamentary control. "There seems," he said, "to be a little concern lest the new organisation should have the effect of lessening Parliamentary control. I wonder why on earth it should do that? Each Minister is accountable for his Department to Parliament, and the Government, as a whole, are accountable to Parliament. The control of Parliament as a whole is, and always must be, supreme, because it represents the nation. There is not the slightest attempt here to derogate in any particular from the supreme control of Parliament." How far this description given by Mr. Lloyd George of the unimpaired Parliamentary control under the new system of the Executive differs from the reality, a few facts will prove conclusively. Mr. Lloyd George, in the formation of his Administration, appointed no fewer than four gentlemen who had never sat in Parliament to the headships of great Departments of State whose holders under the old system would have had seats in the Cabinet. This step in itself did not show any great deference to Parliament, having regard to the practice of which on so large a scale it was a wholly unprecedented invasion, that the heads of great Departments of State should be possessed of some Parliamentary experience. Four of these non-Parliamentary statesmen entered the House of Commons. The fifth, Sir Joseph Maclay, the head of the Ministry of Shipping, is not a member of either House of Parliament, and

has no intention of entering Parliament. In the very speech in which Mr. Lloyd George declared that his Cabinet would not lessen Parliamentary control, he thus described the Ministry of Shipping: "I think my right honourable friend (Mr. Bonar Law) has already indicated to the House what we propose to do with regard to shipping. It is the jugular vein, which, if severed, would destroy the life of the nation, and the Government felt that the time had come for taking over more complete control of all the ships of this country, and placing them practically in the same position as the railways of the country at the present moment, so that during war shipping will be nationalised in the real sense of the term. . . . Sir Joseph Maclay, one of the oldest shipowners in the United Kingdom, has undertaken to direct this great enterprise."

There has been no opportunity for discussing in the House of Commons the Department over which Sir Joseph Maclay, a non-Parliamentary head, presides, in which the interests of the Empire are so vitally concerned. It was a matter of bitter comment in the House of Commons, on August 2nd, that the Shipping Department was maintained by vast sums voted automatically under the guillotine, and that no opportunity had been given since its establishment for any discussion of the working of this Department, however perfunctory. Mr. Lloyd George's promise that each Minister would answer for his Department in the same way as under the old system, so that Parliamentary control could not be lessened, has not been fulfilled, while, in the policy of depriving Parliament of the control of the Executive, the union of the Minister of the Crown with the membership of a House of Parliament on which Mr. Gladstone insisted has been wantonly severed. "I desire," said Mr. Gladstone, "to fix attention on the identification in this country of the Minister with a member of a House of Parliament."

The House of Commons, which has allowed itself to be divested of control over the Executive, is now itself, as I have said, controlled by that Executive. It is the same House of Commons in which the Parliament Act of 1911 was passed, limiting the existence of a Parliament to five years. This House of Commons has, through the forbearance of the House of Lords, which did not throw out these Bills, prolonged by legislation its unconstitutional existence no fewer than four times to its own self-stultification. The Long Parliament, when it stultified itself by passing an Act prohibiting its dissolution, having previously passed an Act limiting the existence of Parliament to three years, made its dissolution dependent on its own consent. The dissolution of this Parliament, whose existence has been four times prolonged by statute, depends on the will of the Executive, which can at any time be exercised. The House of Commons has prolonged its tainted life by submitting to humiliation. In obedience to the Executive it has deprived its unofficial members of the right of introducing Bills or resolutions. Such discussions as are permitted by the Government in general only take place on motions for the adjournment of the House in order to avoid a definite expression of opinion on the conduct of the Government by the House of Commons, although the Government, by a series of Temporary Acts which are evasions or abrogations of

the Place Act, have in their ranks a large contingent of members holding subordinate offices of emolument whose votes are, of course, at the service of the Executive. The Government, although the "War Cabinet" is so small, consists of no fewer than ninety-one members, of whom sixty-three are in the House of Commons. "I have," said Mr. Charles Roberts in the House of Commons on August 2nd, "a list of the new Ministers whom the Government have appointed. It is a long list. There are twenty-three of them already. There are three at £5,000 a year, Ministers without portfolio; there are, I think, three at £2,000 a year; there are eight at £1,200. . . . This is a large list already. We have had a close division, in which the Government had eighty-nine supporters—that is the exact number of the Ministry at present. Now they want two more—ninety-one. I think the Government is getting too much power over the House of Commons through these appointments."

"It is," said Mr. MacCallum Scott, on the same occasion, "undoubtedly creating an uneasy feeling in the country to see the growth in the number of Ministers in this House. There is a feeling that we are drifting from the constitutional theory of Governmental responsibility to this House." These expressions of indignation and discontent are, in my judgment, justified. They have been induced by the packing of the House of Commons with placemen in support of a Government in whose formation that House had no voice, and whose establishment it had never formally sanctioned. Henry Grattan thus addressed an Irish House of Commons packed with Government placemen. "Suppose General Washington to ring his bell and order his servants out of livery to take their seats in Congress—you can supply this instance."

At the present moment Parliamentary Government is suspended, the War Cabinet having freed itself from the control of a weakened and subservient House of Commons. The war, which, in the case of our Allies, had tended to the strengthening of popular rights and liberties, has in this country been utilised for the placing in abeyance of Parliamentary Government and the establishment in the War Cabinet of a virtual dictatorship.

J. G. SWIFT MACNEILL.

## LORD MORLEY'S RECOLLECTIONS.\*

"THE war and our action in it led to my retirement from public office," writes Lord Morley in the opening sentence of his "Recollections"; and that resignation, which he has never regretted, enabled him to fulfil a final duty. The biographer of Gladstone and Cobden, Cromwell, Walpole, and Burke, was morally bound, if health and circumstance permitted, to tell the story of his own life. "*Diu multumque vixi*. It has been my fortune to write some pages that found and affected their share of readers; to know and work on close terms with many men wonderfully worth knowing; to hold responsible offices in the State; to say things in popular assemblages that made a difference." That is a modest summary of a career which has left its stamp on the political and intellectual life of the British Empire. The veteran author's hand has lost nothing of its cunning, his memory nothing of its clearness, his affections nothing of their warmth, his faith in reason nothing of its ardour.

Book 1, "The Republic of Letters," transports the reader into the far-off world of Oxford in the fifties, the age of Mansel and Wilberforce, of Goldwin Smith, Conington and Stanley. Our author lingers longest on the figure of Cotter Morison, the Senior Commoner of Lincoln College, of whom Mr. Clodd has recently painted a lively picture. The analysis of the governing forces of the third quarter of the century is continued in the chapter entitled "Spirit of the Time." "Critics to-day are wont to speak contemptuously of the mid-Victorian age. They should now and then pause to bethink themselves." Darwin, Mill, Buckle, Spencer, Tennyson, George Eliot, Carlyle, Ruskin, Newman, Matthew Arnold—here is a goodly list; and "foreign ideas reached us of that generation in glorious mould" with the exiles Mazzini and Victor Hugo.

The young Oxford Liberal settled in London, earning his living in journalism and laying the foundation of precious friendships. Mill's Autobiography spoke of "my friend Mr. Morley"; now, nearly half a century later, the compliment is returned. The pages—and they are not the first—devoted to his revered master convey a singularly attractive impression of "the saint of rationalism."

"A young disciple's reverence, gratitude, and admiration was pretty sure to grow stronger as the days went by, though even young disciples do not always lose the rudiments of a mind of their own, and nobody would have been more displeased than Mill himself had it been otherwise. His perfect simplicity and candour, friendly gravity with no accent of the don, his readiness of interest and curiosity, the evident love of truth and justice and improvement—all this diffused a high, enlightening ethos that, aided by the magic halo of accepted fame, made him extraordinarily impressive. He made innumerable impulses of knowledge and thought vibrate in his generation."

While Mill was the honoured teacher, Meredith was the intimate friend and comrade.

"It would be hard to imagine finer personal inspiration for a beginner with a strong feel for letters in their broadest sense. He

\* *Recollections*, by John Viscount Morley, O.M., 2 vols. Macmillan.

benevolently took to me and extended a cordial, indulgent, and ever faithful hand. I was happy enough to hold it until the very end of his life. His personality seemed to give new life, inner meaning, vivacity, surprise, to lessons from wholesome books and teachers, and to shower a sparkling cataract of freshness on them all. He came to the morning meal after a long hour's stride in the tonic air and fresh loveliness, of cool woods and green slopes; with the brightness of sunrise upon his brow, responsive penetration in his glance, the turn of radiant irony in his lips and peaked beard, his fine poetic head bright with crisp brown hair—Phœbus Apollo descending upon us from Olympus. His voice was strong, full, resonant. Loud and constant was his exhortation. No musical note from a lute; it was the call of the trumpet from live lips. Live with the world. No cloister. No languor. Play your part. Fill the day. Ponder well and loiter not. Let laughter brace you. Exist in everyday communion with Nature. Nature bids you take all, only be sure you learn how to do without."

Is there not something Meredithian in this glowing sketch? It was a historic friendship, the depth and breadth of which were revealed to the world by the publication of Meredith's Letters.

The chapter on "Foreign Influences" introduces the reader to Pierre Laffitte, the Positivist circle, Victor Hugo, whose attention was attracted by a review of the *Travailleurs de la Mer*, Louis Blanc, and, above all, Mazzini. "Nobody in London in those days was more impressive or more seductive. Those of us who could see only too clearly his deficiency in affairs, still felt good reason for honour and gratitude to him as evangelist and prophet. In spite of loose and dangerous words about the dagger—in which the Jesuits had anticipated and eclipsed him—he stood for the voice of conscience in modern democracy." The chapter entitled "Leading Contemporaries" opens with a kindly picture of Herbert Spencer. "Inexorable and uncompromising in his ideas, he was in life, conduct, and duty the most single-minded and unselfish of men. He had a pedantic turn, his nerves were sensitive, and he was not one of the large minds in which small outside things have no place. But he possessed an indefatigable intellect, an iron love of truth, a pure and scrupulous conscience, a spirit of loyal and beneficent intention, a noble passion for knowledge and systematic thought as the instruments for man's elevation." Lord Morley gently hints that the Synthetic Philosophy appeals more to new countries like America and Russia, and to ancient communities looking forward to new lights, like Japan and India. In his own land, indeed, his star has grown strangely dim. Leslie Stephen is appraised as a thinker, a writer, and a friend—"patient, open-minded, unselfish, firm, unshaken to the end." Henry Sidgwick, "one of the choicest characters of his time," is introduced as belonging to the "household of Socrates." The most attractive portrait in this section of the gallery is Matthew Arnold, "the man of letters whom I should like to place in the front line of my generation in serious drift, influence, importance, and social insight. As critic in an epoch that stood in peculiar need of criticism in the largest sense, he must be called incomparable among Englishmen of his day."

After this panoramic survey of friendships and influences, we resume the thread of autobiography. The year 1867 stands out as



a landmark, for it witnessed the publication of the political study of Burke and the appointment to succeed Lewes in the editorial chair of the *Fortnightly Review*. "During the fifteen years in which it fell under my charge, our miscellany of writers and subjects was soon taken by prejudiced observers to disclose an almost sinister unity in spirit and complexion. This unity was in fact the spirit of Liberalism in 'its most many-sided sense.'" Among the contributors were Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, Meredith, Rossetti, Bagehot, Cairnes, Huxley, Pater, Lewes, Frederic Harrison, Dicey, Leslie Stephen, Mark Pattison, Myers. The *Review* challenged many an accepted belief and attacked many a time-honoured tradition; for the editor and his colleagues were of opinion that the world needed mending and quickening, and that the best instrument for the task was the unfettered reason. We have drifted far away from the confident rationalism of the 'seventies; and the anti-intellectualism of William James and Bergson, a quickened interest in psychical research and mysticism, are the order of the day. But though our angle of vision has changed, the lumber-room was cleared of a mass of rubbish and many a cobweb was swept away by the searching north wind. A less controversial enterprise was the "English Men of Letters," a series which has contributed more to the intelligent study of English literature than any other single or co-operative venture. In the long row of those familiar volumes there are, perhaps, a dozen masterpieces, among them the editor's interpretation of Burke. Of even greater importance were the masterly studies of Voltaire and Rousseau, Diderot and the Encyclopædists, Turgot and Condorcet. The volumes gave to most English readers their first effective knowledge of the great critical effort in France which not only prepared the way for the French Revolution, but drew half Europe into the movement towards modern and humane ideas. Despite the discussions and discoveries of forty years, these books, like Lecky's "Rationalism" and "European Morals," still hold their place on the lower shelves of the student's library. The volume on "Compromise," published in 1874, embodied the convictions and experiences of a decade of study and controversy. "The essay was no plea for a life of perpetual dispute and busy proselytising, but only that we should learn to look at one another with steadfast eye, marching with steady step along the paths we choose. The little book was probably needed, for it found much acceptance and made a long impression." With the official biography of Cobden, "The Republic of Letters" melts into "Public Life."

No chapter in the first volume will be read with greater eagerness than that entitled "A New Friend." The virile and commanding figure of Chamberlain confronts us in every political biography that issues from the press, and the life of Dilke has recently told in great detail the story of the foundation and fortunes of the radical wing. Lord Morley adds little in the way of correspondence; but he paints the most life-like and attractive picture of the Birmingham Captain in his early prime that has ever appeared. The friendship began in 1873, the year of Mill's death, and quickly became a factor in the political life of England. "Maxse had made up his mind that Chamberlain and I were meant for one another

and introduced us at a small meeting called to protest against a section of Forster's Education Act." Though one was a scholar and the other a man of business, the two men found much in common; for the scholar was also an ardent politician, and the man of business had wide intellectual interests. When Lord Morley took him round Oxford during a visit to Jowett, Chamberlain burst out in fervid accents, "Ah, how I wish I could have had a training in this place!"

Encouraged by his friend, John Morley found his way to the political platform and rapidly became one of the most eloquent exponents of the radical faith. When Chamberlain and Dilke entered the Ministry of 1880, and John Morley edited the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the fight against the Whigs began in real earnest. When the latter, after two unsuccessful attempts, joined his friends in Parliament as member for Newcastle in 1883, the three men might well hope that after the death or retirement of Gladstone they would be able to expel or subdue the old guard and transform the party into a really effective instrument of democratic reform. The story of the next three years, culminating in the split of 1886, has been told in the Life of Gladstone; and Chamberlain's mind and temper during the crisis have been revealed with almost excessive minuteness in the correspondence published in the biographies of Labouchere and Dilke. The present volume adds a few touches and prints a few letters exchanged between the two friends. It was painful to both to discover that they had reached the parting of the ways and that their joyous partnership, though not their friendship, was at an end. But there were no reproaches. "No individual was to blame. The governing forces were intractable."

The second half of the first volume is filled with the story of the Home Rule struggle. The drama is introduced in a few weighty sentences:—

"The theatre was small in its proportions, but keen audiences watched it all over the English-speaking world. Scenes were constantly shifted; the main course of action was diversified by exciting underplots. The sanctity of law was violently strained, so was the fundamental machinery of Parliament. One of the two governing parties of the Realm was broken. Religion and race, the two incendiary forces of history, shot jets of flame from their undying embers. Surprises came, sudden turns, and situations of momentary suspense, such as make the fortune of a stage play. The strange motives and humours of men, aristocrat and democrat, patrician and plebeian, showed in full force. Passion, at least, once rose to tragic height. Squalid interludes, to be sure, there were, and scenes of clowns; they only helped, as our Elizabethans knew, to make things more dramatic. Even strong minds wavered with the ebb and flow of events; but the three or four men on either side, to whom a master-part had fallen, played it with steadfast and unflinching courage."

Among these steadfast protagonists was the author of the "Recollections." Now that the wisdom or necessity of Home Rule has come to be generally recognised, and its prolonged postponement has borne bitter fruit in Sinn Féin, the prophetic statesmanship of Gladstone and his few whole-hearted lieutenants stands out in ever stronger relief.

Lord Morley modestly attributes his own leading part in the great campaign to knowing his own mind, to his record as one of the earliest Home Rulers, and to the confidence reposed in him by the Irish Nationalists.

"But all this was as dust in the balance compared with the moral authority of Lord Spencer. Without his earnest adhesion to the revolutionary change in the principles of Irish Government, the attempt would have been useless from the first, and nobody was more alive to this than Mr. Gladstone himself. In intellectual calibre he was not, and did not claim to be, of the first order. He had a slow mind, and was an awkward speaker; in fact, he could not speak. But no man, of high social station or low, was ever more disinterested, more unselfish, more free from the defects incident either to patrician pride or plebeian vanity. Of no leading men of that time could it be more truly said that he was the soul of honour."

Of Parnell there is more to say, though "only Tacitus or Sallust or de Retz" could do him justice. Even after the portraits painted by his brother, by Mr. Barry O'Brien, and by Mrs. O'Shea, students of that "political genius," as Gladstone called him, will turn with eagerness to the chapters entitled "The Irish Leader" and "The Tornado." Our artist possesses the enviable quality of seeing the best in his sitters, whether allies or foes, and he finds some kindly words for one who has few friends.

"In our protracted dealings for some four or five years, I found him uniformly considerate, unaffectedly courteous, not ungenial, compliant rather than otherwise. In ordinary conversation he was pleasant, without much play of mind; temperament made him the least discursive of the human race. The horrid weakness of envy and jealousy was unknown to him. From that his pride saved him. His sympathy with the misery of the Irish peasantry was real and constant, though he was too hard-headed and too disdainful to make a political trade of this sympathy, or even to say much about it. Of merely personal ambition he had little share, or none."

The less amiable traits in this strange character appeared in the "insensate violence" of the final scene after the sentence in the Divorce-court. "He has had much vile usage from Englishmen," wrote our diarist on the news of his death; "the pity has been that he avenged it on Ireland." A third protagonist in the struggle, Mr. Balfour, is painted in the warm colours of personal friendship and with unstinted admiration for his dazzling gifts.

The second tenure of the Irish Secretaryship, vividly depicted in extracts from the diary, ended in 1895. There was now to be an interval of ten years, which enabled at least one Liberal statesman to resume the gentler profession in which he had won his spurs. It is surprising to learn that his nearest friends, public and private, unanimously opposed acceptance of the invitation to write the life of Gladstone, which occupied the larger part of four laborious years. A biography of Cromwell, the pregnant Romanes Lecture on Macchiavelli, a visit to America during the reign of Roosevelt—these and other occupations made a welcome change from the clatter and racket of the Irish campaigns of 1885-95.

A defeated party, like a defeated army, looks round for a new

chief. Lord Rosebery's resignation of the official leadership in 1896 left Harcourt at the helm; but he lacked magnetic as well as conciliatory qualities. Lord Rosebery had withdrawn in consequence of the lack of loyal support, and his successor followed his example two years later. The running sores of the Liberal body politic were exposed to the public gaze in the letters exchanged between Harcourt and John Morley in December, 1898. When the step had been taken, the ex-leader wrote to thank the most loyal and effective of his comrades in words of characteristic warmth. The language in the published letter, he declared, was "a lasting memorial of our long friendship at a very critical period. I shall never cease to be grateful for the generous way in which you have stood by me in this, the last crisis of my life." A stately tribute follows the record of the old warrior's death in 1904. His forcefulness, his superficial roughness, his warm affections, his inveterate Erastianism, his Whig pride—here are some of the traits in an impressive personality. "He was the last of that long train of reasoners, debaters, orators, law-makers from Somers and Walpole onwards. New elements of feeling were edging their way into the public mind."

Fortunately for the Liberal party and for the Empire these "new elements" were represented by the new leader, who, though inferior to Harcourt in intellectual force, possessed the dogged courage, unselfishness, and intelligent sympathy with democratic ideals which were needed to prepare the party for the resumption of office. The cross-currents of the South African war multiplied his difficulties; but they also brought out his sterling qualities. "With no other leading Liberal of the time did diplomacy, transitory tactics, expediency of the hour, weigh lighter in the scale against principle." When he became Prime Minister and the unquestioned leader of the largest majority of modern times, his capacity was fully recognised by friend and foe. For two short but crowded years he was the most powerful man in the British Empire. "His monument is that Union of the South African provinces which was the best of reparation that political wisdom could devise for the mischiefs against which he had so valiantly protested."

When the wheel came full circle there was plenty of talent, old and new, to form a powerful government; for the attack on Free Trade had reunited the warring sections of the Liberal party. In January, 1905, our diarist visited the Leader of the Opposition at Belmont, and discussed the composition of a future Liberal Cabinet. "The upshot was in his mind India for me, Bryce Ireland. I pressed for Labour in the Cabinet in the person of John Burns. Not averse, he thought it worth consideration." When Mr. Balfour resigned at the end of the year John Morley found himself at the India Office. To his work in Whitehall, perhaps the most significant and enduring of his achievements, the latter half of the second volume is devoted. It is no rash prophecy that Book V, "A Short Page in Imperial History," will be read by students not only of our Imperial history but of the art of government for a good many years to come. The story is told almost exclusively in the form of correspondence with the Viceroy, a

correspondence at once serious and chatty, descriptive and argumentative, hortatory and at times gently controversial. These historic letters convey a greater sense of intellectual strength than any other portion of the book, for they take us behind the curtain into the workshop. Though the new Secretary of State had never paid particular attention to Indian affairs, he was predestined for the task. His philosophic Liberalism and his Irish experience alike taught him that discontent and sedition were cogent reasons for marching boldly forward, not for standing still. Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty, despite his admirable intentions, had left the country restless and aggrieved, and the time was past for mere "concessions." In principle, though not in detail, the Indian problem needed the same bold, constructive policy as South Africa. The Intellectuals were growing rapidly in numbers and influence. Not a few of them were asking for what England could never grant; but the main body of educated opinion could still be saved from a stampede into the camp of the extremists by a generous recognition of India's right to a larger share in the control of her destinies. No great advance had been made since the time of Lord Ripon, and it was obvious to the new Secretary that the risks of advance were far less than the perils of delay.

These enlightened views, which were confirmed by fruitful intercourse with Mr. Gokhale, were fortunately shared by Lord Minto.

"Nature had endowed him with an ample supply of constancy and good humour. His loyalty, courage, friendliness, straightforwardness, and pressing sense of public duty, were all splendid. In early days, it was refreshing to hear from him how grateful he was for my proposal that he should pardon three hundred students who had been injudiciously dismissed from their school. 'For,' said he, 'I do believe that in this country one can do any amount of good, and accumulate a very growing influence, if only one gives some evidence of feelings of sympathy.' The sympathy of which he spoke was much more than humane sentiment, it was a key to sound policy."

The story of their comradeship reflects equal credit on the two men. There was no rivalry and no jealousy. Each was indispensable to the other, and the rescue of India from threatening danger was their joint achievement.

The first task that greeted the new Minister was the adjustment of the fierce quarrel that had resulted in Lord Curzon's resignation. Shortly afterwards, the acceptance by Lord Minto of Sir Bampfylde Fuller's resignation was a broad hint to the Civil Service that a new era had dawned. Keen disappointment was aroused in India and at Westminster by the refusal to undo the Partition of Bengal—a measure of appeasement that had to wait for King George's visit to Delhi. And, later still, anger as well as disappointment was provoked by the deportation of a number of suspects without charge or trial under the old Regulation of 1818. Not one of us who opposed the employment of this weapon imagined that the minister sanctioned it without much searching of heart; and these pages show that we were right. He detested the deportations, and pressed steadily for the release of the victims and the abandonment of the clumsy though seductive instrument of coercion. It was in pur-

suance of the same policy of avoiding high-handed and provocative measures that he constantly protested against vindictive sentences for comparatively trivial offences.

While the Secretary of State loyally supported the Viceroy in measures deemed necessary for the preservation of order, the Viceroy manfully seconded his colleague in the three great measures which stamp their joint tenure of office as an era of reform. That it was a mockery to speak of confidence and co-operation so long as Indians were rigidly excluded from a share in the highest circles of government was obvious to both; and with characteristic courage they took two bold and irrevocable steps. An Indian lawyer was added to the Viceroy's Executive Council, while two Indians, one a Hindu, the other a Mahomedan, were appointed to the Council of the Secretary of State in London. If anybody still believes that no reforms should be carried out till Anglo-Indian opinion is ready for them, let him read the letters which record the antagonism aroused by these wise and overdue decisions. The greatest of the three reforms, the enlargement of the powers of the Legislative Councils, was skilfully piloted through the House of Lords (which the minister entered in 1908) and met with a gratifying response throughout the Empire. The Unionist leaders refused to take the responsibility of destroying a measure which they intensely disliked; but they prophesied evil results from a moderate instalment of self-government in India, as they had prophesied evil results from full self-government in South Africa, and thereby forfeited all claim to share in the congratulations which the acknowledged success of a courageous policy ultimately brings to its far-sighted authors. The Morley-Minto reforms made no claim to finality, and Mr. Montagu has announced a further advance in the immediate future. It would have been useless, and perhaps dangerous, to attempt more at the moment; and in choosing Lord Hardinge to succeed Lord Minto, despite the strongly supported attempt of Lord Kitchener to secure the post, the Secretary of State ensured that the seed he had sown should ripen to harvest. When Lord Hardinge returned home after an eventful Viceroyalty, he paid a generous tribute to the men who had smoothed his path.

The Secretary for India resigned his arduous post in the autumn of 1910; and the "Recollections" conclude with a spirited narrative of the dramatic scene in the House of Lords in the summer of 1911, when the second reading of the Veto Bill was carried by a narrow majority. For three years he remained in the Cabinet as President of the Council, and for three years more he has gazed out over the raging turmoil from the windows of his peaceful and well-stocked library at Wimbledon. He has used his leisure well, and the "Recollections" form a fascinating record of a long, strenuous and useful career. As statesman and writer his niche in the temple of fame is secure. But in these dark and anxious days it must be a greater satisfaction to him to know that he occupies a special place in the hearts of his old political comrades, and that he is held in affectionate reverence by those of a younger generation who have learned wisdom from his books and been honoured by his friendship.

G. P. GOOCH.

## CONSCRIPTION OF WEALTH: RIGHT AND WRONG WAYS.

**M**UCH is being said and written about the "conscription of wealth" for the purposes of the war. It is pointed out truly that a Government which seizes the persons of its citizens for the defence of the country has *a fortiori* the right to seize the property of its citizens for the same purpose. But those who are calling the most loudly for the conscription of wealth usually ignore two important considerations.

In the first place, whereas conscription of persons, in our country and time, has only just been introduced, conscription of wealth, in some forms and to some extent, is already part of our national financial policy and has been in operation for many years past. In the second place (and more particularly), quite apart from any question of equity and as a mere matter of expediency, it is worth enquiry whether the wholesale conscription of wealth in the form of capital would enable us more quickly to win the war. The writer makes no pretence of great acquaintance with economic theories, but believes that there are practical reasons for suspecting that wholesale conscription of capital would postpone, if not prevent, our final victory.

In this article it is assumed that the true wealth of individuals and of communities is indicated, not by the money measure of their possessions, but by the degree in which they can command what they desire and require. It is assumed, for example, that a British workman under normal conditions would be rich, compared with a millionaire dying from hunger on a raft at sea. It is assumed that if the cost of living has doubled and wages have only increased by 50 per cent., the wage receiver is poorer and not richer. It is assumed that if the whole world charged and paid for everything twice as much, and owed twice as much as at present, no one would be either richer or poorer, that if twice as much as now were produced of everything worth having, the world would be twice as rich, no matter how low prices were.

As the measure of wealth, actual or potential possession of the necessities, comforts, and amenities of life is taken. An available abundance of commodities, rather than the ownership of high money values, is taken as the object at which to aim. In considering different forms of wealth, whether in capital or income form, we must keep in mind, not names but things, not tokens of value but utilities. In a word, we are to consider real and not nominal wealth.

For the sake of clearness we must draw a distinction between capital and income. Metaphysicians may find pleasure in confusing their own and other people's minds by maintaining that capital and income are the same thing. So, in a sense, they may be, but the form of an article may be as important as its essence. Ice, water, and steam are different forms of the same substance, but the distinction between these various forms is not unimportant. For example, cold water in a boiler may be quite innocuous, but the

same water turned into steam acquires an explosive quality highly dangerous to people in the neighbourhood. It is quite easy to set "puzzles to beginners" as to what is capital and what is income.

We may regard a new machine as part of the income of the whole community that produces it, of which income the machine-making employer's share is the profit he makes upon it. But the same machine becomes part of the capital of the textile manufacturer who buys it with money which may be the savings out of his income. When the machine is finally thrown on the scrap heap, it is open to its owner to treat the money he receives for the old iron as income and spend it on consumable goods, or on his own pleasures. But to the extent to which such a man diminished his capital he would be so much poorer afterwards. Thus to diminish capital, without recognition of it in the balance-sheet, would be bad business and unsound finance.

There is a real distinction between capital and income, without the clear recognition of which no sound business can be properly carried on. One may admit, therefore, that many forms of capital, originally income, may be treated as, and in a sense become, income again, without invalidating the broad practical distinction between that form of wealth, more or less stationary, which we call capital, and that other form of wealth, mainly for consumption, which we call product or income.

Mill defines capital as "wealth appropriated to productive employment." Income we may regard as that product of the intelligent employment of labour and capital intended for the most part for human consumption (in the wide sense), but which, according to the use to which it is put, may become, in its turn, capital again producing income.

1. The existence of the income-tax, with its exemptions and graduations, and the institution of the super-tax constitute a partial conscription of wealth. It is true that this conscription is of income and not of capital (except in so far as the restriction of the accumulation of capital might be so considered). This vital distinction between the taxation of capital and the taxation of income should be carefully noted.

But with the institution and extension of the death duties, we have had for twenty-three years past an avowed conscription of wealth in capital form. Here, again, however, there is a notable and significant qualification. The slice of capital taken by death duties is not taken from the individual, but from his estate when it passes at his death into other hands. So long as he lives he receives, subject to more or less heavy income-tax, the income from all his savings. His motives for self-denial and saving are not weakened by the prospect of Government confiscation of them—during his lifetime at least. The feeling of possession (not necessarily ignoble, when qualified by a due sense of stewardship) remains to him during his working life, as a motive for the endeavour and self-denial without which neither individuals nor communities will build up any capital at all.

Up to the present at least, conscription of wealth in the form of capital has taken place only when property has passed, at the death



of the owner, to someone else. But it would be affectation to deny that, for many years past, the death duties have effected conscription of capital on a considerable scale, and that the graduated income-tax and super-tax form together a substantial conscription of the wealth of rich people. These two forms of conscription of wealth—graduated income-tax with super-tax and death duties—must of necessity be the chief sources to which the Chancellor of the Exchequer can look for the substantially increased revenue he will require. There is, of course, an imaginable rate of income-tax, beyond which the Chancellor could not go without destroying the stimulus to earn income. Probably in the case of the excess profits tax, now at 80 per cent., the practical limit of its yield has been reached. Theoretically, we all ought to be willing to work hard to make excess profits to go entirely to the Government. Human nature, however, being what it is, the stimulus of retaining for oneself only one-fifth of profits made in excess of pre-war profits is undoubtedly in many cases very weak. There is not the least doubt that the excess profits tax, excellent as it is in principle, has in many cases tended to extravagance, carelessness, and waste, and thus toward national loss. It is arguable that as much revenue might have been secured, with more economy in the businesses of the country, if we had had, instead of the excess profits tax, still higher income-tax and death duties. At all events, there is very little indication that either the five-shilling income-tax or the increased super-tax has diminished the taxpayers' endeavour to make money, or their disposition to save it. On the contrary, there is reason to believe that the gradual rise of taxation has stimulated efforts to secure additional income wherewith to pay it. If this be the case, these taxes, though they may be burdensome upon the payer of them, are a sound proposition from the Chancellor of the Exchequer's point of view.

2. The same result could not follow conscription of capital in the owner's lifetime. When we are asked to confiscate 10 or 20 per cent. of a living man's capital, whether in goods, machinery, buildings, shares, or debentures, we are up against a vastly different proposition, one which, if attempted to be carried out, might bring down the fabric of British credit with a crash. No one has a right to play with our national credit. It is a factor absolutely necessary for winning the war. Already the mere talk in irresponsible quarters of confiscation of capital in a man's lifetime is having a bad effect upon the sale of National War Bonds. No more insidiously pro-German and anti-British campaign could be waged than to spread the notion that any British Government would confiscate a living man's capital.

What would be the effect of any wide-spread suspicion that the British Government, at the very time it sought to borrow a man's money, were contemplating the confiscation of his capital? There could be no guarantee, of course, as to when one 10 per cent. "capital tax" would not be followed by another and another. Would that kind of thing secure larger voluntary lending to the Government of the money it needs? Would it be calculated to dispose the United States to keep lending us their money? Would

it encourage our solvent allies, who have borrowed so largely from us, to pay back what they owe as soon as they are able? Would it be a good example for our own Dominions? Surely such a scheme would be bad policy, if, not worse! But it would be impracticable also.

A fallacy widely current is that we can, largely pay for the war out of capital. Reflection will show that this can be done to a limited extent only. Let us suppose that there were no private ownership and that the State owned everything. Let us imagine that the State, for the purposes of the war, took any and every commodity it required without even the formalities of taxation and payment for goods. What is it that the State requires for the purposes of the war? What would the State take? Just the things it buys now, food, clothing, equipment, munitions, ammunition, transport. Are these things capital or are they income? Every one of these items is the result of the co-operation of three factors—capital, labour, and intelligence. They are income, thus produced, not for capital purposes, not for the purpose of being reproductively employed, but for the express purpose of consumption or destruction. They are not what Mill calls wealth appropriated to reproductive employment. Only to a limited extent does the Government legitimately employ capital in waging war.

You cannot feed soldiers upon fields and barns. You cannot clothe them with cotton bushes, sheep flocks, spinning-mills, looms, and sewing-machines. You cannot arm them with blast furnaces and machine-shops. On the other hand, in order to keep up your income you must efficiently maintain your capital. If you were to consume all your flocks and herds, if you were to wear out your machinery, vehicles, roads and railways without renewal, that would be to consume or destroy your capital. Your income in food, clothing, and transport would soon diminish. That way ruin lies.

But, all the same, it is mainly from the world's income that the world-war is being fought. True, machinery is not being replaced, roads are not being repaired, as much as they should be, and, to a limited extent, we are wasting our capital by wear not balanced by renewal. True, into the waste of war there is going much of our income which, under normal conditions, would be going as new capital into buildings, machinery, and other producing items. Income, which in normal times would be saved and become capital, is not being so saved. By so much, our capital, not being increased is, and will be for some time to come, less than it would have been but for the war. But it remains true, that, in the main, the material cost of the war is coming out of the world's income.

How is it then that we are going so heavily into debt? Note that, although the war is being fought out of the world's income, that does not mean that it is being fought entirely out of our income. Until the United States of America came into the fray, it was largely her income, and that of smaller neutral states which, supplementing the income of the belligerents themselves, provided the "sinews of war." In exchange for large slices of the income of the United States in the shape of goods, we first gave up great masses of securities representing former British ownership of

American capital. Latterly we have been giving paper promises to pay back, out of our future income, the equivalent of the amount of the United States' present income in goods supplied to us for war purposes.

Now that the United States is spending on the war on her own account so large a proportion of her income, she has so much less to lend to us. At the same time, while the war is costing as much as ever, our own true income-producing power is diminished. How are our requirements to be met?

It is notable that Germany's power of resistance remains formidable still. Notwithstanding that her conquests have provided her with some food and other things, considering that she is hemmed in from the high seas, if she were spending in normal ways as large a part of her income as we are, by this time she would be nearer final defeat. That she is not exhausted shows that a much larger proportion of her income is going into effective and a much less proportion into unnecessary expenditure than is the case with us.

The great thing, therefore, is to get British people to spend less in order that their Government may spend more, or even keep on spending as much as now. There are two ways in which that would help the Government in fighting the war. More buying power would be at the disposal of the Government, and it would diminish competition in the world's markets for the articles our Government must buy for carrying on the war. For example, if each of 200,000 private citizens refrained from buying an unnecessary suit of clothes costing £5 each and lent the money to the Government, the Government would have a million sterling more to spend than it would otherwise have had and so much more clothing material would be left wherewith to clothe our soldiers.

As regards woollen clothing it may be said:—"Does not the Government control the stocks and prices of wool?" Yes, that is so, but it should never be forgotten that the very justification for the Government doing so is that we have to import (as in the case of so many other things) a large proportion of the wool we use and that the steady sinking of ocean-going ships by German submarines *pro tanto* restricts our supply of wool as of other commodities.

The material part of the cost of the war is being provided mainly out of the world's current income, its income not in coins, bank notes, and bank balances, which are not really the world's income at all, but out of the world's real income in the necessary commodities of all kinds, in food, clothing, transport, equipment, munitions, ammunition. True, many of these kinds of income are not adding to the world's wealth and permanent well-being. But that is not the point. They are the forms of income we require now.

The Government, then, for its fighting purposes, requires various commodities which are really income. Only to a small extent does it really require capital. If it were to confiscate, say, an engineering shop or a cloth factory, it could do no more than continue the production of the commodities which constitute that

part of the national income which it requires. The question is, would such confiscation reduce or increase the national income in the required goods?

What we now require most is the maximum production of commodities at the minimum cost to the nation. It is, therefore, worth while, before joining in the cry for "conscription" of capital, to ask whether, by a transfer of the ownership of the capital factor of income production from private to public ownership, the volume of production would be lessened or increased. As the war is being provided for out of income in commodities and not out of capital, and must be increasingly provided for out of our own income and to a less extent out of other people's income, the crucial question for us (dropping for the moment all consideration of the rights of private owners) is, should we have more or less income or goods wherewith to fight the war if our capital were State-owned rather than private property? That is the real issue which the advocates of "conscription of capital" are pressing upon public attention. Should we have more food, both for civilians and for soldiers, if the Government owned and managed all the farms and gardens of the country? Would farmers and market gardeners produce more food as civil servants than as private traders? Would Government control of all our producing industries increase their productiveness to a greater extent than it increased their cost?

It would be wrong to disparage the value of the able services rendered to the State not only in time of war, but in time of peace, by its civil servants. But surely it cannot be pretended that under ordinary circumstances and in times of peace the many wants of the community, ministered to now by wholesale and retail traders, could be supplied as economically, expeditiously, and efficiently by the State as by private traders. Apart from those industries which are essentially monopolies, and in times of peace at least, the more direct personal interest of the individual trader and his greater freedom of action, because not tied by red tape, give him an enormous advantage over the Government official. Except in such services as are monopolistic in nature, this advantage is reflected in better service to the community than would otherwise be the case. Since the many more or less necessary interferences by Government with the course of trade during the war, innumerable illustrations have been afforded the British public of the diminution of efficiency, economy, and expeditiousness which seems inseparable from State management and control.

The question then arises, does a state of war so modify the conditions of agriculture, industry, and commerce as to make Government management more advisable than it usually is? Undeniably the authorities of a besieged town are justified in largely suspending the ordinary laws of supply and demand by seizing all supplies of food and doling them out in the way best calculated to prolong the lives of all the inhabitants. Similarly, in a country besieged as our country partially is, through Germany's gradual destruction of the world's shipping, the Government is justified in taking such measures as shall best distribute and make last out all our supplies of food, clothing, &c., necessary to human

existence. (It may be noted, by the way, that this policy has nowhere been held to justify the appropriation of the individual's stock of food, &c., by his own Government without payment for the same.) And further, where the consumer has not the protection of the full operation of the laws of supply and demand, as in a besieged town or country, the Government may be justified in checking and controlling prices charged to the consumer for many articles which it does not seize. But does this involve or justify the taking over by the State of the manufacture of the thousand and one commodities and the supply of all the many services required by mankind even during war?

Is the State, in addition to prescribing the prices of wheat, bread, potatoes, meat, milk, butter and cheese, to enter upon the business of producing them? Let us for the moment assume, for the sake of argument, the correctness of the collectivist theory that communal ownership of food production might ultimately mean cheaper food. We must assume, also, that the transformation of private into public ownership would be a process of some magnitude and complexity. Is the present time of war a favourable opportunity for such an experiment? Whatever may be the faults of the system of individual ownership of the means of food production, it is in existence. To change it would be a gigantic operation. To do collectivists justice, it may be that they are not consciously proposing to effect such a change at the present moment. But the proposal now made and being strongly pushed in some quarters practically amounts to the same thing in principle, but limited in extent.

It is gravely proposed that as the national need for money is so great and the national debt already so heavy, what is called a "tax on capital" should be levied. It is recognised that while some traders may have surplus money out of which they could pay, say, a 10 per cent. "tax" on their capital, the great majority of traders may not possess surplus cash resources. In such cases it is proposed that they should give up one-tenth of their business to the Government, which would then become a partner in all such businesses to the extent of one-tenth of their capital. Not only every railway and engineering works, but every manufacturing firm, however large or small, every farmer, merchant and shopkeeper, every barber and milk dealer, who could not find cash enough to satisfy the Government 10 per cent. capital tax, would henceforth have to recognise the Government as the owner of one-tenth of his business, with, of course, the right of someone on behalf of the Government to share in the control and direction of that business. For, of course, partial ownership by the Government must mean partial control by the Government. Was ever anything more absurd proposed by men outside a lunatic asylum? And at a time like this, too, when the successful management of war matters is taxing to the utmost not only the directing brains of the country, but also the war-depleted permanent staff and the enormously swollen temporary staff of the country's civilian servants!

So far as material things are concerned, the war is being waged by means of the world's income in goods currently produced. As

our prospect of borrowing the goods income of other nations diminishes, a greater share of our own income must be devoted to our war needs. To help us to win the war, our Government should have greater command, not so much over the capital of its citizens as over their income. Taxation of capital is not what the country needs. It is a greater share—that is greater taxation—of the income of the country that the Government requires.

No doubt a considerable proportion of our national income is the capitalist's share of the joint product of capital, labour, and management. Let the State take, if necessary, a larger share of the capitalist's income from investments, with due regard, of course, to the rather large class of good citizens living on small incomes derived from the investment of savings. Such taxation is, in fact, the conscription of wealth in the particular form—viz., income, that the State requires for the time being. To that extent, and so long as such taxation lasts, the income benefit of the owner's capital is taken away from him. But he is left in possession and control of his capital and with the strongest possible motive to make the best use of it in the hope by-and-bye of redeeming it from a part at least of the burden of Government taxation. Pray leave the owner what the lawyers call the "equity of redemption!" In nine cases out of ten, the owner of the capital will make much better use of it, untrammelled by Government control, than as a servant of the Government. He will work harder, he will deny himself more, as an owner, than as a Government servant. The "magic of ownership" is no phantom idea, played out already. Rather is it an old idea that has to be played into modern industry in one form or another.

A serious feature of the present situation is the inequality of the sacrifices being made by some members of the community as compared with others. The war puts money into the pockets of one set of traders and ruins others. Tommy, who faces mutilation and death, has much lower wages than Jack who stays at home. Jones saves all he can and lends to the Government, Smith acts on the principle, "Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die." Unquestionably, if all citizens saved their money as some do, the Government would never lack "silver bullets." Unquestionably also, if all citizens "wasted their substance on riotous living" as do others, we should be beaten in the war because bankrupt.

The Government will have to make still greater efforts to divert the nation's individual daily expenditure from nationally disadvantageous to nationally advantageous lines. There are two possible courses before it.

One course for the Government to take would be, through some authoritative committee or other, to decree what kinds of expenditure were and what kinds were not, to be deemed luxurious and unwarrantable, and then to proceed to suppress the condemned trades and occupations. A pretty prospect truly to open out before any Government! Whatever may be said for and against the alcoholic liquor trade, if we cannot agree as to what to do about that, what prospect is there of an agreement about other trades?

But there is a simpler and more automatic way of diverting the

· nation's individual expenditure from unnecessary lines into the necessary ones. The Government may, by drastic increase of legitimate taxation, so restrict the spending power of individuals as automatically to stop, or largely stop, the demand for luxuries. That plan would leave to every individual the choice of his own form of self-denial. It would be more consistent with British character and create less friction than the enactment of irritating sumptuary laws, by a not necessarily omniscient Government.

Let Mr. Bonar Law be as bold as, or even bolder than, Mr. McKenna was, when he raised the income tax and instituted the excess profits tax. Let him use his taxing power, not by "taxing capital" to discourage thrift and lower national credit, but by taxing now misused income to divert it from nationally wasteful to nationally defensive purposes. If he so does, no doubt the wasters of all classes will raise a howl, as they always do when their selfishness is interfered with. But all that is sound and unselfish in the nation will respond, as it always does, to calls upon its patriotism.

THEODORE COOKE TAYLOR.

## THE WHITLEY SCHEME AT WORK.

**T**HE War Cabinet has adopted as the basis for its scheme of industrial reconstruction, the principles embodied in what is generally known as the Whitley Report. The broad recommendations of the Whitley Committee—the establishment in every organised trade of Industrial Councils of masters and men that shall have the whole conduct of the industry under constant review—are by this time familiar. It is recognised that they must be regarded not as stereotyped but as tentative, and that the early experiments will largely condition the ultimate form and procedure of the proposed councils. For that reason it is important that these early experiments should be closely examined, and the grounds of their success or failure comprehensively and scientifically explored.

Fortunately, material for such an exploration is already available. Largely unobserved, even by well-informed students of the problems of industry, the Whitley scheme has been for some months in actual operation in one not inconsiderable trade, with national and district councils at work, and the possibility of effective co-operation between masters and men a matter of proved experience. The Whitley Committee formulated its proposals with reasonable expedition, and the Government has adopted them without undue delay. But in the decorating industry the masters' association and the men's trade unions left both Committee and Government far behind. The Whitley Report was issued in June. It received the Cabinet's official endorsement in October. The National Painters' and Decorators' Joint Council has been in existence since February.

It is perhaps paradoxical, in the light of these dates, to describe the Decorators' Joint Council as based on the Whitley Report. To be strictly accurate, both council and report had a common origin, and the one is built not on the letter but on the spirit of the other. In the course of last year, Mr. Malcolm Sparkes, a London employer, laid before the men's unions in the building and allied trades a memorandum on industrial co-operation. The Whitley Committee took the memorandum and elaborated it. The painters and decorators took the memorandum and applied it. Their working experience, covering, as it does, a period of more than nine months, already throws valuable light on the problems and possibilities attending the adoption of the same principles in other industries.

The original purpose and the acquired experience of the Joint Council are of equal importance. It exists, according to the official statement of objects, "to promote the continuous and progressive improvement of the industry, to realise its organic unity as a great national service, and to advance the well-being and status of all connected with it." There is a touch of idealism here that lifts the scheme above the level of mere material self-interest, and the spirit inspiring the formulation of this initial programme has since been faithfully translated into action.

It was made clear from the beginning that the Council had little concern with the settlement of industrial disputes. It might



consider them in an advisory capacity and serve as a conciliatory influence, but all thought of compulsory arbitration or unsought intervention was ruled out from the first. In point of fact the aid of the Council has been invoked, and invoked successfully, in more than one local controversy between men and masters, but it is well understood that its main function in that field is to create such an atmosphere that trade disputes will never be carried to the breaking-point. More immediate matters of discussion are the equalisation of real wages, first in a given district, and then on a national scale; the prevention of unemployment by the better organisation of the industry; the employment of disabled soldiers on such terms that their pension shall not be allowed to depress the wage-standard; the promotion of technical training and research; the conditions of apprenticeship; and the pooling of schemes and suggestions for the better conduct of the industry.

Along those lines substantial progress has already been achieved. The National Council, which was to have met four times a year, has found the possibilities before it such that it is being convened at least twice as often as proposed. The District Councils, at which the masters' chairman and the men's chairman preside alternately, are in regular session, and in addition to definitely constructive work are proving their ability both to avert and to settle disputes. In certain of the districts the task of levelling up wages has already been approached with success. In the Manchester area, for example, where the time-rate for painters varied from 9d. to 1s. a minimum of 11d. has been established. In North-East Lancashire, a similar reform has been effected, the minimum there being fixed at a penny less than in Manchester, to correspond with the slightly lower rents and other costs of living. The second and third steps in this salutary process will be to complete the rate-fixing in the remaining districts, and then to bring the different areas into the right relation with each other on the basis of an approximately equal real wage for the whole of England and Wales.

The most encouraging feature in the whole of the work of the Joint Councils is the spirit of harmony and co-operation prevailing between masters and men. The one danger to the scheme, so far as it affects wage-rates and labour conditions, is the non-federated master perpetually working to undercut his rivals, and the non-unionist who blindly lends himself to exploitation at the hands of such employers. That danger masters and operatives are meeting in conjunction. An interesting example of the method followed comes from a northern town. In the area concerned, the masters agreed to employ no non-unionist, and the men to work for no unfederated employer. That agreement was accepted throughout the district except by the local co-operative society, whose management declined to associate itself with an employers' organisation based on a capitalistic system which co-operators abjured. From that position they declined to recede. The master-painters' association having failed in its efforts at persuasion, the men's union took up the negotiations, but with little better success. The managing committee of the society did indeed fall into line, but their decision was twice overruled at general meetings under the

influence of ardent Socialist appeals. After protracted discussions, the men's union decided that the knot must be cut. One morning their secretary asked permission to start work an hour late, as he was "going to call the co-operative men out." He called them out, and they were at once absorbed, in accordance with a previous agreement, by different federated masters. After a month the co-operators, who in the meantime had not had a painter left in their employ, revised their decision. Their employees returned, and their manager was almost immediately co-opted on the masters' committee. The one leak in the bucket was stopped, and the decisions of the joint councils are now uniformly observed throughout the district.

The Painters' and Decorators' Joint Councils represent what is in point of numbers a secondary industry, and their history is as yet comparatively short, but the experience they have so far amassed is of special value at a time when the Whitley scheme is about to be put to the proof on a much more extensive scale. While this one extant example of the scheme in operation gives rise at the present stage to nothing but encouragement, it is necessary that the possible dangers, as well as the undeniable advantages, of the Whitley system should be appreciated. The scheme can hardly fail to make for industrial harmony, and at the same time provide new safeguards for the interests of both employer and employee. But how is it likely to affect the interests of the public? A combination of the two main partners in production against the consumer is no impossible contingency. That was demonstrated clearly enough in the case of the metal trades in the Midlands some twenty years ago. Such a combination, moreover, might prove peculiarly susceptible to appeals to its self-interest by the advocates of a protective tariff. (Certain recent developments in the glass industry deserve a closer examination than they have yet received in the light of that possibility.) A cartel or ring in which a trust of employers could count on the unquestioning support of their operatives would be a new political and industrial menace.

It is not clear that the Whitley scheme has fully provided against these dangers. As things stand, there is nothing but economic laws, which are not always in themselves sufficient, to protect the consumer against a heavy rise in prices resulting from the allocation of higher dividends to capital, higher salaries to management, and higher wages to labour. Within measure, no doubt, such a rise is justifiable and necessary, but it is essential that the balance shall be held even between all parties. The safe road may well be found to lie in some combination of the methods of the co-operative movement with the principles of the Whitley system. The co-operative societies are under some temptation to subordinate the producer's interests to the consumer's; the Whitley proposals tend to subordinate the consumer to the producer. The two systems are not irreconcilable, and their reconciliation would provide exactly the compensating balance that is needed.

## A PHILOSOPHER'S THEOLOGY.

IT is likely that for the next few years the Gifford Lectures of Professor Pringle-Pattison, lately issued with the attractive title, "The Idea of God in the Light of Recent Philosophy," will captivate and inform the mind of the theologian. The book promises to take its place alongside of Professor James Ward's lectures on the same foundation, more particularly his first series, *Naturalism and Agnosticism*, as a lofty and impressive statement of the Idealism which is most in harmony with the fundamental convictions of religious faith, and, in its final outcome, betrays a definite sympathy with Christianity itself. Those who are engaged in revising their ultimate beliefs in the light of present perplexities may well give attention to so helpful and practised an argument. If they desire, by clearing their minds of dead matter, to understand what is spiritually relevant in modern speculation, and to impart width and freedom to apologetic thought and even to the systematic exposition of vital religious truth, they could do nothing better than digest carefully the system of philosophical theology, as we may call it, which Professor Pringle-Pattison has set forth with so much insight and lucidity and, it need scarcely be added, such unusual literary charm.

No one will desire to claim the author as the exponent or defender of any formal dogmatic, making philosophy the handmaid of theology; and the office is, in all probability, one which he would hardly care to accept. But at all events there is inspiration for Christian thought in the study of a metaphysician who invariably speaks nobly of the soul—its nature, its affinities, its destiny. We are not oppressed, as we read, by the idealistic materialism or higher mechanism into which, as numerous examples prove, Hegelians of a certain type so easily lapse. Nor are we vexed by a superfluity of external logic—that calculus so pathetically unequal to the greater issues; the logic which allows of no reply yet produces no conviction. Those who, like the present writer, claim Professor Pringle-Pattison as an admired and beloved teacher, are aware that his argument is wont to move in the ample air of sympathy and reason. And in this new volume the position of antagonists is uniformly criticised not from without but, so to say, in the light of its own ideal. The philosopher's task is conceived on broad and comprehensive lines. "Philosophy," we are told, "is just the attempt of the reason to realise the co-ordination of the different aspects of experience, and thereby to express, as far as may be, the nature of the total fact."\* But the counterstroke, securing fair play for faith, comes with an exactness and force that leave nothing to be desired. "It is to the moral and religious man himself that we must go, not to the philosopher weaving theories about him, if we are to understand his experience aright. The religious man's account of his experience may be overlaid with accretions and survivals of primitive custom and belief; and on

these accessories philosophical criticism and historical research have their legitimate work to do. But the fundamental presuppositions of any experience must be accepted from the experience itself: they may be explained, but not explained away.\* With this may be taken an interesting passage, at a later point, which suggests that "the paradox of religion may be truer than the dilemma, the 'Either-or,' of the logical understanding."† The frequency with which Professor Pringle-Pattison has drawn upon the poets is further proof that justice will be done to the place of the higher imagination in all religious thought.

As we turn the pages, passage after passage is found to give expression to the religious point of view with striking truth and freshness. The basal principle of all spiritual belief, or, as it is put, "the absolute judgment of value," is stated as being "the conviction of the essential greatness of man and the infinite nature of the values revealed in his life."‡ Whatever else the great doctrine of the Incarnation may mean, it at least means that "in the conditions of the highest human life we have access, as nowhere else, to the inmost nature of the divine."§ This position, that man at his noblest is the index of God, may be described as Professor Pringle-Pattison's fundamental article of faith. He accepts teleology as cosmic principle, not in the sense of the traditional argument from design, but as meaning that the idea of purpose, when examined, becomes the idea of a systematic and intelligible whole, thus tending to pass into that of value and satisfaction. In the closing lecture there is given a nobly moving statement of the truth that the divine must be interpreted specifically by that which we feel to be profoundest in our own life, viz., vicarious suffering. From this angle, it appears, "the ultimate conception of God is not that of a pre-existent Creator but, as it is for religion, that of the eternal Redeemer of the world." Or, as it is put immediately before, the object of faith turns out to be "no God, or Absolute, existing in solitary bliss or perfection, but a God who lives in the perpetual giving of himself, who shares the life of his finite creatures, bearing in and with them the whole burden of their finitude, their sinful wanderings and sorrows, and the suffering without which they cannot be made perfect."|| Behind all this stands as metaphysical background an argument which on the whole forms the main theme of the first half of the book, and which, with the possible exception of a chapter entitled "Time and Eternity," is perhaps the most masterly and sustained example of purely philosophic reasoning it contains; the argued view, namely, that "man is organic to the world, and conversely the world is organic to man, completing itself in him, and manifestly coming to life and expression in his experience."¶ Things are to be interpreted by mind, not mind by things.

The purpose of this paper, however, is not so much expository as critical. And the criticism bears on a single issue. We have just seen at how impressive a conclusion Professor Pringle-Pattison arrives with regard to the fundamental structure of reality, which

\* P. 252. † P. 338. ‡ P. 236. § P. 157. || P. 411. ¶ P. 235.

means the being and nature of God. It is of interest to ask whether the course of his general argument is throughout consistent with the ethical Theism in which it culminates; and this is the one matter we shall treat of. Christian thinkers who are much surer of their faith than they ever can be of its philosophical vindication are, I feel, justified in putting these two questions. In the first place, How far is Professor Pringle-Pattison's view of God and the Absolute capable of being combined with belief in the divine Fatherhood? In the second, Can his statements as to the relations of Reality and the time-process be harmonised with faith in divine Revelation? We shall find that in both cases his thought exhibits two distinct and even disparate strains, one of which can, whereas the other I think cannot, be reconciled with what we may broadly call the faith of the New Testament.

To begin with the question of the Absolute, an anthology of passages might be formed in which God and the Absolute are directly equated with one another, while in turn each is equated with the All. Thus the author writes: "It is impossible to get away from the conception of a *natura rerum*, whether we call it Nature, the Absolute, or God";\* and a page later, "We cannot, as philosophers, rest in any principle of explanation short of that which we name the Absolute or God."† If along with this we take a sentence to the effect that time must be conceived of as an aspect of facts *within* the universe, "not, as it were, a containing element in which the Absolute or the All exists,"‡ we appear to be confronted by that sheer identification of God, the Absolute, and the All which is a familiar phenomenon in the history of speculation. The three are different names for one reality. From a passing phrase on p. 154—"by universe I mean here the All of existence"—it may be gathered that Universe is a possible fourth term denoting the same all-inclusive Fact. As it is put in a citation from Hegel: "The truth is the Whole, the End plus the process of its becoming." William James is censured for distinguishing sharply between God and the Absolute and for denying that God is the All.

We need have no scruple in conceding that James's formulation of this distinction is in various ways defective. It certainly is not necessary, if we decline to identify God and the universe, to fly to the extreme of holding that God is, as James puts it, "one of the eaches," an individual inside the scheme of things, "finite, either in power or knowledge, or both at once," "being in time and working out a history just like ourselves." This, or something like it, was hypothetically adumbrated in the posthumous *Essays on Religion* of John Stuart Mill; but it has never appealed to Christian thought on the large scale. Living faith is not interested in an Author of Nature who is, as a character in one of Hume's dialogues puts it, "finitely perfect, though far exceeding mankind."

The truth is, "finite" and "infinite," as employed in philosophical theology, are terms much in need of scrutiny. The

\* P. 155. † P. 156. ‡ P. 367.

crucial question seems to be: Does infinite mean all-inclusive? Clearly we can conceive a reality, say the series of prime numbers, which is infinite in the sense that it has no assignable limit, while yet to call it all-inclusive is absurd. On the other hand, if infinite does mean all-inclusive, with what justification can it be applied to a Self, divine or human, known to be of moral character? When theology says that God is omnipotent, not as being able to do anything and everything but because He can do that which He wills, it exhibits some real sense of this difficulty. It roundly denies, for instance, that omnipotence as such can solve moral questions: God cannot force a man to be compassionate. Yet to affirm that limitations of this kind, arising out of moral and intellectual necessities, compel us to call God "finite" may be more misleading by a great deal than the worst abuses of "infinite" or "unconditioned."

But to return. Professor Pringle-Pattison's tendency thus far to identify God with the All of things is further exemplified by his explicit rejection of the idea of man's one-sided dependence upon God. The dependence, he insists, is strictly mutual. The one exists in the other and through the other. "Most people," he writes, "would probably be willing to admit this mediated existence in the case of man, but they might feel it akin to sacrilege to make the same assertion of God. And yet, if our metaphysic is, as it professes to be, an analysis of experience, the implication is strictly reciprocal."\* This may possibly mean, as other passages suggest, that divine Love cannot but reveal itself in a process of self-communication to finite spirits; and in that case, unquestionably, there is much to be said in its favour. But if it means that God needs man for existence just as man needs God—their relation of interdependence being comparable to that of concave and convex—it is a conclusion in which religion cannot acquiesce. He may not have seen the whole truth, but in defining religion as the feeling of utter dependence Schleiermacher laid his finger on experimental fact. Even the verdict of ontology is doubtful, if, as Professor Pringle-Pattison inclines to say, the argument *a contingentia mundi* is "the essential argument of metaphysic."† For within this very argument the finite ranks as contingent but the infinite as necessary, which points to a real difference on the two sides of the contrast. If over against the abiding and harmonious Reality stand dispersed and mutable lives, it is hard to see how in both cases the existence of the one is necessarily *and in the same sense* mediated by the other. Emanation, as was felt long ago, is a lower idea than free creation, just as substance is a lower category than subject.

We need not labour the point that this equation of God with the All or Universe of things is out of touch with the Theism, or to put it more exactly, the ethical monotheism embodied in or presupposed by Christianity. In Bible religion, God loves the world and rules it, but it is not He. What is of interest is to observe that Professor Pringle-Pattison himself fails, or it may be declines, to carry the identification through consistently to the end, inasmuch

\* P. 254. † P. 251.

as in the later portions of his fascinating exposition he commits himself to various findings which imply a distinction between God and world not unlike that insisted on by familiar Christian thought. The first step towards this modification of view may perhaps be found in an interesting passage at the beginning of Lecture XX. There, after a brief allusion to Dr. Rashdall's plea for a distinction between God and the Absolute as commented on by Professor Ward, he observes that "in this sense there is no difficulty in accepting Professor Ward's definition of the Absolute as "God-and-the-World, regarded as the single eternal Fact."\* Such a form of words, it may fairly be said, amounts to an incipient admission that after all God and the All are not equivalents, so that, without betraying any weak distaste for Pantheism, we may stand for the co-existence of God and selves within the sphere of reality.

We are encouraged to do so by the author's contentions at an earlier stage in the argument. Thus his view of human personality is emphatically positive. "I took the self," he writes regarding a former statement of his own, "and I still take it, as the apex of the principle of individuation by which the world exists."† As we might expect he disowns the lower Immanence, which "reduces both God and man to meaningless terms," God becoming only a collective name for a world of *things* which simply exist.‡ He is not tempted, as Professor Bosanquet has been, to treat the individual as a negligible feature of the world, and he strongly insists that the finite spirit is a "member," rather than in Professor Bosanquet's favourite phrase a mere "element," of the Absolute. Its mode of being, in short, is substantive, not purely adjectival. And he argues for the conservation and permanence of the individual as such. His strictures upon Professor Bosanquet's "too exclusive monism" show plainly that for him the Absolute is a self *in sensu eminenti*, that "what is called the absolute experience possesses the centrality of focalised unity which is the essential characteristic"§ of self-conscious life as we know it. Not the least striking declaration is to the effect that "there is nothing more characteristic of the religious attitude than the sense of a Divine Companion, whose perfect comprehension is the pledge of a sympathy as perfect, a sympathy to which we appeal with confidence even where we might hesitate in regard to those nearest to us and most dear."||

God, then, is a Self, but He is not a Universal Self of such a nature that in Him other selves coincide or merge; He is not "an identical Subject which thinks in all thinkers." To put it plainly, there is not ultimately one and only one experience, all-inclusive and complete. The world in which finite spirits participate is no mere appearance, it is metaphysically real. As it is expressed: "The otherness of the finite is not a logical transparency, but brings with it a real difference."¶ The creation of a soul resembles the addition of a child to the family. "In whatever sense or in whatever way

\* P. 388.    † P. 390.    ‡ P. 253    § P. 271.    || P. 269.    ¶ P. 415.

our thoughts and actions form part of the divine experience, we know that it is in a sense which does not prevent them from being ours."\* This is a primary certainty. Nature, too, is the home of contingency, as being crowded with phenomena which, at their face value and in detail, cannot be brought within the scope of any rational or beneficent purpose. Nay more; the existence of any finite world at all "seems to involve the clash of individualities which tend to go their own way and seek their own ends."† And recalling as we must a former paragraph in which Nature and God figure, virtually, as interchangeable terms, it is with a start of surprise that we come upon these words: "Nature is more than a training-school of the moral virtues in the specific sense; it is an element, savage and dangerous, into which the human being is thrown to show what stuff he is made of."‡ The divine purpose is worked out in this foreign element and in spite of it; through its mercilessness and casuality we gain the opportunity of receiving life and power from that omnipotence of atoning love which unweariedly creates good out of evil.

These are deep and true thoughts, but it requires some violence to adjust them to earlier statements of Absolutism, in which God, the Absolute, and the All take rank as varying names for one fact. They obviously involve the rejection of the concept of the Absolute as merely the spectator of the world-drama—the needle-eye, so to speak, through which all relational threads must pass. God's interest in the world, rather, is such that He may be described as eternally redeeming it at His own cost. There is "a life of God, in which, besides the effort and the pain, He tastes, we must believe, the joy of victory won."§ This is surely very much less Absolutism than Christian Theism in its loftiest and most convincing form. If, as a Christian may well hold, the ultimate reality of things and the ultimate reality of consciousness are one, and this one reality is Spirit, yet room must still be made, within this general position, for the supreme faith that God is our Father and our Friend. The course of the argument we have reviewed is a fresh proof that religion has no cause to strike its flag to the monism which denies that God and the individual may be in union, yet all the while distinct.

The second problem, to which we now turn, is whether the conclusions to which Professor Pringle-Pattison has been led with regard to Reality and the time-process are consonant with Christian faith in Revelation as a definite self-manifesting of God in history. Here also, it would seem, there are two distinguishable strains of thought. According to one of these, events within the time-series have a substantial value as a significant index of Ultimate Reality; according to the other, Reality proper is timeless, unchanging, eternally complete, and on that account possesses at best only a negative connection with the incidents of human life.

"Nothing," the author writes, "is perhaps more remarkable, if we consider the intimacy and the omnipresence of the *experience* of change, than the general refusal of speculative and, it may be

\* P. 391. † P. 415. ‡ P. 416. § P. 412.



added, of religious thought, to regard this universal characteristic of human experience as an ultimate predicate of reality."\* He quotes Mr. Bradley to the effect that "in any case there is no history or progress in the Absolute"; a view which he himself endorses later by the statement that, from an ultimate metaphysical standpoint, "our conclusion must be that progress is predicable only of the part which can interact with other parts, and, in such interaction, has the nature of the whole to draw upon. It is unintelligible as applied to the whole, and the temporal view of things cannot therefore be ultimate."† Similarly, at a previous stage he had argued that no new fact can be "a sheer addition to the life of the universe"; the Absolute does not grow from less to more, as if there could be any "inconceivable birth of something out of nothing." "The novelty," as it is aptly expressed, "is like that of entering a new room in the Interpreter's House, not of building out the universe into 'the intense inane.'" It is novelty as it appears to us, in the time-process, but how can it be qualitatively new *in ordine ad universum*? How can anything come into being unless it is founded in the nature of things—that is, unless it eternally is? "‡

Clearly the issue here is whether to say that an event is founded in the nature of things is the precise equivalent of saying that it eternally is. It is surely difficult to hold that the two are just the same. By forcibly identifying them we mask the very problem that troubles us—the emergence of real differences within a continuity of process. Again, it is a misfortune of this absolutist point of view that it can only be stated in terms that imply its erroneousness. We can no more escape from temporal forms of thinking than we can escape from our shadow. Not only so, but the massive argument Professor Pringle-Pattison has built up for positive and organic relationships between Infinite and finite creates an additional obstacle for the view which denies to the novelty of our experiences any fresh value, any reality of contribution to the Absolute Life. We are confronted by the difficult idea of a Whole which is vitally related to its parts, but which yet does not change although they change uninterruptedly. It might rather be intelligibly urged, as by Lotze, that it is only through the self-adjusting change of the Whole that change of the parts is thinkable.

Does the religious consciousness, then, accept the idea of a changing God? It doubtless repudiates wholeheartedly the notion of a God who is morally alterable, who is more loving or holy at one time than another. None the less it believes that the very thought of a historical revelation, willed and effectuated by the Father, implies that a potential relation of God to man, as of man to God, is now become actual, and that in this sense change, activity, experience, is predicable of Deity. The Unchangeable One acts. The antinomy is intractable, perhaps, but does philosophy escape it in the least? How can it, except by taking flight to sheer Acosmism? The enigma is not one which can be conjured away

by the doctrine of degrees of reality, important and enlightening as that doctrine may be, and is, at a variety of points. For the whole problem starts up again and looks you in the face once you have conceded that temporal change has any degree of reality whatever. In what sense, for example, can it be maintained that the divine life is essentially a "process of self-communication,"\* if simultaneously we are forbidden to predicate change of the Absolute? We should further have to ask whether, in these high latitudes, process can be conceived which is *only* process, and not in some sense progress. It is indeed very probable that Professor James and M. Bergson have not spoken wisdom's last word on these trying problems; but the problems are most urgent, and are not, it must be said, adequately dealt with by the dubious conclusion on the one hand that Reality is not essentially timeless, yet on the other that Time is finally unreal.

We are confirmed in these obstinate questionings by the discovery that in Professor Pringle-Pattison's exposition there gradually emerges, to become dominant before the end, a second current of thought according to which the relation of God or the Absolute to the facts of mundane experience, "the moving world of real events," is of an intensely positive character. As it is expressed: "The temporal process is not simply non-existent from the Absolute point of view; it is not a mere illusion, any more than the existence of the finite world. . . . The existence of that world must represent a necessity of the divine nature and must possess a value for the divine experience."† What is going on is nothing less than a progressive revelation. We must therefore reject the aloofness of the Absolute as represented in one aspect of Mr. Bradley's philosophy, for the Absolute is no eternally perfect spectator of the play, but the doer and sufferer in the world's life. It is hopeless to conceive of God as "a pre-existent, self-centred, and absolutely self-sufficient Being eternally realising a bliss ineffable in the contemplation of his own perfection."‡ He is rather One who gives himself, with an omnipotence constituted by "the all-compelling power of goodness and love to enlighten the grossest darkness and melt the hardest heart."§ This larger and, it can scarcely be doubted, profounder view comes to a height in the final lecture, especially in those impressive paragraphs above referred to, where God is set forth as the eternal Redeemer of the world.

Even this grander phase of the writer's thought, however, might have had freer course but for the haunting, if partial, influence of the primary assumption that the time-sequence has, in the last resort, no relation to the Absolute Life save an external one. All that happens in the world stands outside the perfect absolute source of the perfections successively revealed, in the sense, from the final standpoint, that although it is their source, their coming to be is nothing new; the revealed divine Self is unchanged, unaffected, by the phenomenal revelation. "The universe is there, once for all, in its nature as it is. The 'Being is' of Parmenides

\* P. 315.    † P. 363.    ‡ P. 399.    § P. 411.

is, in this reference, the last word that can be said about it."\* The materials of the whole controversy may perhaps be found, in their most concentrated form, within the following sentences: "Moral progress might seem the most plausible case of such real novelty through the creation of fresh values. But, as we have seen, the verdict of the moral consciousness on its own advance emphatically repudiates the idea suggested that it is actually *creating* these values and raising the moral level of the universe."† Doubtless the moral consciousness, reflecting on progress, does not regard itself as having created out of nothing whatever goodness anywhere exists; but this in no way alters the fact that we know there is *more* goodness in the universe when we have done right than when we have done wrong. Surely, that is to say, there is real truth, not to be speculatively cancelled, in saying that every good act does raise the moral level of the universe in so far as a self, or selves, now realise values not before present. Further, if the moral level of the universe cannot as such be altered, to what real end are the doing and suffering of the Absolute in and through the experience of man?

One other point remains. The Christian theologian, I imagine, will be apt to urge that in Professor Pringle-Pattison's finely-marshalled argument an inadequate place has been given to the conception of history, as an ethical and creative form of reality. To the time-process, indeed, reference is made abundantly, but that process is on the whole a fact of nature more than of moving human life; it is the history or evolution of things more than the advancing story of moral personality, of the generations entering, through social mediation, into a continuously richer experience of divine self-bestowal. Time, as the author suggests, may be transcended in teleological explanation or in an artistic whole; it is not so transcended in the moral experience of the race as fructified and ennobled by pioneer souls—by religious leaders especially, who, conceiving God predominantly as ethical will, regard moral conduct as the service of God and the prophet's own moral fervour as divine inspiration. History is here of the very fibre of experience. God's relation to man, it appears to Christian thought, has not merely been revealed in the past; it has somehow been developed; for a moral relationship, as it grows, becomes increasingly reciprocal, and religion is in essence a fellowship. The case for Christianity is that in the fruitful soil of history we find such a basis and pledge of this fellowship as no scientific analysis of nature, no philosophical interpretation of the constitution of man, can ever yield. The planets still circle in the orbits they travelled in when Chaldean astronomers first traced their goings; history is the sphere of growth, increase, the opening of new and untrodden paths. It is simple fact to say that for millions the relationship of God and man has been transformed through the advent of Jesus Christ. He meets us in the domain of historic movement—a different *type* of reality from nature—in which we ourselves live; there He accredits Himself as the crucial fact by

which the being and the purpose of the living God are decisively revealed.

I am well aware that this is not the philosophical tradition. Speculative thought has always been disinclined to take the time-sequence too seriously, or give a real importance to change. As Emerson puts it: "We must not seek advantage from another; the fountain of all good is in ourselves. . . . Be lord of a day, through wisdom and justice, and you can put up your history-books." But this is to flout all that we know of man as he was and as he is. It is through history that he has received all the greater content of life. If we are to interpret this fact adequately we shall have to pass even beyond Bergson, who has substituted for the Kantian philosophy of mechanical science a philosophy inspired by biology. That is much, but it is far from being enough. The philosophy of historical experience, which the future must bring, is as yet only in its first beginnings. •

H. R. MACKINTOSH.



## "THE LOOM OF YOUTH."

NO one in 1914 could have foreseen that with the war still raging in 1917 and a fabulous expenditure in full swing there would be found enough purchasers of a book like "The Loom of Youth" to run it through three editions in three months. It is an inexplicable phenomenon. The book is written by a very young author, but the fact remains that it is uniformly dull, occasionally unpleasant, and, in my judgment at least, almost wholly untrue. A critic here and there will no doubt testify that he remembers some features of his own boyish experiences which tally with the picture drawn in these pages; and it may be said the descriptions are vivid and some of the touches subtle. None the less, by treating exceptional occurrences as if they were normal, the author has presented us with what I cannot but think is a travesty of the school life of to-day. That he has a precocious literary gift is no explanation of the book being bought and read in times like these.

It is possible that some readers will at this point forego any further interest in what I have to say. They will feel that any severe estimate of a criticism of an institution is discounted if it proceeds from anyone who has been connected with the institution. If ugly facts concerning the Navy were brought forward by one who has had every opportunity of knowing, what would be the value of a defence set up by an officer who had been partly responsible for the evils described? But the case against my verdict is stronger. "You wholly ignore the fact," it will be said, "that this young writer deals with matters about which only boys can possibly know. No adult over forty years old can really be acquainted with what boys are doing and saying, especially in schools where it is a point of honour to keep the masters in the dark, so that they proverbially live in a fool's paradise. It is indeed a proof of blind prejudice to condemn a book written to open our eyes to the truth about institutions of which we profess to be proud. Your refusal to believe what is said shows how necessary this exposure is. There has been a grievous amount of cant and humbug about our Public Schools, and the sooner people take in the truth the sooner there will be a remedy."

In some such terms it appears that the writer would defend himself, and indeed Mr. Seccombe, in language not wholly free from hysteria, implies in the preface that a mighty educational revolution is at hand and that "The Loom of Youth" will be seen by the historian of the future to have been among the main motive

powers of the change. So we are brought fairly against the question: Is this picture of English boyhood true?

I repeat that the picture given of a Public School in this book is a caricature, and it is so remote from the truth that there is no probability of anybody believing it. It is not a question of ex-schoolmasters being sceptical, but the whole mass of the public refusing to take any serious heed of what has been written. Mr. Waugh is not the first in the field. There have been other writers who have carefully confined themselves to actual facts, but have presented an utterly false perspective by so grouping them as if they were constant instead of being occasional or quite exceptional. But what has been the effect? Scarcely a single parent has been deterred from sending his son to whatever school he had previously selected. That is to say, he read the books, and never gave them a thought afterwards; not because he was ignorant, but because he knew. Exactly the same treatment will be dealt to "The Loom of Youth." Nor does anybody in his heart of hearts—not even Mr. Seccombe—expect anything else.

Let us see how the matter stands. What, in broad outline, is the picture here drawn of English boys? We remind ourselves first of what is indisputable. Whatever may be said of school-boys of fifteen, there is no doubt as to the wholesomeness, healthy-mindedness, and fine promise of the Preparatory School type, from nine to thirteen years old. Even "The Loom" allows this. Nor does it deny the nobility of character shown beyond all cavil and all question by our young men when tested by the awful stress of war. I heard Lord Roberts—a fortnight before he died—say that he had received scores of letters from privates in the first Expeditionary Force, which testified one and all to the superb quality of the officers, not only as soldiers but as men. That is what English boys are before and after Public School life. It is utterly impossible that they can be very different between thirteen and eighteen; but what is it that this book invites us to believe?

I begin, then, with the caution that the following words are pale compared with the reality before us. We learn from "The Loom" that *all* schoolboys are sickly-minded egoists, whose most exalted moments are after the reading of Swinburne and de Maupassant. They take no interest whatever in natural history or religion, or engineering, or mathematics, or the fine arts, or anything connected with ancient Greece or Rome. Their one intellectual activity is to browse in French and English poetasters more modern than Rupert Brooke or O. Wilde. But meantime their entire conversation—till it is interlarded by references to Baudelaire and the like—is absorbed by athletics, taking that

word to mean only inter-house competitions. Into these they throw themselves with a maniacal frenzy, and while playing a match, though there is no hint of anything that can be called play, they exhort each other to frantic efforts in blasphemous Billingsgate only surpassed in violence by that of certain masters, and listened to complacently by a person called the Chief, who, one gradually discovers, is the Headmaster. *All* the boys arrive at the Public School innocent and upright; but *all* are corrupted by the hideously low tone of the new society and sink into "wretchlessness of unclean living" without a word of warning from any master, parent, or friend. In their "work" they *all* "crib" and many of them are bullies. If a boy goes through a phase of slackness in games he may expect coarse objurcation from some elder or from the games master; but no glimmer of any ideal is hinted at higher than that of the veriest Philistine. If he doesn't "buck up," the house will lose cups and he cannot expect to "have a good time." The hero ends his school career in a temper of sentimentality towards the institution, and unruffled self-complacency, inspired by some athletic success, which he despises, and his promotion to captainship of the house. This latter was a consequence of the older boys volunteering for service in the war; but otherwise the world-shaking event makes no stir in the tiny circle of interests within the writer's horizon.

Having said this much, I hasten to correct any impression that my object is to scold the author of these pages. Most of the responsibility for their publication presumably rests on his adult advisers; at any rate, we have now to be concerned with the reception accorded to the book and the inferences to be drawn from the statements made in it. The author is, we may suppose, a youth with a literary talent and of a clean wholesome mind, able to resist with fair success the influences of the literature he has elected to read, but not free from a tendency to set the life of his comrades before his mind as something curiously compounded of barbarism and decadence, and of wearisome monotony. But there is nothing in this to justify us in encouraging him to write any more for the present. The day will certainly come when he will regret that his first essay in book writing was not postponed, and there is no kindness more mistaken than for "grown ups" to allow a gifted lad to display to a public in search of novelty all the weird whimsicality, sickliness, and egoism through which most of us men had to pass when we entered the age of puberty and had to think of choosing our first razor. A Frenchman—not a wise man—once remarked in my hearing, on the subject of authorship, "*Jusqu'à vingt-cinq ans, il faut apprendre; après vingt-cinq ans, il faut produire.*" At the

time the words were uttered with oracular gravity; they struck me as silly; but would they not have been sillier if he had said, "Après dix-sept ans, il faut produire"?

For the fact is we have let this young writer be caught, as the saying is, "on the hop," just at the time of life when he is most likely to be self-centred and unbalanced, in judgment of others. I do not say this by way of blame. He has written before he is quit of an experience through which the human male willy nilly has to pass; and every schoolmaster of pastoral temper and sympathy knows that it is a stage in development most complex and obscure, indeed inscrutable even to the individual himself. The truest generalisations which have been uttered about it are, first, it is the sudden realisation of the personality, the self, the ego; secondly, that its manifestations are infinitely various; thirdly, that many noble-hearted men of markedly sane and sober mind were at fifteen years old a little mad, and some more than a little. As a rule, the youth becomes reserved and shy of contact with others and of any sort of self-revelation. Nature seems to demand a rather thick veil, as the dark processes of development go on most healthily if they are left to be secret and undisturbed. Where the veil is drawn aside there is apparently a risk to the character. There seems to be a loss in quiet solid strength; in a straight objective vision; and in its place a kind of egoistic superficiality, interesting perhaps to others, but not quite wholesome nor robust.

Hence the singular characteristic of "The Loom of Youth" that all the characters are of one type. Our author has loaded his stage with a dismal succession of blaspheming young "bloods," childish enough in their profound ignorance, but with a varnish, laboriously and fitfully laid on, of *fin de siècle* weariness of life. If we continue to buy this book it will seem as if the one severe demand hitherto made by the novel-reading public on writers is to be relaxed, and the prospect is serious indeed. We have always thought that whatever else a popular novel may be it must not be dull. But if in future novels may be both popular and dull, as well as wholly untrue, I do not quite know where we are, or what is happening to the English mind. For there is, as I have said, nothing odd about such a book having been written. A successful novelist once remarked of a rival, "how can you expect a man to make a good plot when he takes no interest in any character but his own?" Most of us in our teens were in that predicament. If our author is in the same, there is nothing strange about it. What is strange is that his work is read, or, anyhow, bought and sold.

There remain two observations to be made which, if attended



to, may save us in the future from some waste of time, trouble, and money. A writer of a school novel is confronted by the fact that if his picture is veracious it is sure to be full of endless vapidities of talk. For not only is the talk of a schoolboy dull to an adult, but if it is not, it ought to be. Nay, I should go further and say it is dull in proportion as the speaker is healthy-minded and is developing on lines normal to an Anglo-Saxon! That is to say, it will be concerned with unrelated concrete facts, not with abstract ideas; with action, not with characteristics; and it will be frankly objective, but very narrow. When it ceases to be dull it is because it becomes risky—i.e. egoistic, or in some way morbid and rebellious. Dullness is not a symptom of stupidity in our lads. It is a sign that they are not being forced into an unhealthy precocity. Nothing could be more ill-judged than any attempt to make our boys talk so as to interest an inert-minded adult who has not got enough to do. In real life they resist such attempts. If certain people must write school novels which imply the opposite, there is no reason why we should read them and there are many reasons why in war time we should not buy them.

On the larger subject of the English people's estimate of our Public Schools it is perhaps ominous to find that Mr. Seccombe seems to forecast, from the publication of "*The Loom of Youth*," far-reaching reforms of our education. He says in the preface that the book shows "objective reality—the result of close proximity to the subject." To my mind the book is ludicrously subjective throughout, and could not have been more untrue if it had been written by a journalist in Peking. But that opinion Mr. Seccombe may ignore as the fogeyishness of a man over thirty years of age. He apparently thinks the work of his young friend shows us how education in this country is to be "irradiated." The process of irradiation, however, bids fair to be rather noisy. We are told, "There will have to be a considerable shattering of Perrin's Trails and tin gods generally." If so, I hope we shall all be the better. But there are one or two underlying facts concerning Public Schools which are often ignored, and should be borne in mind if we are to refrain not only from foolish talking but from foolish and irreparable blunders in action.

Whatever is wrong with our Public Schools is the outcome of certain defects of the English character; just as their good points are due to some happy ingredients in the temperament with which we have been endowed. A general improvement in them is inconceivable, unless there is first a general improvement in society. Society makes the schools far more truly than all the schools put together make society. For instance, Mr. Seccombe brings some evidence to show that certain ex-Public School cadets

are ignorant of history. The wonder is there are any who are not. If it is true that there is a profound disbelief in knowledge of any kind, which finds expression in the daily life and conversation in countless homes, is it not rather childish to be surprised at ignorance among young men? The influence of the home, though perhaps waning, is still very strong where it helps a congenital indolence of mind; and that this form of indolence is congenital in England is beyond dispute. If proof were needed, I would point to the men of all classes, whether educated in Public Schools or not, and would ask Mr. Seccombe if he ever hears a discussion on history in a railway carriage or in a hotel smoking-room or at a table in a country house? If not, then the soil on which interest in history can be planted is not laid. It is idle to rail at the masters. They, too, are the product of English homes, and most of them have had to acquire a sort of interest in some intellectual subject in face of the steady discouragement of an irresponsible home circle. If Mr. Seccombe wishes to change all this, I suggest that, instead of howling at the schools, he should inaugurate an intellectual missionary campaign among the public generally. He will find the task not a little arduous. By the time he has converted our countrymen to intellectuality he will find the schools greatly changed. At present I fancy schoolboys know more history than adults, though it is hard to say what adults know, as they never talk on the subject at all.

Further, we are asked to believe that schoolboys rarely open their lips without swearing. The fact is there is far less swearing in schools than there was forty years ago, though even then it was less than "The Loom" represents. This is perhaps due to the vulgarisation of oaths by the modern playwright, or, anyhow, by the managers. For a "swear word" which has become common loses its attraction for a boy in a temper. Formerly he used to find an expletive was a vent to his feelings because he knew there was something wrong in the word. But now that he hears thirty or forty oaths in one evening at the theatre the glamour has gone. Perhaps he will stop swearing altogether or will be at pains to hunt up more violent words than heretofore.

But all depends on what he learns before he comes to school and during the holidays. Similarly, in regard to much graver issues. People sometimes hold up their hands in dismay at finding schoolboys unthrifty or self-indulgent. Some of them undoubtedly are both. But not in the least more so than Englishmen at large. If this is disputed, it still remains true that the only hope of improvement lies in the improvement of society, and that, after all, is the practical side of the question.

On the other hand, there are certain advantages belonging to

the Public School system which are often not clearly discerned and are in danger of extinction from rash reforming ventures. The social training is far more effective than the intellectual. Many eager critics call aloud for a day-school system, thinking that all boys would gain from the intellectual stimulus of the home during the evenings, and, instead of talking about football in the boarding-house, would be reading Sophocles or Guizot at the fireside. It may be, though there is good reason to doubt it. What is certain is that the community life, the co-operative spirit, the power to get on with equals, would all be weakened. We should be in danger of spoiling a good thing.

But, good though it is, it is limited, and its beneficial effects often fail to last on through the early years of manhood out in the larger world. That is to say, the fine *esprit de corps* trained by the house society at school is a splendid preparation for the work of a subaltern in war time. But when there is no war it is tragically easy for the public-spiritedness of the youth of eighteen to fade into something less generous, more calculating, more heedless of the larger issues. If this is so, again I say it is because the influence of society is what it is. The peculiar stimulus to loyalty and self-sacrifice afforded by a leading position in the school boarding-house ceases, and if the youth emerges with a character lacking in the more permanent principles of living which have stood the tests of ages, it is because the schools have tried in vain to lay the foundations strong enough to withstand the atmosphere of the world. It is a very attractive form of worldliness that is encouraged in the school; but, like other forms, "the fashion of it passes away." It is indeed noticeably transient. The really durable bases of character can only be securely laid at home, and depend on something far deeper than is ordinarily to be found either in the Public School or the larger life of modern England.

E. LYTTELTON.

## RECONSTRUCTION AND THE INDIVIDUAL.

**P**ROBLEMS of reconstruction of unprecedented magnitude will confront us when the war is over. We cannot quite see yet how extensive and complicated they will be. Preparations may be made for the most obvious and pressing needs of post-war policy. Demobilisation, industrial dislocation, unemployment, and general social derangement will have to be met immediately by special measures of remedy and relief. But no one can foretell what the precise effect will be of the sudden relaxation of the terrific strain which has closely affected practically every living soul in the country. Anyhow, there will be no question of drifting, because the situation will be so serious that an attempt at the solution of some of these grave problems will be forced at once on the authorities, and it does not require any great foresight on their part to see that preparation of some kind, inadequate though it is bound to be, must be made to meet the crisis. All this, indeed, is obvious enough. If you divert the whole national energy, industry, and wealth into a new and special channel, you must subsequently make provision to organise it back into its normal channel, though it will probably be found that the latter is a far more difficult process than the former.

But is this all? Will it be sufficient to arrange by various expedients a gradual return to the normal life of the nation? Was that normal life before the outbreak of war so satisfactory that we need have no other ideal than to return to it? And if not, what were the elements in our social structure that were unsatisfactory? Will not a new mind, a fresh outlook have been produced out of the indignation—still suppressed—which is deeply and widely felt at the hopeless failure of what we were pleased to call civilisation?

Now the future reconstitution of society and reform of institutions which have proved defective are considerations far too vast to be dealt with in a small space. Many are wondering, no doubt, whether new systems of government and fundamental changes in the whole social scheme may not have to be discussed and projected. But I would suggest that our attention should not only be turned to our social diseases and to the ills of communities and classes, but to the outlook, the temper, and the attitude of mind of the people themselves. If we are to make a new start on a better road you may make as many fine schemes and projects as you like, but they will not work unless you can get the individual to envisage the future with a mind disposed to adopt new methods and prepared to accept new ideas.

A well-disposed community suffers less, even though no carefully prepared schemes are imposed on it, than an ill-disposed

community under the guidance of the most ingenious governors. The success of legislation, as we all know, depends not on the perfection of the statute, but on the disposition of the community to accept it and abide by it. Proper reconstruction is not just a matter of reshuffling and rearrangement, nor can any scheme be superimposed from above. The reawakening and preparation must come from below. The soil must be well tilled before you can raise a good crop. The outlook of the individual, therefore, is all-important.

Education, without doubt, is the bedrock of individual advancement. There is plenty to be said about education from the point of view of organisation, of expense, of sectarian differences, and even of intellectual standards. There is, too, the art of teaching, and still more important, the art of learning which is never taught. The average British idea of this latter art is on a level with our notion of how foreigners can be made to understand our language—say the thing over and over again, and louder and louder, and they must learn eventually what you mean. We are only just beginning to understand that no two children are capable of assimilating or digesting instruction in precisely the same way. There is at present only a vague, and as yet undirected, disapproval of the hitherto accepted convention of stamping out an average type by the suppression of originality and wholesale imposition of mechanical instruction on large classes. More teachers, better teachers, and better methods of teaching and learning may slowly be found to be one of the essential needs of the nation once the development of human capacity is recognised as the highest form of national endeavour. The new Minister for Education appreciated this point when he said recently: "We are only beginning to realise that the best capital lies not in cash and goods, but in the brains and bodies of the people." But apart from book learning and scientific and technical training there is surely also an urgent need for reconstruction in the individual outlook on life in general, and for co-ordination and unification of the different compartments of human thought and activity in each person.

Let me try and explain exactly what I mean by this. Roughly speaking, we may take four divisions of human activity—the domestic sphere, the social and professional sphere, the political sphere, and the religious sphere. In reality they overlap; they are interlaced; they are complementary; they are interdependent; woven together in a unity of purpose they should form a complete and harmonious whole, with no jarring or conflicting elements and with no inconsistency, discord, or contradiction. But as a matter of fact, in practice, a great deal of waste of capacity and many defects of character are due to a striking absence of unity and harmony. Co-operation is prevented, false ideals are developed,

selfishness is encouraged, and the failure to contribute useful service can often be traced to the glaring inconsistencies and curious contradictions in the conduct of life by the individual.

How many people, for instance, refuse to apply the same standard of morality to their domestic and their professional life? An admirable father of a family, domestic, kindly, and considerate in the family circle, may in his business or profession show an entirely different disposition, adopting methods of a very doubtful character, and acting in a harsh inconsiderate way for purely selfish ends. He is not aware of any inconsistency, but he is under the impression that the two spheres are separate and distinct, require different treatment, and should be regulated by different standards. Morality, to him, is not a set of principles applicable to all branches of his activity; but business is business, and while kindness and consideration may pay in the home, astute self-interest and advantage gained at other people's expense will pay better in his business. When he steps from his home to his office he steps from one world to another world, where different standards apply. A workman of exemplary character and conspicuous diligence in his trade, who commands the respect of his employer and fellow-workers, may return home to bully his wife and to create unceasing discord in his family circle, partly out of reaction from the strain of self-discipline which his work imposes on him, but chiefly because home to him may seem of minor importance—a place where he can relax all restraint. As it is actually a different place, where relations are different, it is, therefore, a place where the same effort and self-command, the same principles on which he acts in the workshop do not hold good. Or take a small shopman, who is an affectionate father and devoted husband—he may close the door of his private room and come into the shop to deal with his customers with a sharp eye to profit and no distaste for a mean bargain. Or, again, the charming young man, popular among his friends for his open-handed generosity, will run up bills which he knows he cannot pay and will join in very doubtful speculations or gambling transactions. For why should a man adopt the same attitude towards his wife or his children or his intimate friends as he does towards his employees or his employer, his business rival or his customers? On the contrary, he is taught that he would be a simpleton to do anything of the kind.

Passing to the next sphere, we find politics for a very large number of people is something that happens in Parliament and at elections. It is the wrangling and disputes of politicians and parties. The superior man will declare that he "takes no interest in politics"; he refers contemptuously to political disputes, and says he has more important things to occupy him. Politics, in

fact, is another separate compartment entirely cut off from his domestic and from his business and professional life, in which, again, from an occasional insight he may have into the workings of the political machine, he believes a special, different, and obviously lower code of morality is adopted. If he is forced into the political arena he will close the door of his home and of his work or business behind him and step into the new world as a mere partisan, where he will use a different set of principles to guide him and adopt methods which in his home or business he would not hesitate to reject. For does he not see the trained politician often doing things and pursuing courses which are in strange conflict with the ideals and principles which this same politician pursues in his private life?

There can be but few in any class in these days who can assume an attitude of aloofness towards politics, because legislation and administration have penetrated into the home and the business; and children, property, income, wages, health, and education are all regulated and affected by laws and law making. Yet, stirred though a man may be by his own personal share in the result, the process remains for him an occupation that is outside, particular, separate, and governed by special forms and methods which have no direct relation to the principles which govern his home and his business. However much during the last generation he may have been compelled to interest himself in domestic politics, till recently he considered foreign policy and high statecraft something remote that could not possibly concern him and could be safely left to the expert. He knows now that the issue of peace and war has proved to affect him, his family, his business, his money, his property, his food, and, indeed, his life, more than any of the most contentious measures of domestic legislation which periodically excited him and drew him into politics in the past. But here, again, he notes that an entirely different code exists. He observes that the rules which govern the conduct of nations towards one another, the code of honour and ethics adopted by Governments differ entirely from the standard to which he has been in the habit of conforming in home and business life. He knows that if he behaved to his friends or his business competitors as one Government behaves to another he would very soon be an outcast. Governmental morality is no doubt very low, but he does not see that he might help to raise it if he would come in and insist on linking the business of politics to the real life of the people and take his share in the general co-ordination of all national effort.

Then let me take religion, which has been carefully set apart into the most rigid and exclusive of all the compartments. Religion is something that happens at eleven o'clock on Sunday morning,

and there is no more depressing sight than that of a British congregation emerging from Sunday service on their way to Sunday dinner. They have done with religion for the week. Religion is church or chapel service, echoed by occasional perfunctory family and private prayers. Religion is sectarian dispute; religion is observance of ceremony, acceptance of dogma and indulgence in ritual; religion is doctrinal controversy; religion is collect, creed, and catechism; religion is the baptism service, the confirmation service, the marriage service, and the burial service. It reaches the home to the extent of gabbled prayers and dressing up for Sunday service; it is rigorously excluded from business, and, of course, has no remote connection with politics. Who is to blame? Not only the clergy who have allowed religion to get into a rut of formalism and ceremony tempered occasionally by rather incomprehensible mysticism. It is true that they fail completely to reach the soul of the people and that they are shy of labour, fearing the contamination of politics. But the people themselves have been content to submit to this system, accepting the convention of religious practice, like all other conventions, as a recognised institution outside their control—something that does no harm, though it may not do any particular good.

The individual passes from one compartment into another, assuming the fresh disguise which seems appropriate to the particular circumstances. The loose comfortable suit of the home is changed for the uniform of the office or the workshop; the political rosette will transform a man into a partisan at meetings or elections; the frock coat or Sunday suit helps him in the observance of his religious practices. These are only metaphorically the outward and visible signs of the curious inward spiritual metamorphosis. On the whole, women are less at fault than men. They often show a determination to preserve the same standard in their various occupations, and are even blamed for it by men who disapprove of the application of home ethics to business or politics. But in the religious compartment they have made no attempt to break down the formidable partition; on the contrary, even more than men, they help to preserve empty forms and the exclusive atmosphere of religious devotions.

It is clear, therefore, that while no doubt many individuals may preserve some consistency in the direction of their lives in the different spheres, a far greater number accept the separation of their activities between hard and fast lines and into distinct divisions, in each one of which the methods, the scales, and the values vary to the point of inconsistency and complete divergence. And this fatal lack of unity and disintegration of individual life, which almost amounts to the cultivation of a dual or multiple personality, reacts on social and corporate life and produces waste of energy,



conflict and strife, as well as hypocrisy and duplicity in the individual. Conscientious men may be found eager enough to raise the standard and improve the condition of the particular compartment in which they are most especially interested. They may make a good fight against adverse influences, and when they fail it will not be due to want of zeal, but to lack of a broader outlook and neglect to break down the walls of the compartment and survey the whole field.

Life is not divided up into watertight compartments or any sort of compartments. It is one complete and congruous whole. Outside circumstances may seem to have infinite variety, but the instrument applied to them should not vary; the method required to deal with them should be uniform. We have made this very difficult to believe, because in an age of specialisation the tendency to subdivide human energy and limit it to a special field has very greatly increased. But in life, where physical or intellectual powers may have to be concentrated professionally on specialised work, it is not the attitude of mind of the specialist or expert that is required at the helm. The ship may be a man-of-war, a sailing ship, a trader, a tramp, a yacht, or a liner, but the hand that steers will have the same elements of storm and calm to tackle, the same compass and stars to guide him, and the same straight course to follow in order to reach his port.

Life, too, has become more complex, but the ease and rapidity of communication and transit ought to have been better utilised to encourage internationalism and general democratic solidarity had not Government ambition, rivalry, and the fetich of nationalism formed a perpetual barrier to the attainment of unity and prevented the proper growth of democratic co-operation. There will be an urgent demand for international reconstruction, and this will be added to social, industrial, and economic reconstruction within each nation. But the mental reconstruction in the individual is another thing, and is quite as urgent as any of the others; for communities and nations are made up of individuals, and without a change in the component elements the larger changes in the mass are bound to fail.

There can be no appreciable change, however, so long as people regard their home as something quite apart from their public life; so long as they regard politics as an outside, rather exciting, and often rather sordid form of public excitement, too worldly and secular to come under the influence of religion and too unmanageable to be treated as business; so long as religion remains the extraneous performance of rites and the formal membership of an institution which is confined within the walls of church and chapel.

The ethics of the home, of the workshop, of the political party, of the industrial group, of the congregation, and of the community

of nations must be uniform. To manage a child, to cope with domestic cares, to run a business, to perform manual labour, to do skilled work, to plough, to teach, to preach, to speak, to write, to paint, to compose, to act, to administer laws, and to govern a country may require varied capacities, talents, and powers of adaptability, but should be undertaken with the same sense of responsibility, the same moral outlook, and the same recognition of the close interdependence of all branches of human activity on one another. The qualities of a strong and upright character may vary in individuals in degree, but not in kind. Self-control and single-minded sincerity, for instance, are not for use in the home alone, or in business alone; they are just as valuable in politics, and they are not the exclusive product of so-called religious education. Justice is not relative. If it were variable it would not be justice, but arbitrary judgment. To be just in certain circumstances and to allow bias to warp the judgment in another set of circumstances is simply to use justice as an occasional expedient. A fair-minded man will strive for justice in all his dealings, and will expect justice and seek for justice with his children and with his friends, between colleagues, between parties, between corporate bodies, and between nations.

No doubt every man may feel conflicting obligations in his various pursuits, and he will have to make sacrifices of one particular interest over another. No doubt, too, a man may find his environment sometimes so strange, as he turns from one sphere to another, that the illusion of a new world and a new atmosphere where a new set of principles are required may be very strong. But he must be on his guard, he must not be deceived, he must not succumb. The same sure foot and even tread will carry him over bogs and rocks, through the thicket, up the steep incline or along the smooth high road. At present he is, too often, firmly convinced that success depends solely on skilful adaptability and the constant readjustment of his moral as well as his mental outfit. He cultivates, purposely, a restricted vision, whereas he should look beyond the home into the plexus of industrial and social life so as to prevent family self-sufficiency. Beyond that, again, he should see national life, and international life further off, perhaps, but indissolubly linked to the rest; and yet, again, ultimately the needs and progress of humanity must enter into his calculations. The importance of the smallest deed cannot be gauged and may be of more far-reaching significance than he is aware of. It must bear some relation, therefore, to the larger whole and must harmonise with the ultimate consequences which lie beyond.

It is not any lack of fine qualities that is to be deplored; it is that their scope is confined and curtailed in all classes systematically and almost instinctively. No fault need be found with the

material that exists. The response to the right sort of appeal would be immediate, practically universal, and perhaps very startling. But it is the wrong sort of appeal that is constantly given. The home is belittled; education by common consent has been neglected; business is not co-operative effort for the reproduction of the best, but competitive effort for material gain; labour is subjugated and forced into conflict; art is despised because its commercial value is negligible; the political appeal is too often material improvement dangled out as a prize for votes. The national appeal is based on expediency and the desire for domination, and in war-time on a passion for triumph and revenge. And the churches and chapels, unable to withstand the force of commercialism and the ideal of sordid gain, fall back upon their own futile disputes, and if they make any appeal at all it is formal, lifeless, and misdirected.

And yet religion in its true sense is the mainspring and keynote of the whole situation. If individuals are to adopt a new outlook and find some sure guide to steer them through all the intricate paths of modern life, they must have deep conviction and unswerving belief in the moral and spiritual forces. Whence can these be derived? Not from the religious bodies. I have before me some recent copies of a widely circulated supplement to parish magazines. In addition to adventures of missionaries, here are some of the vital questions now being discussed :

How are the candles used in Church ceremonies? Why a clergyman should refuse the marriage service to an unbaptised person. Can a non-graduate lay reader use a college cap when wearing cassock and surplice in outdoor processions? Why is not the "Gloria" sung after the Te Deum? Why the sign of the cross is made by people at the end of the Creed? Should one sit down for the Epistle? Are there manuals explaining the duty of servers? Why do churchwardens use staves?

I may also give a typical instance of a protest on behalf of the laity against the attitude of the clergy at a recent vestry meeting.

"Colonel — complained that he did not consider it was right for the Vicar to be cleansing the vessels while the communicants were saying the 'Gloria,' which he frequently did, and if it happened again he should certainly report it direct to the Bishop."

If there is such a thing as spiritual hunger there is not much spiritual nourishment to be derived from this source. Indeed, this closed and confined compartment must be ignored unless men within it have the sense to break down the prickly barbed-wire fence and clear out the weeds and refuse.

It is from one another more than from any institutions or imposed regulations that individuals will receive comfort and encouragement in the concerns of their lives. For each individual has within him a boundless store of spiritual strength. By co-

operation, by enlightened altruism, by the development of a social sense and by sustained and consistent effort he can engender in himself, and through himself in others, a force which in spreading must become irresistible. His incentive will be his preference for harmony and his belief in progress, his affections and his humane instincts. Some may say that is not enough. I believe that such an incentive is stronger and more durable than any thirst for salvation. Others may say there are many who have no such feelings and are impervious to any appeal and too immoral and degraded to respond. If there are all I can say is that it is more our fault than theirs that they exist. Dregs and scum are thrown off by an ill-organised and badly-constructed society. You may not be able to appeal to or even reach the dregs and scum, but you can attempt to improve and purify the intermediate average man so that he gradually forms a society which does not produce dregs and scum. And my argument here is not that criminals and brutes are so criminal and brutal, but that all the rest of us by negligence and apathy are failing to see that the powers we have are being wasted and dissipated by our acceptance of a fundamentally wrong outlook upon life.

Needless to say, there is no specific which will transform us all in the twinkling of an eye. But although the right course cannot be pointed to clearly it is a step in advance to avoid the wrong course. It is not a reactionary spirit nor even a conservative spirit which is responsible for the confused and purposeless outlook in individual life. It is indolence, indifference, stupid conventionality and tame submission to authority which allow individuals to drift into acquiescence and acceptance of things as they are. The change that is wanted is in fact psychological. It must be a spiritual awakening stimulated not by any narrow religious appeal but by a fuller understanding and a more intelligent appreciation of the unity which lies behind the complexity of modern existence. The artificial barriers and the compartments which give this false notion of difference in the various spheres must be completely destroyed so that there may be no obstruction to a longer and broader vision.

As each man, therefore, clamours for this or that form of reconstruction and demands co-ordination and systematisation in the affairs of the nation and of industry, let him take a glance into the inner chambers of his heart and mind, and take note as to whether there is not a need there too for reconstruction and renewal which, if carried out, will fit him to take part in the larger work with a vigour and aptitude which he himself perhaps little thinks he possesses.

ARTHUR PONSONBY.

## NO PEACE WITH NAPOLEON AND THE CONSEQUENCES.

1. **I**S there not a consecutive connection between the hostility of England to Napoleon with its concurrent support of and pay to Prussia and other Central States and the rise of Prussia to the perilous height and strength of her power from 1860 to 1914?

2. Are we sure that we are not paying now for a gigantic mistake or series of mistakes from the time of the French Revolution to 1815? I answer the first question in the affirmative, and the answer can be a reasonable affirmative if, in talking of Napoleon, we may divest ourselves of the nursery fears of a hundred years ago, and examine the Englishmen of that time with freedom from any obligation of racial loyalty to them—examine them as we would, say, the Ministers of the Holy Roman Empire.

The present writer's belief is that had members of the British Government been guided by reason and sound judgment, instead of by blind prejudice; had they accepted overtures made to them from time to time by the head of the French nation during his rule, we would not be engaged now in a world war, watering the earth with the blood of the boldest and brightest young men of Europe. The great soldier-statesman foretold what would happen. What irony that we should be in deadly conflict with the Power which, as our ally, then helped to destroy him, and is now engaged in a frantic effort to destroy us! Had Pitt and those who acted with him been endowed with wisdom he would not have written the following lines, which explain his incapacity to hold out the olive branch of peace and goodwill to men on earth:

I see (says Pitt on Napoleon in a scrap of MSS. found amongst his papers) various and opposite qualities—all the great and all the little passions unfavourable to public tranquillity united in the breast of one man, and that man, unhappily, whose personal caprices can scarcely fluctuate for an hour without affecting the destiny of Europe. I see the inward workings of fear struggling with pride in an ardent, enterprising, and tumultuous mind. I see all the captious jealousy of conscious usurpation dreaded, detested, and obeyed, the giddiness and intoxication of splendid but unmerited success, the arrogance, the presumption, the selfwill of unlimited and idolised power, and more dreadful than all in the plenitude of authority, the restless and incessant activity of guilty but unsated ambition.

What a scrap of phrases! It was a terrible fate for Great Britain to have at the head of the Government a man whose public life combined courage with an *idée fixe* and a perpetual moan. Had Pitt been the genius his eloquence led his contemporaries to believe he was, he would have availed himself of the opportunities the great figure, who was making the world rock with his

genius, afforded the British Government from time to time of making peace on equitable terms. Pitt's vision of the large things that constitute human sagacity was narrowed down to the nightmare of the "tumultuous mind" whose sole aim, he thought, was the conquest of the entire continent of Europe and the invasion of these islands. The "usurper" must be subdued by the force of arms, by the squandering of British wealth, and by the ceaseless sacrifice of human lives. That was the only diplomacy his mental organism could evolve. He used his power of expression, which was great, to such good purpose that his theories were reflected by his supporters. Had Pitt been talented in the genius of international diplomacy, as he was in the other affairs of government, he would have seized the opportunity of making the Peace of Amiens universal and durable. It is futile to contend that Napoleon was irreconcilable. His great ambition was to form a friendship with our Government, which he foresaw would be fashioned into a Continental arrangement, intricate and entangled as all the elements were at the time. Napoleon never ceased to deplore the impossibility of coming to any reciprocal terms with England so long as Pitt's influence was in the ascendant, and he and a large public in France and a minority in this country profoundly believed that Fox had not only the desire, but the following and all the diplomatic qualities, to bring it about. Any close impartial student of history, free from the popular prejudice which assailed Napoleon's origin and advent to power, cannot but concede the great possibilities of this view. The fact is, the political mind was whirling, and it was permeated and perverted with the idea of his ambition, and possessed by the human aversion to the introduction of new conditions of social and economic life. The ruling classes were filled with alarm lest the spirit of the French Revolution should become popular in this country, and that not only their possessions might be confiscated, but that their lives would be in peril if the doctrines Napoleon stood for were to seize the public imagination. They were afraid, as they are now, of the despotism of democracy, and so they kept the conflict raging for over twenty years.

Then came the fall, in 1814, of the greatest warrior-statesman who had ever figured in the world's history, who had staggered creation with his formidable power; and the instruments of his downfall flattered themselves that the day of divine vengeance had arrived. But only a few short months had elapsed when the indomitable hero, well informed of the Allies' squabbling deliberations at the seat of conference over the division of their conquest and their vindictive intentions towards himself, startled them by the news of his landing and uninterrupted march on Paris, everywhere acclaimed by the cheers of the army and the civilian population. Louis the XVIII., whom the conquerors had set on the throne, fled in panic when he heard that the man of destiny was

swiftly moving to take his place again as the idol and chief of a great people. Meanwhile, the Allies had somewhat recovered from apoplectic dismay, and one and all solemnly resolved to "make war against Napoleon Buonaparte," the disturber of the peace, though he was the welcomed Emperor of the French. It was they that were the disturbers of the peace, and especially Great Britain, who headed the coalition to drench again the Continent with human blood. Napoleon offered to negotiate, and never was there a more humane opportunity given to the nations to settle their affairs in a way that would have assured a lasting peace; but here, again, the ruling classes, with their usual assumption of power to use the populations for the purpose of putting each other out of life and creating unspeakable suffering in all the hideous phases of warfare, refused to negotiate, and at their bidding soldiers were plunged into the last Napoleonic conflict. Nothing so deadly has ever happened. The French were defeated, and their Emperor was sent to St. Helena, with the beneficent Sir Hudson Lowe as his jailor. But these tragic happenings did not bring repose to the nations. Pitt died in 1806, so he missed the fulfilment of his great, though mistaken, ambition. In my view, the lack of diplomatic genius in ending the Napoleonic wars at an earlier date has been the means of creating other wars, and especially the greatest of all, in which the whole world is now engaged!

We believe that the war with Germany was forced upon us, and that Mr. Asquith's Government, and especially Sir Edward Grey (his Foreign Secretary), used every honourable means to avoid it; but the cause and origin of it sprang out of the defective management and settlement of the wars that raged at the beginning of the last century, and Pitt, aided by those colleagues of his who were swayed by his magnetic influence, was responsible to a large degree in laying the foundation of the present menace to European concord. Napoleon's plan of unification would have kept Prussian militarism in check. He looked and saw into the future while Pitt and his supporters had no prevision at all. They played the Prussian game by combining to bring about the fall of the monarch who might have become this country's ally; and by undoing his admirable safeguards against Prussia, ultimately forced other German States under her dominion. Napoleon predicted that which would happen and has happened. He always kept in mind the cunning and unscrupulous tricks of Frederick, and knew that if his power were destroyed that would be Prussia's opportunity to renew the methods of the Brandenburg scoundrel, the hero of Thomas Carlyle, and the intermittent friend of Voltaire. He never forgot that Frederick made unprovoked war on Maria Theresa with the natural Prussian disregard for treaty obligations; and then, with amazing insolence, after the seven years' butchery was over, the odious rascal sat down at San Souci in the companionship of

his dogs to write his memoirs, in which he states that "ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about him carried the day, and he decided for war"; and he might have added to the Hohenzollern boast: Incurable treachery, falsehood, patient calculated hypocrisy.

But the law of retribution comes to nations as well as to individuals, and, after the disappearance of Frederick, Prussian ascendancy had come to an end and sunk to the lowest depths of hopelessness before the terrible power of Napoleon. It was not until his fall that the old majestic arrogance natural to their race began to revive. It took many years for the Prussian military caste to carry their plans to maturity, and had we stood sensibly and loyally by our French neighbours the tragedy that stares at us now could never have come to pass. Possibly the Franco-German war would never have occurred had our foreign policy been skilfully handled and our attitude been wisely apprehensive of Prussia's ultimate domination and aggressive aims. The generations that are to come will assuredly be made to see the calamities wrought by the dreadful administrators of that period, whose faculties consisted in hoarding up prejudices, creating enmities, and making wars that drained the blood and treasure of our land.

When we think of responsible Ministers having no other vision or plan of coming to an understanding with the French nation than by their groans, and the odour of blood, it makes one shudder, and we wish to forget that the people allowed them to carry on their hideous methods of settling disputes. A galaxy of brilliant authors have sung the praises of these men in profusion, and the present writer enjoys their writing for its literary charm, though their reasoning or non-judicial tone is not so easy to understand. There was seldom a time, in our opinion, even during the most embarrassing and darkest phases of the Napoleonic struggle, in which our differences with France were insoluble. Napoleon, as I have said, never ceased to avow his willingness to make vital sacrifices in order that peace between the two peoples should be consummated. The stereotyped cant of maintaining the "Balance of Power" is a poor excuse for plunging a nation into gruesome and horrible wars. When our liberties are threatened it would be a crime not to defend them. But where and when were any of our own interests threatened by Napoleon until we became the aggressors by interfering with the policy of what he called his "Continental system"? Even before Napoleon became Consul, First Consul, and subsequently Emperor of the French, it was deemed high policy on the part of our statesmen to take sides against the French Directorate in disputes that were caused and had arisen on the Continent out of the Revolution, and once involved in the entanglement that it is hard to believe concerned us in any degree, the nation was committed to a long and devastating debauch of slaughter that



men who understand the real art of statesmanship would have foreseen and avoided, or at the worst curtailed.

Many of the famous statesmen who have lived since their time would have acted differently. I need not repeat the contemporary view that Fox, with a free hand, would have saved us, and but for the senseless attitude of the Pitt-Castlereagh party, the Grey, Romilly, Horner, Burdett, and Tierny combination would have prevented the last of Napoleon's campaigns. Amongst a certain section of the community the belief is that they that can steer the State on a peaceful course are mediocrities, and they that involve us in war have genius and earn the distinction of fame and Westminster Abbey, even although they may be totally devoid of all the essentials that are required to keep on good terms, not only with other Powers, but with the mass of our own people. Take, first of all, the unostentatious old Scotsman, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who was regarded as a mediocrity by the bellicose-minded people. Had he lived and been in power at the time of Pitt and Castlereagh, his finely-balanced shrewd brain and quiet determined personality might have kept this country out of the shambles and would have brought it credit. Another personage who is possessed of attributes that have been too scantily recognised is Lord Rosebery, who, during his Foreign Secretaryship under Mr. Gladstone, and when he became Prime Minister himself, saved this country more than once from war. It is a tragedy to allow such ability to be wasted because of a slight difference of opinion over matters that do not count in comparison to the importance of having at the head of affairs a man with an unerring, unprejudiced, pellucid brain that can navigate amongst the international complexities with complete ease and assurance. Although Mr. Gladstone must always be associated with those who were responsible for the guilt of dragging this country, and perhaps France, into the Crimean war in defence of a State and a people which he declared in other days should be turned out of Europe "bag and baggage," because of her unwholesome Government and hideous crimes to her subject races, *he* had the courage and the honesty to declare in later life that the part he took in allowing himself to acquiesce in a policy he did not approve would always be a bitter thought to him. Had he lived at the time of the Continental upheaval that followed the French Revolution, all the evidence of his humane spirit and prodigious capacity lead me to the belief that he would not have persuaded himself that it was in our vital national interest to take up arms against France. Nor do I think that a statesman of Lord Salisbury's stamp would have failed to find a way out. Disraeli was of a different type. He lived in a picturesque world, and gloated over sensations. The enormity of war was scarcely repulsive to him. He was not a constitutional statesman, but merely a brilliant politician who liked to produce one

thrill after another. Mr. Asquith, whose head is free from every fault of the featherbrained, would, with strong and loyal backers, have applied his inimitable powers of persuasion and tact in accomplishing his end without a rupture; and Lord Morley would as soon have thought of dancing a hornpipe on his mother's tomb as have yielded to the clamour for war by any number of the people or any number of his colleagues, no matter how numerous or how powerful they might be; even though his opinion of the French Emperor was that of strong aversion to him, he would have angled for peace—or resigned. I would rather place the guidance of the country through intricate course in these men's hands than in those of a team mentally constituted as Pitt was. The present Viscount Grey would have taken the line his ancestor took in 1815 by strongly advocating a peaceful solution. Take another of our own time, Mr. Arthur Balfour. He would have parleyed and schemed until the time had passed away for any useful object to be gained by our joining the war, unless the Jingo spirit of his press and party was too irrepressible for him to overpower or bewilder with his engaging philosophy.

If George III. had been blest with these types of statesmen to advise him, instead of the Castlereaghs, he might not have lost his reason. Napoleon would never have been sent to Egypt, and our shores would never have been threatened with invasion. Nor would British and neutral trade have been paralysed in such a way as to bring in its wake ruin, riots, bankruptcies, and every form of devastation from 1811 to 1820. And as a natural corollary we were plunged into war with America that lasted from 1812 to 1814, which left, as it well might, long years of bitter and vindictive memories in the minds of a people that were of our kith and kin. Our people, as a whole (but especially the poorer classes), were treated in a manner that was more natural to the economy of barbaric times, while their rulers called on them to bear the suffering bestowed upon them like patriots. But the canker had eaten so deeply into their souls that it culminated in ferocious riots breaking out in Lancashire and London, which spread to other parts of the country, and were only suppressed by measures that are familiar to arrogant despots, who, by their clumsy acts, are often the immediate cause of revolt. Pitt and Castlereagh were the high commissioners of the military spirit which the Whigs detested, and when the former died in 1806, the latter became the natural leader. Pitt was buried peaceably enough in the Abbey; but when his successor's tragic end came in 1822, the populace expressed their resentment at the wrongs they believed he was responsible for by throwing stones at the coffin as it was being borne solemnly to its last abode beside William Pitt. Both men made war on Napoleon because they believed him to be the implacable disturber of peace and a danger to their country. Pitt, as we have seen, left among

his MSS. his opinion of the great soldier, and here is the latter's opinion of Pitt, expressed to his Ministers on the eve of his leaving Paris for his last campaign. "I do not know," he said to his Ministers, in speaking to them of the new constitution he had granted,

how in my absence you will manage to lead the Chambers. Monsieur Fouché thinks that popular assemblies are to be controlled by gaining over some old jobbers, or flattering some young enthusiasts. That is only intrigue, and intrigue does not carry one far. In England such means are not altogether neglected; but there are greater and nobler ones. Remember Mr. Pitt, and look at Lord Castlereagh! With a sign from his eyebrows Mr. Pitt could control the House of Commons, and so can Lord Castlereagh now! Ah! if I had such instruments I should not be afraid of the Chambers. But have I anything to resemble these?\*

This piece of pathetic history is given to us by the French historian, M. Thiers, the lifelong enemy of his Imperial master, Napoleon the Third.

We are faced now with the Power that we helped to build up at the expense of the wreck of the First and Second French Empires. The political situation then and now bears no comparison. We made war on the French with little real justification, and stained our high sense of justice by driving them to frenzy. We bought soldiers and sailors to fight them from impecunious German and Hanoverian princes. We subsidised Russia, Prussia, Austria, Spain, Portugal, and that foul cesspool Naples, at the expense of starving the poorest classes in our own country. The bellicose portion of the people, composed mainly of the upper and middle classes, shrieked their deluded terrors of extinction into the minds of the people, believing that if we did not make common cause with the downtrodden, sanctified allies who were fighting a man-eating ogre, who was overrunning their respective countries, putting everyone to the sword, we should come under his fierce attention, be invaded and ground down to slavery for ever and ever. Our statesmen, convulsed with the gospel of pity, could not speak without pouring further subsidies into the greedy laps of our mercenaries, in order that co-ordination and cohesion might be secured.

It is futile of historian apologists to build up cataracts of vindication in favour of men who were obviously afflicted with monomania. It is merely an unwholesome subterfuge to state that they were free from enmity against the French nation, and that their quarrel was with the head of it. There would be just as much common sense in contending that the French Government had no hostile feeling against the British people, and that their quarrel was only against George the Third. Devices such as these, under any circumstances, are only

\* *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, Vol. XIX., p. 619, published August, 1861.

childish, and their sole object is to throw dust in the eyes of those they call the common people. As a matter of fact, it was not only the Emperor Napoleon that they made it their policy to charge with being a public danger to the world, but the principles of the Revolution which he sprang from obscurity to save. That was slyly kept at the back of their heads. But the Revolution was approved of the French people, and in addition to his being their duly elected representative, he was regarded by them as the Revolution; and the difference between him and the other monarchs of Europe was that they inherited their positions, while his pre-eminence and power were democratically ratified by millions of votes by the people a foreign Government declared they were at peace with, yet at war with their Chief, whom they had from time to time duly elected. This is a method of intellectual warfare which represents no high form of thought, and to the everlasting credit of the French people be it said, they not only resented it, but stood loyally by their Emperor and country until they were overpowered by the poison of treason and intrigue from within and without. What a howl there would be if the German Kaiser were to issue a proclamation that he was not at war with the British nation, but with their King and Government! Suppose he were to commit the same act of arrogance towards the President of the United States, the revulsion of feeling in America would be irrepressible. Let us be certain, before we declare that no peace should be negotiated with the German Government until their Emperor has abdicated or is otherwise disposed of, that the German people do not believe in him and may retort: "Hands off our Emperor! He is the personification of Germany. If he goes down, we shall go with him!"

We recognise at the same time that Napoleon's position was made insecure by an important element amongst his own countrymen, composed of the Bourbons and their supporters, who never ceased to intrigue for their return. Besides these, there was a strong Republican element which never forgave him for allowing himself to become Emperor. But the most serious defection was that of some of his most important generals, amongst whom were Marmont and Berthier.

A notable fact is that there were very few of his common soldiers and the common people who did not stand by him to the last, and would have continued the struggle under his trusted and revered generalship had he elected to fight on. He implored the Provisional Government to give their sanction to this, and had they done so, he has stated that he could have kept the Allies at bay and would have ultimately made them sue for peace. Most authorities declare that this would have been impossible; but his genius was so prodigious, and he was so unrivalled as a tactician, his art of "enthusing" his soldiers was so vastly superior to that of any

general that could be brought against him, to say nothing of his matchless knowledge of the country on which he might select to give battle, that there are grounds for believing that his assertion was more than a flash of imagination.

In the effort to crush a cause and a nation which had been brought out of the depths of anarchy and raised once more to power by the advent of a New Man, the British Government of that period made their country parties to slaughter which, in the light of subsequent events, has left a stain on our diplomacy that can never be effaced, no matter what narrative may be set forth to excuse it. Never in the whole history of blurred diplomatic vision has there evolved so great a calamity to the higher development of civilisation. By taking so prominent a part in preventing Napoleon from fulfilling the purpose for which nature appeared to show he was intended, we made the opportunity for Germany to develop systematically diabolical arts of treachery and greed that have involved the universe in war and drenched it with human blood. The Allies pursued Napoleon in his downfall. Their attitude during the whole course of his rule was shortsightedly vindictive. They gloated over his misfortune when he became their victim, and they consummated their vengeance by making him a martyr. The exile of St. Helena acted differently. When he conquered, instead of spreading devastation and misery over their countries, he made what he wished to be durable peace, and allowed the sovereigns to retain their thrones. How often did he carry out this act of generosity towards Prussia and Austria! And who can deny that he did not act benevolently towards Alexander of Russia when, at Austerlitz and Tilsit, he formed what he regarded as lasting personal friendship with the Czar? It is all moonshine to say that he broke the friendship. The power of Russia, Prussia, and Austria was hopelessly wrecked more than once, and on each occasion their monarchs intrigued him into war again, and then threw themselves at his feet, grovelling supplicants for mercy, which he never withheld.

Well might he exclaim to Caulaincourt, his Ambassador in 1814, when the Congress was sitting at Chatillon: "These people will not treat; the positions are reversed; they have forgotten my conduct to them at Tilsit." The nations who treated him with such severity should ponder over the past and realise at this critical stage of their existence that we are reaping the terrible retribution for folly, if not for crime. No mysterious physical force ever dies, but only changes its form and direction. Is it impossible that the alliances of 1790 to 1815, the sacrifice of tens of thousands of our fellow-countrymen and seven or eight hundred millions of money during that period, rather than make peace with the only democratic sovereign in Europe, have expressed themselves in the terrible bloody war from which God grant an early deliverance?

WALTER RUNCIMAN (SENIOR).

## THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN IN NORWAY.

THE growth of moral ideas has done little in this country to lessen the handicap of the illegitimate child. Nature gives him two parents; the law acknowledges but one, and that the one who is physically, economically, and, according to current moral standards, morally at a disadvantage in the world. The child takes the name of his mother and his maintenance devolves on her. Here and there we find an institution based on the humane idea of keeping mother and child together, that at least in a difficult world they may have each other to love. But more often than not the mother has to leave her child in the care of others, while she goes out to earn enough to keep them both. The new Affiliation Orders Act is an attempt to fasten more responsibility on the father by the appointment of a Court officer to collect the payments from the father. But it may yet be rendered futile by the supineness of the courts, which in some cases neglected to appoint.

Since the war began we have, it is true, grown used to the term "unmarried wife." Where there is a stable though extra-legal union the woman gets the same war allowance as the legal wife. Her children are as well provided for. When the man was called to serve his country, the country's sense of justice demanded the same provision for his dependents as in the case of a legal wife and children born in wedlock. But except for Maternity (Insurance) Benefit and grants to Maternity Centres (not as yet providing nourishment), in which the unmarried mother shares equally with the married, the war allowance is almost all the help that the State gives, apart from the Poor Law, to this helpless class of women and children. The mother still bears all the responsibility. The father's relation to the child as recognised in English law is at best only that of a "cash nexus."

Meanwhile Norway has given a strong lead on this question. In spite of the war, which has set back social reform in most of the countries in Europe, Norway has passed a measure making the father of an illegitimate child equally responsible with the mother. This is mainly due to the labours of one statesman. Mr. Castberg is an idealist, who manages to get his ideals realised. As Minister of Justice, as Minister of Labour, and again as President of the Lower Chamber (the Odelsting) of the Storting, he has worked untiringly for the emancipation of women. In 1909 he carried through the Divorce laws which put women in exactly the same position as men. The Liberal Government, in which he was Minister of Justice, voluntarily wrecked

itself in 1910 over political principles, only to be returned with an increased majority in 1913, when universal suffrage was given to women as to men, over twenty-five years of age. Later on he left the Government on the questions of duties on food and compulsory arbitration, which he was convinced could not be carried against the wishes of labour. In a House consisting of twenty Conservatives, eighty Liberals, and twenty Socialists, he was left with five supporters; but his personal influence is so great that he was made President of the Odelsting, and in that position he has worked devotedly for this last measure of social justice to women. In an unpublished lecture delivered in Sweden in November, 1915, Mr. Castberg has described the scope and nature of the Children's Rights Laws. "They intend," he says, "to protect children through the mother. They aim at greater social care for the work of motherhood, and so of the coming generation. . . . Men have so brutally sinned against motherhood that in thousands of legitimate relations it is motherhood by compulsion, and it is considered a disgrace to mother and child when the forms and regulations prescribed by society have not been observed. The movement for women's emancipation of our time is the revolt of women against this subjection. In their heart of hearts it is a demand for freedom, as most revolutions are."

It is a natural progress from civic equality to economic and thence to sex equality, and Mr. Castberg finds it natural that this new phase of the woman's movement should have arisen in Norway, where all professions and State offices are open to them, except the Church and military command; where the scale of payment for women is rising, if it is not already, as in the high offices of State, the same scale as the men's; and where the terms of divorce are the same for women as for men. Sex equality is the new principle dimly discerned behind the chief provisions of the new laws. And it was this principle, Mr. Castberg tells us, which roused the hottest feelings in the debate. On the one side was "the old domination of man, with his contempt for 'natural' motherhood; on the other, the feeling of respect and the desire to protect motherhood for its own sake."

The principles embodied in the law, besides the equal responsibility of father and mother, are the duty of the illegitimate child to both father and mother alike; the child's right to either his father's or his mother's name; the right to inherit from his father and his father's family, as he already does from his mother and her family; the right to be brought up according to the economic position of the better-to-do of his parents; the duty of the father to take care of the child's mother, before and after childbirth; and

last, but not least, the duty of society to try and establish the paternity in every case, "in exact contrast to the *Code Napoléon* 'La recherche de la paternité est interdite.'" The Act was supplemented by a simultaneous change in the Criminal Law making it penal for a man to neglect a woman with child by him or to fail her morally or economically so as to leave her in a helpless and destitute condition.

The complete irresponsibility of the father, which has been accepted everywhere till now, has, as Mr. Castberg says, no foundation in morals or in regard for marriage, as the illegitimate child has all the claims of a child on his mother. She is bound to work for the child and bring it up. The child is entitled to bear her name and to inherit from her or from her family in the same way as a child born in wedlock.

The disproportion between the responsibility placed on the man and on the woman is the more outrageous as it is due to legislation, in which women have had no share. It is not only a wrong done to the mother and child, but is a demoralising institution, as it frees the man from his natural responsibility and so tempts him to recklessness in a relation which ought to be the most responsible and serious one in a man's life, giving birth to a new being. It breaks down man's respect for women, brutalises the relation between parents and between parents and children, and in this way repudiates what is the ethical basis of marriage. At the same time this legalised irresponsibility of the man, his legally protected anonymity, exposes the child to want and disgrace, and contributes to the feeling of being singled out and disowned, which causes so many of them to go down in the struggle for life. The time has come to remove the injustice of visiting on the child the disapproval of society of illegitimate relation between the parents.

"The new legislation," Mr. Castberg goes on to say, "aims at crushing the system of concealment and lies, in which paternity is now allowed to be shrouded and which is in itself an offence against wifehood and marriage." The first step towards this is the establishment of the child's paternity. Every birth is to be notified, and the mother is *bound* to give the name of the father. As soon as this is done—and it may be done before the delivery—the magistrate draws up a form charging the father named by her with the necessary contribution for the mother and child. On receipt of this, if the man named denies the fatherhood, he may within a given time appeal against it and ask for an action to be laid against the mother. The administration then proceeds against her. No expense falls on either of the parties and the procedure is independent of the demand of the mother. Both parties appear in the court to give evidence as witnesses, and at the conclusion of the evidence the judge may make both take the oath or one of them or omit the oath altogether.



The father named is judged to be the father of the child if the Court considers it proved that he had intercourse with the woman at a time that allows of his paternity, provided that the Court has reason to believe that the mother has not had intercourse with any one else, and in the absence of other evidence to the contrary. If the paternity is not proved, but only intercourse within the necessary limits of time, the man named is sentenced to make the same contribution to the upkeep of mother and child as he would have been obliged to make if he had been proved to be the father, but the child is not entitled to take his name or to inherit his property. The Court proceeds very cautiously, but in practice it is found in the great majority of cases that there is very little difficulty in settling the question of the paternity. If the father named omits to take action within the prescribed time he is thereby deemed to have admitted the paternity. At this point the mother decides if the child shall take her name or his father's; but, if hers, then he is entitled to claim his father's later if he wishes to do so.

The second provision gives the child the right of inheritance from his father and his father's family, except that real estate is reserved for the eldest legitimate child, who has the right to buy the whole at a low valuation. In the debate on this point the more conservative members favoured the right of inheritance where the father admitted the paternity or where the paternity was established in the Court, *provided* there had been promise of marriage or the man and woman had been engaged to be married, or the circumstances were such as to imply a criminal responsibility on the part of the father. But the social reformers, led by Mr. Castberg, prevailed, and the right of inheritance was given in *every* case in which the paternity was admitted or proved in Court. Mr. Castberg's comment on this disputed point is: "Such a limitation in the law would become a temptation to an irresponsible father to deny his paternity and so escape his obligations." The real end in view, we are told, was not so much a problematic economic advantage to the child (in most cases it would be *nil*), as a demand for justice.

On this provision of the law Mr. Castberg counts for a greater openness on the part of the father, for the truth is bound to come out when the illegitimate child claims his share of the inheritance on the father's death. Opponents of the Bill made use of this. They drew vivid pictures of the shame and sorrow that such revelations would bring to "better-class" families, most of which their words seemed to imply would receive a shock. On this Mr. Castberg says:

Now apart from this exaggeration it must be argued that the sorrow and disgrace is more due to the actual existence of the

child and to the lies and concealment about it than to the fact that its existence is at last revealed to the family. The Children's Rights Laws aim expressly at preventing the claim of an illegitimate child to his inheritance coming as a surprise to a man's family after his death. A man owes it to his wife to tell her the truth. It is the lie which is degrading, injurious to marriage and offensive to the wife and children. And, further, if the illegitimate child is legally entitled to know who are his parents, while society is of opinion that this is a matter of justice to the child, he cannot be deprived of this right, for the reason that it brings distress to the father's family. The father cannot for that reason be freed from his responsibility. If a man steals or commits a criminal action no one demands that he shall be free from punishment because it will cause sorrow and disgrace to his family. Still less can the argument be pleaded when it means injustice to an innocent child.

An objection of quite a different character was also brought against this provision for inheritance. By Norwegian law a woman's property on marriage (unless specially reserved under the Married Woman's Property Act) is joined with her husband's. On the husband's death the widow is entitled to one half; but the widow may administer the whole fortune till the children are twenty-one, and longer, unless the children expressly ask for the division. It was now urged that money brought by the wife on her marriage might be used to pay the claim for inheritance of the husband's illegitimate children. This was a perfectly valid objection, and one that applies equally to the case of a wife's illegitimate child or to the legitimate children of either by a former marriage. To meet this an alteration has been made in the law affecting the economic relation of husband and wife, giving to either the right to demand a division of their common property, and, if desired, the first step may be to allocate to each what they severally contributed on marriage, in the event of either without the knowledge of the other having at the time of the marriage a child born out of wedlock or having a child which is now entitled to inherit, born out of wedlock after the marriage. The divorce law was simultaneously altered to admit of the injured partner claiming a divorce and the division of the common property. Mr. Castberg notes that it will be necessary also to modify in this same sense the law that gives to the surviving partner of the marriage the right to manage the common property undivided.

An official investigation made some years previously into the economic and social condition of unmarried mothers and their children had prepared the way for these measures by the figures of still-births and infant mortality. The ratio of still-births of illegitimate children was nearly double, and of infant deaths more than double those of legitimate children. Before the new

law was made the father—*i.e.*, the man who either acknowledges paternity or after inquiry is accepted by the Court as such—had to contribute to the expenses of the woman's delivery and proper nursing in child-bed, and to pay partially or wholly, according to the circumstances, for the maintenance and education of the child till he was fifteen. The expenses were calculated according to the economic position of the two parents. These alimonies, which were very small, were fixed by the magistrate and collected by the administration, but they were only imposed *if the mother demanded it*. The result was that only a small proportion of the mothers received the alimony. They shrank from making the claim. They feared to offend the father. The difficulties of collection also proved very great, especially after the abolition of the Vagabond Law in 1900, "under which forced labour might be applied to a man who would not pay.

Now that the magistrate always knows the father's name, there is nothing to prevent him from making the demand, which, however, the father can anticipate if he wishes. The Children's Rights Laws have considerably increased the scale of payments and the minimum amount to be paid as alimony. They also make it possible to apply compulsion to the negligent father, by the reintroduction of forced labour and by increased control of emigration.

Payments are exacted also for baptism and confirmation, for illness and eventually for burial. Contributions towards the child's upbringing can in special cases be levied even after the sixteenth year. Usually the child remains with the mother and the contributory payments are therefore as a rule made by the father. If, however, the mother leaves the child to others the magistrate may give the child to the father, if that is desirable in the interests of the child. In that case the mother will have to make a contribution, determined according to her economic position. If neither parent has the care of the child, both have to make contributions. Obviously the most suitable person to make provision is the father of the child, whether he be married to the mother or not; but if he fails, it is recognised that society must in its own interests come to her rescue, not only by exercising compulsion on the father, but also by itself providing economic support for the mother for the first three months and in some cases for more. Municipal support which is given in this way is not considered to pauperise the mother. On the other hand, the father is pauperised in respect of any moneys which the municipality is entitled to have refunded by him and fails to obtain.

These laws, aiming at the protection of unmarried and

deserted mothers and their children, have been reinforced by an extension of the provision for maternity insurance, making it for the first time compulsory and available for all mothers without means. This last measure crowns Mr. Castberg's work for women. Step by step he has worked for their civic, economic, and sex equality, and by the laws of marriage and divorce and the protection of maternity and childbirth he has given to women their charter of freedom.

The Children's Rights Laws came into force in January, 1916, except the law dealing with the economic relation of married people, which came into force in January, 1917. The new law of inheritance applies only to children born after January, 1917. It is therefore too soon to do more than guess at the probable results. The new attitude of mind involved is pregnant with great possibilities. For the first time responsibility attaches to the man's freedom and some freedom to the woman's responsibility.

The greater openness about extra-legal unions is bound to make for moral health, and the new responsibility attaching to fatherhood is a check on selfish heedlessness. In some cases, where there is real love, the divorce laws open a way to a new union within the law. Where a woman has suffered violence, the last thing she would wish would be that her child should bear her seducer's name. It may be, too, that there will be women who, like Effie Deans, for love of their lover will wish to hide his name. But in future it is not the man's feelings or the woman's which are to be considered, but only what is due to the child. To us such measures may seem revolutionary. But Norway lives adventurously in the things of the spirit. Some day, perhaps, we shall take our courage in both hands and follow her.

JANET CASE.

## THE TOPOGRAPHY OF "THE TEMPEST."

**I**N common estimation, the Island of "The Tempest" is a combination of fairyland, the Coral Island of the boys' books, and the Bermudas, with a local deity from Patagonia. There is ground for all four suppositions, but neither Ariel nor Setebos nor the voyage of Sir George Somers alters the fact that the textual and geographical necessities of the play require that the island shall be situated within the Mediterranean. The four fixed points of the drama are Milan (though to that, as we shall see, the word applies only in a qualified and poetic sense), Naples, Tunis, and Algiers; and though there is a certain margin of speculation, the idea that the action takes place beyond the Straits of Gibraltar makes quite undue and unnecessary demands on the supernatural machinery of the play: it simply requires that all the characters shall be Ariels, with his exceptional faculties of locomotion.

Let us first examine the indications of locality. We must accept the initial absurdity of Prospero's sailing from Milan (really a more serious error than the more famous one about the sea-coast of Bohemia), and take the nearest port, Genoa, fifty miles distant from the inland town, as the place where the conspirators put Prospero and his infant daughter on board the vessel, whence they were later transferred to

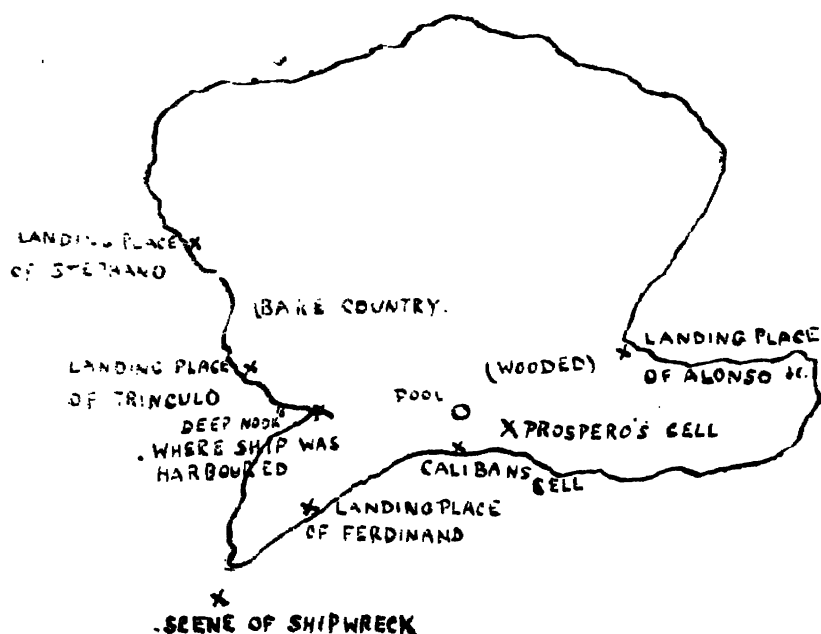
"A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast,"

in which they drifted till they reached the island. They had food and fresh water, but we cannot imagine the journey to have been very prolonged, with the three-year-old Miranda surviving at the end of it, under the supervision of a notoriously absent-minded parent with his books on board. The description of the boat, too, forbids the supposition of an extended voyage. Corsica is the nearest island, about a hundred miles distant, but it is too large a stage property for the purpose: the isle of "The Tempest" must have been quite small. There are, however, islands in the vicinity which might put in a claim were it not that other incidents in the play point definitely to the neighbourhood of Sicily as the scene of the wreck. Alonso and his party were wrecked on their return from the marriage of his daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis: the rest of the fleet, we have it from Ariel, are

"Upon the Mediterranean flote,  
Bound sadly home for Naples."

The direct way from Tunis to Naples lies round the western

extremity of Sicily, and there are several possibilities of nautical mishap in this region. If the storm arose early in the voyage, there is the island of Pentellaria, situated just half-way between the Tunisian and Sicilian coasts, and some sixty miles distant from each: its thirty-five square miles leave ample, but not excessive, room for the developments of the play. The Ægadian Islands, off the west of Sicily, might be thought to fulfil the conditions, and a strong case might be made out for Maritimo, the most outlying of the group: the chief objection is that the adjacent coasts are visible from it, and it is impossible to conceive



of Prospero's island except as completely isolated. It will be remembered that Sycorax was banished thither from Algiers, and no intelligent Government would select for such a purpose an island within sight of the main coast. It is more probable that the vessel had rounded that corner before meeting with mishap.

There are no clues to direction in the text, and in any case the interference of Prospero's magic introduces a difficulty into the region of meteorological conjecture. But perhaps even he took the line of least resistance and evoked with his charms the Sirocco of these latitudes, which blows mostly from the south. Caliban's curse, "A south-west blow on ye, and blister you all o'er!" possibly suggests the direction most dreaded. Such a storm,

occurring after the ship had rounded the corner, would tend to drive her to the open sea between Sardinia and Italy. The Lipari Islands, snugly disposed in the bend to the east, are too remote for the particular purpose in hand, but that objection does not apply to the lone island, Ustica, which lies forty miles north of Palermo, well to the west of the Liparis, and therefore less apart from the direct route. The penal colony which still exists on the island may point to a Caliban tradition. On the whole, if one had to fix a point on the map for the adventure of Prospero, one might reasonably decide on the vicinity of Ustica; though the island itself does not fit the conditions.

One reason for believing that the disaster occurred after the ship had passed into the inner sea depends on a textual indication of locality which is very apt to be overlooked. In the first interview with Ariel, Prospero promises that "In two days I will discharge thee." This is about two o'clock in the afternoon, and the whole time occupied in the scheme of the play does not exceed four hours. Why, then, the "two days"? Obviously, because it was Ariel's business to see the returning vessel safely to Naples. Prospero, after promising a prosperous voyage to his guests, adds aside to Ariel:

"This is thy charge: then to the elements  
Be free, and fare thee well!"

It is getting towards six before Prospero has rounded up all the wanderers and "invited" them—the word is his own—to remain for the night:

"Which, part of it, I'll waste  
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it  
Go quick away—the story of my life,  
And the particular accidents gone by  
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn  
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples."

There would be no early rising after such a night and such a day, and we may suggest noon as a probable hour for the embarkation. That would leave Ariel with still two full rounds of the clock at his disposal, and a leisurely pace of six to eight knots would allow ample time for the vessel to cover the hundred and seventy miles to Naples. It may seem a slow journey, but there was no occasion for hurry, and Ariel showed a tactful discretion in avoiding anything resembling a stiff breeze.

Now let us see what we can learn about the island itself. It must have been small. The proof lies in the fact that within the four hours which elapsed between the shipwreck and the reconciliation all the characters, whom Ariel had "in troops dispersed

about the isle," had time, in spite of many interruptions and adventures, to reach Prospero's cave, which was situated close to the shore and not central. It is worth noting that many of them, on their first appearance, are found speaking of the place as an "island," from which we may presume that it was possible to observe from any slight eminence sufficient of its contour to establish the fact. Adrian mentions "the island" in the first sentence he utters; and Gonzalo bases his theory of the Commonwealth on the hypothesis of geographical isolation. Ferdinand, hearing Ariel's song, attributes it to "some god o' the island"; and Trinculo hails Caliban, after his first mistake, as "an islander": to Stephano he is "some monster of the isle."

The size cannot well have been more than five or six miles in any direction, and the shape must have been fairly regular to permit the laggards of the company to arrive in time for the *dénouement*. In view of the considerations given above the probable scene of the wreck was the south-west corner of the island, for the boatswain's instructions in the opening scene: "Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses! off to sea again; lay her off!" indicate an effort to clear the shore towards which the vessel was being driven. As the event took place in full sight of Prospero and his daughter, his cell seems to have been situated on the southern side of the island. That suggestion is confirmed by the fact that Ferdinand, the only other spectator of the wreck, reaches Prospero's cell a long time before his companions. A moment's attention to the time-table of the play may help to make matters clearer. The drama begins about two o'clock—"past the mid-season at least two glasses"—and in the same scene Prospero indicates the limit of the action:

"The time 'twixt six and now  
Must by us both be spent most preciouslly."

As a matter of fact several of the characters make it three hours. Ferdinand cannot have reached the cell till about three o'clock, as a good deal of explanation and conversation preceded his arrival. We must suppose him to have reached land close to the scene of the catastrophe, for he speaks of having, "with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld the King, my father, wreck'd." From Francisco's narrative it appears that Ferdinand leaped into the sea from the doomed ship, and no doubt he got to land in time to see her sink. He had come along the shore, following Ariel's invisible music. His servitude cannot have been of long duration, for certainly within two hours he had been liberated by Prospero, and within three was deep in that game of chess with Miranda of which we would so much like to have a detailed chronicle.



None of the others of the shipwrecked party reached Prospero's cell till between five and six. We may take it that Alonso and his party walked across the island from the opposite side. There is no mention of the shore in their conversation, which harps rather on the "lushness" of the vegetation, on "forthrights and meanders," and generally on what may be called internal rather than peripheral phenomena. Probably they did not go more than three or four miles. Gonzalo is an old man, and already, at the beginning of the third Act, he admits that he "can go no further." We meet them at three points—once shortly after landing; again, when Ariel presents the vision of the banquet; and, finally, on their arrival at the cell.

Trinculo and Stephano had, we may hope, a longer and more arduous journey, assisted as it was in its later stages by Prospero's phantom hounds and cramp-compelling goblins—an ingenious combination of factors making for haste with factors making for delay. We know more about their escape than that of any other person in the play. Only in those two cases does the landing appear to have been entirely natural and unassisted. Stephano tells us that he "escaped upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved overboard," and Trinculo that he swam ashore "like a duck." Their places of landing must, therefore, have been not far from the scene of the wreck, and not far apart. In the case of the other passengers the interposition of Ariel may fairly be credited with having transported them to some distance, as it was plainly part of Prospero's design that the tracks were not to cross. Trinculo would probably be carried somewhat north of the scene of the wreck, and Stephano on his butt may have drifted a good deal further. The commentator must note the regrettable fact that, of all his shipwrecked folk, it was Stephano who, within well-marked limitations, seems to have been best fitted to play the part of Admirable Crichton. His first act on coming ashore was not, like Ferdinand, to sit on a bank and wring his hands, or, like Gonzalo, to speculate on forms of government, or, like Adrian and Sebastian, to utter inane japes (but without any strong hand to put their heads under the pump). Instead, he at once started to render the island, from his point of view, more fitted for human habitation. His assets consisted of one bottle of sack, and he looked round, first, for a safe place of storage; next, for a means of reducing that asset to a condition of portability adapted to a tour of investigation. So, he tells Trinculo, "my cellar is in a rock by the seaside, where my wine is hid"; and as for his bottle, he made it "of the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was cast ashore." Stephano, like Bill Crichton, was a butler; the difference between the two was largely one of sobriety.

The configuration of the island we may thus present as a very irregular quadrilateral, something like a smaller and inverted Isle of Wight, with Prospero's cell on the southern shore—approximately in the position of Ryde. The ship was wrecked at the south-west corner, and safely housed by Ariel in a "deep nook" about Bembridge—perhaps the "strong-based promontory" which Prospero had "made shake" by his spells. Towards the cell the cliffs gave way to sand (Ariel's "yellow sands" must have referred to an actual beach), and it was there that Ferdinand came to shore in the vicinity of Seaview. Trinculo landed in a similar cove round the corner (St. Helens), and Stephano further away (Sandown), where also were sufficient rocks to provide a safe cavern for his precious cargo. Alonso and his party were transported well round the north-eastern shore (between Chale and Freshwater), and had a short walk across the island before reaching Prospero's cell.

The indications of the natural features of the island are vague, but some definite points emerge. We have already seen reasons for the unanimous conclusion of the wanderers that they were on an island. On the whole it is described as desert. The Epilogue, which might be expected to take a general and comprehensive view, calls it "bare." Ariel's testimony is less valuable, for though he speaks of it to the royal party as "this most desolate isle," his words may have been chosen with a view to moral effect rather than geographical accuracy, like his description of it, a few lines earlier, as uninhabited. Trinculo's testimony, however, is quite clear with regard to the point where he landed. "Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing. . . . I know not where to hide my head." Yet in other parts the isle was rich in vegetation. Gonzalo speaks of the grass as "lush and lusty," and in the interior the vegetation was such as to encumber progress: "Here's a maze trod, indeed, through forthright and meanders" means that they had come by circuitous as well as straight paths. Stephano and Trinculo were led by Ariel into a country of "tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns." Bogs there were, and fresh springs; and Caliban, the best authority on the flora and fauna of the island, suggests more than once that the general fertility of the place is alternated with barren patches. Trees there were, else how Ferdinand's logs? And Prospero's descriptions, in general, seem to indicate a country anything but "desert." In endeavouring to compile a catalogue of the local vegetation, care must be taken to eliminate such plants as are mentioned only for purposes of argument or illustration, like Iris's list of cereals. But we may legitimately infer from the text that the island contained

the following: Oak, pine, cedar, lime, gorse, furze, brier, mushroom, nuts (various), berries (ditto), crab-apples, cowslips. Of the fauna we are more fully informed, and here again there is some doubt as to which of the creatures were "real" and which the emanations of Prospero's magic: certainly his spirits took the form of "urchins," apes, hedgehogs, and adders, which we need not presume to have been indigenous to the island. Otherwise, we find unequivocal mention of wolves, bears, sheep, owls, jays, ravens, marmosets, fish, mussels, moles, bats, toads, beetles, bees, and flies. Ariel's coral and pearls can be construed only in the imaginative sense: his song was itself a calculated effort to mislead, and there is no reason to suppose that its imagery was selected with any greater regard to accuracy. Indeed, the flora and fauna of the island are stage properties all, with not the slightest attempt at local colour. They bear a strong likeness to the features of the Forest of Arden, which has, however, the advantage in possessing a lion and a palm tree, a fact which seems to show an imperfect sense of the relation of latitude to zoology. But with all this matter of detail it is evident that Shakespeare troubled himself very little. Caliban was the only beast that interested him and Miranda the only flower.

Notwithstanding this meagreness of furniture, we have a much more detailed account of the island of "The Tempest" than of any other Shakespearean island, always excepting that most precious isle of all, set in a silver sea. He did not, as an American might say, take much stock of islands, *qua* islands. Most of "The Merchant of Venice" takes place at Venice, but that is merely to give an added plausibility to the maritime ventures of Antonio. The court of Leontes is in Sicily, because the "dispersed" nature of the action made it necessary to have numerous means of egress overseas. "Othello" is transacted entirely on two islands—Venice and Cyprus—also as a matter of dramatic convenience; but neither in that case nor in any of the others does the insular position serve, as in "The Tempest," for purposes of isolation. Neither Venice, Cyprus, nor Sicily is any more "desert" than Padua or Elsinore. The interesting thing is that a dramatist so unheeding of spectacular detail should have given us in the island of "The Tempest" an island so plausible and consistent. We must not strive too anxiously to give to this airy nothing a local habitation and a name; but it has not, I hope, been an illegitimate exercise to play at reconstituting a picture which must have been in the poet's mind. No jigsaw puzzle of the kind can ever be complete or satisfactory; but it is always a pleasure to play with such pieces.

ROBERT BELL.

## LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

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## DOCTORES SUPEREXCELLENTE.

"YOU would have been known in the age of King James I, Mr. Warlock, as a *Servator*" said Dr. Boon with a quick humorous look at the old man as they tramped through the early snow one December afternoon across the high moor. Mr. Warlock, an old friend and (the fact is hardly one for publication) the quasi-adviser in certain difficult cases of the country doctor, looked down on his friend, being ever ready for new knowledge and said, "What be a *Servator*, Dr. Boon?" "An old writer, Robert Burton, has this passage, Mr. Warlock. I copied it out for you the other night as I was reading his great book before bed-time. Here it is: 'Sorcerers are too common; cunning men, wizards, and white witches, as they call them, in every village, which if they be sought unto, will help almost all infirmities of body and mind, *Servatores* in Latin, and they have commonly St. Catharine's wheel printed in a roof of their mouth, or in some other part about them.'" Mr. Warlock heard the passage read, quietly attentive, and took the paper with interest. He was thinking very earnestly. "Does Mr. Burton approve of what he calls white witches?" "Well, that is a point. He asks himself the question whether, if they have the power, it is right to go to them, and says that in his day it was a common practice to go first to a witch and then to a physician. Both the Fathers of the church and the fathers of my profession have been doubtful." "You do come to me, doctor, to talk over some sort of cases. I have cured whur you'm failed. I be old man and no manner so good as I would wish to be, but I do make cures when doctor be at wit's end." Dr. Boon laughed. "Yes, I have had some wonderful cures through your help though not through your simples. There are only two of your useful herbs, or perhaps three, that are not well known and in regular use. You use them not because you know of them through books but because the manner of use has been handed down, father to son, so to speak, from Saxon times and earlier. Early monkish writers tell us of this and from age to age there are records

of the herbs in use. To the physician the whole thing has been turned into a science, and in our pharmacopœia, as we call it, we have set out the uses of the essence of almost every known herb. Very many of those that you use are really useless, and you are not able, as we are, to measure the dose to the case. But still I admit that there are possibly still some herbs that you use, the value of which we do not realise." It was a long speech as it appears written, but in reality it was jerked out, as they floundered through the wet snow, in phrases which the old man swallowed with a nod. He quite saw Dr. Boon's point. The profession had reduced to order the almost undesigned experiments of numberless generations who had found that that or this herb in concoction had some curative effect on this or that disease. Dr. Boon was quick to see that there was some little revolt in Mr. Warlock's mind against the unfairness of taking advantage of the white witch's experience and then kicking him and his class over. "You see, Mr. Warlock, we have entered into your inheritance. If it hadn't been for the herbalist there would have been no doctor. Our books have gradually got all your knowledge, or nearly all, from every part of the world so that the doctors to-day can in any particular case use the gathered knowledge as to herbs and minerals of thousands of generations." The old man nodded. "I zee," he said, "but you'm still without my rheumatiz herb." The doctor laughed: "well, well," he said, "as I don't know what rheumatism is, I shan't bother about the green stuff you pick in February. But what I haven't got and where you help me is the knowledge of the minds of the people. It is there you beat me. Your cures are mind-cures. You know the people and I after thirty years on these moors don't." "Iss," said Mr. Warlock, "I know the people. You know their bodies and in some fashion their minds. I do know their souls nigh as well as Sam Miles knows them. If you know a man's soul you do know to a dewdrop how a potion will act. "Yes," said Dr. Boon gravely, "that is where you help me. If we only knew the souls of our patients there would be little need for doctors in ten generations." "Opening medicine," said Mr. Warlock, "be a chief part of my art and I do apply it to the soul."

At this moment they stood on the hill-side at a point where the moor runs down a steep place into a grassy bottom where oak and ash, withy and elm locked in a quiet homestead. Down there was no snow; the grass looked like spring grass. The oaks still held their yellow leaves and already in sheltered corners the primrose was putting out leaves where in a month or six weeks, perhaps, the yellow flower would stand. To the homestead they were bound in order to see two sick folk, an old woman who lay, with far thoughts, in the old four post bed where she was born, and a soldier back months ago from the wars with a shattered mind: grandmother and grandson. With them were the soldier's father and mother and his little sister and sturdy school-lad brother. Mr. Warlock had slept at the farm last night and at dawn, alarmed at both cases, had set out for Dr. Boon eight miles away. The doctor's dog-cart had brought them as far as the road went and

had gone back. When the two doctors, the white witch and the regular practitioner, reached the farmyard night had fallen and a winter moon was shining on the snow. "How be granmer," said Mr. Warlock, anxiously. "She be muttering o' watervalls," said her daughter, "an' Arthur he be hearing shells bursting all the hour long." "And how are the rest of you?" said Dr. Boon cheerily. "Well, I can see you are well. Why shouldn't you be well away from towns and troubles!" "Arthur be great trouble. Do'ee cure he" said the woman anxiously. "Mother be past cure." "Nonsense, nonsense," said the bustling doctor taking off his great coat, "I have attended Mrs. Brane five and twenty years and mean to attend her for another twenty. Yes, I will have a cup of tea, a large cup with plenty of cream in. Past cure, indeed, no one is past cure in my practice." Finishing his tea he went upstairs, and in a wonderfully quiet way for so brusque and downright a man. And then the soldier came in with his hand on his forehead.

"It be sad granmer be so bad, Arthur," said the old man. "Be she bad?" said Arthur. "I did forget she be bad. My poor head be bad. I wish the guns would stop." "Be they firing now? I be hard o' hearing. 'Tis far away to hear they. The moor do zeem to me zo quiet to-night. Christmas be not far away." Just a gleam of interest showed in the soldier's dull eyes. He was very young and loved the Christmas time. The kitchen was empty save for these two. The rest had taken the advantage of the coming of Dr. Boon to slip off on their neglected duties, all the insistent needs of farm life. The two sat over the fire. The old man's keen, pale blue eyes were fixed on the soldier lad. As the fire flickered the splendid head of the healer shone with a revelation of almost spiritual power. The soldier seemed to be moving out of a trance; someone had his soul by the hand, as it were, leading him up out of Hades, that place of prison, to the light. "Christmas be not far away. 'Tis a time o' peace. Have 'ee ever noticed, Arthur, how quiet moor do often be about Christmas time: no wind, no rain; just sunshine and moonshine on the snow and the tinkle-tinkle of the Christmas bells creeping along into the farms? Quiet, quiet . . . quiet. It do seem sleepy here at Christmas time, zo still!" A new look had come into the boy's eyes; the dullness was going, a normal sleepiness was taking its place. He rubbed his eyes. "I be zo tired, Mr. Warlock." "One be tired after good work, Arthur. Be tired. 'Tis good to be tired. 'Tis bad business 'bout granmer." "Dear granmer," said the soldier, "I do love she." "Doctor be heer to cure she. 'Tis likely she will be cured." "What be sickness?" said the boy. "'Tis you be the sickness. She be feared for you. If Arthur be well, granmer be well." "I be well," said the soldier, "'cept the guns, an' they be further off to-day." "Let the guns be. They be doing good work. 'Tis to make a new world. But 'tis for you to forget guns now. You be tired after good work. Will you make granmer well? She be not well while you do hear guns. Come, Arthur, come with me to Blackwood Farm. I want my fiddle." The soldier, as if he had awakened from a long sleep,

jumped up and the two passed into the quiet night under the silver moon. But at the threshold Dr. Boon met them. "Where are you going?" said he. "We be going Blackwood Farm to fetch fiddle," said Arthur quietly but more naturally. "Oh," said the physician, "that is one up to you, Doctor Warlock." "How be old Mrs. Milton?" said the Servator. "She is worse than she will be," said the doctor; "and, moreover, she is my patient." "You wur at varm window ten minutes ago." "How do you know?" "Arthur did hear you." In fact, Arthur had flinched at a tiny sound and the old man had guessed that the doctor was watching the cure. "Well, well, get you to Blackwood, and Arthur don't you go romping with Sarah Tudley."

As the two moved across the farmyard and into the moonlit field-path the past came creeping up into the broken mind. He was waking from a troubled dream that had been endless and unhappy. He felt the daylight breaking from the East. Suddenly Sally Tudley's bright face came back into his mind. She had been a stranger there for months. He was only tired now and though the guns still pounded away it was at a tremendous distance. The roaring tumble of the stream that they crossed was for the first time the flow of water. At last the past was falling into perspective and stood as a back and middle ground. The perfect quietude of the moonlit scene knit up the present to the far past when the moor was all his life. "Mr. Warlock," he said earnestly, "it be real, be it?" "It be real. There be the same old stars and our Wiltwater moon. They do not heed our war." The word was used deliberately. He wanted to bring the war as a whole into perspective. The string answered the bow. "It do zeem a long while ago that charge. On and on we went, the shells bursting in front of us. An' then in front of us was a sea of terrible voices, thousands of voices, and we, the thin lines of us, we plunged, we wi' our bayonets, into the sea o' voices wi' a crash an' a thud an' a roar. I thought 'twur like sheep-shearing. I remember no more, but I wur not wounded, only I forgot everything. It be real here, be it?" "It be real; why here be varm and big Mr. Multon be at door looking at the night. We be come, Mr. Multon, Arthur an' I be come, for old fiddle." In the great kitchen were Mrs. Multon and her niece, Sally Tudley. Now Sally was grieving over Arthur, who had smiled at her the week before and had not known who she was; she who had been at school with him and had walked hundreds of miles with him on the long road to school and back, year in, year out. He knew her to-night. "I be tired, Zally," said he, "zo tired." And as he sat down he closed his eyes. Mr. Warlock lifted his hand warningly; they all knew the tragedy of it and the months of darkness at the little homestead where he lived. Then Mr. Warlock took up his fiddle and began playing with almost a fairy touch the old tunes that he knew the boy knew, played them like bright ghosts of melodies gliding up and down a single string. And into the melodies he wove the streams and woods and fields and moorlands, knitting up all the while the pre-war consciousness to the present, and at the end he touched in a chord or two of the National Anthem. "Twur worth it," said the soldier. "I do

love England. They do tell me Belgium wur like England avore the war, parts o' England. The Germans shall not touch England. 'Twur worth it, but I be sorry Jim Torr be dead.' "He be not dead. He be in hospital in Plymouth town. I have seen he." "He wur my sergeant," said the boy; "wur in the charge. 'Twur worth it. Good night, Sally." "Good night, Arthur," said they all. But it was only Sally that he really knew.

When they got back, Dr. Boon was waiting. He had bargained for a pony trap to take him back, and it was ready down in the village. "Mrs. Milton is better," he said to the old man. "She was dying of trouble. The old do die of it sometimes. When I told her about Arthur, she asked for something to eat. Human beings are funny creatures. Will you walk to the village, Mr. Warlock?" "I will drive you, Dr. Boon, as soon as I have given Arthur his potion." "Leave the boy alone, let him sleep." "I do know my art," said the old magician, obstinately. "I do measure my potion to his soul." And solemnly in the kitchen he measured out his potion, a strong decoction of peppermint leaves, which the soldier drank obediently, and stepped off steadily to bed. "Let he sleep," he said to the mother; "sleep, sleep, sleep. He be come back from the dead. I will look in again before the week be out."

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"It seems to me," said the doctor as they drove over the moor, "that I wasn't wanted at all to-day and to-night. Yet I believe I saved Mrs. Milton. When I got upstairs into her room, I sat quietly down and listened. She had not heard me. She was rambling in the dusk some way like this, looking at the little fire: 'Here wur I born in this very bed beside this very fire in the zound of the valling waters. Here wur I married; here wur my children born; here did my husband die: all in the zound of the waters as they go down to the zee. An' here I will die. Arthur be good boy, but Andrew, his brother, he lie dead in France, an' Arthur he be worse than dead.' So she rambled on. Then I crept downstairs; 'past cure,' I said. Then I went into the yard and saw what had happened to Arthur. Then I went up again and lit a light, and said to old Mrs. Milton, who knew me in a moment, 'This is a bad business about Arthur.' 'Be he dead?' 'No, no; about Arthur and Sally.' She sat up in bed. 'Be Arthur well?' 'Yes; Arthur is all well again. But Sally won't marry him. What shall we do?' 'Do 'ee get my boots and my breakfast,' said the old lady; 'boots and breakfast. If Sally waunt marry he I'll witch she, witch she into a decline this very day at sunrise. Not marry *he!* Give I my boots, Dr. Boon.'"

Mr. Warlock laughed right up at the round-faced moon. "It be my cure, doctor," said he. "The cure lies in the application, sir," said the regular physician; "I gave her her boots and a bacon sandwich."

J. E. G. DE M.



## REVIEWS.

## LORD ACTON'S CORRESPONDENCE.\*

The two volumes of Lord Acton's correspondence, published some years ago, revealed one of the most significant figures of the Victorian era in the world of scholarship, politics, and society, and created a demand for further coin from the same mint. The demand is now to be satisfied, and the first instalment fully responds to our expectations. A prefatory note by the editors declares that the letters to Döllinger, which are soon to appear, were the most important that he ever wrote; but it would be difficult to imagine a more pregnant or valuable collection than the correspondence with Gladstone which fills half the present volume.

The book opens with some letters to his mother and to Lord Granville, his father-in-law, from the young student who had been sent to Munich in 1848 at the age of fourteen, and been placed in charge of Döllinger, the greatest Catholic scholar of the century and the dominating influence in Acton's life. A striking memorandum to Lord Granville, written in 1854, discusses his studies and the effect of a German education, ending with the verdict: "It is my knowledge of German learning that is my principal advantage over people of my own age, and on it I shall have chiefly to rely to be of some service to my country and my religion." But scholarship never filled his whole horizon. A further letter to Lord Granville discusses the offer of assistance to secure a seat in Parliament, and frankly explains the position of independent Liberalism which he had already adopted and from which he was never to swerve. "To a Catholic a certain sort of independence is indispensable. I am free from the motives which generally make decided partisans, for I am conscious of no political ambitions and I have an aversion and incapacity for official life. Your note offers me the only hope I possess of ever entering the noblest assembly in the world; but I am bound to tell you at once that you would be rendering an uncertain service to your party by supporting my election with Government influence." In spite of this Declaration of Independence the young Baronet sat in the last Palmerston Parliament, and soon after its close accepted a peerage from Gladstone.

The first of the two main divisions into which the volume falls is entitled "Ecclesiastical Correspondence," and deals with the strenuous fight for "Liberalism" against the ultramontane influences which culminated in the Vatican Decrees. The story of his relations with English Catholics in the 'fifties and 'sixties in the course of his journalistic ventures has been told in an earlier volume, and only a few details are added in these pages. He urges Newman to come out and help his crusade for a scholarly and enlightened Catholicism. "We are still listening in vain for the voice we most reverence and most love to hear," he wrote; but Newman tamely replied that he was at the end of life, and that he

\* *Lord Acton's Correspondence*. Vol. I. Edited by J. N. Figgis and R. V. Laurence. (Longmans. 15s. net.)

"fulfilled his duty in keeping silence." The refusal left him to fight almost single-handed, and encouraged the authorities to put an extinguisher on the Liberal flame when it began to burn too brightly. The two men drifted apart, and there is a note of something like bitterness in the later references to the great Cardinal. "Some day I shall say to a pupil, read Newman," he wrote to Gladstone after his death. "He is by far the best writer the Church of Rome has had in England since the Reformation. And the pupil will come back and say, But do you think his arguments sound or his religion Catholic? I shall have to say No; if you work it out, it is a school of infidelity. I should quarrel with every friend I have in almost every camp or group if I said all I know or half of what I think of that splendid sophist, the greatest of your English contemporaries."

The second section of the "Ecclesiastical Correspondence" deals with the Vatican Decrees, and contains long and vivid letters to Gladstone from Rome during the sittings of the Council. Months before the fatal Decree on Infallibility, Acton reported that there was no hope of successful opposition. "In the case of almost every bishop it would be possible to point out the way in which his position may be forced or turned. The only invincible opponent is the man who is prepared to defy excommunication. Excepting Strossmayer and, perhaps, Hefele, I don't know of such a man." The Decrees were carried, and their strongest opponents, with few exceptions, submitted. Döllinger stood bravely to his guns, and was excommunicated. Acton, being a layman, escaped, contrary to his own expectation. When Gladstone published his famous attack on the Vatican Decrees in their bearing on Civil Allegiance, in 1874, his friend replied in the four letters to the *Times* which the editors have done well to reprint. His argument was confined to the single point which Gladstone had raised. He frankly confessed that "opinions likely to injure our position as loyal subjects of a Protestant sovereign have flourished in various times and can claim high sanction"; but he contended that the bulk of English Catholics had never accepted these theories, and were less likely to do so at the present time than ever before. "In my endeavours to show that the safety of the State is not affected by the Vatican Decrees," he wrote in his second letter, "I affirmed that they assign to the Papacy no power over temporal concerns greater than that which it claimed and exercised before, and that the causes which heretofore deprived those claims of practical effort continued to operate now." Time has happily proved Gladstone's alarm to be unfounded, and has vindicated the claim that the Catholic minority were as loyal to their country and its institutions as the Protestant majority.

The second half of the volume is filled by the miscellaneous correspondence between Acton and Gladstone, which will be read with delight by all who care for thoughtful and learned discussion of the greatest themes in the realms of belief, history, and politics. The younger man speaks with deep gratitude of "the value and the pride of our long friendship," and Lord Morley has told us that the veteran statesman could never have enough of Acton's

society. The two men were drawn together by close religious and political sympathy, and Gladstone's letters show him turning to his friend for advice and information in his excursions into the realm of scholarship. No more winning picture of Gladstone has ever appeared than that painted in these pages by his own hand, with his countless interests, his freshness of mind, and his modesty. And not even the letters to Mrs. Drew in a previous volume leave such an impression of massive strength as those in which Acton replies to questions about paganism and the Early Church, about Butler, mediæval Universities, Old Testament criticism, and the other themes which come up for review. While in scholarship Acton was the master and Gladstone the disciple, in politics the rôles are reversed; but the pupil's homage and gratitude to the greatest Liberal of the century did not exclude the unflinching expression of difference of opinion on the only occasion when such existed. When the aged Prime Minister resigned in 1894 on the naval estimates of his own colleagues, Acton strongly supported the lieutenants against their chief in a weighty memorandum. Needless to say the friendship remained unimpaired and continued till the end.

G. P. G.

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### THOSE FOUR YEARS IN GERMANY.\*

Mr. Gerard's book on his experiences as the Ambassador of the United States of America accredited to the German Emperor from the autumn of 1913 to the outbreak of war between his country and Germany will prove a document of great importance to the historian. Written by an ex-Judge, it bears throughout its pages the stamp of a judicial mind. Mr. Gerard never allows prejudice to modify his outlook, certainly not personal prejudice against surroundings that must have been uncongenial indeed after August, 1914. He is not only judicial. He is the soul of courtesy. He puts all the good points that can be put, not only for the German Emperor but also for the Crown Prince, whom he does not regard with the personal disfavour that is so usual throughout Europe. He "found him a most agreeable man, a sharp observer, and the possessor of intellectual attainments of no mean order. He is undoubtedly popular in Germany, excelling in all sports, a fearless rider, and a good shot. He is ably seconded by the Crown Princess." On the other hand, the Prince's open declaration, recorded in the book, that "whether war was profitable or not, when he came to the throne there would be war—if not before—just for the fun of it," is evidence of another side of his character that is not disclosed here. Mr. Gerard's courtesy is shown in his suppression from the narrative of all reference to conversations held with the Kaiser when the Ambassador was the Kaiser's personal guest. We have only interviews of an official type. These show the Emperor in not certainly an unfavourable light: excitable but industrious. The picture given rather recalls a newspaper reporter

\* *My Four Years in Germany*, by James W. Gerard, late Ambassador to the German Imperial Court. Illustrated. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.)

than a king. His immensely long telegram of August 10th, 1914, to Mr. Wilson was produced in Mr. Gerard's presence with the facility of invention that is the treasured quality of a reporter of a sensational paper. The telegram reeks with inventions but is plausible and flowing. Mr. Gerard nowhere throws the responsibility for the war on the Kaiser but makes it plain that the Zabern incident and the attitude of the Social Democrats won his consent to the war. When he left for Norway all must have been arranged. The Crown Prince had determined on war sooner or later; the fears of the military party roused by the Zabern affair and the national attitude towards it precipitated war in 1914. The country was ready and more than ready. In a few years the opportunity would have passed and the Junker class would have lost their chance. Probably that is the explanation. Germany was in 1914 ready to the last button. Her neighbours were totally unprepared. England was absorbed in domestic crises. America was negligible. One great rush and it would be over. Paris lay like a ripe pear before the armies of the Kaiser, and Paris meant the domination of Europe if not of England.

The picture that Mr. Gerard draws of Germany *chez lui* makes one see that the conditions of equilibrium were breaking down. In England, Germany before the war was continually being pictured as the perfect state of scholars, artists, statesmen, soldiers, workmen—all living an ideal life. The facts were different. Democracy was fed with pieces of ribbon instead of with the vote. The industrial classes, men and women alike, were worked to death and social conditions were intolerable though outwardly all looked well. "As one goes through the streets of Berlin there are no evidences of poverty to be seen. But over 55 per cent of the families in Berlin are families living in one room." Mr. Gerard might have added appalling facts as to the death-rate among infants, the tremendous fall in the birth-rate throughout Germany, the horrible sanitary conditions of the towns, the deplorable conditions of morals. Five-and-forty years of military Imperialism have made a whited sepulchre of the country that had raised the standard of idealism in 1806. "The Germans," writes Mr. Gerard, on his return to America, "are taken care of and educated very much in the same way that the authorities here look after the inmates of a poorhouse or penitentiary." There is no freedom and there is always the danger of the German method of thought, the fitting of facts to theories. Moreover, "the only class in Germany which knows something of the outside world is the Kaufmann class," and there is no free press to make up for want of travel. "All the newspapers are subject to control as in no other country." The Empire treats its serfs as naughty children and has moulded them to its purpose. Mr. Gerard writes: "The German nation is not one that makes revolutions. There will be scattered riots in Germany, but no simultaneous rising of the whole people. The officers of the army are all of one class, and of a class devoted to the ideals of autocracy. A revolution of the army is impossible; and at home there are only the boys and the old men, easily kept in subjection by the police."

Mr. Gerard relates from his own point of view the events immediately preceding the war, and his narrative confirms the English narratives published in 1914. He shows (in the modestest way) all that he and his did for English civilians and English prisoners of war in the days before America came in. Our gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Gerard is endless. More we cannot say, less we cannot feel. The story of the prisoners of war really makes the heart ache. An amazing thrill of horror ran through Germany when Mr. Churchill segregated, under perfectly humane conditions, the German submarine prisoners. It was foolish and the action was reversed, but whoever reads of the German outcry against this segregation could believe that in Germany the prisoners of war were being treated with devilish cruelty! In a part of Germany inhabited by Scandinavians some help was tendered to English prisoners marching by and suffering from want of food and water. These people who tried to succour the poor prisoners were fined and their names printed in a proclamation "in order that they may be held up to the contempt of all future generations of Germans." The proclamation appeared in the *North German Gazette*. The defendants were fined for "improper conduct towards prisoners of war." Mr. Gerard thought that this meant protection for the prisoners of war, but the German Consul at Kiel revealed the facts of the case. This is only a small instance of the type of mind of the German official which reflects the common attitude of mind of the German civil population. Mr. Gerard in his preface makes us see why the civil population of Germany is so callous and why the armies of the Kaiser are so cruel and brutalised.

"We are engaged in a war against the greatest military Power the world has ever seen; against a people whose country was for so many centuries a theatre of devastating wars that fear is bred in the very marrow of their souls, making them ready to submit their lives and fortunes to an autocracy which for centuries has ground their faces, but which has promised them as a result of the war, not only security, but riches untold, and the dominion of the world; a people which, as from a high mountain, has looked down upon the cities of the world and the glories of them, and has been promised these cities and these glories by the devils of autocracy and of war. We are warring against a nation whose poets and professors, whose pedagogues and whose parsons, have united in stirring its people to a white pitch of hatred, first against Russia, then against England, and now against America. . . . I believe that we are not only justly in this war, but prudently in this war. If we had stayed out, and the war had been drawn or won by Germany, we should have been attacked, and that while Europe stood grinning by: not directly at first, but through an attack on some Central or South American State to which it would be at least as difficult for us to send troops as for Germany. And what if this powerful nation, vowed to war, were once firmly established in South or Central America? What of our boasted isolation then?"

Mr. Gerard has given to the Anglo-Saxon world a vivid picture of contemporary Germany in all its strength, in all its ignorance,

in all its moral, spiritual and social bankruptcy. We know, as we never quite knew before, what we are dealing with so that British and Americans alike may, to use Mr. Gerard's final words, "judge of what is likely to happen with our future relations with that country." We have at last seen the German as he really is and not as he would like us to think he is. Knowledge is given us to live by.

## INDIA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.\*

Captain Lionel James Trotter's *History of India* was first issued in 1874 and was revised by the author as recently as 1899. Trotter was, one would think, the ideal writer to produce such a chronicle of the great peninsula as would bring its living reality before the people of this country. Born at Chowringhee, Calcutta, in 1827, the year that Sir John Malcolm "the Soldier Statesman" became Governor of Bombay, he was educated at Charterhouse and Oxford, passed into the Bengal Infantry in 1846, saw two campaigns in the Punjab and Burma respectively, was "in command of the depôt and station of Sabathoo during the Mutiny," retired on half-pay in 1862, and, with another half-century of vigorous life before him, devoted his gifted pen to writings on Indian questions. For Sir W. W. Hunter's series on the *Rulers of India* he wrote the volumes on Warren Hastings and Lord Auckland, and the present work represents his considered judgment on India as a whole. Archdeacon Hatton realising that "its freshness and vigour well deserve a re-issue" has brought it down from 1898 to the Darbar of 1911. He tells us that "recent research has made it necessary to modify or alter several parts, especially in the earlier chapters, of the book; but personal judgments of the author have almost always been left untouched, and no alterations have been made in any place where the writer's personal knowledge was concerned." Thus we have Captain Trotter's book in the best possible form; the personal element still shining through it while matters of earlier record are brought into line with the best knowledge. Captain Trotter himself always claimed the right of independent judgment on available material. In his original preface he bluntly asserts that his picture of Warren Hastings and Sir Elijah Impey "however different from the picture drawn by Macaulay, is amply warranted by a careful study of documents which that great writer misread or overlooked." It is important to take note of Trotter's judgment on perhaps the greatest figure of Indian History:—

"When all the more pressing affairs of his Government had been duly settled, he issued farewell letters to all the native princes, handed over the keys of Fort William to his successor, Mr. Macpherson, and on the 8th February, 1785, sped by the

\* *History of India: from the Earliest Times to the Present Day*, by the late Captain L. J. Trotter. Revised Edition, brought up to 1911 by W. H. Hutton, B.D., Reader in Indian History in the University of Oxford. With 4 maps and 22 illustrations. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 10s. 6d. net.)

good wishes of admiring thousands, he sailed away from the country which he had ruled for thirteen years, amidst every kind of danger, vexation, and discouragement with a vigour, wisdom, self-reliance, and general mastery of his means, unsurpassed, if it has ever since been equalled, in the annals of British India."

Captain Trotter writes quite plainly about Macaulay's Indian essays but without prejudice. He welcomes heartily Lord William Bentinck's appointment of Macaulay as a fourth member of the Bengal Council. "The first holder of this new office was Lord Macaulay, the brilliant essayist and historian of the later day whose Indian labours were ere long afterwards to bear rich fruit in the penal code first drafted by his own hands." He applauds the "masterly essay" on Clive with its "striking if somewhat exaggerated picture of Bengal at this period." But he writes:—

"It is a pity that Macaulay's splendid essay on Warren Hastings should have been marred by his rash adoption of the slanders circulated by Sir Philip Francis against both Hastings and Sir Elijah Impey. The whole story of Nand Kumar's trial and execution, as told in his pages, betrays a curious want of insight into the character of Francis, a perverse blindness to the loyal questions involved in the case, and an unaccountable ignorance of the documents whence Mr. Impey drew the means of clearing not only his own father, but Hastings himself, from the groundless inventions of a spiteful partisan."

The work of Clive and Warren Hastings was the basis of the modern history of India. It is useful to look briefly before and after from the period when the Anglo-Saxon hold on the peninsula secured for it the future that is now at last dawning.

Captain Trotter strikes the true note at the beginning of his book when he says that we cannot understand the British Settlement unless we understand the past. "There is no real break in Indian history from the era of the Vedas until now. For all the changes that have been wrought by time and circumstance, the India of to-day reproduces in its main outline the India of twenty or thirty centuries ago." The legislator who forgets this is unmindful of the true future of India, a future not as a Westernised State but as the ancient India come to man's estate after the schooling of perhaps three thousand years. We see it in the continuity of Indian religious thought, in the very Reformation that Gautama brought with Buddhism in the sixth century before our era to the ancient Vedic faith with its castes and its Pharisaic Brahmins. In the course of six centuries Buddhism not only spread throughout the peninsula, and north and east and south of it, but secured a great place in China and in the Far East. Even to-day it is still a reforming force, despite centuries of corrupting influence. "The yellow-robed monks of Burma still hold out to every Burman child such means of learning to read, write, and cipher as our English children enjoy." The reaction of Brahmanism and the tendency of reformers to split into sects restored the Brahmins to complete control by the tenth century, and they "built up the social and religious fabric of modern Hinduism." The village

community and the caste system gave continuity to Indian life, and the religious life on which the structure was founded was kept from decay by a series of reformers other than Gautama from Sankara Acharya of the eighth or ninth century of our era to Rammohan Rai, the most Christian reformer of the nineteenth century, who founded the great known as the Brahma Samaj, which has already a following exceeding that of the Christian Church in India. Brahmanism has always been capable of reform by a process of absorption. It may be that it will become in effect Christian by that process, a result not at all inconsistent with the record of Brahmanism.

Brahmanism explains the continuous structure of Indian life, but we have also to realise that that life has reacted to tremendous external stimuli, and, in the first place, to stimuli applied by Persia and by the Greeks after the meteoric invasion of Alexander of Macedon, "in whose ambition there was nothing mean" (to use Captain Trotter's fine phrase). Certainly Alexander had superb conceptions. After his retreat to Susa—

"The great Macedonian still cherished the hope of one day planting his standard on the banks of the Ganges, of bringing the farthest marts of India into close commercial fellowship with the valley of the Euphrates and his new Egyptian capital on the Mediterranean. But the fever which slew him at Babylon, three years afterwards, in the thirty-third year of his age, cut short his career of conquest, and put off for many centuries the fulfilment of his schemes for the worldly advancement of the human race."

It may be said, in a sense, that Clive and Hastings were the true successors of Alexander. But between their respective ages came many other external forces destined to exercise permanent influence in India. From the second century Christian influence, pervasive and yet non-militant, began the work that has in unsuspected fashion been leavening Indian life ever since. To the great civilisation of Aryan India, with its literature and its laws, Christianity made a great, if immeasurable, contribution. A very different force were the Mahomedan conquests between the seventh and the thirteenth centuries. The influence of that continuous invasion is writ widely over the land. The record of the Mussulman kingdoms and of the Moghul dynasty founded by the noble and knightly Babur of Kabul, a worthy descendant of Timur and of Chinghiz Khan and the grandfather of Akbar the Magnificent, shows a period of preparation that in a certain sense made possible the conquests by the Western nations, Portuguese, French, and English that were to follow. The greatness of Akbar in the age of Elizabeth showed that possibility of organic Indian unity that in fact has been made certain by the long training in law, order, and organisation that India has received from the English occupation, that latest of the long line of external stimuli which have by a slow secular process brought India towards her own place in the serried ranks of civilisation. That is, in the widest and deepest aspect of things, the significance of the English occupation and of all that England has done for India. On the



day when Indian native troops came West to the Crusade for the re-establishment of Right, India's contribution to the sum total of civilised effort through long centuries came to a focus. India is achieving her unity and her essential freedom under the shadow of Imperial Britain, that congerly of free nations. This admirably edited book, with its well proportioned record of past centuries, conveys this idea of achievement and hope.

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### A GREAT ABBEY.\*

It was time that a well balanced trustworthy readable history of the Abbey of St. Alban "one of the greatest of English Abbeys" was given to students, and Mr. Rushbrook Williams in this careful book, which weighs in judicial fashion all the available evidence, has supplied the need. A history of a great abbey has a value that is much more than local. It reflects the spiritual, the literary, the economic, and the political tendencies and activities of each age. And particularly true is this of the Abbey of St. Alban so near London, and so closely related to the work of kings and great ecclesiastics. Mr. Williams has done well in setting clearly out the limitations of our knowledge as to the origin of the abbey. His pungent criticism of the early evidence and the corrupt charters is not wholly negative. We see that there is something of truth in it all. Alban himself is no sun-myth. He was a Roman soldier who adopted the Christian faith, and perished, as Mr. Rushbrook Williams thinks, as a martyr during the Diocletian persecution somewhere between 303 and 305. It is true that the Laud MS. of the English Chronicle; that Bede and the Annals of St. Neots all place the death in or about the year 286: "Hoc tempore Sanctus Martyr Albanus passus est;" but that is intrinsically improbable, since Carausius and Allectus controlled Britain from 286 to 296.

Mr. Rushbrook Williams would have done well to consider the material collected on this question of date by the late Dr. Hugh Williams in his recent work on *Christianity in Early Britain*. He adopts the period of the Valerian persecution (257-260) as the date of the martyrdom of Albanus or possibly the Decian persecution (250-251), and makes out a strong case for the conclusion. Our first documentary evidence is the narrative of Gildas, and he does not say that the death took place in the Diocletian Persecution; it is simply his conjecture, and he specifically says "ut conicimus." Dr. Williams traces the text of Gildas to a Turin MS. which represents the story of the martyrdom as known in Middle Gaul before 540. Bede used the Paris MS. containing the same story in an amplified form. Another variant is in a MS. at Autun. They all indicate a common original. Dr. Williams's discussion of the authorities is most valuable. We may fancy that the search for material is not at an end. An early

\**History of the Abbey of St. Alban*, by L. F. Rushbrook Williams, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. (Longman, Green. 7s. 6d. net.)

*Passio* may appear; Welsh or continental MSS. may yield new light; English excavations may clear up many matters. Meantime all the authorities agree as to the actual existence and martyrdom of this Roman soldier.

Mr. Rushbrook Williams carries us on from these obscure beginnings, through the shadowy days, till we see Offa the Great of Mercia, towards the end of the eighth century, taking some part—*itself* obscure, thanks to fraudulent charters—in creating the Great Abbey that was to be, probably “what Offa really accomplished was the exhumation of the miracle-working relics, their enclosure in a shrine, and the improvement of the Church surrounding them. In addition, it would seem that he substituted regulars under the rule of St. Benedict for any persons who had hitherto acted as custodians of the spot.” The record of the early Saxon abbots is a record only of possibly invented names. Matthew Paris is our only guide, and we can but say that the internal evidence makes it probable that he had some facts before him. But it is plain that the abbey in those hidden days was acquiring popularity and power; and in the tenth and eleventh centuries we see a great abbot at work during a prolonged reign, Leofric, the brother of Aelfric, the great Archbishop. He reigned until somewhere between 1042 and 1050, and was the first of the many great abbots who were destined to make St. Albans a power in the land.

The Norman Conquest gave the abbey a famous abbot, Paul of Caen, who reformed the house and made it—as, indeed, Leofric must have made it—a home of learning. It was destined to be a centre of learning for centuries. Paul built the greater part of the noble abbey, sweeping away the old Saxon buildings but using the material: “Traces can yet be seen of the Saxon baluster-shafts which came from Offa’s chapel.” Lanfranc and Anselm successively were patrons of the abbey, and when Paul died in 1093 the house was secure as to its future. His successors, Richard and Geoffrey of Maine, consolidated the gains of the past century. All these men brought in the scholarship of Lorraine, coupled with strict discipline, and thus the abbey became in a brief period a national force in days when there were no universities. In the late twelfth century, St. Albans, the “home of learning,” became “a centre of literary composition.” In the past centuries, colonies from St. Albans had created many dependent houses, and these proved a strength to the mother-house, and from 1195 gave her many eminent abbots. In the reign of King John the Scriptorium was under the direction of the famous Matthew Paris, a great figure in English literature. William Rishanger was no unworthy successor of Matthew, and the great library was worthy of them both.

Moreover, from the rise of the University of Oxford, St. Albans gathered new strength, and Gloucester College represented the abbey as a force in university life. A succession of great abbots and of great literary men in the Scriptorium, among whom we note the chronicler, Robert Walsingham, made St. Albans a force in politics as well as in humanism. It is in an abbey such as this that we see the Middle Ages at their greatest, and find in the

internal life of such a house those aspects of mediæval life, economic as well as political and literary, which the student too often passes by. Mr. Rushbrook Williams has done good work in making that life live again for our learning.

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### MEDIÆVAL TOWN PLANNING.

Professor Tout has given us an important piece of research work in his account of the methods of town-planning that obtained in the Middle Ages in the case of new settlements that were intended to protect conquered areas or develop along new lines ancient towns. These old records, like the records of "Ancient Town Planning" dealt with some years since by Professor Haverfield, have many lessons for us, who, in the haste and greed of the Industrial Revolution, forgot posterity and the economic needs of the workers. Professor Tout feels that—

"remote ages had to grapple with the same problems as those which we ourselves are trying to meet, and it is eminently practical, if we are able, as I think we shall be able, to draw the moral that the methodical organisation of town construction can only be attained when the impulses of the individual are adequately controlled by the corporate will of the community, and when the immediate advantage of the moment is subordinated to the ultimate welfare of the future."

We do not propose here to refer in detail to various disputable points raised by Professor Tout, but we are not prepared to accept the view that there is a complete discontinuity between Roman and mediæval town-planning, nor to accept the view that there is no "organic connection between Roman municipal institutions and those of the Middle Ages and modern times." That view has had the upper hand in recent years, but is not likely permanently to be maintained in view of accumulating evidence, both archaeological and legal. Professor Tout applies the argument to sites as well as institutions. Early mediæval London itself is an answer to both arguments. But all our evidence from prehistoric times shows that town-planners, persons who set out to create new settlements for some specific purpose, always (outside Central Asia) adopted rectilinear alignments and rectangular blocks of allotments. The Roman law on the subject is very interesting; and, in fact, Roman law governed town-building throughout the Middle Ages. But the common form makes it difficult, we may admit, to establish continuity. The element of natural growth in town life is naturally circular: people push out in all directions in search of new settlements; and this is as true of "new towns" as of customary boroughs.

But the peculiar interest of this book is the account from mediæval records of the "new towns" of France and England, built round a *Bastide* (*Bastille*) or fortress. Many French instances

\* *Mediæval Town Planning*. A lecture delivered at the John Ryland's Library on December 13th, 1916. By T. F. Tout, M.A., F.B.A. (Manchester. The University Press. 1s. 6d. net.)

are given us, springing from the "settlement" policy of St. Louis and his brother Alphonse, Count of Poitiers. Their example was followed by successive kings, and in particular by our King Edward I., who in England, as in Gascony, was "the most active founder of *bastides* of his age." Professor Tout gives us full details as to the French mediæval town plans and such details as are available of the fascinating Welsh and English examples. Salisbury and New Winchelsea are examples of "new towns" based on local necessity and planned in regular fashion; Hull is an example of policy, the creating of a great port out of a little village; Welsh towns, such as Flint and Conway, are examples of military new towns. Berwick-on-Tweed was intended to be a "new town," but the scheme fell through. In all those cases the Gascony model was followed. Professor Tout admits that "only in a few special districts, and under specially favourable conditions, did the 'new towns,' artificially created, become important enough to bulk large in history." New quarters, as at Edinburgh and Boulogne-sur-Mer, are probably more important examples in the biology of towns. But we have much to learn from these old builders and their ideals. We must combine to-day the idea of growth with that of planning; we must reckon with the certainty of growth and not make outward "tidiness," as in the case of modern German towns, a substitute for internal healthiness. This book is stimulating and helpful, and should be closely studied by all town-planners of to-day.

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### SHORTER REVIEWS.

Dr. Crozier's "Last Words on Great Issues" (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d.) will interest all students of his larger works, and should bring him new readers. Most of the articles have seen the light in quarterly, monthly, and weekly journals; but there is also some new and important material. The subjects are so various that the unity of the book must be sought and found in the strongly marked personality of the author, who has long ago won a position among the leading thinkers and critics of our time. If ever there was an eclectic, it is Dr. Crozier, who belongs to no political party, no sect, and no philosophical school. To quote his own words, "There is no section of cultivated opinion which can accept the general drift and upshot of my published opinions and speculations." Such a thinker must necessarily plough a lonely furrow; but his readers always know that they are being presented with the conclusions of a distinguished, original, and richly-stored mind, not with the echoes or paraphrases of the thought of other men. The volume opens with a long and hostile analysis of Mr. Wells's recent utterances on religion; but readers who do not take Mr. Wells as a theologian very seriously will find the succeeding essay, "Religion as it Stands To-day" more interesting. The most striking of the religious articles is the lengthy discussion of Religious Conversion suggested by James's "Varieties of Religious Experience." While doing full justice to the value and sparkling charm of that celebrated work, he attaches less importance to and displays less sympathy with,

the phenomena and results of conversion than the famous American psychologist. "Sir Oliver Lodge and Spiritualism" will hardly satisfy readers who think that psychical research is perhaps the most urgent and the most hopeful task confronting psychologists and philosophers, though his grave warning against the dangers of its pursuit is timely and impressive. The second part of the volume is devoted to political essays. "A Warning to Canada," written at the time of the proposed reciprocity treaty with the United States, sharply attacks the policy of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and a brief essay on Free Trade and Protection restates the Protectionist faith which the author enunciated in the "Fortnightly Review" a year before the Chamberlain campaign began. "The Government of India Problem" deals broadly with the deeper as well as with the more obvious issues of our Eastern rule.

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In the "Foreword" to Mr. Edward Garnett's "Turgenev: A Study" (W. Collins, Sons & Co., 6s. net), Mr. Joseph Conrad makes the following comment on the Russian novelist: "Every gift has been heaped on his cradle: absolute sanity and the deepest sensibility, the clearest vision and the quickest responsiveness, penetrating insight and unfailing generosity of judgment, an exquisite perception of the visible world, and an unerring instinct for the significant, for the essential in the life of men and women, the clearest mind, the warmest heart, the largest sympathy—and all that in perfect measure. There's enough to ruin the prospects of any writer." It is not always that one novelist can speak of another in such terms. They do not always love one another. Ivan Sergeywitch Turgenev was born at Orel in Central Russia on October 28th, 1818. He died at Bougival on September 3rd, 1883. Shortly before his death he dictated his letter to Tolstoy imploring him to return to Literature. An autopsy showed that Turgenev's brain weighed 2,012 grammes—the largest on record. Mr. Conrad's praise has thus physical support.

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M. Jovan M. Jovanovitch, the Serbian Minister in London, has written a preface to Miss L. F. Waring's volume in the "Home University Library" entitled, "Serbia" (Williams & Norgate, 1s. net). He says that "From the time the Serbs and the other Southern Slav tribes came to the Balkans in the sixth century, they never ceased to fight, first for their unity and independence, later for their liberation. . . . From the Berlin Congress of 1878 till July 26th, 1914, practically the whole policy of Serbia records her hard struggle for independence—economic, financial, moral, and intellectual—against Austria-Hungary, who wanted to make Serbia a dependency of the Central Powers." M. Jovanovitch traces the history of those thirty-six years. Austria-Hungary was ever "more and more aggressive, her demands excessive." Serbia stood for the Balkans for Balkan peoples, and her methods of Government "were likely to provoke comparisons unfavourable to the Dual Monarchy." Miss Waring has given us a learned, detailed work filled with enthusiasm. The Slavs of the Balkans are comparable to the Italians of Garibaldi's day. Miss Waring enlists all honest, thinking enthusiasts in their cause.

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Dr. Crawford's essays ("Hamlet—An Ideal Prince," by Alexander W. Crawford; Badger, Boston; price \$1.50 net) on Hamlet, The

Merchant of Venice, Othello, and King Lear, "must give us pause," particularly so the study of the Ideal Prince with which this volume opens. Dr. Crawford (Professor of English in the University of Manitoba) deals with the tragedy of Hamlet in the light of the history of the two nations, Denmark and Norway, and finds therein much that explains the cause and effect which produce the character of Hamlet. Shakespeare uses the earlier plays—viz., the "Historia Danica" of Saxo Grammaticus, and the "Historie of Hamblet," by Francis de Belleforest—simply as a foundation upon which he builds. Every brick that he lays thereon, and every stone and corner-stone that he inserts, are but part of the narrative, and each has its own significance. Nothing is common or unclean. Everything has its import, and when the edifice is completed, and fitly joined together, Hamlet emerges fully armed, and ready for the fray; in fact, the play and the Prince are one. Studying the drama of Hamlet from Dr. Crawford's point of view, one feels how convincing the argument is, and what an excellent case he has made out. He shows that "it is the plot that gives character to the persons of the drama, not the persons to the plot"; "the play's the thing." The history of the time being woven in with every thread, he views the plays from an Elizabethan standpoint, and feels that only the best can be got from them when regarded as sixteenth-century productions. Dr. Crawford deprecates the modern idea that any plain interpretation of Shakespeare detracts from his works as works of art; that his characters are greater when clothed with mystery—in other words, that the halo which surrounds the genius of Shakespeare must be worshipped, but not understood in the ordinary sense. With all the foregoing, one is in perfect accord with Dr. Crawford; but the question that gives one pause is the question as to the authorship of the plays. Not alone was the author—according to Professor Crawford—a great dramatist, but a politician and a statesman, and one feels, on reading this most lucid and clearly-thought-out exposition of the play of Hamlet, that Shakespeare was even greater than one wots of. Thanks are due to Dr. Crawford for a most interesting study.

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Sir William Treloar is to be congratulated on his stout volume on a stout and turbulent citizen, "Wilkes and the City" (John Murray, 12s. net). Sir William, in 1881, represented, as a member of the Corporation, the Ward—Farringdon Without—that Wilkes had presided over; and from that date onward, he collected all the material he could find, and read all the books available that dealt with this strange man, who, in 1774, stood for the Civic Chair (for the third time) and became Lord Mayor, having already been Sheriff. Later he became Chamberlain of the City, but declined to retire from the Court of Aldermen. The book is an entertaining and careful apology for the soul of goodness (and it was a large soul) that lay hidden in the things evil that must be associated with John Wilkes. He was born at Clerkenwell on October 17th, 1727; before he was twenty he married Mary Mead, twelve years his senior, and had one daughter who proved his stand-by in life, and loved her father through good and evil report. In 1749 he became a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1757 he was elected Member of Parliament for Aylesbury, and was re-elected in 1761. On April 23rd, 1763, No. 45 of *The North Briton* was published, and this publication and the prosecution that followed and was easily overcome (as Wilkes was generally right in law) made him the most

popular man in England. No. 45 has hit Lord Bute hard; the foolish prosecution of Wilkes hit him and his Government still harder. His illegal arrest by the process of general warrant enabled Wilkes to obtain a verdict for £1,000 in the Court of Common Pleas. In 1769 he was expelled from the House of Commons for publishing true copies of certain letters of political importance. His various disgraces were regarded as the outward and visible signs of virtues that, we trust, really existed. He was, indeed, so popular as to receive a valuable loving cup from the Court of Common Council. He at last (1774) managed to get back into the House of Commons, and on February 6th, 1775, delivered a notable speech against the war with America, and on July 14th presented a petition to the Crown on behalf of the American colonists. As Chamberlain of the City, on February 18th, 1784, he presented the Freedom of the City to William Pitt, and later to Nelson, Howe, and others. He lived till December 26th, 1797. Sir William Treloar quite rightly paints the "other side" of a man who has had little good said of him, but who was undoubtedly a genius and a man who made politics something more living than a farce. Sir William dryly says that "a few men like him, without his faults, might do the City good even now." We are rather inclined to think that he is right: with all his faults Wilkes stood for freedom and for good literature, and he certainly awakened the City of London and the House of Commons.

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Mr. J. Saxon Mills, in "The Future of the Empire" (Seeley, Service & Co., 3s. 6d. net), gives us "an account of the growth and extent of the British Empire, showing how its solidarity may be strengthened, its inter-communications facilitated, and its illimitable resources developed." Mr. Mills has no theories to promote, but he gives us facts to reason from. Our "Lone Lands" need population and development, and incidentally this will supply us with articles of imperial importance which now we get from outside the Empire. It is absurd to be dependent on Scandinavia for wood-pulp when we have the vast woodlands of the Empire to draw on. Imperial communications are all-important. Australia must have a North to South line—that is to say, the Port Darwin Railway must take its appointed way. We must have a North to South line in Africa; the war, we think, will make that possible, while a trans-Sahara railway has been discussed. We must speed up the routes between England and Australasia. The question of improved telegraphy is almost equally important. It is too dear and too slow. Again, we have to deal with the question of imperial citizenship; it is true that the Courts held, just before the war, that the nationality of all subjects of the Crown is British, and that there is no local nationality, but in fact the citizenship of different parts of the Empire and of differing races is of many types. We must move in this matter, but we must not, Mr. Mills wisely holds, force "the pace." Mr. Mills deals in turn with Trade and Industry (all will not agree with his views as to protection), Defence Labour, and the Land. He is for closer union of the parts of the Empire, and anticipates that "the common-sense of the Britannic peoples will settle this question of constitutional forms on satisfactory terms."

